

Correspondents.

FROM OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

TROSSACHS HOTEL, HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, August 5, 1867.

STIRLING CASTLE—LOCH KATRINE—THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

DEAR EDITOR: An excursion into this enchanted ground, well repays any one who has enjoyed Walter Scott's poetry.

We left Edinburgh by rail for Stirling Castle, whose white towers were in view in a couple of hours. The Castle is all our fancy had painted it, perched on a high rocky hill, with precipitous sides, much like that of Edinburgh. It was built in the 11th or 12th century, was occupied by Edward I. of England, afterwards by Bruce and Balhol of Scotland. It was the favorite residence of the Fitzjames, who added largely to its buildings. They held tournaments under its walls, and the embankments made when the King and his knights engaged in tournaments, are still standing and kept with great care.

The view from the Castle is as extensive as it is beautiful. The battle-field of Bannockburn lies to the eastward, in the opposite direction are the vales of Monteith, and beyond the Scottish hills and mountains in billows of beauty. Some seven-tenths of the mountains can be counted on a clear day.

At the foot of the hill, on the town side, is Old St. Andrew's Cathedral, a fine specimen of the pointed Gothic architecture of the 15th century. John Knox preached here, and we stood in his old pulpit. He preached the sermon when James VI. was crowned in the church, July 29, 1567. A beautiful country lies on the hill-side between the church and the Castle, occupying the old "tilting ground." A monument has been erected here to the famous "Wigton Martyrs," Margaret and Agnes Wilson, who were drowned in the Claverhouse persecutions, by being tied to a stake at low tide.

There is also a fine statue of John Knox standing on a rock, with a fountain at its feet; a few feet distant at each side are statues of Alexander Henderson and Andrew Melville. To study out the old tombs and slabs of the 16th and 17th centuries was quite interesting. Skulls, cross-bones, and other bas-reliefs appear on many of them.

A short ride by rail brings us to Callender, where we take the coach for the lands of Fitz James and Roderick Dhu. We soon came to the Coillatogle ford over the Teith, a few rods to the road. This is the spot to which Roderick promised to convey Fitz James in safety, and when they arrived here he challenged him to single combat.

"And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

We now run along the edge of Loch Venachar, a beautiful sheet of water some five miles long, with Benvenne rising in the background. Leaving the lake we cross the "Brigg of Turk," a single stone arch, over which Fitz James rode upon his gallant gray. We soon come to the border of Loch Achray, the next in this magic chain of lakes. The road follows its shore, and we ramble along.

"Upon the margin of the lake, Between the precipice and brake."

We soon arrive at this beautiful Trossachs Hotel, a fine stone building, whose front is flanked by round towers with conical tops, in imitation of old Feudal style. The charming little Loch Achray spreads out before us. A few rods beyond is the narrow pass of the Trossachs, where the "gallant gray" fell. His bones do not lie here; but the guide points out the "exact spot" where the gray died, and where Fitz James cried out in his agony,

"Wee worth the chase, wee worth the day, That costs thy life, my gallant gray."

Through the pass we emerge upon Loch Katrine, an enchanting lake, with tangled underbrush coming down to the water's edge. A little steamer awaits us here—the "Rob Roy,"—a perfect beauty in model and general appearance. It emerges from the rustic landing, winding between hills and among islets until the expanse of the lake opens before us. In his boyhood days Walter Scott spent several of his summers on this lake and its neighborhood, which accounts for his locating here his most charming poem. We soon come to Ellen's Isle and pass around it. It is about 100 yards long and 50 or 60 wide, rising from the water's edge to a height of 50 or 60 feet in the centre. It is so thickly covered with trees and vines and underbrush as to form the perfect hiding-place that Scott has painted it. We soon come to the little cove overhung by a projecting oak tree, whence Ellen's boat shot out when she heard the wailing of Fitz James' horn.

"But scarce again his horn he wound When lo! forth starting at the sound From underneath an aged oak That slanted from the islet rock, A damsel glider of its way, A little skiff shot to the bay, That round the promontory steep Led its deep line in graceful sweep, Eddying, in almost viewless wave, The weeping willow twig to lave, And kiss, with whispering sound and slow, The beach of pebbles bright as snow. The boat had touched the silver strand Just as the hunter left his stand."

