

Correspondence.

OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

GRAND HOTEL DE LOUVRE, PARIS, JUNE 19, 1867.

DEAR EDITOR: The trip from London to Paris is a delightful one. If you happen to hit on a good day for the Channel. The scenery in Kent, one of the oldest and best cultivated parts of England is very beautiful. Hops are grown largely and each farm-house has two or more ovens for drying the hops—high, round buildings, with conical tops, higher than the houses. Most of the towns we pass have an air of beauty and newness we did not expect, though there are a few old hamlets. We were soon aboard the steamer "La France," and the white cliffs of Dover, numerous white sails, with here and there the long cloud of black smoke from a steamer, made up a delightful picture.

At Calais you are struck at once with the foreign air everything wears; the walled town, or a city in a fortress, and the high cliffs standing about, all the men wearing blue blouses, some red caps, and the women all white caps, at least those standing about the wharves. The little fishing-boats, too, are totally different from anything we had seen; all rigged with square sails, a short mast in bow and stern, two longer ones in the middle, no bowsprit, but triangular shaped sails as with us. A large cathedral towers above the houses in Calais. We see one in every town of any importance we pass, and are reminded that we are for the first time in a Roman Catholic country.

The towns appear ancient, the cottages and hamlets, too, all wear the appearance of age. We see women working in the fields, and tending switches and signal stations along the railroad. Wind-mills are seen frequently, for we are going south along the coast. In front of one mill stands a crucifix, with the red and ladder crossed on it, and the work on top; we see similar crucifixes at times on the little hamlets, and on one of them is a carved image of the Saviour, all in rough wood, and looking very meanly for the want of paint. In the grave yards, around the village churches, are very numerous crosses, from six to ten feet high, made of iron rods and quite rusty. We noticed trees lining the road, planted long years ago, at regular distances, say fifteen to twenty yards apart, and with great regularity; trees opposite trees, giving beautiful avenues; but most of them trimmed bare, or nearly so, almost to the top, for fuel, as France is proverbially short of fuel. The wheat fields looked very green, and many of them are filled with crops, which grow wild here in great abundance, and make some fields look a brilliant red instead of green.

All along the road there are large flocks of geese and thousands of loads of it have been cut and are drying in the sun. We saw some women loading it in little low wooden carts, with wheels made of solid blocks of wood, and hauling it to be dried. We passed the city of Boulogne, where Napoleon I. made great preparations for the invasion of England; also the city of Amiens and near it a fine church and the surrounding buildings and grounds of a monastery. At a point near the road stood three Fades with black gowns down to their feet, and low-crowned black hats with brims seven or eight inches broad, the first monks we had seen. We now see hundreds of them in Paris every day, at the Exposition and everywhere else. The fields have no fences, and a scarce what few cattle we saw were generally tended by a boy or man, and some were fenced in. Along the road we passed some splendid quarries of light yellow building stone, which is very easily cut into large square blocks, very regular, and becomes harder from exposure. The abundance of this stone makes Paris a beautiful, bright looking city, the very opposite of London. Its long, wide, straight streets, too, are in strong contrast with those of the British Metropolis, for we did not see a street that was *straggled* for half a mile together, in all London.

REMARKS ON PARIS.

Paris is a city of handsome architecture. In all the principal streets the houses are built with an eye to beauty and style, generally six stories high, with handsome cornices at every story. Most of the roofs are in the Mansard style, now coming somewhat out of vogue in Philadelphia. There are no front doors to the dwellings, but a gateway under a high arch. Inside is a servant's room. You ask this servant where Mr. So-and-so lives. She answers in French, "High up five places," and holds up her five fingers. You ascend a winding stair-way, and at the sixth story ring a bell, and find probably handsome apartments, with as rich furniture as you see in any of our parlors in Philadelphia. A different family resides on each floor. The rooms of our American Minister, General Jno. A. Dix, we found on the third floor of one of these Parisian white-stone houses. We found him a most affable gentleman, glad to see his countrymen.

