

Correspondence.

OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, Aug. 8, 1867.

DEAR EDITOR: There are so many interesting places to visit about Paris, that it is impossible to give a fair sketch of them all without writing a large volume instead of a limited letter.

VERSAILLES.

Twelve miles westward from Paris, on one of their great lines of railway, is the most beautiful place in France. It is an old Palace, built some two hundred years ago, and is surrounded by magnificent grounds.

The Palace was built by Louis XIII. and his successors, and inhabited last by Louis XVI., prior to the Revolution. In 1789 Marie Antoinette fled from it never to return.

The balcony upon which she and her children stood, trying to appease the mob, is still there; but the mob would not be appeased.

The paintings are the most interesting we have seen anywhere in Europe. They are nearly all of immense size, covering the whole side of the room in which they are placed.

We pass on to the apartments of Louis XVI. At the side of one of the south windows is fastened an iron plate a foot square, with a small hole in the centre large enough to admit your little finger.

Is it any wonder that the mighty throes of the French Revolution put an end to the rule of such a race of monarchs, as those who flourished in this grand old Palace?

We cannot now speak of the gorgeous chapel in the Palace. We are struck with its size, but we see the necessity of so large a place, when we remember that in days of which we have been speaking there were no less than three thousand living here as ministers and advisers, relatives and courtiers, servants and waiters, footmen and pages, butlers and cooks, gardeners and grooms.

This Palace was sacked by the mob in 1789, when they dragged Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to Paris.

loons or parlors in all the world: the Grand Gallery of Glass, nearly two hundred and fifty feet long, some thirty-five feet wide, and about twenty-five feet high. On all sides the windows look out on a most brilliant prospect: the handsomely laid-out Palace garden, full of flowers of endless variety.

In this room, too, the king had his throne brought, on great occasions. Here, in recent days, Queen Victoria danced with Napoleon III. at a ball given in honor of her visit some twelve years since, reviving, as she danced, some of the gaiety of the old halls.

We pass to the royal chamber where Louis XV. died. Here stands the bed with the crimson satin curtains and covers, just as that Emperor left it. He died of small pox and was completely deserted by everybody in his last hours.

Near this room is a saloon which was used as a waiting room for the courtiers of Louis XIV. It was a famous place for intrigue and villainy. Just beyond it is one of the most beautiful corner rooms of the Palace, with sunshine streaming in at the windows, while the look-out combined a view of fountain, forest, and flower-beds, the most varied and beautiful imaginable.

We pass on to the apartments of Louis XVI. At the side of one of the south windows is fastened an iron plate a foot square, with a small hole in the centre large enough to admit your little finger. Through this opening a beam of sunlight marked its way across the floor of the room.

Is it any wonder that the mighty throes of the French Revolution put an end to the rule of such a race of monarchs, as those who flourished in this grand old Palace? They seemed to have no idea that the chief business of their lives was the management of the affairs of a great nation, but passed their time in revelry, gambling and voluptuousness, surrounded by a crowd of flatterers, harpies, and vampires, more debased than themselves; or like Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, allowed the nation to take care of itself, while they like children, amused themselves playing the mechanic, or shepherdess, or dairy maid.

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This Palace was sacked by the mob in 1789, when they dragged Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to Paris. Much of the furniture was thrown out of the windows, destroyed and carried off. Some of the precious articles were hidden

away in safe places, but when Napoleon I. came into power it was very much dilapidated.

Louis Philippe brought it to its present perfection, designing it to be a museum of French history and glory. He spent upon it five millions of dollars, much of which, it is said, came from his own private purse.

Our guide through Versailles was an old man over eighty years of age, quite sprightly and intelligent, named Marchand. He had been body servant to Napoleon from 1804 to 1812; had travelled everywhere with him, had waited on him and his officers at table, and knew each officer whose portrait appeared in the pictures; told us which were likenesses and which were not.

LETTER FROM PALESTINE. XIII.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

On our way from Jerusalem to Joppa, we stopped for the night at Ramleh with the monks in their convent. After our long ten hours' ride, we were glad of even the poorest accommodations—our tents would have been far preferable.

While upon that lofty eminence we turned our eyes away to the northeast to Lydda, now called Ludd, surrounded by its olive groves. We thought of visiting it, as it was but two or three miles distant, but we fancied that, with the clear light of the bright sun, and with the help of our glass, from that high tower, we had a sufficiently good prospect of it.

Lydda is about ten miles from Joppa, and our way that morning must have been much in the same line as that taken by Peter when hastening to the house of Dorcas. While on the road we fell in with a Russian princess on horseback, who could speak English very well.

As we drew near to Joppa, we entered the finest orange groves we had ever seen. O what luscious oranges! How tempting they were! Acres of them in all directions! I could not resist the temptation of reaching up my hand and plucking some, and after our ten miles' ride they were most refreshing.

