

Correspondence.

OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

ROME, June 27, 1867.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ROME.

DEAR EDITOR:—If I were to try to give you my first impression of Rome, in a single line it would read, disappointment; narrow, crooked streets, dirt, and darkness; but like our Niagara Falls, its grandeur grows upon you every hour you remain, until it becomes overwhelming. There is scarcely a straight, wide street in Rome. The Corso, begins at the northernmost corner, at the gate Del Popolo, runs due south and straight for a mile; but it is a narrow street, in much of its length allowing only three carriages to pass with ease, and sidewalks sometimes of two, or three feet. There are many nice stores on it, but the houses on each side are very high, and the whole street is dark and gloomy to a Philadelphian. Two other streets, radiate from the same gate, Del Popolo, one on the right and the other on the left of the Corso, and they, with a street crossing all three and leading west toward St. Peter's, are the only streets which run straight for half a mile in Rome. All are crooked streets, with high houses, looking like jails, for all the lower-story windows, have strong iron gratings and the doors are generally large, leading to an inner court, or large shop doors, exposing pretty much all the shop, when opened. Stables, meat-shops, shoemaker-shops, wine-drinking places, bread-stores, chair-makers, vegetable-sellers, sculptors shops, junk and picture shops, blacksmiths, macaroni venders, trunk-makers, and saddlers, one after the other, fill up miles of the poorer streets. The women sit in the doors and on the pavements, talking, nursing their babies; the babies being all pinned up into a tight bundle, with their heads alone sticking out, in mummy style. The men walk either in the door, or just inside of it, or when there is any show of room, in the street. No sidewalks anywhere except a few squares on the Corso and all go in the street together—carriages, carts, wagons, priests, monks and pedestrians generally. I say priests, because Rome is full of priests, not floating here from the whole world, to be present at the Convocation on the 29th. Day before yesterday over 10,000 priests, strangers from other places all of them, paid their respects to the Pope, and every train comes loaded full of them. Last week we could hardly get places in the cars for the crowd of priests filling the train. When we left Macoa, above Lyons, turning east to come over Mt. Cenis, at every station coming through Savoy we took in more; and at the foot of the Alps we had to lie over, being crowded out of the stages by them. They wear long black gowns down to their feet, some of them longer and looped up. These have tight sleeves and are generally made of bombazine or alpaca. They wear a hat of black silk or heavy round crown and broad brim, bridged as the length of your hand, which they roll up behind and triangularly on the two sides, making a point in front. A bishop, among them here and there, wears a violet-silk gown over the black; and the Capuchin Friars, who are very numerous in the city, go bare headed, with a gown of coarse brown cloth, a hood coming down to a long point behind, a rope around the waist and no stockings, but shoes which consist mostly of sole—very little upper part. You meet more of these gowned priests and monks, than you do of ordinarily dressed people at present. Every place we visit is filled with them, consulting, as we do, their guide-books. Through these narrow streets go long carts, on two wheels, drawn by a miserable mule or donkey, and at his right shoulder is generally tied a large bundle of hay that is to make his dinner. On the Corso, narrow as it is, the fine carriages roll along filled with handsomely dressed ladies, and the crowd is so great at 6 o'clock, that horses can only walk slowly each way. Coachmen and footmen, dressed as they are in London, sit up in front generally; but the carriages of the Cardinals have a driver in front and often three footmen behind, who wear bright blue or broed coats, trimmed with silver lace nearly as broad as your hand, along all the edges of the coat, in straight strips behind, from collar to tip of tail, and in fact almost covering the coat up. They wear chapeaus also, trimmed with silver lace, and with carriages often of a brilliant red color and splendid horses and harness, they look very fine. The soldiers (and Rome like Paris, is full of them) all take off their hats when a Cardinal's carriage passes, and so do the priests. At many of the corners, in these crooked streets, and sometimes in the straight walls, a picture of the Virgin is set against the wall, four or five yards above the ground. A lamp or two burn before it at night. The walls of the houses have generally a dingy appearance. They are mostly built of brick—a thin brick, large and flat, not over half as thick as our brick, but much longer and broader, with a thick layer of mortar between; and these brick walls are plastered over, so that the houses all look as if they were built of stone. It is an interesting fact that all the old ruins about Rome are built of exactly similar brick, just as thick and just as long, showing that these people have not changed their manner of building in 2,000 years.

