

Correspondence.

OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

HOW THEY GIVE THE GOSPEL TO THE POOR IN ROME.

ROME, JULY 1st, 1867.

DEAR EDITOR: Let me give you some idea how they give the gospel to the poor in Rome. Everybody has been crowding to St. Peter's for two or three days, to see the preparations for the grand feast of the 29th, the feast of St. Peter. In the building the immense arches which separate the grand nave from the side corridors and chapels, have been hung with curtains of rich crimson brocade silk, with a fringe of gold lace a foot wide. Countless glass chandeliers, holding wax candles four to six feet long, have been hung in festoons, high up along the arches, and another series lower down. Along the cornice which runs above the arches, and round the inside of the dome, thousands of candles have been placed, each five or six feet long. The columns themselves have been draped with crimson and gold, for fifty or sixty feet from the floor. Wreaths and festoons of artificial flowers, roses from six to twelve inches in diameter, but which look of natural size in their lofty places, have been hung about the capitals of the columns; to tell the truth, the grand effect of the marble columns, arches and walls is much impaired by this finery. An English bishop told us that all this cost \$160,000 in gold. The silk is all new and, after these feasts, we have been told it is distributed among the Priests, for their own use. In each of the arches hung a handsome banner, about twenty by fifty feet, with a finely painted picture in colossal size, representing some phase of the benevolent activity of the church, giving to the poor, visiting the sick, blessing the dying, and the like. The size of the banners can be inferred from the fact that the tassels on the corners are each as large as the head and body of a man. This grand display, and the effect was grand, when the twenty or thirty thousand candles were lit, and fifteen or twenty thousand people filled the building, is all for the people, many of whom ordinary looking, and poorly dressed, peasants from a distance and the masses of Rome, were in the crowd, besides thousands of stranger priests, and many of the better classes too.

This grand show, is one of Rome's ways of placing the gospel before the masses. The grand procession of the pope and bishops from all over the world, we did not see, on the 29th, as the crowd was too much for us, in such a hot day.

ILLUMINATING THE DOME.

The evening before, however, we did see the illuminating of the dome, a sight never to be forgotten. The circle in front of St. Peter's, over two hundred yards in diameter, around which run the two semi-circular colonnades, the street leading to the castle of St. Angelo, and the splendid bridge of St. Angelo over the Tiber with its twelve colossal angels in marble—were filled with people and carriages. Every space from which St. Peter's could be seen was crowded with humanity. One hundred thousand persons at least, were quietly waiting for the sight. The pope's splendidly dressed dragoons, and his fine Zouaves and infantry were every where, keeping carriages in line, and preventing a jam. Paper lanterns were hung along the top of the semi-circular colonnades, along all the pilasters, windows, entablatures and roof of the church and upon the dome. They were all lighted and presented a splendid appearance; but a high wind blew many of them against the flame inside, and they burnt up and blew out. This was but the prelude to the real display. At quarter before nine o'clock the immense bell of St. Peter's boomed out a single peal. Then a second stroke, and instantly ten thousand brilliant flames blazed up, each one brighter than a hundred of the little paper lamps combined. The dome, the cross—450 feet above the ground—the roof all burst into living radiance. The great front, the long colonnades, all flashed with brilliant fire from hanging basins of iron each showing a flame larger than your hand. Thousands of men stand in readiness, and at the signal, each one lights three lamps. The place was, in an instant, as light as day. The bells of St. Peter's and those of all the surrounding churches, rang out a glad peal. The grand band of the Pope's grenadiers, probably fifty instruments, pealed out glorious harmonies; but there was no wild huzzas, as there would have been in America. The immense crowd looked silently on, and soon began to move homeward. The illumination lasted till midnight, and all Rome was out to see it, rich and poor, great and small. This is another way they have in Rome of giving the gospel to the masses.

THE POPE'S FIREWORKS.

