

Correspondence.

FROM OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

MELROSE, Aug. 27, 1867.

DEAR EDITOR: A ride of thirty-seven miles southeast from Edinburgh, brings us to this grand ruin, rendered famous by the writings of Walter Scott, for whose memory all Scotland has a reverence almost religious. He little knew, when writing his enchanting poems and novels, that his labors would be the means of bringing millions of dollars into his beloved country, as well by the tens of thousands of tourists who flock to see the spots he has rendered famous, as by the publication and sale of his works. We meet tourists from England, France, and Germany, as well as from our own land, in troops, wherever we go.

MELROSE ABBEY

Is a beautiful ruin of the finest Gothic architecture. It was built in the days of David I., A. D. 1136. Many fine arches are standing in perfect preservation, while some of the windows are as well preserved as they are beautiful. Ivy covers much of the walls, outside and in, while the tombs that still remain are of great antiquity. Around the building we can trace where the altars stood in the different chapels. The old brown stone basins for holy water are still in a ruined state here and there in the wall. Around the capitals of the Gothic columns the carving of flowers and leaves is wonderfully perfect. Near where the high altar stood, we find the tomb of Alexander I. of Scotland, who died in 1249; also a little slab a foot square, said to cover the heart of Robert Bruce. Near by is the tomb of the Black Douglas. In one corner of this nave is the tomb of Michael Scott, which William of Deloraine, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, rode so far and so hard to reach. The door, in the side of the Abbey, is shown through which the aged monk led William. The monk and Deloraine together pried up the slab over the tomb with a bar, and as a crack was opened, the light streamed from the tomb so as to light up all the old roof overhead and show the beams and the dust-covered carved heads, corbels, and other ornaments in the walls and roof. The slab has a cross a yard long carved on it, and some old letters so dim that we could not decipher them; but the slab is cracked across it just as if it were true that the knight had pried it up and broken it in his attempt to get the magic missal buried with Michael Scott.

The whole ruin is far more perfect than we had expected. The carvings and fine tracery, the few images that remain here and there in the numerous niches, the delicate beauty of the high columns and graceful arches surmounting them, the numerous, finely-proportioned, flying buttresses supporting the higher portions of the nave, all bespeak a perfection in architecture, a taste and skill in ornamentation wonderful indeed for the old days when David I. and Robert Bruce were the ruling spirits in Scotland. Some very grotesque animals and human figures jut out from the walls close to the roof, which were the garglets through which the rain from the roof ran off. In one place we noticed the grinning face of a negro—curly head, thick lips, broad mouth, all revealing an intimate acquaintance with the colored race in the old days when the artists were working upon the stately pile.

A lonely clock struck the hour on a lonely bell high up on an old gable, which startled us as we wandered around the quiet old grave-yard. We learned that, 200 years ago, the Presbyterians worshipped in the best preserved corner of the ruin, in one of the aisles of which the stone roof still remains. The clock and bell which they put up have been kept in order ever since they abandoned the building at the beginning of this century, by the Duke of Buccleugh, who owns the ruin.

From the grave-yard outside, the view of the ruin is charming. The gable of the grand nave with its glorious old window in fine preservation; ivy on the wall and through the window; ivy again on the inside arches; on the top of the wall, over the window, grass and yellow flowers, the growth of undisturbed centuries; oh what a picture! We could sit here, spell-bound, all day and wait for "the fair moonlight" so that we might see it in the height of its most romantic lights and weird shadows. Perhaps light would stream from old Michael Scott's tomb again if we should go and pry it up at midnight.

ABBOTSFORD.

A drive of two miles brings us to the last home of Walter Scott, and with eager steps we fulfil the desire of a life-time and enter its almost holy precincts. We find it a beautiful villa of the most tasty architecture, with towers and battlements, and fine bay windows looking out upon a lovely lawn bounded by the Tweed a few rods distant. Behind its wooded shore rise the rolling hills of Ettrick and Yarrow. The house and grounds are in the finest state of repair—all neat, tidy, bright and new-looking. We are first shown into the private study of the great author. There is his desk with drawers, his large old chair, cushioned in the easiest and fullest manner, covered with black leather. We sit down in the chair and lean upon the desk. Perhaps we may catch an inspiration. Around the room are cases of books covering all the walls, just as he left them. Here hangs an old purse containing coins

be collected. Over the fire-place is his bell-pull; we grasp the wooden handle he had often jerked. In one of the cases lie his canes and pipes, some of the former rough, as he cut them himself, and worn smooth as he used them in his rambles. He lived before the days of loco-foco matches, for on his mantle stands the old-fashioned apparatus for making hydrogen gas and throwing a jet upon a piece of spongy platinum, thus "striking a light."