The principal public buildings of Rome are the churches, of which there are nearly 400, and

some of them very splendid inside, with fine works of art by great masters. There are some fine palaces belonging to the nobility; but they present a dingy appearance outside. They contain, some of them, costly galleries of paintings, splendid works of old masters, which, with those of the Vatican, I will not describe. I saw them all, enjoyed them all hugely, but won't attempt to particularize; suffice it to say, they paid me for my trip to Rome, as did also St. Peter's itself and its mighty dome, which I ascended. The ruins of Rome,—what shall I say of these silent old reminders of the busy tide of life that flowed through Rome 2,000 years ago? The Coliseum itself, if there were nothing else here to see, would well repay a trip across the Atlantic. It is larger, grander, more sublime in its ruin, than I expected to have found it. Just as evening came on, I went but to take a look at it, for the third or fourth time. I climbed as near the top as I could get, and then its majestic proportions, its enormous size, became apparent. I sat upon the base of a broken column, and looked down upon the ruined arches that had supported the tiers of its marble seats. As I mused, I fancied it filled once more with its eighty or ninety thousand Romans. I pictured a few shivering, frantic Christians driven into the arena. There they came, out probably from that very archway, and from that other, the den over there, came the lions, with tails, uplifted and slowly waving from side to side. I fancied that I heard the wild shout of the audience, tier above tier, filling the vast slopes of the galleries from the ground to the top of the building. They rise upon their feet, screaming, waving their hands, rending the air with their huzzas as the victims are torn and murdered by the wild beasts. I listened, there was a sound. It was only the wall of some fifty monks and women singing the Ave Maria at the little chapels erected around the arena. As their slow procession passed from one shrine to the other, with their crosses and lamps, I wondered whether some of the thousands of martyrs whose souls had gone up to heaven from that very place, were not looking down in sorrow at the immemorial scene. The men wore brown gowns, with hoods over their faces. The holes cut in them for eyes gave them a hideous look. All knelt down on the ground before each of the dozen little shrines, one after the other, and went through their hymns and prayers. One of the men stood at the entrance shaking a bag with pennies in it, at all who came in, and looked through the holes in his hood at us very hard, when we came down. Swallows and pigeons make their nests in the arches, and as evening comes on they fly around and chirp and twitter incessantly. They with the priests below, are the only signs of life the grand old ruin knows; but what a monument of the mighty past it is, and how I would love to spend half my time in Rome about it. Near by stands the arch of Titus, on the right side of which is carved, his bringing the golden candlestick, the ark, and trumpets in triumph from the temple at Jerusalem. Here again is the arch of Constantine. The old Roman forum, so full of classic memories, is seen largely by some wagon-builders, who are mending old carts and building new ones, just where Rome used to dictate its laws to the world. Many of the ruins, however, the present and late Popes are doing all they can to preserve. Walls enclose them, and iron rods, brace what is likely to fall. A few days among the ruins and you begin to feel how great Rome was. The palace of the Cæsars, shows a series of buildings as large as several of our squares in Philadelphia. The Baths of Caracalla, too, are far more extensive than we have any idea of in America. They cover as large a space as the Palace, and the immense old arches now standing 120 feet high, show halls 200 feet long, with three, four or five immense arches supporting the high floor above, and this floor was only the beginning of an immense structure higher still. Fine mosaic pavements lie there, just as the Romans left them, and form some of the baths. The most splendid bathing tubs you ever saw have been dug—made of solid Egyptian granite, ten feet long, five broad and nearly a foot thick. A dozen of them are now in the museum of the Vatican splendid specimens of art. From these ruins have been dug thousands of fine statues and busts, which fill the galleries of art in Rome; and the perfection of sculpture in the old Roman times, as well as the grandeur of the architecture, fills the mind with wonder and awe. Nothing but a visit to the Rome of today, can give you any idea of what the Rome of the Cæsars was. Yours, G. W. M.

WILLIAMSTOWN COLLEGE. PRESIDENT HOPKINS' BACCALAUREATE. The Baccalaureate of President Hopkins, delivered on Sunday afternoon, at Goodrich Hall, before the meeting at Missionary Park, is one of those apt and admirable statements of Christian truth which always characterize the deliverances of this Christian philosopher. Its subject is "Liberty—its Limits", from the text, "If there come any unto you and have not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed, for he that biddeth him 'God speed' is partaker of his evil deeds."