On the shore of the lake, opposite the cove and two or three hundred yards distant, is the "silver

strand" which the boat touched, and it requires but a little stretch of fancy to picture the boat with the "Lady of the Lake" in it, shooting out from the cove, gliding over the glassy surface, making its eddies as it goes; and when it touches the silver shore, you can almost hear her—

"Father!" she cried; the rocks around Loved to prolong the gentle sound."

Then in fancy you listen with her:

"Awhile she paused; no answer came— Malcolm was thine the blast?"

So true to woman's timid nature, Scott's poetry betrays her alarm when she finds that the horn was neither her father's nor Malcolm's.

"A stranger I," the huntsman said, Advancing from the hazel shade. The maid, alarmed, with hasty ear, Pushed her light shallop from the shore. And when a speck was gained between, Closer she drew, her bosom's screen. Then safe, though flutter'd and amazed, She paused, and on the stranger gazed."

We had read the poem in boyhood and re-read it in manhood, and read it again in the hotel last evening, while the rain was falling without and a bright fire on the hearth imparted warmth and comfort within. It has been a delightful and overpowered us, as usual, and over and over again, and tangled brack, with the lovely surface of Loch Katrine were all around us.

So loth were we to leave this enchanted spot, that we wanted badly to ramble over every foot of the district—to walk among the heather from which Roderick's men rose up at the signal of his horn, to hunt up the rock against which Fitz James bore his back; but we contented ourselves with pulling some of the light haremells upon the "elastic" ancestors of which, perchance, the Lady of the Lake had trod so airily, and pressing them with some sprigs of heather into a bouquet to bring home and show to some of our Scott-loving friends in Philadelphia. We also bought photographic views of the Isle and the strand and a copy of the poem, on board the little steamer Rob Roy, the short voyage on board of which we will never forget.

We sailed up the lake, and soon bade adieu to poetry as we came upon the works of the Glasgow Water Company, which taps the lake and supplies the city, by tunnels and aqueducts 40 miles long, with its pure waters. There are seven miles of tunnel eight feet in diameter. The mountain at the side of the lake is bored right through, and so are other hills on the route. The whole work cost \$10,000,000, giving Glasgow just such a supply of pure water as we ought to have in Philadelphia.

G. W. M.

FROM OUR OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT IN EUROPE.

CASA GUIDI, FLORENCE, Oct. 9, 1867.

I walked with a genial friend, this evening, to see the sun set over the city from that Golgotha called "San Minato." We were just in time. There, far below us lay the city—about the vast dome, which towered as majestically as any of the mountains around it. The tops of the hills were covered with snow, which turned to gold in the glory of the Italian sunset. It was a rare view, never to be forgotten. But the snow did not once take on the rose tint that gives the name to Monte Rosa; which I saw again and again from the pinnacled roof of the Milan cathedral. Below us on the slopes of the mountain, the olives and the figs were ripening in their orchards, and it was difficult to believe that the city which seemed so peaceful could be the ever restless city of Florence. But so it was, and

GARIBALDI

gave occasion for the last grand excitement, and caused more talk and gesticulation than will ever be imagined on the other side of the Atlantic; though now, for the present, the political excitement is waning. The streets are full of caricatures of sick priests, and the Pope confounded and running away, or standing agast at apparitions of Garibaldi. Visitors at

POWERS' STUDIO,

find the genial sculptor at work on a new marble entitled "The Last of the Tribes." It is an Indian girl fleeing from civilization, and gives promise of great beauty. There, too, one sees a reproduction of the Greek slave; the Eve; Edward Everett, and the full and beautiful form of "CALIFORNIA," pointing with her divining rod to the quartz which bears the gold, and in her left hand, which is behind her, the thorns which adventurers so often feel in the land of gold. I saw there one bust, with a face of such an extraordinary sweetness, I could not help remarking concerning it, "It is my daughter," said Mr. Powers. On Sunday I went to the

SCOTCH CHURCH

which is under the care of Rev. John H. Ross, in the absence of Mr. McDougall, compelled to return for a time to Scotland by ill health. To my great satisfaction, I got both a comfortable seat and a good sermon—a combination of blessings which one does not often find on the continent.

