

## Correspondence.

## OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN, July 29, '67.

## FRYBURG—ITS BRIDGES AND ORGAN.

A hasty ride brought us to Fryburg, an old Swiss town built upon the high banks of a winding stream. It has some twelve old feudal towers surrounding it, and on one side the old wall still stands. There are two suspension bridges which cross the winding river, and are wonders of art. One of them is 235 feet above the stream below, and the view up and down the gorge from the bridge, is as beautiful as it is wild. The wire ropes are not passed over pillars, but they are fastened right in the high rocky wall on one side, and on the level of the road-side on the other. The other bridge is 900 feet long and 180 feet above the water—the longest span in the world, they say. This little Swiss town contains the greatest organ in the world, and we went to the old cathedral to hear it. It was playing as we entered, and the first tones we heard convinced us that its reputation was well founded. It was early evening—the light was fast leaving us, so that the hues of the great stained window faded gradually, and the little fane hanging light, near the altar, grew bright enough to reveal the surrounding darkness. A fine harmony from the "human voice" stop, a duet, sweet as the singing of angels, floated among the high arches. "Certainly there are ladies singing; that sound is not the organ." Presently a third voice joins, a fine tenor, and the trio is exquisite. The voices tremble from one chord to another, and as they die away and you can scarcely tell where the silence begins, suddenly there comes a burst of joyous harmony with the full power of the organ, to reveal the truth that what we heard just now was really the instrument and not a trio of human voices. Next comes a fine *fugue*, with manly, vigorous movement, the concluding bars filling the whole house with their joyous flow. Another sweet warbling of the voice-stop follows, and you think you are hearing the angels again. Last comes a storm, distant mutterings of thunder intermingled with low moaning of the wind. The thunder comes nearer until its roar seems to shake the very cathedral itself, and your head seems to swim with the overwhelming vibrations. Presently the wind dies away; the cloud has passed over and the thunder becomes less distinct. A very soft sweet movement breathes of sunshine and peace. Its harmonies cease—a sharp bell rings, and we wake up to the fact that we have been listening to an organ, the performance has ceased, and it is time to go. Lights are brought in and we find our way out; but we ask to be shown to the organ-loft that we may have an interview with the being who has carried us so far above and beyond this earth. We find a bashful young man of nineteen. "My father generally plays but is unwilling to-night and I take his place." "Who composed these pieces?" "Most of them my father. The Storm is his." Evidently the father, who is said to be the greater player of the two, has caught the full inspiration of the organ; its life has been part of his, and he has succeeded in imparting the inspiration to his son. We have heard other great organs and other great players, both in Europe and America; but they are all children's toys compared with this Fryburg organ and its player.

## INTERLACHEN.

At Interlachen we meet the pleasure-seekers from every part of Europe and America in large numbers. Fourteen large hotels, like those of Saratoga and Cape May, are well filled at this season of the year. The town lies on the Aar, which here connects lakes Thun and Brienz, two of the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes. In full view is the Jungfrau, crowned with snow, white and glistening, towering high above the surrounding Alps. There are many fine tours made from this place to the glacier waterfalls and avalanches among the surrounding mountains. We went to the Grindelwald glacier, climbing up some seven or eight hundred feet upon it, and went into a grotto which had been cut in it some two hundred and fifty feet, in which the light shone through the ice above, a beautiful blue color, making us all look livid and bloodless. The Gusbach falls come down the mountain 1400 feet in seven or eight cascades, forming one of the prettiest views in Switzerland.

At Interlachen we met our townsmen Rev. Dr. E. E. Adams and Alex. Whilldin, Esq. Dr. Adams is improving in health, can walk three or four miles at a stretch, and looks better than we expected to find him. We were very glad to have a long talk with these gentlemen, as we had been on the look-out for them ever since we came to the Continent. Mr. Whilldin looks so rosy and well that his friends will hardly know him when he returns.

## LUZERNE.

From Interlachen northeastward, a pleasant sail over Lake Brienz and five hours in the diligence over the Bruning Pass, brought us to Lake Luzerne, probably the most picturesque of the Swiss lakes—not long and narrow like most of them, but of irregular shape, the joining of several lakes into one, which together form something like a cross.

