

Correspondence.

FROM OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

EDINBURGH, Aug. 23, 1867.

DEAR EDITOR: From Leamington, a ride of twelve hours brings us to this, the most beautiful city we have yet seen in Europe. It is a city of hills and valleys, of fine edifices, splendid parks and beautiful monuments. It is built on three ridges or hills, with two deep valleys between them. The general course of the ridges is parallel, running east and west. These hills and ravines enable you to see an immense variety of buildings, parks, monuments, &c., at a single view.

I am standing on one ridge looking at the parallel one beyond. At my feet is a beautiful park with winding walks and grass and trees, covering the deep valley. At the bottom of the depression runs the railroad, dividing the park in two. To my left rises the Scott monument, certainly the most beautiful architectural design we have seen in Europe. Four Gothic arches unite over the head of Scott, who sits on a raised platform in the centre. Above, the arches and turrets rise in pyramidal form, and terminate in a central spire, 180 feet from the ground. The monument is of brown stone and the statue of marble. Beyond the monument on the opposite side of the valley, rise high stone houses, forming the oldest part of the city, and near them is seen the steeple of St. Giles' cathedral, in which John Knox preached in stormy days. The house he lived in is in the same street. Directly opposite me, across the valley, rises the Bank of Scotland, an immense building in ornamental style, with dome. To the right of it is the Free Church Assembly Hall, with double tower, a commanding-looking building, splendidly located; below it, with fine colonnade, is the national gallery of paintings, stretching across the valley, being built on a high mound. Nearer to us, on this side the valley, is the national gallery of antiquities, with pretty Corinthian colonnade; above the last two buildings rises in the background, the Castle, built on its mighty rock foundation.

For natural beauty, with fine architectural decoration, we have nowhere seen this view, in the heart of Edinburgh surpassed—all within half a mile and taken in at a glance.

Now looking eastward, on the same street upon which I stand, we see Calton hill rising abruptly at the end of the street, half a mile off. On it stand a high monument to Nelson, a monument to Dugald Stewart, another to Burns—a beautiful colonnade forming part of an unfinished National Monument, while at the base of the hill to the right stands the jail, which, to carry out the prevailing idea of architectural effect, must needs be built as a collection of towers of all sizes and shapes, to resemble a castle of the feudal ages. We counted in this pile fifteen round towers and half a dozen square ones, all turreted. Just beyond the jail is the high-school, consisting of several buildings whose fine Grecian facades and colonnades remind one of the pictures of the Acropolis at Athens, and furnish one of the reasons why they call this city the modern Athens. Waterloo place, the terminus of the street near Calton hill, is filled with fine buildings, among which is the Post Office; near by are other public buildings of architectural beauty, in front of which is a fine bronze equestrian statue of Wellington. A short distance back of this is a column 150 feet high, surmounted by a colossal statue of Lord Melville. It stands in the centre of the beautiful square of St. Andrew, laid out in grass and shade trees; and around the square are very fine buildings, among which are several banks of beautiful architectural design. The British Linen Company's Bank particularly has six tall columns in front, each surmounted by colossal figures representing science, manufactures, commerce, &c. The public squares and circles filled with grass and shade-trees are very numerous in the city, giving it an air of comfort and elegance we had not expected.

At the west end of the city, is a beautiful pile of buildings, known as Donaldson's hospital. The style is unique and very beautiful—with numerous square towers at the corners and fine octagonal ones at the entrance door. The spires on all these towers impart a fine effect to the whole. James Donaldson, a printer, died more than thirty years ago leaving over one million dollars to build and endow the institution for the education and maintenance of poor children. Some 180 are in it now, between six and fourteen years of age.

Another similar institution is Heriot's Hospital, also for educating poor boys, which was founded by George Heriot, goldsmith to Queen Anne. The endowment has now grown so large that 3000 children are taught under it. Few of them, however, are in the main building, which is a splendid pile, built in the style prevalent in 1600, with square towers, each one having a little round tower jutting out from its four corners at the top.

There are other fine public buildings and miles of handsome residences, most of them built of granite and presenting a very substantial appearance, with an eye to good architectural effect everywhere evident. The Old Town, as it is called, is in great contrast, however, with the new—for there the buildings often rise to the

height of nine, ten, and sometimes fourteen stories, with different families occupying each flat. A dense population is crowded into the Old Town, which contains allies, courts and closes, which swarm with the poor and the destitute, and are almost as repulsive in appearance as the new town is inviting.