Our tents were soon pitched on a beautiful spot not far from "the house of Simon the tanner." One of the first excursions we made was to that house. We could not see any evidences that Simon ever saw the building now shown as having

once belonged to him. It seemed too far up from the sea, and its appearance was too modern. Some shrewd money-making man has evidently taken this house to show to travellers. The vision, however, seemed to us none the less a real fact. As we stood upon that house-top we knew that before us lay the same sea that Peter gazed upon when he was taught that "God hath also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life."

THE JOPPA COLONY.

That afternoon we paid a visit to the American colony at Joppa. I must say that the sight of a plow and reaping-machine gladdened my heart. All over Palestine we had seen men scratching the earth with something not much better than a stick, drawn by a sad looking donkey or stunted oxen—or coes which looked like starved calves.

Yesterday afternoon I went to the American service, which they hold in a wooden house erected on their plot of ground, and which will be their school-house. There were several officers from an English man-of-war present, and several of the residents in the town, and I suppose Mr. Adams, the leader of the sect, took the opportunity to explain his motives for coming here.

What has this groaning earth been longing and praying for, in all ages, but peace? What has been the prayer of the Church for thousands of years? What has for centuries been the prayer of all Christian denominations—Protestant, Greek, Roman Catholic—but Thy kingdom come? and soon will that prayer be answered.

There are among those people, numbers, it must be admitted, who seem truly to love the Lord Jesus. No doubt some of them have been disappointed in Palestine, yet I can but feel that they will in many ways do good. One of their chief objects is to teach the natives, by example, the way to cultivate the land, and when those wretched inhabitants see that with proper implements one man can accomplish more than ten of them, it will certainly prove a valuable lesson to them.

History will therefore show whether Mr. Adams has intentionally deceived these Christian people in inducing them to leave their homes in America. However that may be, I was pleased to see them, and most of them told us they were contented.

A WESTERN LAYMAN ON RE-UNION.

BROTHER MEARS: We do not need two eyes to see that the same state of feeling exists now in both branches of the Presbyterian Church that existed in 1836-7-8. Then the Old School charged the New School with bad faith and heterodox principles.

The papers of the "other branch" I do not see, and therefore know nothing of their contents except what is reflected through our own organs. From them I learn that we are thus assailed, and I wish to ask if we are always to be on the defensive? Are we to spend precious time in defending "our branch" against outrageous charges emanating from Princeton, or any other quarter? For one, I say No, most emphatically.

We have a great work to do. Why should the work cease while we come down to you? See Nehemiah vi. 3.

If a public record of thirty years and the endorsement of the blessed Spirit's sacred influence in very many instances is not sufficient to establish our Presbyterianism, then, and in that case, let it go.

We can afford to wait until unanimity marks the councils of our O. S. brethren, at least to a greater extent than now. We are not responsible for the division, and I cannot see what we have to gain by a re-union under present circumstances.

FROM OUR CHICAGO CORRESPONDENT. PARSONS' SEMINARY. Mention was made in a previous letter of this institution. It deserves a more extensive notice, in view of its prospective importance to our denominational interests, as well as to those of Christian education and sound learning in Iowa.

Parsons' Seminary is located at the thriving and attractive young city of Cedar Rapids, an important point on the C. & N. W. R. R., 81 miles west of the Mississippi river. The place has also a railroad communication with Dubuque, and will soon be supplied with other advantages of the same sort. Its location upon "the Cedar," furnishes it with a superabundance of fine water power, already utilized for flouring, paper, and other mills, and doubtless is destined to make it an important manufacturing centre.

Through the liberality of a former resident of the place, eighty acres of finely wooded, elevated ground, in the very border of the city, has been donated to its use; while through the indefatigable labors of its financial agent, Rev. G. E. W. Leonard, some \$14,000 have been secured, mainly in the immediate vicinity, in subscriptions to its funds. It also entertains the hope of receiving a very large bequest, made by the late Mr. Parsons, of Keokuk, to be applied to educational purposes in the State, in connection with the Synod of our Church.

DES MOINES, IA., Sept. 23, 1867.

CHINA.—From Dr. Treat's eloquent and able argument for enlarged zeal and enterprise for the conversion of China presented to the American Board at Buffalo, we extract the following:—"The Man of Sin is there, and will be there, whoever else is absent. His concern for the Chinese began far back in the past. Five hundred and sixty years ago he placed an Archbishop at Peking, with seven suffragans. Though the door seemed to be shut against him for a time, his labors for the last three hundred years have scarcely been suspended. The extreme threats have been made and executed; but they have only verified the maxim, 'Rome never yields.' The prize is great, even the conquest of one-third of our race; and the sacrifices made to gain it will be great. Recently an extraordinary zeal has been manifested. The activity of the Romish Church in China," says Sir John Davis, "has no rival as to either numbers or enterprise." Such a record, in coming years, ought to be simply impossible."