Off from the wide, handsome streets there are many narrow streets, many of them crooked and winding. I rode through a number which had no side-walks, the houses rising six stories and not over six or eight yards apart. Here the working classes live, crowded together, the lower from room being a store, where wine is sold, or meat; for a shop with the window full of pastry and bread, or a junk shop, with pictures, old brass ornaments, second-hand furniture or clothing; or little shops where coal and wood are sold in small quantities. These houses are, many of them, very old; all old and forlorn looking. They have generally stone stair-ways leading up the five or six stories to the attic. All sorts of workmen live in them and carry on their trades in their rooms. They make jewelry, fancy goods, shoes, clothing, toys, and thousands of other things in these tall houses along these narrow streets, and pass the most of their lives up these high stair-ways. All the working men of Paris wear blue cotton blouses in the street, wherever they may be during the day. In the evening they take them off and appear better dressed. The working women, the servants, and many of the store-girls wear white caps on their heads, both in the house and in the streets. You would not catch an American working man or working woman wearing any dress that would distinguish them as the working classes.

THE FINEST OPEN SQUARE IN THE WORLD. This "Place de la Concorde" is the finest open square in the world. You look east and you see the beautiful garden of the Palace with the Palace itself, rising above the trees; a mile and a half of west, between the trees of the Champs Elysees, at the end of the grand, broad avenue, filled with thousands of carriages, and on the top of a rising ground, you see the splendid Arch of Triumph. North, a grand, broad avenue, a quarter of a mile long, the *Rue Royale*, is ended by the splendid colonnade of the Madeleine, standing right across it; and south, over the Seine, half a mile off, the colonnade of the Hall of the Legislature stands directly opposite that of the Madeleine. These two beautiful buildings opposite each other, show just like the front of Girard College—grand, chaste, and elegant. These four views from the centre of the Place de la Concorde, are the finest views from any one spot I have ever seen; and yet, not three yards from the Egyptian obelisk, which stands in the centre, stood the guillotine in the days of the Revolution; and right here were the people of human blood; and even the oxen drawing the carts along refused to pass. What a contrast!

From the Madeleine, a quarter of a mile north of this centre, there branch off two long, wide Boulevards, north-east and north-west; broad streets, with a wide pavement of each side, shaded by double rows of trees. Within this wide pavement, runs another carriage way with narrow pavement close to the houses, and these houses are fine stores, cafes, and handsome residences. South of the Seine, and at the western end of the city, is the Exposition. East of the centre of the city, (Place de la Concorde), is the Palace of the Tuilleries, east of that the Palace of the Louvre, east of that the Hotel de Ville, and just south of that, across the Seine, stands the grand, gloomy cathedral of Notre Dame. North of the Seine, north-east of the Hotel de Ville, stood the Bastille, and on its site, now stands a tall monument to commemorate its bloody memory. The open square where it stood is a radiating point for a number of avenues.

EXQUISITE STATUE—NAPOLÉON.

In another place is a statue in sitting posture, life-size, of Napoleon in his last sickness, at St. Helena. He holds a map in one hand, which he has been consulting. He is dressed in a loose wrapper, quite open at the bosom. His hands hang languidly, his head droops slightly upon his breast as he leans back in his large arm chair. His face, however, is firm, without its languor, his eye seems to burn with the resolve to rise up and not yield to sickness and death, but to conquer them by mustering again his indomitable courage, his undying resolution, and firmness of mind. I never saw a marble speak before. I looked upon this exquisite production of the sculptor's art. They are all by Guillaume, a French artist.

The military spirit of the nation is also fostered by the preservation of the memory of its great battles on canvas. In the Exhibition are two immense paintings of the storming of the Malakoff at the Crimea, the canvas twenty feet broad by thirty-five feet long, containing life-size figures of crowds of soldiers struggling in close combat. Each a work of splendid execution—active, exciting, fearful, almost noisy! Blood, wounds, death, sabres, muskets, cannon, shells, all in horrid entanglement—but above all the triumph of the French arms shining out. Another painting, equally large, shows the important part the French took in the battle of the Alma. There are other paintings, not so extensive, however, which show the light at Solferino. Also one little thing about fifteen by twenty inches, by the great Meissonier, showing the present Emperor at Solferino, which has not cost less than \$10,000. The bust and statue of Napoleon belong to Prince Napoleon, and the battle paintings to the different government galleries. This the wise Louis Napoleon takes care to perpetuate the remembrance of the great battles his own soldiers have fought of late years, and to keep up a military pride among his people. Every day some one regiment goes to the Exhibition, and you see the soldiers gazing at these grand paintings long and silently.