Again: On the evening of the 29th, closing the grand feast of St. Peter's, a display of fireworks such as we in America never dreamed of, was made in the fine open space of the Plaza del Popolo—a circular area two hundred yards in diameter and at the north end of the city. On the west side of the Plaza, rises abruptly the Pincian hill, on which the present Pope has laid out a beautiful garden. On the slope of this hill the fireworks were displayed. All Rome came out to see them. The sight was more grand than I can possibly describe to you. The thundering discharge of packs of immense fire-crack-

ers each one as loud as a musket, culminated in the firing of a pack of the Pope's 8-pounders stationed on the Pincian hill, and this opened the fête. Instantly hundreds of rockets fill the air, shooting up in a shower, long continued, hissing up all the time and opening their stars high up in the sky. In an instant all is dark; then a single rocket darts up, and spreads to an immense width its discharge of not less than 1,000 white stars; dazzlingly brilliant. After a second discharge of booming torpedoes and the artillery, suddenly appears in one blaze of fire, an immense temple, 300 feet high, covering the side of the great plaza, and rising far above the side of the hill. The Pope's tiara, surrounded with rays of dazzling white light, covers the summit. Below it in green letters a motto: "Rome, the home of Christ and St. Peter." At different heights on the front of the temple blazed the words, "Europe—Asia—Africa." Further down on the side structures were, "America—Oceania"—and twenty feet from the ground, in letters two feet high, "Romanum spatium est urbis et orbis idem." The immense frame-work was lighted in less than a second, from the extreme top to the ground, and blazed in white, red, violet, blue and green for fifteen minutes. This sublime display was followed by immense wheels, twenty feet in diameter, ten revolving at a time; colossal baskets of flowers, bound together with wreaths of every hue, fifty feet long, blazing in every color; rockets in clouds, 1,000 at a time, filling the air with stars of glorious brilliancy. Then serpents by the thousand whirled and whizzed through the air. Between each change of scene, the torpedoes and cannon deafened our ears. At the close, a bird of fire shot from the hill along an unseen wire to the obelisk in the centre of the square; thence twenty birds started along other wires, radiating to posts stationed round the open plaza; and instantly brilliant red lights, blazed all around; revealing such a sea of upturned faces as I never saw before: A star of white light, thirty feet in diameter, at the top of the obelisk, closed the display, and the tens of thousands began to disperse. At the first changes of scene they had clapped their hands; but not once had they cheered or shouted a huzza. Twice a year, this display is given to the people of Rome, though on this occasion, they tell us, it was grander than usual.

During these feast days large curtains of satin damask are hung outside of the windows of the wealthy houses, and the streets are illuminated at night, particularly the fronts of the churches and public buildings. The stores are mostly shut during the day. Priests by the thousand and people too, crowd the streets and everything wears a holiday aspect. The Pope keeps 12,000 soldiers in Rome; nearly all of them are foreigners—Swiss, Belgians, French, &c. There are about 3,000 of them dressed as Zouaves; in grey, trimmed with red. They are all young men and present a very fine appearance. The cavalry are richly dressed. There are three or four hundred of them, and they are made up largely of the better classes of Rome, many of them of noble blood; whose interest it is to sustain the power of the Pope. The Gens d'armes are dressed much like those of Paris, in major's chapeaux, blue coat, broad white trimmings, and sword at side. They are the police of Rome and are not foreigners. The Zouaves are seen in all parts of Rome; in every street, every gallery and church. They like to see the sights when not on duty. At St. Peter's, to-day, there were priests officiating at every chapel—and there are thirty or forty of them. At some a Zouave or two were kneeling—sometimes no one else—at others, three or four men or women. In one of the chapels, I saw a priest teaching twenty or thirty little boys. It was all in Italian, and I could not make it out; but it looked nearer like a little Sunday-school, in that enormous building, than I have seen anywhere in Italy.

Many of the country people have been flocking to Rome to these great feasts. The women from the country wear white handkerchiefs, folded and pinned fast to the top of the head, falling to the shoulders behind. A red or blue peasant waist, laced behind, and dark blue skirts of heavy cloth, with heavy shoes and stockings. I saw two of them come in to St. Peter's on their knees, and begin to walk up from from the door to the altar, on the marble floor and still on their knees; a long time I watched them as they plodded on. The country men wear pointed hats, roundabout coats, red vests and short pants to the knees, with heavy woolen stockings and heavy shoes with pointed toes and big nails in the soles. All go up to the bronze statue of St. Peter, on the right, near the altar, and kiss its toe. The toes are all kissed off—thousands in a day; kiss it! Priests, poor women, nobles, dirty looking men—women hold up their babies and the men lift their boys and all kiss the toe. During the feast, it has been dressed in splendid satin and gold robes, and has on its head a large bonnet or bishop's hat, set with blazing jewels of immense value. But as the head, hands and feet are all that is visible, it looks just as if they were all kissing the toe of a negro.