In a small tower room, adjoining, is the bust taken from his face in plaster as he lay dead. It is in bronze, and as it lies calm and silent, with eyes closed, you think you are looking upon his corpse. His mighty forehead, his immense height of head above the line of the eyebrows and the top of the ears, are too prominent to escape notice.

We next enter the library, a large room sixty feet long and nearly as broad. Here are 20,000 volumes, many of which are rare and valuable. A fine portrait of Scott's oldest son is over the fire-place. Also Chantry's bust of Scott taken from life, a copy of the bust of Shakspeare from the tomb at Stratford on Avon, arm-chairs presented by the Pope, and a desk presented by George III. This room is just as the owner left it—as in fact they all are.

In the drawing-room is antique furniture presented by George IV., also a case, containing, among other precious relics, the tumbler Robert Burns used, a snuff-box set with diamonds presented by Maria Edgeworth, a handsome album in green and gold with the letters N.B. on the cover, (it once belonged to Napoleon,) Rob Roy's money purse, a piece of Robert Bruce's coffin, a silver seal that belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and other rare relics which Scott used to value highly.

The dining-room contains a number of paintings—his own portrait, his mother's, Mary Queen of Scots' head painted the day after her execution, portraits of Dryden, Cromwell and Hogarth. Here is Rob Roy's gun, Tipoo Sahib's sabre, a pistol of Claverhouse; the pistols found in Napoleon's carriage after Waterloo; the iron mask worn by the martyr Wishart to prevent his addressing the people.

The last room shown is the great hall, the walls of which are covered with armor, shields, arms and trophies. Huge antlers are placed at each end of the room. Here are full suits of armor, as worn in different periods; one large sword, which was used on Bosworth field, fully seven feet long, the handle alone being eighteen inches at least, and the cross bar separating it from the blade, rather longer, forming a very perfect cross; two swords from Culloden, with other similar relics in great variety. Close to the window is a case in which lie the last clothes worn by Sir Walter. Here is his white silk hat, his heavy, honest-looking shoes, his pantaloons of small white and black plaid, striped vest, narrow stripes of black and white, black cloth coat with well-worn steel buttons, one button gone. You feel, as you look at them, as though he had just put them off and was wearing a better suit somewhere about the house.

High up near the ceiling, is hung a long row of shields, each bearing the name of one of Scotland's old chiefs:—Bell, Johnson, Rutherford, Stewart, Douglass, Jardine, Ker, Scott, Irvine, Jerris, and others; while over them we read in a long line from one end of the room to the other: "These be the coat armories of ye clannis and men of name quha kept the Scottish march in ye days of auld."

We leave this delightful room and go out upon the terrace. From this point the whole front, 160 feet long, presents a fine variety of gables, projecting windows, turrets, balconies, and groups of chimneys. It has been called "a perfect revelry of Gothic exuberance, which it would be impossible to reduce to order, method, or consecutiveness." The whole effect is pleasing and beautiful in the extreme.

We had expected to find Abbotsford a quiet, home-like place, old-fashioned and country-looking; but when we were shown almost a palace, we could understand why good Sir Walter was so driven and harassed for money in his later years. It is true he was badly involved by the failure of his publishers; but to build an Abbotsford would of itself take a fortune.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

A drive of five miles takes us to this fine old ruin containing the tomb of Sir Walter Scott. It lies on the banks of the Tweed on the opposite side to that on which we were driving. We come to the ferry and call for the boat to take us over. The river runs rapid—its waters black, as all the streams are here, discolored by the roots of the bog vegetation among which they take their rise. On the opposite bank is a cliff of brown stone, apparently a quarry, doubtless the same spot from which the builders of the abbey in the 12th century took their material. The brown cliff is there, the rapid rushing stream, too, just as they appeared when the builders looked upon them in those old days, though they have been sleeping a long sleep through these seven centuries. Let us see what their work looks like. A winding path brings us to the ruin. A large abbey, with old gables standing, completely covered with ivy—a few arches in good preservation; but more ruined and desolate-looking than Melrose. Among the cloisters adjoining, we trace out the dining-hall, 100 feet long, the library, and cellar where the stores of eatables and drinkables were kept by those old

monks. One corner of the abbey is better preserved than the rest, the stone roof over the arches is in perfect preservation, and it is here that Sir Walter lies. His tomb is a plain, oblong block of polished brownish Scotch granite. His name is cut on the top. Near him are the tombs of his wife and son, and at a little distance several of his ancestors. An iron railing, eight or nine feet high, separates the tomb from the rest of the abbey.