EDINBURGH CASTLE

Overlooks the whole city, its fine location making it a prominent object for many miles around. Passing through the Old Town, you ascend gradually the Castle hill, and when you look out over the battlements a fine view presents itself in every direction. Due west, rises Arthur's seat, a grand eminence, also overlooking the city, and equally as high as the hill on which the castle stands. It is just outside the eastern edge of the town. To the left of it is Calton Hill with its monuments, while the city lies between it and the Castle, and spreads out on each side. You look down on all its open squares, its bridges across the ravine, its parks, its fine buildings and monuments—a beautiful panorama. To the northward, the Frith of Forth stretches far as the eye can reach, penetrating into the country to the west, and opening wide toward the sea, eastward. Around you to the westward lie fields and farms, rolling land, hills and valleys—a lovely prospect.

The Castle is memorable in Scottish history. It dates back to the 11th century, and has been taken and retaken in various attacks and sieges. On the Hill stands an old iron basket as large as half a hoghead, in which the bale-fires were burned in olden times, to notify the Scotch that the old enemy the English were coming, while in answer to it beacon fires were lighted from hill to hill all over Scotland. An immense old cannon is mounted on the wall, which was forged about the time Columbus first crossed the Atlantic, one of the first large cannon ever made. It is thirteen feet long and twenty inches calibre, with some of the old stone balls lying by, which were made for it. It is said to have thrown a ball two miles. It is made of latitudinal bars of iron welded together, with heavy rings shrunk around them from one end to the other. One of the rings near the breech burst when it was last fired, 200 years ago.

The old crown-jewels are shown in the crown-room. They are surrounded by a large iron cage, and consist of the crown made in the time of Robert Bruce, a sceptre made at a later date, and sword of state five feet long, presented by Pope Julius II. to James IV., in 1507, a golden collar given by Queen Elizabeth, to James VI., a ring worn by Charles I. at his coronation, and several other articles. Rooms are shown which were occupied by Mary Queen of Scots; also a little chapel on the very summit of the rock, called Saint Margaret's Chapel, only ten feet by sixteen, which was built in the 12th century and is the oldest building of any kind in Edinburgh; the rest of the Castle having all been removed or rebuilt at some later period.

About a mile to the eastward, directly through the Old Town, is

HOLYROOD PALACE

with the ruins of the Abbey adjoining. The palace was the home of Mary Queen of Scots. Her bed-room is shown, with bed and other furniture. The curtains were of rich satin damask with heavy fringes. A piece of her needle-work lies on her work-stand. It is a representation of Jacob's dream, in which the sheep lying about are nearly as large as Jacob himself or the angels on the ladder. In this room John Knox had his memorable interview with the Queen, in which his eloquent appeals frequently wrought her to tears. The room in which Rizzio was murdered still shows marks of his blood. The palace was occupied by the unfortunate queen just three hundred years ago, her removal to her long prison in Loch Leven Castle having taken place in 1567.

The old Abbey adjoining is a beautiful ruin. It was founded in 1128, and accommodated the Parliament under King John Balliol and his son Edward.

Near the palace rises Arthur's Seat, a bold precipitous hill overlooking the city. A fine carriage road winds round the hill, from which a beautiful landscape opens, including the Frith of Forth with Leith, Musselburgh and other towns on its shores. On the plain below can be seen the residence of the Marquis of Abercorn, Dedestill Park—a fine picture of green meadow and dark forest—the Craig Miller Castle, whither Mary Queen of Scots fled before being taken to Loch Leven. The red stone walls, the little lakes with wooded margin, all form a pretty picture, bounded in the distance by Midlothianshire, the Pentland and the Lammermoor hills.

With regret we turned from these lovely sights, only wishing we had a month to spend in Edinburgh and its neighborhood, where every hill and every plain has its thrilling historic reminiscence, or its legend of poetic fancy. The people are a busy, thrifty race, with but little show of destitution or poverty in the streets.

The Sabbath is a peculiarly quiet, home-like day—stores all closed, no railroad trains running, and well-dressed people filling the churches.

G. W. M.

It becomes a soldier to die fighting, and a minister to die preaching; and a Christian to die praying.

FROM OUR TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT IN THE WEST.

EDEN, ILL., Oct. 23, 1867.