If time and space permitted, I could tell you as much more. Yours, G. W. M.

How dreadful was the situation of Pius Quintus, who died crying out despairingly, "When I was in a low condition I had some hopes of salvation: when I was advanced to be a cardinal, I greatly doubted; but since I came to the papedom, I have no hope at all."

MEMORIAL.

[The Session of the Second Church, Chicago, have prepared the following memorial for the State assembly, W. H. Brown, Esq., which is to be placed upon their minutes. It was also voted that a copy be furnished the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN for publication.]

William H. Brown was born at Glastenbury, Hartford county, Connecticut, on the 9th day of November, 1796. Having resided, during his early years, at Glastenbury, and at Colchester, in Connecticut, and at Catskill, in New York, he came to settle with his parents about the year 1812, at Auburn, in the latter State.

His father being a man of sterling worth and Christian character, an attorney and counsellor by profession, the subject of this memoir enjoyed the high privilege of early Christian culture. At Catskill, it was one of his greatest privileges to sit under the ministry of the Rev. David Porter, D.D., an eminent servant of God of that day, whose genius and eloquence were admirably adapted to arrest and fasten the attention of all classes of hearers; and at Auburn, in successive years of opening manhood, under the no less eminent ministrations of the Rev. Dirok C. Lansing, D.D., the fragrance whose purity and fervent zeal, still fresh in the recollection of the churches of Western New York, was honored of God, as the instrument of turning many to righteousness.

At Auburn, also, our brother and friend, in these eventful years of formation of character, enjoyed, occasionally, the privilege of sitting under the ministrations of such other eminent servants of the Most High as the neighboring churches of Cayuga Presbytery could furnish, among whom were the Rev. Dr. Wisner, of Ithaca; Rev. Seth Smith, of Genoa; Rev. Levi Parsons, of Plattsburgh, and many others, some of whom have long since fallen asleep in God, and others yet linger in the flesh to this day.

It was at Auburn that Mr. Brown, just before and about the age of majority, prosecuted the study of law with diligence for years, under the superintendence and direction of his honored father, and in the month of August, 1818, filled with youthful enterprise and ambition, made his way, as a Western emigrant, in company with the Hon. Samuel D. Lockwood, afterwards a Judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, to this then recently admitted State, the youngest born of the American Union.

With the seeds of character planted and nurtured throughout earlier years under such auspices, it was natural to expect, and the fact is known to many contemporaries, some of whom still survive, that Mr. Brown came to this the State of his adoption, not with mere secular and worldly but with a serious purpose to lead a life of usefulness, to be a good citizen, to sustain and enjoy good society, and thereby to discharge the duties of an upright and honest manhood in the conflict of life.

When Mr. Brown came to the State of Illinois, he settled first in the southern part of the State, and not long after, at Kaskaskia, then the seat of government, where he held the office of Clerk of the District Court of the United States for the District of Illinois, and afterwards at Vandalia, on the removal of the Capital to that place.

It was at the latter residence he first became openly a disciple of Christ, pressing before him the faith that was in him and had also dwelt in his ancestors for many generations, and his subsequent life, ever, down to the period of his late removal to a better sphere, has evinced the genuineness of the profession which he then made before many witnesses.

It should also be remembered that this his profession of godliness was the legitimate fruit of his early training in the way of parental fidelity and watchfulness; with abundant inoculation from the preached word, upon which he was an invariable attendant in all his previous life, blessed and sanctified by the attendant ministrations of the Holy Spirit.

land in blood, were on the other. It deserves to be recorded, that our lamented friend in that contest was a champion of law and religion and good order, doing valiant service for the right, for which his life and memory deserve and will receive from posterity, to the end of time, a tablet inscribing his name among the builders who have laid the foundations upon which is raised the superstructure of American liberty, law and order in Church and State forever. God grant it may never again be shaken!