The town of Luzerne, is a bright looking place, beautifully located on the lake. Thorswalden's great "Wounded Lion" is here, cut in a cliff of

rock, twenty-eight feet long, a monument to the memory of some 700 Swiss soldiers, the *Guardie Suisse* of Louis XVI., who were slaughtered during the French Revolution. Clouds covered the Rhine and rain covered the lake during our stay, so we hastened off to the valley of the Rhine. Through Basle we came to

## BADEN BADEN.

the great watering and gambling place of Europe. It is situated in a lovely little valley, among the hills which form the eastern boundary of the valley of the Rhine. Five large hotels are well filled at this season. The springs are famous both for drinking and bathing, the waters flowing from the ground quite hot (so hot that they steam) and of a salt taste. More people, however, flock here because it is a fashionable place, than for any other reason, and Satan has taken advantage of the crowd to establish one of his most prosperous dens of vice. There are splendid pavilions, shaded with trees, containing a gorgeous pavilion in which a fine orchestra of forty players is seated, a handsome building with spacious piazza and colonnade; hundreds of persons at little tables drinking wine and eating ices under the shade; in the building a fine library and reading-room, where all the best papers of Europe and some of America are on file; and besides all this, two large tables in the grand hall of the building on the first floor, all doors and windows being open, around which some twenty-five or thirty gamblers sit, with a crowd looking on, nearly all day and night. Tens of thousands of dollars are piled before the bankers or owners of the tables, who obtain from the government, for a large bonus, the exclusive right to carry on the gambling at this town and also at Weisbaden and Homburg; two other places where Satan's seat is. All play against the bank. The cards are thrown by one of the bankers about every three minutes, and the money raked in by the bankers or winners every time. Most of the players stake a dollar at a time, some a gold piece of five or ten dollars, some five or ten gold pieces, and some few play with bank bills of one thousand francs each. We were told that an English-looking man played a whole evening last week with nothing but one thousand franc bills, five at a time put up; and that he won largely, putting his pile on the same spot on the table the whole evening. The tables are marked off into squares and diamonds, each one representing some known value of the cards. Many women play—young and old—the young dressed very fashionably, the old, sometimes fifty to seventy years of age, and ugly as Macbeth's witches, and without ornamental dress or jewelry. Some of the ladies wear jewelry—diamonds and pearls—costing thousands of dollars. A young American gambler, we are told, broke the bank the other evening, so that the play had to be suspended until a new amount of money was raised next day. Most of the men are of middle age—some young, and some few with gray hairs. How thankful I felt that the public sentiment of my own land was so far above this, that gambling is against the law and has to be carried on in the dark, and not in open day and at our finest places of resort.

The old Castle of the Dukes of Baden is a grand ruin on a hill behind the town, from which a lovely prospect is seen: The wide valley of the Rhine stretches westward, thirty or forty miles, level as a floor, rich as a garden, every foot under high cultivation, with the river like a silver thread running through it. The Vosges Mountains in France in dim outline bound the view. To the west, rolling hills covered with the black forest, stretch far south into Switzerland, and east for 100 miles. The hills show at a glance why the forest is called black. They appear blacker than any hills we ever saw. At our feet, as we stood on the old tower, were the ivy-covered ruins of the castle, with large trees growing in its old baronial halls. The look-out of the warders, as they stood on the tower, watching for the coming enemy in the feudal days, was upon a landscape of such loveliness as no painter's canvass could ever give an idea of. We next visited Heidelberg on the Neckar, with its old castle, one of the finest ruins in Europe, though not so high as that of Baden.

## FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN.

To-day finds us in the beautiful city of Frankfort on the Main, certainly the finest city we have seen on the continent since leaving Paris. The streets are wide, the buildings clean and bright. On the outskirts, where the old wall ran, are fine shaded promenades, and beyond them, as fine a collection of square-built mansions, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, as in the best parts of West Philadelphia or Germantown. There are hundreds of these splendid residences, all evidences of wealth and refinement, such as we did not expect to see here. They remind us that we are in the city that first bought our bonds during the war, and we see evidences that they were able to hold them after they were bought.