It is a strange place to be buried in, we thought—this old ruin. Had it been Melrose, we should not have felt it to be so; but no doubt the old ruin had a charm for the poet, and many hours he had spent in examining its ancient tablets, its baptismal font, the place where its altars had stood, and where the monks had lived and worshipped. Then, as the tombs of his grandparents were there, no doubt he had selected that classical corner as the place of his long, quiet sleep.

From Melrose, we make our rapid way back to Liverpool, through a country but thinly inhabited. We pass, now and then, a manufacturing town; but the country looks very desolate, rolling hills skirt the road, sometimes quite high, with a lonely cottage here and there, built of stone, one story high, with slate roof. A square enclosure, a few yards in extent, with stone walls, and rude gate, forms a place of safety for the sheep in the night, and sometimes for miles this little stone wall is the only improvement that meets the eye. We rode many miles, without seeing a fence, a tree, or a bush of any kind. Stunted grass covered the hills, upon which a very few sheep, here and there, were feeding.

We were soon in the border country, where every acre was the scene of foray and strife in the olden days; but as night drew on the country fades from view, and we endeavor in vain to sleep our way to Liverpool. But sleep won't come. We have seen our last sight; consulted our guide-book for the last time; our European trip is over; there is no tension of the mind planning for the next excursion; no more of that indescribable luxury of waiting for a glimpse of some city or town, some ruin, or tower, or castle that we have read about in boyhood days and been wanting to see ever since. The whole of our journey passes in rapid panorama before our minds. Mighty London; Paris, its Exposition; the Alps; the plains of Tuscany; Rome and its ruins; the muddy Tiber and the Castle St. Angelo and St. Peter's; Florence and its vine-covered hills, its picture-galleries and its statuary; Venice, decaying Venice, with its black gondolas—how quietly they glide among those palaces of marble; the glorious lake of Garda, certainly one of the most beautiful placid pictures in all Europe; Milan, with its brisk, bright streets and its cathedral, the very glory of architecture; the luscious vineyards of Lombardy; the Alps, with snow patches far above the pines; the chalets, perched up among the rocks so high that the children must fall down every few days, into the roaring torrent below; the Hospice on the Simplon, with its landscape of glacier and mountain torrent, and meadow of lovely verdure; the swift Rhone, emptying into that lake of beauty, Geneva; the prison of Chillon, so quiet and so cold; Calvin's old city, his cathedral, and his grave; the emerald Rhone, rushing under the bridges, with snow covered Mount Blanc looking down upon it all; Fryburg and its angel-voiced organ; Interlachen, its Jungfrau in shining silver ever present; the Rhine, its bridges of boats, its swift tide, and its life of moving trade, its shores of vines and rocks and castles, villages, towers, cities, and fortresses; Cologne, with its cathedral, always building, never done; Belgium and its iron and coal, busy as a Pennsylvania mining district; Paris again with its whirl and excitement, its fascinating beauty; London, mighty London, its Thames, its Westminster, and its Tower; Kenilworth, and Warwick, and Shakspeare's home and grave; Edinburgh—beautiful for situation; Stirling and the Scottish lakes; Melrose, Abbotsford—all passed before me, a glorious panorama, moving majestically and rapidly, recalling the scenes that never will wear off from memory's tablet. How could I sleep with such a busy brain rolling in luxury—rolling in such luxury!

G. W. M.

Editor's Cable.

WORKS OF PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

THE WORKS OF PRESIDENT EDWARDS; In four volumes, with Valuable Additions and a Copious General Index, and a Complete Index of Scripture Texts. 8vo., pp. 672, 641, 639, 710. New York: Robt. Carter & Bros.

Since the days of Calvin, the world has seen no greater theologian than President Edwards. It is true he has left behind no complete system of dogmatic theology; he made no attempt to harmonize the different views of truth which from time to time he elaborated, into one whole. His fame rests on independent treatises, especially those upon the Freedom of the Will, and the Doctrine of Original Sin. Yet so great was the influence of these monographs upon the theology of all the English-speaking Evangelical churches, as to constitute a turning-point in its history. Especially was his influence supreme upon the theology and spiritual life of New England. "He that will know the workings of the mind of New England, in the middle of the last century, and the throbbings of its heart must give his days and nights to the study of Jonathan Edwards." But it would be a very imperfect