PLAN OF PARIS.

Before I go farther, let me give you a general idea of the "Plan" of Paris. It is a city of two millions of inhabitants, lying on the Seine, which flows from east to west, dividing it unequally, the larger portion being north of the river. The river bends like our Schuylkill, near the centre of the city in the middle, and away from it, southward, at the ends. Quite a long stretch of it, however, is straight, and parallel to this straight part of the river, running east and west, is a long straight street, three or four miles long, the eastern end called *Rue de Rivoli*, and containing many of the finest stores and hotels, and the western end, a mile and a half long, called the *Champs Elysees*, on each side of which, for a long distance, are open gardens, trees, grass, shrubbery, and fountains; and among the gardens, small theatres, concert stages, shows, a circus, and cafes. The Rue Rivoli ends at the garden of the Tuilleries, the palace; then comes the "Place de la Concorde," a large open square, with two fountains, the Obelisk of Luxor in the centre, and immense sitting statues, eight in number, around the edge of the square, representing different cities of France.

FROM OUR CHICAGO CORRESPONDENT. Chicago and North Western R.R. Co. Des Moines, Iowa Division, July 19th 1867. DEAR PRESBYTERIAN—It seems to me that your readers may be willing to hear something of the "minutes" of the work of a Secretary of Home Missions in the West. If so, let them go on company your correspondent for a day or two on his travels.

We got off the train at about six o'clock at evening, at one of those "juvenile" cities near the centre of Iowa, which like Jonathan's gourd, have sprung up in a night, at the bidding of the C. and N.W. R. R. Company. We inquire of the first citizen we meet for the residence of the Rev. Mr. P. and are pointed to a small new house in the suburbs of the town. As we approach the residence of our missionary, we are glad to see that *our* *brother* has apprised him of our coming. A hearty greeting, and we are invited to enter. We had already observed that the slender means of our brother had not permitted him as yet to enclose the "parish" in a comfortable building of a story and a half, perhaps twenty feet square. With us we make the first discovery that it is also innocent of lattice or plaster; the bed room being partitioned off from the remaining space by hanging quilts and blankets; which I am afraid the family will want for other uses when cold weather returns. A corner of the space overhead has been floored, and is evidently used as a bed room also. Our brother's family consists of his good wife and three bright children; to which he has added, by way of filling his house and keeping his wife employed, (she being the "power" help.) a few boarders.

Our first inquiry is for letters. For there is a certain gentlewoman, he is known to you, for whom we confess a great partiality; more than a thousand miles away, down by the sea, from whom we have not heard for ten or more days. And there are certain juveniles, very wonderful juveniles, you may rest assured (sir) who are in the same category. Oh, yes, there are letters; and the delicate, familiar tracery of the envelope raises pleasant expectations which the contents do not disappoint.

And now to business. Well, how are you getting along? Badly. And then follows a long discourse, with the substance of which, alas, the Secretary is only too familiar. The church is small in numbers, some seven or eight members, all told, and feeble in all respects. Some unfortunate occurrences have prejudiced them in the eyes of the community. There is not a church edifice of any sort or name in the place. A small ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, inconvenient upper room, used as a school-house during the week, and shared with them by the Methodists on Sunday, is hired by our people for

a single service per week. The R. R. company donated to them some seats for church and paragon, provided the same. They have made at least two efforts to do this and failed; and now the community laughs at any proposition of the sort on their part, etc. All of which means that our enterprise here is a failure unless a church edifice can at once be secured. Other denominations are making preparations for building, and unless we can do the same, we may as well abandon the ground to them.