The cathedral is an old building, standing in an open square. On one side stands an old house with gable front, covered, roof and sides, with slate, and with bay windows jutting out from its corner. From this window Martin Luther preached to the crowd in the square, a few days before he went to the Diet at Worms. His carved likeness, freshly painted, is fastened upon the house, with an inscription telling the story.

Formerly the Jews' quarter was divided by a high iron fence from the rest of the city. We rode through its principal streets, and found nar-

row houses, high, sharp gables fronting on the streets, upper stories jutting out over the lower, sides of the houses covered with slate, all old and ricketty, forming a very quaint picture. No. 148, a narrow old house, was pointed out to us as the early home of Baron Rothschild. In the little room on the street, he had his first banking house, and from this little beginning grew that firm at whose nod all Europe to-day either speaks or holds its peace, goes to war or swallows insults quietly. The Baron's mother died in this house not very long ago. A splendid city residence, a fine mansion in the west end, and two country seats near by, are now occupied by different nephews of the Baron, now in the firm.

We attended the Lutheran church on Sabbath morning. We found it a grand edifice, oval in shape, the high galleries supported by a fine colonnade of pillars. On a marble altar below the pulpit stood a black crucifix, two feet high, with an ivory carving of the Saviour on it. The singing was led by one man, accompanied by a grand organ; all singing, in unison, the same part of the choral, there being no harmony except from the organ. The congregation were all neat and well dressed people, totally unlike the rough lower classes in the papal cathedral. G. W. M.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF REV. MEDAD POMEROY.

The late notice of the death of this good man recalls many pleasant hours spent with him during two years of acquaintance, formed after he had retired from the active duties of his profession. Among the many characteristic anecdotes that might be related of him, I will mention a few illustrating prominent Christian virtues.

The first is on the power of personal, private effort to influence men's minds. When he first entered upon his ministry, after leaving the position of teacher in the academy, he went to a place known as Quaker Settlement, and preached for nearly a year in the ball-room of a cross-roads. The word was with power, and there followed a great revival. The Friends of the vicinity, most of them of the orthodox persuasion, were greatly interested, and considerable numbers of them came to hear him. They said that he was different from most of his class, in that he preached "with the Spirit." At the end of the year, after examining and sifting those who made a profession, he found that he had nearly a hundred, who gave good evidence of conversion. These he proposed to organize into a church. But this was in the days when the Baptists had more sectarian zeal, and less honor in regard to their measures, than at present, and they attempted to have a hand and share in the work, although the whole burden and credit of the movement belonged to himself. While they had no church in the place nor in the immediate neighborhood, their ministers came to proselyte the young converts from far and near, there being no fewer than ten of them engaged in it. The unsuspecting sower of good seed was but partially aware of the extent of their operations, and felt a certain delicacy in going to those to whom he had ministered the pure milk of the word to argue the strong doctrines involved in that controversy. But after they had done their work, he discovered that of the one hundred he had relied upon, all but thirty had been turned to the peculiar views of the Baptists. His compensation had been less than a hundred dollars, the prospect was far from encouraging if he should stay, and he therefore gave up the field in great disappointment. The result was that no Presbyterian church was ever formed there, nor is there along that important road through a rich country, settled by New England stock, any Presbyterian church (save one just alive) for a distance of twenty miles. Neither is there a Baptist church on that road. The nearest to the scene of that great outpouring of the Spirit is ten miles away. The Friends came in and occupied most of the country about. In process of time, they divided into the Hicksite and Orthodox branches, and the latter have divided again [into the Evangelical and Wilburites.] Many of them have passed through the reaction against strict practices which always follows relaxation from strict principle, and become what is called "Progressive." Spiritualism has made great inroads there, and not a few are infidels or rationalists of the Theodore Parker school.

The next year, Father Pomeroy went to another place, and had a revival of about the same extent and power. Again the wolves came down upon his fold. But this time the shepherd had learned to watch and to war. Said he, "I told the people to let me know when they heard of one of them going to a house to visit a young convert, and I went to the same house pretty soon after. And they didn't get one! They never followed me up after that."