DEAR EDITOR: I believe that I am in "Egypt" whereof the capital is Cairo, though that district seems to fly like the mirage before the advancing traveller. It may be called a variable—a vanishing quantity. Few people in Southern Illinois will acknowledge that they live in "Egypt," though they acknowledge that it is "just about ten miles farther South." And yet this name of "Egypt" is not primarily one of reproach. It was not taken from Egyptian darkness nor from Cairo, but from the fact that in days gone by, the people to the North of it "came down" hither "to buy bread." Its political complexion has indeed given a new significance to the name, but even here there are many highly favored "Lands of Goshen," where the light of gospel and political truth reigns. Election returns are not the surest guide to the prevailing quality of society; for universal suffrage only counts men instead of weighing them.

The substrata of society here are of Southern origin, and divide themselves into classes,—the poor whites who came hither for land, and the conscientious whites who came to escape from the contamination of slavery. The latter are mainly Presbyterians of the Psalm-singing denominations—Reformed Presbyterians or Covenanters (of the two kinds) from Tennessee and South Carolina, and Associate Reformed from Kentucky, &c. These people are characterized by the high degree of intelligence, which generally characterizes those who have made sacrifices for conscience' sake, higher than one born and reared in a great city is likely to have any idea of. They would have a much greater united influence in politics, did all these denominations feel at liberty to vote, but the Old Side Covenanters will not swear to support any constitution which does not acknowledge "the crowned rights of King Emanuel." Hence it is that the constitutional amendments proposed by the "National Reform Association," and advocated by your neighbors of the *Christian Statesman*, are much more widely and cordially supported by Republicans of all denominations than they are in the East;—partly, I presume, in the hope that their adoption will leave these Covenanters conscience-free to vote, and so turn the balance of power in several counties.

While the members of the other denominations vote, it is not to be supposed that their churches are indifferent to the way in which this right is exercised. When the State constitution was before the people, in 1854 or thereabouts, one member in the N. S. Covenanter Church was "deprived of privileges" for voting for the "black clause," forbidding free negroes to immigrate into the State. And now they vote solidly for the right side.

Slave-holding intolerance, which drove the Covenanters out of South Carolina, has left a few in Eastern and Middle Tennessee, who have been known as the unwavering champions of the rights of the colored race. The most prominent of these, Mr. Wm. Wyatt, of Lincoln county, has recently been chosen by the votes of the Freedmen, whom he stood by in the day of adversity, to the State Senate; while others of the same stock have been elected to offices of honor and trust.

This Goshen element has been of late years pretty strongly reinforced by immigrants from Scotland, who are showing the natives what farming ought to be;—as also by Germans around St. Louis, and New Englanders along the route of the Illinois Central, the great State monopoly.

The "poor whites" of Egypt are numerically the strongest party, but were never as low as the poor whites of the South. They are now fast rising in the social scale under the influence of examples of industry and thrift, and will stand as high as any in the course of time. Politically, they are of course Democrats of the deepest dye, many of them K. G. C.s, but the signs of the times presage better things. They have sense enough to know that Republican papers give the latest and most reliable news, and many of them subscribe just on this account for the *St. Louis Democrat* (Rep.) and praise, if they do not take, that excellent political weekly the *N. Y. Independent*. In church matters they are variously striped. The hard-shell Baptists are strong among them, and the Campbellites are popular. But the peculiar and characteristic Egyptian Church—a Church after Nasby's own head—is the Southern Methodist, which was organized during the war, by an omnibus full of M. E. local preachers, under the name of the "Christian Union Church." During this present month, at Nashville, Ill., they were re-organized as a Conference of the M. E. Church South, and received to full membership by an M. E. Bishop. They are a sort of hard-shell Methodists, southern in all their sympathies and defects, not southern in their want of any measure of that culture which characterized the planter of the sunny South. The planters passed over the grain fields and wooded land of Southern Illinois in disdain, and entered upon the rich plains of Missouri beyond the river.

And yet Southern Illinois is a country rich beyond all my expectations. It is the wheat-field of the State, a land of sorghum, castor beans, peaches and rivers; a land everywhere under-laid with coal beds, with the iron mines of Missouri across the river and within easy reach. The wheat and castor bean crops are

very profitable. The latter which is no other than our old friend Jonah's gourd (*palma christi*) at once strikes the eye, looking like a plantation of young trees, with conical black clusters of beans at the top. A sight of it adds to one's pleasant associations with the article. The beans sell here at \$2.30 per bushel.