The Free Church of Scotland have secured a small palace on the Lung' Arno, a part of which they use for a church, and the rest for a parsonage and for renting. The place of worship is elegant and comfortable. In the afternoon a discourse was delivered by an American minister, who happens to be in this city. The pulpit was

interesting to me as being that in which Dr. Bethune preached his last sermon; the house was shown me, two doors further on, where he died. It was equally interesting to me, in the evening to visit the Waldensian church and listen to an Italian sermon, which I did not understand at all, but which I had reason to believe contained the pure gospel of Christ. The congregation was quite large, and the speaker, one of the professors of the Waldensian college, seemed earnest, and felicitous in his use of the musical language. I regret, however, to learn that it is the impression that just now Protestantism here is rather holding its own, than making rapid progress, but great numbers of good books and Bibles have been sold and are still being sold. They cannot fail to produce good results sooner or later.

The Papal churches are thinly attended. Beautiful as they are the Protestant visitor and inspector of frescoes is often the only attendant at mass, not enrolled among the officiating priests of Rome. The Duomo is not open at all for worship, seeming to be closed for repairs, the services being held in the famous baptistry of San Giovanni, whose gates are worthy to be the gates of Paradise. The Duomo is the outside than the celebration of the masses within. Americans, visiting Florence, would do well to inquire for rooms at the Casa Guidi. A house made famous by Mrs. Browning, who lived and died in it, and now made very comfortable by Madam Baronski, an English lady, long-time a widow, who knows what pertains to the comforts of lodgings, and how to give a large and noble building that aspect of a home which will not be found, of course, in the hotels. C. C. K.

FROM OUR ROCHESTER CORRESPONDENT.

A NEW ERA IN FURNACES. Who would think of a lawyer inventing a furnace, intended to eclipse all others, and prove a public blessing? He is a member of one of our churches, and may have been thinking of a cold church and a shivering congregation; and he evidently thought the congregation ought to be comfortable, in order to hear well the preaching of the gospel; so he invented a furnace.

We speak of the "Solartype," a Hot-Air Furnace, patented by J. C. Cochrane, and manufactured by E. E. Sill, both of this city; and we believe that we shall be doing the public good service by calling attention to it. Those who are preparing to warm churches, and other public buildings, or private dwellings, would do well, we are sure, to look at it. It is called the "Solartype," because it aims to give as nearly as possible, the solar, or summer, heat. Its peculiarities are twofold—a large amount of pure air, moderately heated, (instead of a little air burned, and dry, and unbreathable,) and great economy in the consumption of fuel.

All red hot surfaces are carefully shielded. The air does not rise to a temperature above that of boiling water. One may stand upon the register, and breathe with as much comfort as when he inhales the gentle breeze of summer. One of these furnaces, (of medium size, with fire-box 15 x 16 inches) was recently put into the Central church of this city. First the hot air register, was doubled in size, making the surface about twelve square feet. A full and steady volume of air was poured through this, at a temperature of 120 to 130 degrees, never reaching the boiling point of water, so that the air was pure, unburnt and of great comparative density.

The economy of fuel is secured by having a large radiating surface to warm the air, by slow and yet perfect combustion, and by a simple contrivance, on the principle of Davy's Safety Lamp, to retain the flame, while the consumed gases pass readily away. It is believed that a saving of fifty per cent. on the consumption of fuel may be thus obtained. The furnace in the Central church was filled on Monday, and maintained a good fire without replenishing until Wednesday night; much longer than the same amount of fire would last in any common furnace. In colder weather more coal would, of course, be necessary; but the relative saving would always be the same. For churches, and parsonages this, surely, is an important recommendation in these times.

Hard coal, soft coal, or coke may be used, and there is no clinker, no sticking of soft coal to the fire pot. The fire is easily kindled, and need not be kindled but once, where the furnace is used daily, for the entire winter. It can be thoroughly cleaned out without dumping, and can be regulated with the utmost ease, so as to give much heat or little, according to the weather. We have examined the matter, and can speak well for the Solartype.

GOOD COUNSEL WELL-POSTED.

In the Lecture Room of the Presbyterian church at Penn Yan, cards are posted upon the walls, with the following valuable suggestions concerning the Prayer-meeting, printed in capital letters, so that they may be easily read by all who come into the place. Such counsel well heeded would not fail to make the prayer-meetings of the church always interesting:

FEEL IT YOUR DUTY TO BE PRESENT. BE PUNCTUAL AT THE APPOINTED HOUR. COME WITH THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER. SIT NEAR THE DESK. TAKE AN ACTIVE PART IN THE MEETING.