But this will never do. Neither is it our way of doing the Lord's business. Here is a town of 1500 inhabitants, the growth of two years, and shooting forward with unchecked rapidity, a most important railroad point and the centre of a large coal field—in short a commanding strategic point. And it must be held. Another effort to build at once must be put forth, and the campaign is speedily determined on. A subscription paper is to be drawn up, conditioned on aid from the Church Erection Committee, and to-morrow the Secretary will take the field, accompanied by the minister and one of the members. It is now time to retire, and the Secretary thinks he had better go to the hotel. No, he has been provided for. The missionary informs him that he can "eat him" a suggestion which reminds him of Sidney Smith's kind wishes to the South Sea missionary, while a neighbor will sleep him. Having already ascertained that every room in the hotel is full, we accept the hospitality, with all its fearful risks. If we are to be eaten, we hope we shall "agree" with our not over fed brother.

Wednesday morning finds us moving, soon after seven o'clock, for we have a full day's work before us. Not only have all the stores and offices of the town to be visited, but the shops of all the mechanics, the restaurants, beer and billiard saloons, the railroad shops, and whatever other places are likely of utility to yield a dollar for the enterprise. And there are a few *et cetera* of the larger saloons that do not give us five dollars or more. At the end of a tedious day we count up our gains. We have nearly *two hundred dollars* in reliable subscriptions, with equally reliable assurances of two or three hundred more. That will do pretty well. We count with entire certainty one fine hundred more, on dedication day. Now let the Church Erection Committee furnish the six hundred dollars demanded of them, and our brother may have completed, before winter sets in, a neat and commodious house of worship, *in the place*, and where he may, with God's blessing, reap before the spring returns, a great harvest of souls, and give the place an entirely new religious aspect. But will the Church Erection Committee donate the required amount? That depends, readers, on whether you and others, when this vitally important cause shall next be presented to you, shall respond in a manner worthy of its great magnitude. Let us hope that you will, for not here alone, but in a series of places in this region, the success of our home missionary enterprises depends, to all human appearance, upon your so doing.

The drawing up of a formal application, and an urgent letter to the Secretary of Church Erection on the subject, completes the task of the day, and we retire to rest amid preliminary symptoms of the glorious Fourth. But we don't stop to celebrate. At eight o'clock next morning we set out to breakfast, or at least to follow up the "Star of Empire." We leave our excellent missionary, with a few very meagre notes, that we found him and his heart lighter than he has carried for months. We receive many a pleasant salutation on our way to the depot, and are astonished how many people know us. This stout agent says pleasantly as he hands us our ticket, "You will be remembered here a long time, sir!" We enter the car, and find already with a goodly company of rustic belles and beaux, in holiday attire and holiday spirits. They are going to the next town but one, to have a game of base ball. It will not speak with certainty as to the belles, with a rival club. The train starts and presently enters the "cumber" which skirts the Des Moines river. Here we are saluted with a whole party of the woods and Indians. "What's that?" "Shelling the woods for Indians." On we go past the patriotic orphans and soon emerge from the forest on the other side of the river. But what have we here? Eight months ago we passed here and a single house occupied the spot. Now here behold a busy town of five or six hundred inhabitants, regularly laid out, with shade trees planted in some of its streets, and much evidence of taste as well as enterprise. Better still, there is in this embryo city a New School, Presbyterian Church, with a most acceptable and worthy minister, a commodious and spacious "hall" in which to assemble, and a flourishing Sunday school. For once, we are in advance of all others.

But we can not stop to visit them now, nor do they need our attention. We rush out now into the beautiful prairie. It is a splendid morning, such as may well usher in the natal day of the Imperial Republic. Light rainless clouds, temper the ardent rays of a July sun. There is no dust, and the windows are all open upon the glorious scene without. Such a carpet spreads away on every side for countless miles as never Assiniboin, or Brussels, wove, myriads, upon myriads of flowers of countless varieties and brilliant colors, set in a ground of deepest emerald. What boundless profusion, what prodigality, what infinite wealth of beauty has the great

Creator rained on this wide waste, where no eye but His has gazed for ages, upon it, save that of the unappreciative human! There is a goodly scene conspires with the associations of the day to excite the spirits of our youthful fellow travelers. National songs and the lyrics of the war, for these "Hawk Eyes" were a patriotic people—enliven the way, and the very track seems alive with torpedoes.