The past summer has shown to some little extent what this section of the country can do in the matter of fruit. The Illinois Central was obliged to run special fruit trains in order to convey the produce of the orchards to market. But the capabilities of the country in this respect are only now beginning to be discovered. With her long summer and short winter, Egypt is capable of producing a much greater variety, and in much greater abundance than at present. At present she produces only the varieties imported by settlers from the poorer North, and her farmers seem to have hardly learned orchards need and will pay for cultivation as well as any other part of the farm.

The surface of the country is broken up a good deal, though a Pittsburgher looks in vain for anything worthy to be called a hill. Prairie and woodland are pretty evenly distributed. The latter fills up the creek "bottoms" and has grown in extent since the cessation of the great fires which used to thin out the undergrowth. There is far more timber in Southern Illinois than there was 30 years ago, although so much has been used for building, fencing and fuel. In the counties that I have seen, no farm is more than three miles from timber, while to cut it even when close at hand is more expensive, than to buy bituminous coal. The first settlers seem to have always sought to settle in the timber, although before they could plant anything they had to clear out their farms at a great outlay of time and labor. He dreaded to settle on the higher and more healthy lands out on the prairies, when they only needed to enclose the fields and plow them up, lest they should run short of fuel or be eaten up by the wolves.

As to the social condition of Egypt, I know only in regard to the Land of Goshen, and I believe that it will compare favorably with the East; it is certainly far ahead of Bucks county, I was under no prepossession in favor of the West, but rather with the old colored preacher's beauty in my mind.—"Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they won't be disappointed." I should rather say—"for they will be disappointed." I certainly expected no such intelligence and refinement, perhaps because I judged from recollections of country districts and towns in the Old World. Things which I would dread to say to many congregations lest I should be "taken up wrong," I could say here with perfect confidence that I would be understood. In Philadelphia it is worth while to quote Beecher's last oddity: here every one has read it, and it has ceased to be news. Nor let it be supposed that rigidity of opinion is at all incompatible with intellectual power and acquirements. Many who would not vote so long as the U. S. Constitution is not "Christianized," though it were to save the State, or who would not sing a hymn to God's praise for the wealth of the Indies, are none the less men of wide and varied reading and general information.

The future of Egypt, as far as this world's goods go, is in her towns, mines, railroads and manufactures. The evils of unmixed agriculture, the heavy taxes of transportation, are all in the way of progress. But the "local centres" which are Hon. H. C. Carey's social panacea, are springing up on all sides, bringing railroads, banks, hotels, mills and factories. Eden, from which I write, was once the centre of all the region lying round about,—but it has now for the most part decamped to Sparta, two miles distant.

The old Bethel R. P. Church in Eden, is the religious centre of the district. To it the Churches on all the surrounding prairies trace their descent; like a huge strawberry it has thrown out runners on all sides. Its pastor, Rev. S. Wylie, father of Rev. W. T. Wylie, of Newcastle, Pa., is the oldest minister in the denomination, and has been among the earliest settlers of the region, and has seen it in all its changes, since the days when the Indian trails were the horseman's only guide across the prairie, and when flocks of deer flashed under the open timber, and wolves prowled around the homes of the settlers. He preached in earlier days from a board resting between two trees, and was twice interrupted by visits from snakes, after their house of worship was erected. He has ridden thousands of miles over the West and South, now spending five weeks in coming to attend Synod in Philadelphia, now riding over the mountain roads of East Tennessee, as well as through Northern Alabama and South Carolina, busied in the ministry of the word. Full of years and good works, he seems likely to see many more days on earth, and possesses a freshness of mind and body which half his years spent in a city would have robbed him of. His house is a common centre of attraction to all who love the Lord, a place where they forget to hate, and drop the bigotry of liberalism as well as the bigotry of stringency, rejoicing in one Lord and one love.

Yours truly, ON THE WING.

OBSERVE the order in which Providence sends your mercies. See how one is linked strangely to another, and is a door to let in many. Sometimes one mercy is introductive to a thousand.

THE "YOUNG MAN AND PIOUS DIVINE."

[These two communications, pendents to the discussion on Millenarianism, have been overlooked, by mere accident, or they would have appeared earlier. This ends the matter, in our columns.]