LET NO MOMENT BE WASTED. BRING SOME UNCONVERTED PERSON WITH YOU.

OUR SOCIAL HYMN BOOK.

This is now in use in the Sabbath Assemblies of the Brick church of this city; and it is found to answer their purpose well for the present. And why not? It is an admirable selection of Hymns and Tunes; the very best, we believe, of its size which has been published; and of sufficient dimensions also to serve any congregation as long as any book can be expected to last.

Some Hymn Books are unnecessarily large. A considerable portion of them are mere lumber and flood wood. They contain hundreds of hymns which are seldom or never sung by our congregations. They only serve to make the book more expensive and more inconvenient to handle. Give us smaller books and better, is the true wisdom; and until our Publication Committee have prepared such an one for the Sabbath Assemblies, we believe congregations would do well to use the Social Hymn and Tune Book in their general service, as the Brick church are doing.

OUR DROUGHT.

"We hear of showers," East and South, but none, as yet, fall on us. The streams and springs, it is said, are lower in all this region, than they have been for a long time at this season of the year. Wells and cisterns have given out. Many families are subjected to great inconvenience. A gentleman driving from Genesee to Canandaigua could hardly get water for his horses by the way. At one farm house he could neither beg nor buy a pail full. In some of our towns also fabulous prices are paid for water for household purposes. Many are praying fervently for rain, and we doubt not their prayer will soon be answered.

Some (in the Central church, at least, of this city) are praying also just as fervently for spiritual blessing; and already some drops foretold, as we hope, the more plentiful shower.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

Utica is setting a good example to sister cities. The first church has built a commodious chapel in West Utica, as we have before noticed, and employed Rev. J. W. Whitefield to enter, in and cultivate that field, by preaching, by visiting, and in every way he can do good.

The Westminster church (Dr. Fisher's) has a like operation in East Utica, and they have employed Rev. P. W. Emens, recently pastor at Volney, to take charge of their chapel enterprise. These both began in Mission Sunday Schools, in destitute parts of the city. It is hoped, and intended, that both shall grow into well-organized and flourishing churches. So far there is good promise of such happy results; while a vast amount of good is being accomplished from week to week, even before that desirable consummation is reached.

SOME WORK.

One may get some idea of what it costs to keep a Railroad in operation, if we state that 350 laboring men are employed on the New York Central between Rochester and Buffalo, making and mending the track, taking care of gravel and wood teams, and tending switches. This is but a small portion of the entire track of this corporation. If the rest is as well supplied with laborers, it must take about 2,000 men only to take care of the road itself. GENESSEE. ROCHESTER, Nov. 9, 1867.

FROM OUR CHICAGO CORRESPONDENT.

ROCK ISLAND, Nov. 5, 1867.

DEAR AMERICAN:—The region immediately around this place has much to interest a stranger. Directly opposite, on the Iowa side of the Mississippi, and beautifully located on bluffs gradually ascending from the river, is the flourishing city of Davenport, now claiming a population of 16,000 to 18,000, and rapidly increasing, both in numbers and commerce. Many years ago it possessed a New School Presbyterian organization, but the ground was subsequently lost to us, and has never been recovered. It is much against our interests in this region that we are unrepresented at so important a point. The same is true of both Muscatine and Burlington, a little lower down, at both which we should be strong, but have no church in either.

The island from which this city derives its name, and which in part lies between the two towns, is a charming spot; and is being rapidly converted, by the Government, not only into a vast depot of warlike stores and munitions, but into a most beautiful and attractive resort. The island is three miles long by an average width of half a mile, and affords some fifteen miles of fine drives, by its various roads, nearly all the way through the native forest with which it was originally entirely covered. Magnificent buildings are in process of erection for the manufacture of arms of all descriptions, and for the accommodation of the officers and soldiers to be stationed here. The outlay will be immense, and the result one of the largest and most important of all our military stations, worthy of the great military power to which recent events have so suddenly raised us.

Upon the south end of the island are seen the remains of old Fort Armstrong,—for many years one of the most important of our Western posts, and much resorted to by the Indians of these parts for treaties and annuities. Both a railroad and a wagon bridge connect the island with the Illinois shore, and the former with the Iowa shore also.

