

Correspondence.

FROM OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

THE LANGHAM HOTEL, }
LONDON, Aug. 17, 1867. }

DEAR EDITOR: There is so much to see here in London that we feel as though we could spend a month looking about us, and see new things every day.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Is a fine historic study. In the nine chapels which surround the rear of the building, no less than thirteen of the former kings and queens of England lie buried, beside dukes and duchesses, earls and countesses, bishops and deans by the score. Here is the tomb of Queen Elizabeth, and on it lies her effigy in alabaster, all dark and dingy in color, but perfect in its carving. Her likeness is a good one, as we suppose,—slightly Roman nose and firm countenance. Around her neck is carved her pearl necklace, also her large pearl ear-drops. A golden collar, which formerly laid over her breast below the necklaces, has been taken away, but the marks of the fastenings still appear. She wears the immense ruffled frill around her neck, and the whole dress is so much like the pictures we see of her that we almost feel as though we saw her dead corpse lying there, and not lifeless stone. Overhead is a handsome canopy in marble or alabaster, supported by four columns of yellow colored alabaster, once handsome, but now dark, almost black, with age. The inscription is difficult to decipher, but speaks of her being the "Mother of her country, the patroness of religion and learning—that she enriched England, &c., &c., being for forty-five years a virtuous and triumphant queen," &c. In the same tomb lies the body of Bloody Mary, without any separate monument. Not far away is the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots, whom Elizabeth beheaded. The two tombs resemble each other very much, and were built by the same monarch, James I., son of Mary Queen of Scots, and successor to Elizabeth. The two effigies are much alike, as are the canopies and columns. The same sculptor executed both. What levelers death and time are!

The chapel of King Henry VII. is a marvel of elaborate workmanship. Fine Gothic arches support a roof of finely-carved stone-work. Over a hundred statues of saints and martyrs in niches stand around the walls, while stained windows throw mellow light upon it all. In the centre is the tomb of Henry VII. and his queen, surrounded by a high railing of finely wrought brass. Overhead hang old banners, falling to decay—banners of the Knights of the Bath.

The chapel of Saint Edward is very interesting. Here lie Edward I., Henry III. and Queen, Richard II., Edward III., Henry V. and Queen, monarchs who flourished between five and six hundred years ago. Here is the chair which every monarch has sat in at the time of their coronation from the time of Edward I.—1307—down to Victoria. It is a square oaken chair, with high, pointed back, and square sides up as high as the arms rest. Many names are cut on it roughly with penknife; but it is now kept behind a rail to prevent its further mutilation. A large square stone is fastened under the seat, which Edward I. brought from Scotland, and which, legend says, is the identical stone Jacob slept upon in Palestine, when he saw the vision of the angels, and which was taken to Scotland long before Edward's day. Edward's tomb was opened ninety years ago, by some antiquarians who doubted its genuineness. His body was found in good preservation, having lain from 1307 to 1774. It had a velvet robe on, beside one of gold tissue, a scepter in each hand, and a crown on the head.

The tomb of Henry V. bears his effigy, carved in oak, and formerly plated with silver, with a head of silver, but the head and plating are gone. Above it, fastened on a beam, are the helmet, shield, and saddle which the king wore when he fought at Agincourt.

The various monuments and tombs all around the Abbey are intensely interesting. On one side of the poet's corner stands Shakespeare in full length; opposite him, Handel, the composer, and in his hand a piece of music, which you can read from where you stand on the floor. It is: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," that most sublime and inspiring air from the Messiah. Near by are bas relieves or busts of Campbell, Goldsmith, Thomson, Southey, Milton, Gray, and many others, each with a favorite quotation, and the date of birth and death.