The second illustrates the power of true courage. At one place there were in his congregation two men notorious for their avaricious grasping spirit in doing business. Both were wealthy—got their wealth mostly by dishonest practices, but were, also, supporters of the church. The minister had now and then touched upon these sins, but with no apparent effect, and they had held themselves aloof from the revival measures. After some consideration of the subject, he decided to make the truth plainer; so plain, if possible, that they should feel it, let the consequences be what they might. Accordingly he wrote, with great care, two discourses on Covetousness,

and preached them, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon of the same Sabbath. The next morning as he was passing along the street near the house of one of them, he saw him coming out to meet him at the gate, and was apprehensive of an outbreak, as he was a man of violent temper. The minister collected himself, and in a cheerful way bid him "Good morning." But he, pale with anger, burst out, "You meant me. Everybody in the house knew you meant me." "Mr. —," said the man of God, "as much time and thought as I spent upon those sermons, I should be ashamed if you did not know that I meant you." The man was quelled at once. He hesitated a moment and then said: "You are right. You have done your duty, and I respect you for it." He was from that time a firm friend. Had the faithful preacher of righteousness faltered, probably a breeze would have been raised that would have unsettled him in a few months.

The third is one of those proofs of the power of faith that illustrates the fulfillment of the promises of God in such a way as to confirm us almost as much as the promises themselves. I will give it, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words:

"At one place of my ministry, there were in the church six devotedly pious husbands, who had unconverted wives. The fact that years were passing by, while they remained unmoved by the means of grace, was becoming more and more a grief to them, and they occasionally conferred with one another about the matter in the privacy of personal intercourse. At last the burden became so great, that they resolved to hold a secret prayer-meeting every Saturday night, in a lonely, deserted school-house, till their wives were every one brought to Jesus. They had not met more than four or five times, when the Spirit was poured out in great measure. All of those six wives were converted—they were the first converts—they dated the beginning of their convictions from the night of the first meeting, were deeply impressed with the manner of their husbands, and felt that they must be praying for them. And my friends (he said in a prayer-meeting) I was one of that prayer circle, and my own wife was one of those converts."

I shall never forget the fervor of feeling with which he uttered these last words. As illustrating his deep love for one who was thus saved to heaven and to himself in heaven, I will give a few words from some remarks at a communion. He was commenting on "This do in remembrance of me." "My Christian friends," said he, "I have in my possession, kept choicely, some little articles that I suppose none of you would care for. If you should light upon them in your houses you would throw them away. But though I am a poor man, all Auburn has not wealth enough to buy them. For they are memorials of her, whom I loved next to my Saviour!"

I do not ever remember to have heard anything that, by turn of thought and by tone and manner so impressed me with the strength of conjugal and Christian affection. The human was contrasted with the Divine, and yet both were heightened by that contrast.

Father Pomeroy, though a powerful and truly eloquent preacher, had a thorough contempt for a style of preaching that was merely rhetorical and sensational. His faith was in the demonstration of power. He did not think that much was gained by those theological students who left their own good home seminary at Auburn, and went to New York for the last year of their course, in order to hear the ministers of the city and acquire a "fine polish." He sometimes quoted the remark of a minister from New York who joined his own country Presbytery, and said that there was none in the city that could compare with it for ministerial talent.

A man of such character could but be greatly respected and loved wherever he was known, and yet in one thing it seems strange that he did not receive fuller proof of it, and that is in his support. After over forty years of hard and successful labor, he was without a competence for old age. Though the farthest from being sored by it or made misanthropic, he spoke of this condition of affairs with deep concern, but more for the churches than the ministers. In all of his long service, no church had fulfilled its obligations to him, nor with any approach to it that, in other business transactions, would be called upright.

## PURITAN.

## CARD FROM REV. MR. EVA.

REV. J. W. MEARS, EDITOR: It is suggested as a special favor, that you give a place in your paper to the following:

Some time ago there appeared in your columns, over the signature of the writer of this, two articles on the subject of Millenarianism. In one of these articles is a paragraph reading as follows: "We knew a young man who, at the age of thirteen, became a member of the church, and received the impression that he was called to the work of the Gospel ministry. In the autumn of the year 1811, when between fourteen and fifteen years of age, he was put under the care of a pious divine to enter upon a course of preparatory study. Unfortunately that divine was a Millenarian," etc.