But "New Jefferson" is reached and our young friends leave hardly a word behind as they take their leave of us. We have passed the last considerable "settlement" for a good distance to come. Out into the vast unpeopled solitudes, leaping upon leagues without a vestige of human occupation, save the long gantry lines of telegraph poles which span the continent from ocean to ocean. You sit and speculate what unseen messengers are flitting past you along those slender highways of thought, with a speed compared to which your own is rest.

The car is still now, but you do not feel like reading. There is nothing to break the monotony of beauty without, save the prairie fowl, ducks, or buzzards which the swift flight of the train starts up. Occasionally a magnificent hawk has made himself the capital of a telegraph pole and looks down with calm and piercing gaze upon us as we fly past him. We grow meditative. Ideas of the vastness and the boundless resources of this our great unequalled national heritage are suggested by this our wondrous flight across half a continent. We think of our astonishing history. How God has "cast out the heathen and planted us"—how he has led us through the Red Sea of our recent Exodus from bondage, and of the resplendent future which beckons us forward. As we muse the fine burns, and we feel as though we could almost make a Fourth of July oration, or preach a home missionary sermon. In the midst of our meditations the brakesman throws open the door and shouts, "Carroll." Carroll was one of the places we proposed prospecting. We look out of the window, but can't see it. That is because we are too near sighted. The city is simply in *suere*. At present there is only the station, a shanty with the sign "saloon" and a barn or store house. We conclude not to go off. This is a little too far in advance of all others. We expect to pass over the ground again in a month or two hence, when it will probably be ready enough to "organize" here.

The train resumes its way and we return to our thoughts. Bye and bye we pass a solitary man standing in his shirt sleeves by the side of the track. What is he doing and how came he here? Where does he live? For a not sign of human habitation is to be seen far as the vision sweeps the surrounding country. Never mind. Did you observe that pile of lumber near him? When you come back you will find here a populous town with no more lotter several dollars per foot.

On, and still on, and again the brakes are applied and "West Side" is announced. But it is *nois*, *et preterea nihil*. No, we are mistaken. A little down the track stands a western palace, its doorway crowded with allied (future) sovereigns, upon none of whom, however, it is evident at a glance, has their good cousin Victoria as yet bestowed herself to bestow the Order of the Garter.

At another station we find a stalwart dusky form in Indian garb. What tribe do you belong to? we ask. "Athabaska." (We went in quest of the orthography.) "Where is your tribe?" "Three miles yonder." "How many are there of you?" "Three hundred and sixteen." "Plenty, suppose." "Four hundred, by and bye." With a laugh, and so on, *et cetera*.

At Denison we enter the rich and comparatively well settled valley of the Boyer, on the Missouri slope, and pass between fields smiling with promise of an unexampled harvest. But the track is horrible, riddled so by the high water of the spring. Our car rolls and plunges like a ship in a storm, and the ruin of one we shoot past lying in the ditch does not add to our equanimity. At Woodbine we come to a pause before we quite reach the station. A moment after we experience a slight shock. "What has happened?" "Nothing, except that an engine and tender has run into us, smashing the cow catchers and putting itself off the track." Fortunately another engine is at hand to draw it on again, and we are not very long detained. No body to blame. The engineer was probably a little over patriotic; that's all. But it was certainly a remarkable feat of engineering not to have done any more damage.

Three o'clock, and we are at the Bluffs, and just across the "Big Muddy" in the opposite bluff stands the (late) gleaming capital of Nebraska. An hour later, and we enter the thriving and handsome city of Omaha. Have no fears for your waterfalls, Madam. The screech you heard was not the whoop of Cheyenne or Ojibwa. There is to be sure an encampment of Indians, has over the bluff, behind the capital, but they are the friendly Pawnee. Indeed, it was nothing more savage than the shriek of the steam whistle which alarmed you. A very few years ago, indeed, the only association of the name of this now goodly city was with the Indian tribe which roamed over the adjacent region. But everybody now knows it as the Eastern terminus of the U. P. R. R., and the busy metropolis of the youngest of the first tierhood of States. But this letter is already quite too long and must abruptly end.

NORTH-WEST.