But I cannot linger here. They have religious services three times every day, both here and at St. Paul's, at which a choir of about twenty boys and men do the chanting, and a priest does the intoning and reads the lessons. What good they ever expect to come of it, I cannot imagine. Perhaps I am blind in not being able to see any worship in it at all. I hope I am.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

The Houses of Parliament are a splendid pile of buildings, some 900 feet long, and right on the banks of the Thames. At one end is an immense clock tower; at the other the Victoria tower, a splendid square tower, 250 feet high, with a large Gothic arch way at the base, under which the Queen enters when she goes to Parliament. The entrance-ways to the houses of

Lords and Commons are beautifully decorated in panels and lofty Gothic curves. The walls are handsomely frescoed with prominent events in English history. The House of Parliament is a much smaller room than we expected to see. A small gallery, holding probably 150 spectators, occupies one end of the room. At the opposite end is a small reporter's gallery, and back of it a grating which encloses a dark gallery for ladies. No one in the house can tell whether there are any ladies present or not. The body of the room below is arranged in rows of seats facing each other, ranged along the two long sides of the room, and rising from the centre towards the wall. They are oak with green morocco cushions, and down between the two rows in the centre, sit the speaker and clerks. Fine stained windows admit the light. The walls and ceilings are elaborately carved and gilded, but the whole appearance is decidedly inferior to what we expected. The House of Lords is much the same in character, save that it has no galleries at the end. It is finished up with oak and red morocco cushions. At one end is the throne which the queen occupies when she opens Parliament. It is a gilded chair and has over it a magnificent canopy of finely-carved and gilded work. The Chancellor sits upon a great red cushion, three yards long and a yard broad—the woollack. He is the speaker of the house, and wears a wig which falls to his waist. He dresses in a black gown, and always rises when putting a motion or stating the question. The lords sit around with their hats on, but take them off when they speak. They are generally men with gray hairs, and their speaking is indistinct with a good deal of "a-a-a"—hesitation. We heard the Earl of Derby, who spoke well after he got started, Lord Westbury, who said "Me Lud," and went on speaking in such a way that none but those Lord to him could understand a word. Then Lord Littleton, who said one word clearly, then a dozen all mixed up, so that the closest attention was necessary to learn what he was talking about. There were half a dozen Bishops present, with white gowns and immense sleeves. The most gentlemanly treatment we have received in England, was shown us just here. One of the ushers told a member of the Peers who we were and that we wanted admittance. "With pleasure, sir; bring your lady right here, sir, and I will be happy to take her to the ladies' gallery, where she shall see the house, and you shall have the proper pass for yourself." It was Sir James Brady who not only took us in, but pointed out D'Israeli and other celebrities who happened to be present. My pass from the Legation, I feared, would come too late for me, so I went without waiting for it, and you have here the result. The Legation could get no pass for my wife at all, and with difficulty one for myself, without waiting a long time.

BILLINGSGATE MARKET.

I wended my way, one cold, wet morning, to the Billingsgate Fish Market. A square before you reach it, the street is jammed tight with carts and wagons of all descriptions. The police can't keep it clear. Along the side-walk you meet scores of men carrying on their heads boxes, baskets, barrels of fish. All is dirt, slime, and crowd. The market is under a large shed some 200 feet square. Inside are spread out salmon of splendid appearance, eels, flat fish or soles, and mackerel by the thousand. The crowd of dirty men and women is dense; the noise is Babel intensified. Screams, shouts, hallooing, fill the air. There are eight or nine stands where they are selling fish in boxes by auction. Men are passing up from the vessels at the dock, with heavy boxes of fish on their heads. They throw them down on a platform before an auctioneer, who cries them off at the top of his voice. In three seconds they are on the head of another man being carried off. A man with a barrel of fish on his head walks along the narrow path between the stalls. He hits the one walking ahead of him, in the back of the head with his barrel, and knocks the head of his neighbor against the barrel on the other man's head just beyond; the other man had stopped a moment, while the line behind continued moving. There is a scream and hard words follow. A boy with two big empty boxes on his head knocks them against a man's nose. The boxes fall; the man slaps the boy's face; the boy screams out and shows fight. All this amid noise and din and racket and smell such as no pen can describe. The noise is heightened by women selling combs and pocket books, boys selling shoe-laces—all crying at the top of their voices; while on the street close by, the horses are stuck fast, the drivers shouting, horse's hoofs slipping on the smooth, wet stones—all this with the ceaseless cry of the eight or nine auctioneers, makes such a confusion as is seldom heard outside of Billingsgate. I watched the boxes and barrels both before and behind me, and made my way out very carefully, after taking a survey of the place.

REV. DR. HICKOK, (O. S.)