"This doctrine," the doctrine of Christ, is the leading word—Freedom, liberality, breadth, liberal Christianity, broad Church; narrowness, ill-liberality, bigotry, superstition, or; to concentrate all in one word, orthodoxy,—these are the terms

that we hear bandied on every side, and we would gladly know their import. These terms are applied to men on the ground of their belief—not their belief on all subjects, but 1st, as they believe less or more in the existence and agency of invisible personal beings, including God; 2d, as they believe less or more in the importance of religious truth; and 3d, as they believe in conditions of salvation that require a life of less or greater strictness, and that thus include a smaller or larger number. We have three spheres and standards of liberality. In the first the relation of man and of nature to supernatural agency is immediately in question; in the second it is the relation of belief to truth to practice, that is in question; and in the third it is the relation of the practical life to the spirit of Christianity, and to the moral government of God. But while the questions are thus apparently different, their central point is the same. They all find their unity and interest in the relation of the human will to supernatural control. Eliminate but this one idea, and the created waves of these controversies will subside to the merest ripple; and the terms that may be used, however in-tense in form, will be charged with no divisive elements. The real questions are, the existence of a holy God claiming control over the human will, and the extent of the control thus claimed. Is there, then, any criterion of liberality in these several spheres? Yes. We must stop at the point where negation begins to affect the sum and grandeur of being. This is the criterion for the first and the second divisions in the sphere of belief, namely, affecting supernatural agency and of liberality in regard to the importance of religious truth. The criterion of liberality in respect to conduct is that nothing can be allowed in conduct, whether in principle or in outward form, that would prevent the speediest possible restoration of ourselves and others to a full obedience to the law of God. We may do any thing which will not counterwork in ourselves and others the work which Christ came to do. In this is liberality—liberality that would go beyond its license. Shall we not belong to the "party of progress"? Yes; progress in light, in discrimination, in the detection of all shams and hypocrisies, out of the Church as well as in it, but especially progress in love—love to God and love to man. Such is the outline of this discourse, which embodies the true sentiment of Christ's Church in America for the year 1867. It is the truth for any century, but especially pertinent to these days. It will be pondered and appropriated by the teachers in Israel. HENRY FOWLER.

FRAGMENTS FROM JOURNAL OF A MISSIONARY TOUR IN INDIA. No. VI.

PUNALLA HILL, FORT, March 25, 1867.

DEAR BROTHER MERRIS:—Since my last date we have prosecuted our work half in Kolapoór and half in the villages till the great heat has finally driven us into the shelter and cooler air of this old Fort. Of the hundreds of Hill Fortresses in India this is one of the most perfect, both by nature and art. A spur of the Western Ghats (mountains), jut out in this latitude forty or fifty miles to the east, and nature seems to have thrown up this point specially isolated and every way adapted to the purpose of such a Fort. It is situated twelve miles immediately in front of our mission-house at Kolapoór, and with an elevation of some three thousand feet above the sea-level, and furnishes a cool retreat from the hot plains below. Its military strength is readily understood from a brief description. From the summit downwards the hill is scarped to the distance of twenty to sixty feet, on all sides, presenting an almost perpendicular granite surface; and this scarp is surmounted with a wall of solid masonry, five miles in circuit, from ten to thirty feet high, with strong bastions and towers at all salient points. For entrance there were three stupendous double or triple gates, reached from the table lands below by long flights of stone steps, hewn as far as practicable in the solid rock. In the old Polygar citadel, occupying the highest and central point within the fort, are three immense stone granaries for the storage of supplies in case of siege, and the water supply is unlimited. To all implements of Hindu warfare, previous to British invasion, this fort proved impregnable. Old Aurungzebe, the last of the Moguls, brought his whole force against it in 1701, but after six months' persevering efforts of his whole army, he was obliged to raise the siege and retire. When the great Shivogi got possession of it, he accomplished the feat by a stratagem quite as shrewd as any "coup d'etat" of modern times. A band of his most faithful adherents consented to be publicly disgraced, and scourged in full sight of their own and some of the enemy's forces, and making this a plea for desertion, they soon found opportunity to escape, and a ready reception by the besieged enemy within the Fort; and then by preconcerted arrangements they opened the gates in the night to Shivogi and his besieging force. An Arabic inscription, dated 1376, gives the earliest record we have of a settlement here, and the place reached the zenith of its prosperity in 1770, having been for many years the residence of the royal family and the seat of government. In 1782, the court and government were removed to Kolapoór, which, from that time, became the permanent capital, and Punalla diminished