Having in all things acted his part with honor at Vandalia, Mr. Brown, in the year 1835, came to the then new, unformed, and shapeless village hamlet called Fort Dearborn or Chicago, where again the Providence of God called him to bear his part in laying foundations; and how well he has acted that part, this city, with its present advancement from that period, in its church privileges, its schools and higher seminaries of learning, both sacred and secular, its streams of Christian beneficence and fast developing plans of Christian civilization and culture, in all which it is well known that our deceased friend bore a conspicuous part, and to which he has been ever more devoted, than to any secular calling,—how well he has acted his part, let all the facts above referred to bear witness. Sufficient to say, to no other citizen in this community more indebted for organizing and establishing on a firm basis its public school system; to no member or officer in the Church in Chicago more indebted for its establishment and support; to no one in the Church, or the Missionary cause in the world, at large, more indebted for pecuniary contribution and personal service in every good word and work. In short, Mr. Brown has led a life of distinguished usefulness and honor, serving, at times, the State as a member of its legislative councils, and the State and its departments always with honor and fidelity as a trustee of its most cherished Boards and Institutions; but most of all, and with a zeal filling all his powers, the Church and its Head, and the race of man, whose interests lay near his heart, and to which he consecrated in a high and commanding sense, all he was and all he had. He has truly verified the words of Holy writ proclaimed to the beloved disciple in Pamos: "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." And, again, those other words which the Psalmist of Israel dedicated to the memory of the righteous man: "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also, shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." And in making this memorial record his bereaved friends desire to verify again those other memorable words from heaven: "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND. NO. XII.

BY REV. EDWARD P. HAMMOND.

GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

What heart is not moved at the mention of that name! Never shall I forget, how deeply I was impressed when my eyes just rested upon it. How could I but be moved, at the thought that there my sins helped to crush the life-blood from my precious Saviour's brow, so that His great was as it were great drops of blood, falling down to the ground? The word Gethsemane means, in the Hebrew, an olive press. It was there, no doubt, that the olives from the mountain near by were pressed. There, blessed Jesus, it was that the awful thought of a world's sins pressed upon Thee, till Thou in agony wast forced to cry "my soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death: O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

'Twas the 12th of December, my wife and I first entered the Garden, which the Latins regard as the spot, where our Lord was betrayed by Judas. It is, according to some, half an acre in extent. A kindly-looking monk admitted us through a low door on the east side of the wall. The conviction that, if not within the walls now enclosed, at least near where we then were, our Lord endured those inconceivable "soul" sorrows, deeply affected us.

In the garden we counted eight olive trees. None of the other trees on the sides of the mountain had anything like the same appearance of age. Stones fill up their trunks. Thus they are made firmer against the severe winds to which they are exposed. We should so much have liked to have believed that these were the same trees, underneath which our Lord so often prayed.

But Josephus says, that "all the trees that were about the city, within the distance of a hundred furlongs were cut down." All we can say is, that it is very possible, that the roots of one of these trees were bedewed with the tears of Christ during that night of "agony and bloody sweat." The roots of the olive it is said very seldom die. If the parent is cut down, others spring up and grow for centuries.

The monk who admitted us to the garden of Gethsemane, allowed us to gather branches from these old olive trees, which he affirms are the very same beneath which Jesus prayed. He also presented us with a large bouquet of roses, and various flowers which are cultivated in the garden. These leaves and flowers, we carefully pressed, and hope to take with us to America,

some of them as "souvenirs" in letters have already crossed the Atlantic. Before leaving the garden, my wife and I sought out a quiet nook, where we might seek to recall the scenes of that memorable night. The path to the west of us, winding down from St. Stephen's gate, Jesus followed with his disciples, after having broken bread with them in the "upper room" on Mount Zion.

We could easily imagine the scene of our Lord's betrayal—the hushed voices of the disciples as Judas emerged from the dark olives, "and with him a great multitude with swords and staves." Also, the holy resignation portrayed upon the face of our Saviour, as the light of many torches flashed upon Him. We could almost hear the treacherous words of Judas, "whomsoever I shall kiss that same is he—hold him fast." We could fancy we saw the effects of the divine power, which, for a moment paralyzed the murderous band, when Jesus made known himself to them: "As soon then as He had said to them, I am He, they went backward and fell to the ground." Finally we could follow our Lord forsaken by His disciples, across the brook Kedron, up through the gate on His way to the house of Annas; and Peter followed Him afar off.