The Rev. Dr. Hickok, of Seranton, Pa., was taken with a paralytic stroke in the pulpit, last Sabbath evening, the 13th inst. In closing his sermon, it was observed that he spoke somewhat unnaturally; but he offered a very short prayer, afterwards, gave out the number of the hymn to be sung, without reading it, beckoned to a physician in a pew before him and sat down. The

physician went to him immediately, when Dr. Hickok said: "I am paralyzed—have the congregation dismissed." These were the last words he was able to speak. One of the elders announced the illness of the Dr., and said the congregation would retire without the benediction. All, however, kept their places, arrested by great solicitude and interest, while their pastor was carried from the church by his friends.

Dr. Hickok had returned from Europe but three weeks since, when he went as a delegate from the Old School branch of the Presbyterian church, to the General Assemblies of Scotland and Ireland. He was in good health; but resumed his pastoral duties, probably, with too much absorption, after a recess of five months. His condition is regarded by his physicians as very critical.

LETTERS FROM PALESTINE. No. XIV.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

This I think must be my last letter from the Holy Land. Very many objects of deep interest have claimed our attention of which I have not had time to write.

When we reached Jaffa the 13th of December, it had been just a month since we left Beyrout. O how much we had seen and learned in those thirty days! We might have spent years in reading the most critical commentaries on the word of God and yet not have learned as much as during our four week's journey through the Holy Land.

We had no difficulty in settling with our Dragoon Michael Hany. He kept all his promises; our party of four paid him five pounds and five shillings a day; and we had all we could reasonably have desired. Our food was better than we had in many Continental Hotels. Eighteen horses and mules were required to carry us and all that was needed for our long journey. We were glad we paid our good Dragoon all he asked, for we should have had no conscience to have urged him to a lower price. If we were going again through Palestine we would telegraph to Beyrout and secure Michael. If not going through the desert we would not on any account take a dragoon in Alexandria. While in that city we were constantly besieged with dragomen who insisted on our reading their credentials, but we were glad that we had not been persuaded to take them and had waited until we reached Beyrout.

Our bronzed-faced muleteers and servants had become quite endeared to us, and when we gave them some tokens of our affection, at parting they kissed our hands and seemed quite overcome with emotion. Antoine, the youngest, of about fourteen years, had often amused us with his broken English and curious antics; though he walked nearly all the way he never seemed tired. Selim, Michael's son, was a fine young man, and would have liked to go with us to America. Sulliman, who had been a servant to Dr. Barclay, formerly American consul at Jerusalem, had exalted ideas of America and a great desire to go there. Mustapha the Mussulman, the dignified owner of the horses, appeared somewhat moved when he saw us really stepping into the boat. We did not forget to bid our horses good bye as we gave them a final crust of bread. My wife was quite grieved at parting with her noble Charlie, who had never made a misstep all the way, and was the finest horse of the party. We were all saddened at the thought of parting with both men and horses.

But how to get from the shore to the ship began to absorb our attention. There is no harbor at Jaffa, and many a life has been lost in rough weather in trying to get to and from the steamboats. The so-called harbor we found full of rocks, but our boatmen succeeded, though the breakers were high, in getting between the rocks in safety to the boat. We were specially grateful to God that our journey through the Holy Land was accomplished and we were all on board a good steamer homeward bound. We found it necessary to wait several hours before weighing anchor.

Let us now—from the ship—take a bird's eye view of

JAFFA.

Those who have been there will agree with me that "distance lends enchantment to the view." From this distance its appearance is pleasing, but who would wish to live in such a city? No sidewalks; crooked, filthy, slippery streets; houses all huddled together; an incessant tumult of boys, dogs and donkeys with only one gate, and that so crowded that it is with no little difficulty we force our way through.

O how often have I thought of my old classmate, Rev. Samuel Jessup, living in Sidon, a place not much more attractive in appearance, and of his brother in Beyrout, for the one object of seeking to win souls to Christ. Jaffa is but a small city of some 5,000 inhabitants, 1000 of

whom are Christians, 150 Jews, and the rest Moslems.