Four miles below, and two miles above the point where the waters of Rock River enter into the Mississippi, a manufacturing company, with a capital of a million of dollars, is throwing a dam across the Rock River, and laying the foundations of extensive manufactories. The water power is practically boundless, and a large and busy town will probably soon occupy the site.

This spot has an interesting history. In the speculative times of '35 it was selected as the site of "Rock city," a large city which was to be. The ground for miles about was laid out in "city lots," and disposed of to greedy buyers. Daniel Webster invested here \$30,000. Afterward he sold his interest to Caleb Cushing for \$20,000; who subsequently disposed of it for \$7,000. No wonder the great "expounder" was a poor man, if he made many such "speculations."

In this immediate vicinity too is "Black Hawk's Tower,"—a bold bluff, rising to the height of 150 feet above the stream, and commanding one of the most extensive, varied and altogether lovely views to be found in the entire West. It was a favorite residence of that mighty Chieftain. Here, on this point, he has stood many a time, surrounded by his braves, scanning the country for miles, and watching the movements of his dusky or his civilized foes. Here he observed the army of General Scott, in 1832, as it emerged from yonder distant defile, across the river, coming to attack him, and up the valley of the Rock, to your left, he retreated skirmishing, till he reached Bad Axe, on the Mississippi, and sustained his final defeat. He fought bravely for the country of his ancestors, and it was well worth contending for. It was a land abounding in fish and game, and every way calculated to attract the Indian to its occupancy. Traces of his residence, still are seen; but the region now smiles beneath the hand of civilized culture. Splendid farms and comfortable farm-houses, flocks and herds, villages, churches and school-houses, dot the region over, and mark the change a few years has wrought upon the landscape. The spot will well repay a journey of many miles, especially if you are so fortunate as to have the companionship of the genial Judge Osborne, of Rock Island, whose long and familiar acquaintance with the region and its history made him an invaluable guide.

The city of Rock Island itself claims a population of not less than 10,000 inhabitants, and is now in quite a thriving condition. The great outlays of Government in the vicinity, both upon the Island, and the improvement of the navigation of the river above the town, the improvements at Rock city, and the extensive trade of a rich region about it, conspire to ensure it a very considerable growth in the future.

Here we have a church, under the pastoral care of our young but highly esteemed brother, Rev. W. W. Wetmore. This church has had a history of continued trials and discouragements. It has, however, an edifice worthy of any city or congregation in the country, and we confidently anticipate for it a brighter future. The O. S. Church here is also weak, and has talked much of "Union"—always explaining, however, that this meant simply their readiness to absorb our body, with its handsome house of worship, and a first-class minister thrown in. Strangely enough our friends are unable to comprehend this style of "union," and beg to be excused. NORTH-WEST.

FRUIT IN OLD AGE.—The last number of the Bible Society Record notices the work accomplished by a lady of Fulton county, N. Y., seventy-two years of age, who evidently takes the most literal view of the command to be faithful unto death. The Bible Society of that county relies largely upon voluntary effort for finding out and supplying the destitute within its own bounds, and also for obtaining, by personal solicitation, donations for the general work of the national Society. It speaks well for the spirit of the churches that many of the most intelligent and honored ladies in the county cheerfully engage in this service; but the lady above mentioned affords the most remarkable example of fidelity and success. She has, during the past summer, visited her whole district on foot, supplied with her own hands every destitute family, and collected for sending the Bible abroad the largest sum ever obtained for her district. We often hear of a beautiful old age, but the term is doubly appropriate when religion is then as conspicuous in its activity as in its serenity. Old age may modify the nature and conditions of service for our Lord, but the work of religion is life work.

"In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

My soul has been comforted several times in receiving letters from a certain friend, by the precious promises printed as headings to his note paper, and I have wondered that so excellent an idea was not more generally reduced to practice.

Especially would it seem appropriate for our ministers to have some carefully selected texts printed at the head of their letters, thus carrying to the eye of every correspondent, a sentence of the "living word" which is never sown in vain. And not to ministers alone, but to every earnest laborer in the vineyard, this offers a pleasing way to scatter the precious seeds of truth. The expense is trifling. Who will try it? Z. WILLIAMSPORT, PA.