

Original Communications.

A SUMMER DAY IN SWITZERLAND.—IV.

IN AND ON THE GLACIER.

A few minutes' walk brings us to the bottom of the valley and to the edge of the glacier. To our left rises the Wetterhorn, a towering cone of rock, whose summit pierces the sky thousands of feet above us. To our right rises the Mettenberg, and standing thus at the very base of both these mountain monarchs, the view upwards is sublime indeed. Before us slants upwards the glacier, filling the gorge between the mountains. A stream, two or three yards wide and a foot or more deep, runs under the edge of the ice, not clear but butting and clouded. The only light that comes from which it issues, is that of the ice height above the surface. This is our peering gaze down into the crevasses. The water of the stream is the beginning of the stream is the lowering all. It appears to be a tunnel, a long tunnel, but right into the glacier. It is about nine or ten feet high, and the blue arch overhead. We turn to each other, and find that in the blue atmosphere we look like dead corpses. It is cold—exceedingly cold—and we knock off a piece of ice with our Alpen-stock and stick it up against the icy wall at our side. It freezes fast instantly and does not drop. We try a larger piece and it sticks to the perpendicular wall as though it were glued. We soon make our way out, and take an outside survey of where we have been. The ice was certainly fifty feet in thickness over our heads, and at the end of the grotto; yet it was as soft as day.

Professor Agassiz has said that the texture is much like that of a wet snow-ball compressed hard in the hands and then left to freeze. A snow-ball thus frozen is quite opaque, while I found the glacier ice to be not so clouded as to be almost opaque; though as I said above, not clear like our hard-frozen ice. Again the frozen snow-ball would be solid, not granular or of the crumbling nature of the glacier ice. Agassiz tells us that the ice is formed by the immense depth of the snow, causing heavy pressure on the lower portions of the mass. Then in summer the surface melts under the warm rays of the sun, and the water soaks down among the snow below and wets it thoroughly, like a sponge. At night this soaked snow freezes partially, and the next day the process is resumed. Then as winter approaches the thawing stops, the whole becomes solidly frozen. A new weight of snow is again deposited on the surface, which in the following summer melts again.

ON THE GLACIER.

But we must have a climb on the surface of the glacier, so the ladies sit down on some large stones to rest, and we step from the ground upon the slanting surface of ice and begin to ascend. By the aid of our Alpen-stocks we get along pretty well, mounting higher and higher. The ascent is so steep that it soon becomes very laborious. We walk around the ridges which are too steep to climb, and find an easier path. Presently our feet slip from under us, on a steep ascent and we come down flat, sliding back rapidly to a more level surface, but the sand and sharp pebbles have scratched our hands so that they bleed.

We see here and there large stones lying upon the surface. Who placed them there? They have fallen from some of the rocky cliffs back among the mountains, and been carried silently along perhaps for many miles, for the whole glacier moves, all summer long, though so slowly that the eye cannot perceive its motion.

Here is a deep crack full of water. It is ten feet long, six inches broad, and so deep that our Alpen-stock cannot touch the bottom. The water is perfectly transparent to the bottom, the bright blue sides of the fissure giving it a beautiful appearance. We see a number of these fissures as we proceed. The surface of the glacier is rough, being sprinkled with dust and small pebbles, which have melted little hollows for themselves, and sunk from a quarter to a half inch below the general surface. Here is a beautiful cascade. The stream comes down from the melting surface far up the glacier, and tumbles over a steep place fifty or sixty feet perpendicular.

No; it goes into a deep hole far down in the heart of the glacier, and must run off to the bottom.

GLACIER.

DANGERS OF above the edge of the glacier, and at level we started at. There are many streams and rivulets upon the surface of this summer sun. We have also several deep funnel-shaped holes, some of them twenty to fifty yards across, and as near the edge of one of them as we could get, we looked down, but the convex sides prevented our seeing any distance. The little streams near by ran into these funnels. As I was peering over, trying to see down one of them, my companion called to me, shuddering—"Come away, quick; don't you know you might easily slip down there, and it is certain death?" I saw my danger and stayed my curiosity. I have since learned that travellers have fallen down these immense funnels in this very glacier, and been killed before reaching the bottom, it is thought. A traveller once fell down one not far from the lower edge of this glacier, and after nearly freezing to death, crawled out at the stream as it issues from the edge, with one arm and a collar-bone broken. As you ascend, these funnels are eight hundred to one thousand feet deep, it is said.