There we learned

THE MEMORY OF DORCAS was still venerated. On the 25th of May a great number form a procession and proceed into the country to the so-called, "House of Tabitha," a mile distant from the town. We were glad to sit quietly and look at Jaffa rather than to be obliged to walk about its filthy streets. We were tired of oriental cities with incessant barking of their dogs. If dogs were as numerous in Bible times as now, we do not wonder that so frequent mention is made of them, and that so often they are compared to fierce and wicked men, as in the Messianic Psalm (xxii, 16). "For dogs have compassed me about, the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me, they pierced my hands and my feet." As these dogs have no owners, but sleep where night overtakes them and live by plunder, so those whose natures have not been changed are living without a home, wanderers "without God and without hope in the world," to whom the words are addressed, "Will a man rob God? yet ye have robbed me."

In Damascus especially we had been constantly tormented with the constant barking and fighting of the dogs. Among the ruins of Jezreel we found a great number of the canine species, some of which looked fierce enough to have been descendants of the ones that ate up Jezebel. In the days of the prophets there must have been another race than these animals, for in speaking of unfaithful watchmen on the walls of Zion he calls them "dumb dogs that cannot bark," yea he says "they are greedy dogs that cannot have enough." (Isa. lvi. 10.)

The race of "dumb dogs" in Palestine must have become extinct; for we never found any such. God grant there may not be found any "dumb dogs" on the walls of Zion! Rather may they everywhere heed God's command, "Cry aloud; spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins." (Isa. lviii. 1.)

As we sat there on deck looking at Joppa we thought of the time when Jonah "fled from the presence of the Lord and went to Joppa," where he found a ship going to Tarshish. But God followed him and brought him back to the performance of his unpleasant mission to the people of Nineveh.

In that harbor before us once lay the floats of pines and cedars from the sides of Lebanon. (2 Chron. xi. 16.) There, at the foot of those sand hills before us, it was, that four thousand human beings were slaughtered at the command of Napoleon. Dr. Porter thus describes that terrible scene. "On the 14th of March, 1799, Jaffa was invested by the French under Napoleon. In two days a breach was made by the cannons and declared practicable. The town was carried by storm and delivered over to the horrors of war, which never appeared in a form more frightful. During that scene of slaughter a large part of the garrison, consisting chiefly of Albanians, took refuge in some old Khans, and called out from the windows that they would lay down their arms provided their lives were spared; but otherwise they would fight to the last extremity. Two officers, Eugene Beauharnois and Crosier, Napoleon's own aides-de camp, agreed to the proposal, and brought them out disarmed in two bodies, one consisting of 2500 men and the other of 1500. On reaching the head-quarters Napoleon received them with a stern demeanor, and expressed his highest indignation against his aides-de camp, for attempting to encumber him with such a body of prisoners in the famishing condition of his army. The prisoners were made to sit down in front of the tents, their hands tied behind their backs. Despair has already pictured in every face, for the relentless frown of the general and the gloomy whispers of the officers could not be mistaken. But no cry was uttered, no semblance of cowardice exhibited. With the calm resignation characteristic of the Moslem spirit and faith they yielded to their fate. Bread and water were served out to them, while a council of war was summoned to deliberate. For two days the terrible question of life or death was debated. Justice, common humanity, were not without their advocates; but savage barbarity, under the name of political necessity, prevailed. The committee to whom the matter was referred unanimously reported that they should be put to death, and Napoleon immediately signed the fatal order! On the 10th of March the frightful tragedy was brought to a close. The whole of the prisoners were marched down to the sand hills on the coast firmly fettered; and there they were arranged in small squares for execution. The French soldiers were drawn up in front with a full supply of ammunition. A few minutes were allowed the victims to prepare for death. In the stagnant pools among which they were placed they performed their ablutions according to the rules of their faith, and then uttered a few words of prayer. Taking each other's hands, after having placed them on their hearts and lips, they gave and received an eternal adieu. They made a last appeal—not to the humanity of Frenchmen, for that they saw would be useless, but to the capitulation by which their lives had been guaranteed. The only answer they heard was the command for the soldiers to fire. Volley after volley was poured in upon them. For hours together nothing was heard but the rattle of musketry and the shrieks of