REV. JOHN W. MEARS, D. D.: DEAR SIR:—I exceedingly regret the necessity of asking space for a brief statement, which I had hoped would have been avoided by such corrections as Mr. Eva might have made of his, to be presumed, unintentional misrepresentations in his second article on Millenarianism, respecting "a young man and a pious divine;" but which, for reasons of his own, he has declined.

I. It is not true, in any sense, that the young man "was put" or that "he put himself" under the care of said divine. It is true that said divine took him to do the best by him that he could, to instruct him and introduce him into the ministry.

2. It is not true that said divine, "in common with many others of like faith at that time, believed that the Lord Jesus would certainly come in 1843." It is true that said divine was a Millenarian, and believed that the second coming of Christ was nigh at hand, and so believes still.

3. It is not true that said divine set the young man to preaching "under the idea that if he did not then begin, as the dispensation would end in little more than a year, he would have no opportunity of engaging in the work of the ministry." It is true that said divine set him to preaching under the impression that he was called of God to the work of the ministry; and that he urged the brevity of human life, and the nearness of Christ's coming, as motives to duty. The Millenarian views of said divine, had nothing to do with setting the young man to preach; for he would have set him to preach as and when he did, if they had been Anti-millenarian. Other circumstances not necessary to be made public, influenced him thereto.

4. Said divine regrets, as truly as Mr. Eva himself, that circumstances prevented him from carrying him forward in his studies to a more thorough preparation for the work; but having done for him the best he could, and having started him on a career of usefulness in the ministry, instead of having inflicted a mischievous injury on the young man, as Mr. Eva's statements imply, he feels that he was instrumental under God of calling him into the ministry and starting him in his work.

It is proper to add that the undersigned never saw the recent "card from Mr. Eva," until nearly two weeks after its publication, and considers such a pretended response to his demand for correction as worse than none at all.

JOHN G. WILSON.

THE "PIOUS DIVINE" AND "YOUNG MAN" ONCE MORE.

I am glad Mr. Editor, that you are about to publish the statement from Mr. Wilson. There is a wide difference between us as to our recollection and understanding of the facts in the case; but it was fair and proper that he should have the benefit of his own version of the matter. I imagine that your thousands of readers have very little interest in the thing, and that it is therefore a presumption to parade it before them in your columns; but it is perhaps proper that I should be guilty of the presumption just once more, to say, that notwithstanding his corrections, I adhere to the original statement (with the modification already published) as being, in all particulars both true, and a pertinent illustration of the mischievous tendency of Millenarian speculations. W. T. EVA.

THERE are two glasses turned up this day, and both almost run down; the glass of the gospel running down on earth, and the glass of Christ's patience running down in heaven. Be sure of it, that for every sand of mercy, every drop of love, that runs down in vain in this world, a drop of wrath runs into the vial of wrath which is fitting in heaven.

Rev. J. B. Waterbury, who has been engaged in tent-preaching in the vicinity of New York, says that the whole system of our costly churches and high pew rents, walling out one class of citizens entirely from another class, separating the ministry from the masses, necessitates a new economy, and renders imperative a new order of things. The Gospel must be preached to all. It is Heaven's command. If it cannot be done in the churches, it must be done outside. It is with this view, [adds Mr. W.] we have instituted our tent-services on Fort Green. More than a year ago, early in July, the preaching tent was spread. It is a large canopy open all round, and furnishes standing-room for nearly a thousand persons. From the first it has been filled with an attentive and earnest audience, most of whom have no home in any of our city sanctuaries. The Mayor of Brooklyn authorized its erection in the name of the Young Men's Association of Brooklyn. It was to be taken down, and removed as soon as the religious services were terminated. The City Clergy of various denominations were in turn to officiate, and nothing sectarian was to be introduced. The simple "Gospel," embracing repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," with the obligations of a holy life, was to be the theme. These conditions have been scrupulously carried out. Every pleasant Sabbath the preaching-tent has gone up, and the audiences, which have been large, have observed the same decorous deportment usual in our churches. At times they have been deeply affected, and have seemed reluctant to leave the spot. No disorderly conduct, no disturbance whatsoever has appeared. It may have been that in some outbreak part of this extensive park an occasional outbreak of rowdism has taken place, but it has no connection whatever with our tent-preaching.—N. Y. Tribune.