It did indeed seem to us the most sacred spot on earth. Our burdened hearts only found relief in tears. How could it have been otherwise! I pity the man who can visit Gethsemane without a tear. We then prayed for many friends, and especially for the dear young converts and children in America, who we have been permitted to see led by the Spirit to trust in Christ's finished work. If ever I should grow cold in the Master's service, may I remember Gethsemane, where "all the disciples forsook Him and fled." If ever I am inclined to think lightly of sin, may I call to mind the sacred feelings granted to us during that hour in Gethsemane.

My Jesus I would ne'er forget, That hour I spent with Thee; When there I saw Thy bloody sweat, In dark Gethsemane.

'Twas in that olive press I felt, That Thou didst bleed for me, Alas! how great a sin my guilt, While in Gethsemane.

I thought of how Thy heart did thro' When "all" things own did flee, And left Thee with the cruel mob In sad Gethsemane.

'Twas there I felt my guilt and shame, In forsaking Thee; How precious was Thy very name, In dear Gethsemane.

How earnestly with tears we plead, For friends across the sea, That they might cling to Thee who blest In lone Gethsemane.

Should'er our love to Thee grow cold, And we forgetful be, We'll call to mind Thy love untold, While in Gethsemane.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS.

University of Chicago.—The Commencement of the University of Chicago occurred on Thursday, June 25th. Ten graduates of the department of Arts, and twenty of the department of law received their diplomas. The degree of Ph. D. was conferred upon Rev. B. Felsenthal, of Chicago; and that of D. D. upon Rev. M. G. Lodge, of Wagonasin, and Rev. Jesse B. Thomas, of Brooklyn. William B. Ogden, the "railroad king" has subscribed \$50,000, on condition that \$100,000 more are raised, and within a few days \$20,000 more have been received. The prospect is that about \$100,000 will be subscribed in Chicago ere this is in type.

Dickinson College.—The Commencement took place June 24th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. President Johnson conferred diplomas upon the senior class of thirteen. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Robert A. Pattison, of the Philadelphia Conference; Rev. J. A. McAuley, of the Baltimore Conference, and Professor Lock, of Indiana Asbury University; that of M. A. on Rev. John T. Gray, missionary to India; and Professor J. H. Worman, Librarian elect of the Drew Theological Seminary. For the first time in the history of this old institution, the income of the college has met its expenses, and a balance is in hand toward the repairs of the buildings, etc. The endowment has now reached the sum of \$160,000, with a good hope of reaching \$200,000.

Commencement at the University of Vermont and State Agricultural College at Burlington occurred August 1st. Rev. M. R. Vincent, of Troy, N. Y., will address the society for religious inquiry, and Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody of Harvard College, will also be an orator of the occasion. University of Virginia.—There are at present 490 students at the University, of whom 295 are professors of religion. The Young Men's Christian Association numbers 150 students as follows: Presbyterians, 40; Episcopalians, 38; Methodists, 27; Baptists, 26; Disciples, 15; Unknwn, 14. This Association has a number of Sunday Schools in the Ragged Mountains, at Milton, &c.

Hampden Sidney College, Virginia.—Commencement June 13. 4 graduates. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Rev. Henry Wood, of Philadelphia; Rev. T. E. Peck, of the Union Theological Seminary; Rev. R. T. Bunting, pastor of the first Presbyterian church, Nashville, Tenn.; and Rev. James W. Dale, (author of "Classic Baptism") of Media, Pa. The degree of A. M. was conferred on Dr. J. W. Ayler, a practising physician in the neighborhood.

The circular of Major Whitlesey, of the United States Army, by order of General Grant, proposing a plan for instruction in military tactics to all the colleges in the land, was referred to the Faculty, to report at the next meeting of the Trustees. The Board took action looking to extensive and handsome improvement of the College buildings and grounds. The Faculty was authorized to organize a department for instruction in applied mathematics.

Michigan University.—This University has in its several departments of science and art, medicine and law, 1,255 students, and a Faculty of thirty-three professors and tutors. Rev. K. O. Haven, D.D., of Andrew Dixon, White, president elect of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., received the honorary degree of LL. D. at the commencement held week before last. Yale College.—Rev. William Adams, D.D., of New York, a Graduate of the class of 1827, delivered the annual oration before the alumni of Yale