view of his character and activity, to describe him solely as a theologian. His speculations all had a practical motive, to meet and confute dangerous errors, as the materialism of Locke, or the Arminianism that had begun to prevail around him in New England. He was a man of such lively emotions, that in his case aptly may be quoted the maxim: *pectus facit theologum*—it is the heart that makes the theologian. His essays on purely practical and experimental matters; his great controversy on the half way covenant; his Michael Angelo sermon on Future Punishment; exhibit the versatility of the power of the prince of modern thinkers. The theological public are under no small obligations to Messrs. Carter & Brothers for a re-issue of this very convenient and full edition of the works of Edwards. This is a reprint of the Worcester edition of 1809, which was published in eight volumes, with some variation of the arrangement, and with considerable additions from other sources. The pieces added are as follows: 1. Distinguishing Marks of a Work of the Holy Spirit. 2. God and Moral Government, or Future State, and the Immortality of the Soul. 3. Necessity and Reasonableness of the Christian Doctrine of Satisfaction for Sin. 4. Perseverance of the Saints. 5. Endless Punishment of the Impenitent. 6. Fourteen Sermons. Besides this new matter, a great deficiency in the Worcester edition has been supplied by a Copious General Index at the close. The fidelity exercised in this part of the work, appears from the fact that most of the references are in the very language of Edwards himself, thus, so far as practicable avoiding suspicion or partiality. On many points, a brief synopsis of the authors' views and train of a argument is furnished. Thus the labor of the student in consulting the work as authority is greatly lightened. No minister's library should be without them. We hope congregations desiring to add to their minister's literary possessions will not fail to think of this very excellent edition of Jonathan Edwards.

PRESBYTERIAN PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.
GILLET. Ancient Cities and Empires: Their Prophecy Doom; Read in the Light of History and Modern Research. By E. H. Gillet, author of "Life and Times of John Huss;" "England Two Hundred Years Ago;" "History of the Presbyterian Church;" &c. 12mo., pp. 302. \$1.75 or \$2.50. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee.

The aim of this volume is to exhibit in the light of modern research, the testimony of prophecy to the truth of the Scriptures, especially as it is illustrated in the history of great cities and empires. The author truly says, that the last quarter of a century has made large contributions to the elucidation of many of the subjects discussed by Newton and Keith, and refers to the new questions which since their day, have been raised in this department, and which require careful and candid consideration. With the aim, therefore, of giving these results of modern inquiry, and of presenting the whole subject in a new and fresh aspect, Dr. Gillet has gone over the main points of the subject, treating of Egypt, Nineveh and Assyria, Babylon, Petra, Babel, the cities of Moab and Ammon, Philistia, Tyre, Sidon, Samaria, Damascus, Jerusalem, the Seven Churches, and adding in a final chapter, a general survey of Scripture Prophecy. Within the limits of 302 pages, of course this work must be far from exhaustive or minute; and it is designed rather for popular than scientific purposes. For such ends it is admirably adapted. Its style is clear, terse and readable. The sentences are short. The subjects are managed in a way that proves the writer to have mastered the enormous amount of material, which might easily have overwhelmed and confused a less practised over. The choicest material is gleaned from the whole field of modern travel and placed in its proper relations to prophecy, so that one of the most deeply interesting and instructive treatises in the range of Biblical inquiry is the result. The illustrations are very numerous, and for the most part of great additional value.

HILDEBRUN. Flora Morris' Choice; or, "Be Not Conformed to the World." By Mrs. Mary J. Hildebrun, author of "Money," "Far Away," "Beside Lane's Mistake," &c. 16mo., pp. 320. \$1.25. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee.

Two sisters in a fashionable and ambitious family, are thrown into the society of plain but sterling and pious people, with contrary effects upon each. Flora acquires good sense and judgment, and chooses Mary's good part, after some struggles. Blanche persists in despising plain people, reads novels on Sunday, (and every day,) lounges on the bed, instead of learning to make it, goes to operas and matinees at theatres, falls in with a handsome gentlemanly fellow, who marries her secretly and deserts her in six months. Certain forms of amusement of worse than doubtful character, but which seem to be growing in popularity with respectable people, are held up to just reprobation, and a general rebuke administered to "fashionable" ways of rearing a family. There might be more vigor in the characterization and of dramatic force in the narrative. The externals of the book, engravings, &c., are very attractive.

G. SCRIBNER & CO.

BEECHER. Prayers from the Plymouth Pulpit. By Henry Ward Beecher. Phonographically Reported. 12mo., pp. 332. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.