the wounded and dying. One young man burst his bonds, threw himself among the horses of the French officers, and embracing their knees, implored them to spare his life. No wild Bedawy of the desert could have resisted such an appeal; yet Frenchmen sternly refused, and he was bayonetted at their feet. An old chief, slightly wounded, had strength enough left to hollow out with his own hand a rude grave in the soft sand; and there, while yet alive, he was interred by his followers—themselves sinking into the arms of death. After the massacre had lasted some time, the horrors that surrounded them shook the hearts of many, especially the younger part. Several broke their bonds, dashed into the sea, and swam to a ridge of rocks beyond the reach of shot. The troops made signs to them of peace; and when they came back murdered them! Four thousand human beings were thus butchered; but the vengeance of Heaven followed their murderer to the rocks of St. Helena."

I am sorry to close this letter with such sad words, but it is already too long; and we must now part with the land of "the Bible and the home of Jesus."

KID-GLOVED REFORM.

Why is it that so-called respectable men and writers, are so often found, enlisted against the only Temperance measures likely to prove successful? That the distiller, the wholesale dealer, and the tapster, who supply the public and individuals with intoxicating drinks, should oppose whatever is likely to place their craft in danger, is to be expected. But it is from the so-called respectable class that the advocates of Temperance continually meet the most serious obstacles to reform.

If the aid of legislation, for instance, be sought to repress the increase of the dens where the vicious resort for their gross indulgence and obnoxious riot, the charge from the respectable opposers, is, that temperance men "are endeavoring to make society moral by law." When endeavoring to restrain the flood of intoxicating drink that is being poured forth around us, "why they are for restricting individual freedom and tyrannically deciding who shall and who shall not drink a glass of wine."

"There are few persons of intelligence and education," says one of these genteel moralists, "who are not troubled every day by the feeling that they do too little for the promotion of human happiness and virtue. Even the most besotted votary of fashion feels now and then little twinges of remorse when he sees how much drunkenness and poverty and ignorance and vice there is about him, and thinks how little he does to lessen it. Of course the more highly cultivated a person's moral nature the acuter will these pang be."

Alas! for all true progress and the real "promotion of human happiness and virtue," if these occasionally troubled feelings of the intelligent and educated, and the little twinges now and then of the "votaries of fashion" were all to which society could look for its elevation from crime and misery!

In fact, more than most others, it is these very classes, the votaries of fashion and the intellectually moral, that present barriers instead of aids, to social reform.

Further on the same writer denounces legal opposition to the spread of temperance on another ground, viz: "that this is not the way God intended the work to be done."

He then submits as a remedy for this mighty evil of ours a theory (not quite original) of his own. It is, in his own language, "to be put down by the voluntary efforts of those who hate it, working through pure living, pure literature, pure teaching, through the constant practice of humanity, through care in the education of children—the abundant supply for the poor and weak of refining and civilizing influences."

This, dear reader, is something pleasant to write and agreeable to read. But it is indeed only the old theory that has always seemed promising on paper. Yet for the absolute over-mastering of a huge abomination, that has to this hour baffled the ablest of statesmen and the most ardent of philanthropists, it has proved utterly inadequate. It is worse than absurd, it is criminal. It argues on the part of him who advances it, either a disposition to belittle the magnitude of the evil in question, or, unpardonable ignorance of the means and the agencies whose pleasure and gain it is to keep this heinous immorality alive among us.

The suggestion that reformers are in too much haste generally; that it were better to await "God's processes,"—a somewhat strange, if not irreverent manner of expressing a queer idea—may be answered by the remark, that for a man to argue against progress, however rapid, in science or in the arts, would surely subject him to the ridicule or pity of most intelligent minds. Whence then, comes this strange apprehension that society may become moral too soon!

In conclusion, what society most needs is not surely, opponents to reform; not twinges of remorse in the votaries of fashion, when contradicted, perchance, by some special spectacle of woes; or troubled feelings, merely, from any quarter, but pure and elevated example and practical efforts for its improvement. Neither are "acute pangs" of the highest cultivated nature of the least public benefit, so long as the sufferer confines to ally them in acts and movements of hostility to those who are working earnestly in the field of practical reform. The misrepresentation or over-nervousness, the laws be too actively enlisted in the repression of vice.