The "pious divine" spoken of complains that the statements in this paragraph are not true in fact, and are injurious to his reputation as a Christian, and as a Christian minister. He therefore calls upon the writer to correct them, in the

same medium through which they were published: in response to which call, we desire to say—

1. That in the original publication, there was not the remotest thought of such "injury" as is complained of, but a simple desire, by what was conceived to be a pertinent instance, to illustrate the point in hand.

2. That after a careful examination of the paragraph, and a diligent calling up of the circumstances of the case as they are now remembered, if the writer at all understands the force and meaning of the language and the facts involved, everything stated in the paragraph (excepting only one phrase) is literally true.

3. That as to this one phrase, though true in itself, yet because, owing to the fact that it is used conventionally and has a somewhat technical meaning, it is perhaps understood in a sense different from what the writer intended, he would recall and correct it. The phrase is, "he was put under the care of a pious divine;" which we would alter so as to read, "a pious divine took him under his care," for there was no specific contract or bargain made with the only living parent, or with the youth himself in the case, and therefore no such contract or bargain violated, as the pious divine supposes may be understood was the fact, and as perhaps the language first used may legitimately imply. But the youth, with the consent of his parent, did put himself under the care of this pious divine, and for the purpose stated; and the pious divine did take him under his care, the result being precisely as stated in the paragraph complained of.

Excuse this intrusion upon the valuable space of your paper. The writer shrinks from parading in a public journal a little personal matter of this kind, and would not at all have ventured to do it, but that the demand was made upon him, and in truth, and justice, and charity, he felt bound to respond. W. T. EVA.

## LETTER FROM ITALY.

FAVALE, ITALY, Aug. 3, 1867.

DEAR BROTHER ANTONIO:—Your letter of July 14th has been received, and read to all the congregation. It was a great consolation. Joseph Buitano has remitted to me the amount of 400 francs, which you gave to him for me on his departure from Philadelphia for home, for our needful congregation and the two small meeting-rooms at Cabana and Ciagna, which are conducted by two of the most respectable contadini of the above named places. These are two of the largest villages in our neighborhood, and where some of our worst enemies (or the enemies of our faith) reside. But these even are not so wicked toward us as they were at first, and this change is due to some of those six colporteurs who have gone there from our congregation in Favale, from time to time, explaining the truth of the Bible, and for which they were led to persecute us so much by the priests, and for which we have been imprisoned. But now they commence to see that when they persecuted us, they were wrong, and for which now they feel sorry. And seeing that a family so persecuted for believing in the true God have come out so prosperous in evangelizing their persecutors, that when we read to them from this verse: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake," Matt. v. 11, their hearts are pained and they soon seek to find some one to point out to them the true gospel. In this manner our work for the Redeemer prospers, and for this we give thanks to Him who alone can help us, through His Holy Spirit, to keep our hearts devoted to His holy cause.

The colporteurs, members of our church in Favale, who are in and near Venice, send good news. May the good Lord bless their work there.

I am again obliged to pray you not to forget us in future, but still continue to obtain for us some pecuniary aid, by going yourself or sending our Cousin Andrea to some Christian brother and sister, and making known to them our misery and need. And when you get anything, send it without delay, as we may need assistance soon, as the cholera is visiting our near cities. If we are visited here, we shall have to suffer more because our enemies will not help us, but will be glad of our misfortune and poverty. So with sincere thanks to our dear American benefactors for the past aid through you and Cousin Andrea, we pray them to still favor us as much as they can for a little while, and then the Lord will take care of us in His good providence. With the salutation of all our homestead,

I am your brother,

STEFANO CEREGHINO. (Pastor.)

## WHEN JESUS SPEAKS.

O, when Jesus begins to speak to me, my ear, my heart is the willing captive of his tongue. When he counts over that heavy load, the sins he bore upon the tree I love, I weep. I blush for shame when he talks over his bloody passion. How my heart is enraptured and drowned in tears when he shows his pierced hands and melted heart. How it sets my soul on fire when he recounts his victories. My God, my Christ, my heart-strings break with love to thee.

Why should I dream of joys perpetual in perpetual change; of stable pleasures on the tossing wave; of endless sunshine in the storms of life!