in population and importance, though it remained the King's stronghold in all emergencies, till the British forces captured and dismantled it in 1845. Some of the dear children and youth of your Sabbath-schools will perhaps recall the verbal account I gave them of this fort, and the cruel custom of offering human victims here. Col. Graham, a late political Superintendent here, after describing Queen Jezi Bae as a woman of energetic character and administrative talents, adds, "a foul blot, however, will eternally stain the character of this lady, who otherwise merits honor for her talent and decision. Human sacrifices were encouraged to a fearful extent during her reign, and parties scoured the plains at night, to secure the victims who was to be sacrificed within a few hundred feet of her palace. The temple to the infernal deity was situated in the inner Fort, where the walls of two towers close together, and where every ray of sunshine is intercepted by the dense foliage of overhanging trees. Dark, dismal and lonely, the spot appears suitable for the vile purpose for which it was used." I have just returned from that "dark, dismal" spot. The vile image of the goddess Kali still holds her position there, under the dark overhanging trees, and in the hearts of these degraded idolaters too, as attested by the fresh oil and red paint applied in worshipping her. If human victims are not still offered at this shrine, it is only from a wholesome fear of the paramount power of the British Government. I wonder if any of the children remember the account of the "black tower" under which a poor girl was buried alive, with a view to render it impregnable. The tower still stands here, a permanent witness to the cruel superstitions and rites of Hinduism. There is a third spot in this Fort where human victims used to be offered, and which seems not to have been disclosed hitherto to British officers. It is immediately in the rear of the old palace, and here victims were more privately and more frequently offered, than in the old Polygar citadel, as described by Col. Graham. But in this brief account of Punalla, the point I wish to make prominent is, the desirableness of making it a permanent mission station. Has it not been Shakti's seat long enough? With in the Fort, and just under its bastions, is a population of fully three thousand souls. It is a political centre, or Shire-town, and the residence and court of the Mamlatdar bring daily visitors from all the surrounding country. On the West, spread out the broad valleys of the Rauchingga and her tributaries, dotted with numerous villages; and on the East the broader valley of the Wama. Here is an ample field of labor with a cool mountain climate. Alone and weak as we are, I have hardly been able to repress my desire to build or purchase a house here, and make it a permanent station. Can you not send us a man for this place? A dozen miles further in the direction of Rungnagerry, our nearest seaport, is the pretty town of Mulkaipoór, nestling in a fertile spot among the mountains, close on the border territory between the Deccan and the Konkan. It has a population of some five thousand, and with its thirty subordinate villages constitutes an independent principality—that is, just as independent of Kolapoór as Kolapoór is of the British government. Its chief, Kallind Rao, holds high rank at the Kolapoór court, being regarded as the king's Pratinidhi or Vicegerent. But in the rebellion of 1844, the leading men of this principality (except the chief himself) took sides against the British, and the unceasing restless spirits abounding here, have led the political Agent and other European friends to advise me not to extend my preaching tours into this region, at least without a party of police or horsemen in my train. But I have always preferred to have no such attendants, and no weapons whatever, on my preaching tours in India. My first care, in every place, is to make known my true character as a Missionary, and the message I bring them from God. This generally secures all the respect and attention I desire. It did not fail me in Mulkaipoór. The people gathered in crowds, and showed immense curiosity, never having seen a Missionary before; but when once they understood my character and object they showed much civility and respect. The chief invited me to an interview, and showed himself a man of fair natural abilities, though little improved by education or information about other parts of the world. He knew nothing of America, nothing whatever of Christianity. He listened attentively to my exposition of the Christian faith, and he and several of his highest officials accepted copies of our Scriptures, assuring me they would give them a thoughtful perusal. Here, too, is a most desirable centre for Mission labor. About mid-way between Kolapoór and Rungnagerry, (our seaport) Mulkaipoór has a cool, elevated position among the mountains, sharing largely in the healthful sea-breeze during the hot months; and being the political centre for a large region of country, it furnishes all the facilities for a rapid diffusion of Christianity. How can we repress the longings of our hearts to see such points occupied for Christ? In closing our village work for this season, we find we have visited in all 297 villages. In only eight villages of this entire number did we find schools under government patronage. In only thirty villages did we find indigenous schools