This volume is equally unique as to contents and the history of its origin. Dr. John Marsh, the

venerable secretary of Temperance, upon frequent attendance at Plymouth Church, was so impressed and edited by the prayers, that for his own private use and enjoyment he procured a phonographer, and with his aid retained these parts of the exercises in a permanent form. They were such a high source of spiritual gratification, that having first gained the consent of Mr. Beecher himself, he concluded to publish them. Reports of a number of Lecture Room Prayers furnished from another source, have been added. These prayers are the out-pourings of a full heart, in child-like, humble, hopeful pleadings with an Infinite Father. They are more of the nature of devotional musings, than importunate petitions for the great objects of Christian activity. They are original and striking as is all that comes from that wonderfully gifted source, but they are not strained. It will help any one's devotional habits to read them.

PAULDING. Tales of the Good Woman. By a Doubtful Gentleman; otherwise, James K. Paulding. 8vo., pp. 492. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co. \$2.50.

The title of this new volume of Paulding's works, is but a string by which the various tales are loosely connected. They include "Memoir of the Unknown Author," "The Azure Hose"—an irony of Blue Stockingism, "The Dumb Girl," a sad tale of crime and its punishment; "Dyspepsy," a tale of Farm Life; "The Progress of the Age, Rvenge of St. Nicholas, Cobus Yerkes, Rede of St. Nicholas, The Politician. There is quite a semi-Addisonian humor and grace in these pieces, a sympathy with nature, and a contempt of all meanness and purse-proud vulgarity, but they are assuredly of no such high order of literary merit as to promise immortality to their author. Everything that externals can do to secure for these works a place in the library, has been done by publisher and printer.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.

THE WINTHROPES; or, Personal Effort. By the author of "The Minister's Wife." 18mo., pp. 304. Boston: American Tract Society. Philadelphia.

An intelligent family group consisting of minister, wife and two daughters, with few incidents contrive to make their discussions upon matters of domestic and church life, ministerial toil, trial and duty, highly interesting, suggestive and profitable. The characters are marked and well sustained. A degree of quiet humor spices the dialogue. The typography is good, the illustrations scarcely passable.

THE STORY OF JAMES MORAN. By the author of "Zadoc Hull," "A Sister's Story," &c. 18mo., pp. 280. Boston: American Tract Society. Philadelphia.

A temperance story of the time just previous to the enforcement of a prohibitory liquor law. The miseries brought upon a worthy but poor Irish family, by the shrewd deceptions of a covetous and a hard hearted dealer in drink, are told with great force and naturalness.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS WITH MAMMA. A Book for very little children. 18mo., pp. 93. Boston: American Tract Society. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.

Pleasant talks between mother and two young children on the Life of Jesus, illustrating how Sunday may be made a day of agreeable associations to the young, and how parents may fulfil their religious duties to their children in person and not by proxy. The wood cuts are printed in glaring red.

CHEESEBOROUGH. Home Work; or, Parochial Christianization. By Rev. A. S. Cheeseborough. 18mo., pp. 235. Boston: American Tract Society. Philadelphia: as above.

Much of a fragmentary and empirical character has been written latterly, upon the closer and more effective contact of the Church with the material upon which she is called to work within given territorial limits. The little volume before us treats the subject in a thorough, comprehensive and philosophical way, well calculated to give depth and permanence to the convictions on the subject which might otherwise prove transitory and inefficient. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, recommends it in an introduction.

McKEEVER. Heavenward—Earthward. By Harriet B. McKeever. 12mo., pp. 369. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigue & Co.

This is designed to illustrate the diverse tendencies of three different modes of family government—the sternly and unsympathizingly religious, the openly indifferent, and that dictated by a tender practical interest in the various wants and capacities of the household. The story is pervaded by an excellent spirit, but lacks movement and vigor. It is got up in the excellent style characteristic of the publishers.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

MACÉ'S FAIRY BOOK. Home Fairy Tales (Contes du Petit Chateau). By Jean Macé, Editor of the *Magasin d'Education*; Author of "The Story of a Mouthful of Bread," &c. Translated by Mary L. Booth, translator of "Martin's History of France," "Laboulaye's Fairy Book," &c. With engravings. 12mo., pp. 304. New York: Harper & Bro. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Last year, Messrs. Harper gave us an exquisite fairy book from the French of Laboulaye; this year, the same competent and experienced translator—Mary L. Booth—has prepared for these publishers, a translation from another less widely known French author. The tales are ingeniously constructed to feed a child's insatiable craving for the wonderful, and the best moral in intentions are evident in the mind of the writer, who is a warm friend and promoter of popular education in France, and a great admirer of our American Free Schools. The volume is got up in very at-