with from three to ten boys learning to write on sand-boards. In two hundred and fifty-nine villages we found no schools of any description. In one hundred and two villages we found no one able to read our Books and Tracts. Two hundred and forty of these two hundred and ninety-seven villages, we had never been able to visit before; in each one of them the people assured us they had never seen or heard a Missionary before, and in few of these two hundred and forty villages could we find any trace of Christian knowledge. Past bound under the galling yoke of Hindu superstition, they knew nothing of a purer faith. In view of these facts, may we not emphatically exclaim: "How then shall they call on Him, in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him, of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear, without a preacher?" The desolation here brought to view is not limited to this small fraction of our parish. It extends over the whole broad field around us. The record here given is of villages contiguous to each other—not isolated and especially ignorant or neglected. We have taken every village in the district traversed. The result is a fair average of the whole Kolapoór Kingdom and much of the bordering territory. When are these millions to know and believe the Gospel? In the limited district here explored, we have mentioned eight localities specially fitted to become centres for Missionary effort. These are KAUGUL, NEEPANI, KADSE, MOORGOOD, BRUERGUDH, WALWA, PUNALLA, and MULKAPOOR. Would to God that these names might stamp themselves in glowing capitals on the hearts of as many young men, whom the love of Christ and souls should constrain to come at once, occupy these posts and preach salvation to these perishing idolaters with faith, zeal and love, which death only could extinguish. In the faith and fellowship of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Yours sincerely, R. G. WILDER.

LETTERS WHICH ARE NOT TRIPLES. MANNERS AND MORALS. I like the practice of teaching one's hat to an acquaintance across the street; it prevents us from becoming barbarians; said one of our late, most fluent and elegant writers. There is much in this. The gentle courtesies of civilized society are promotive of kindly feelings and self-respect. They beget in us a thoughtfulness and consideration for others, which reflect on all sides the most agreeable and useful results. The more one disregards these courtesies, the grosser and more selfish he becomes. Boisterous demonstrations, offensive personalities, violence, and general disorder, next follow, as naturally as effects in physics follow their respective causes. That we are, as a people, progressing in this wrong direction is too evident to be denied. The high degree of personal freedom conferred upon us by our popular form of government exposes us more to tendencies of this nature, than those of Europe. Hence, our duties lie in being more upon our guard, nay, in being strenuously active in cultivating these amenities of life. Unlike foreigners, we are destitute of any university acknowledged ceremonial code, hence, it behooves us to be a law unto ourselves; in this regard. Let us strive to regain, if it may be, that gentlemanliness and refinement of manners that marked the intercourse of our ancestors at the period of Washington. For in these respects we are far behind them at this day. In manners, as in morals, trifles have much weight, and are the more dangerous, from being generally overlooked. The slightest deflection or deviation from the true line, in stating, lands us, be it remembered, widely enough from our true position at the remote end of it. The yielding, in very elegant society, for instance, to some young lady's polite request to sip a glass of wine, has placed thousands of young men on the road to intemperance, and has resulted, beyond question, in producing thousands of souls. And so with the unfortunate urging, who, mistaking a fog for a gentleman, concludes that he, also, to be as manly and admirable, must adopt his cigar and, like the other, becomes in a year or so, enveloped in the intolerable odors of tobacco, from which no after-consideration can ever extricate him. These are trifles at the outset, and in many minds remain so, perhaps, but the gross displays sometimes made even in our Congressional Hall, by the victims of these two habits, are not trifles, but death-blow to the dignity of the high conclaves. And from this height their degrading influences gravitate to our general society, which needs, at that high source, the benefit of a standard of moral excellence and refined manners, not institutions to grossness and ruffianism. A boisterous or loud utterance in conversation, seems but a trifle indeed, accustomed as we have become to it, but in this, as in many other habits, it is obvious that just so far as we depart from comeliness and order, do we approach the rudeness and disorder of the streets and of the mob. Unfortunately for us, in this particular, our children of both sexes are taught, or injured, to clamor to the utmost extent of their strength, in most of our primary schools, in the intervals of ordinary tuition. To such an extent in our city does this abuse prevail, that the entire neighborhood of these institutions is, several times each day, made hideous by the uproar which often reaches the distance of several squares. And all this under the immediate eye and by permission of the Teachers. Let us promptly correct an injurious practice that must naturally assimilate its victims eventually, not to that polite intercourse which is the greatest elegance of advanced civilization, but to that of the more noisy gatherings of the out-of-door crowd. E. D. M.