Before long, I became quite exhausted with my climbing and my falls, and wished for some good iron creepers so that I could easier keep my feet and climb higher, for I was very anxious to see more of these greatest of nature's wonders; but wishing did not bring the creepers and I turned to descend. Now, if I had a sled, I might go sailing down like the wind I thought. But suppose the sled should go into one of those terrible funnels, as certainly it would! The thought was fearful and made my hair stand on end.

As far as we had climbed we met no snow—all was a hard ice-surface, melting and somewhat wet everywhere; but a mile beyond, and from half a mile to a mile higher up, the appearance was that of pure white snow, not icy and clouded like the surface we were walking upon. About one thousand feet above where we climbed to, the steep declivity ceased as though the glacier were dammed up, and beyond it lay more level. This more level surface was cut up in steep ridges and furrows, so steep and rough and high, that no one could walk upon them. I was anxious to get a nearer view of this portion of the glacier, and I cast my eyes along the mountains on each side of the glacier, to discover some path which would lead to it, but the steep rocky crags forbade the idea instantly, and I was compelled to content myself with a view through my opera-glass.

EDUCATION IN IOWA.—II.

Several years since, Lewis B. Parsons, a highly esteemed member of our Church, died, possessed of a large landed estate, of which he bequeathed between three and four thousand acres, to be devoted to the founding of an institution of learning, to be under the care, and to be the property of the Synod of Iowa, of the N. S. branch, until such time as there should be a reunion of the two branches, then to be the property of the re-united Church.

Various circumstances have prevented the carrying out of this benevolent design much beyond the time contemplated by him. At the present time Gen. Lewis B. Parsons and Charles Parsons, Esq., of St. Louis, his sons, who are both executors of his will, are in Europe, but expect to return to this country in October, and have informed me that as soon as they return, they will give their attention to the question, "Where shall this institution be located?" How much will be realized from this bequest, and from the donation of his sons, the executors, (which they have intimated it was their design to add from their own property to the bequest of their father,) it is impossible to estimate with near approach to correctness. That it will, however, be large, and constitute an important part of the foundation of a highly useful institution we cannot doubt.

The Trustees of the institution at Cedar Rapids, of which I wrote in my former communication, hope to secure the appropriation of the avails of this legacy to their Seminary. From their central location in the State, their accessibility by means of the numerous railroads meeting at that point, and the amount of endowment they already have, and to which they are prepared in the future to make large additions, they believe, the executors of the Parsons estate will give Cedar Rapids the preference over any other location. They are, however, well aware that Des Moines, Marshalltown, and other places are competitors for the location of this bequest. If the executors on examination of the claims and prospects of these several places, shall give the preference to Cedar Rapids, then the trustees will enlarge their plans to a corresponding extent, securing additional funds, both from their own citizens and from the friends of our Church throughout the States, and build up an institution worthy of the men whose names will be so vitally identified with its existence, and of the Presbyterian interest in this great State of Iowa. But if the Messrs. Parsons see fit to locate their fathers' legacy elsewhere, the trustees will renew their efforts at home, and among the

friends of education abroad in the State and elsewhere, and ensure a first-class collegiate institution. Of this our friends at home and abroad may rest assured—that the enterprise will be a success. We do indeed need very much the sympathy and aid of our friends in the older States, not to do our work or relieve us of our responsibility, but to supplement our own endeavors and furnish for the youth of our own Church in this State those means of education which their highest good demands, but which at present we are not fully able to furnish without such assistance. H. H. KELLOGG. Marshalltown, Iowa, Aug. 4, 1868.

SUMMER RAMBLES.

BY REV. PETER STEYKER, D. D.

MY DEAR DR. MEARS:—It is an old saying that a flock without a shepherd is apt to scatter. But how with a shepherd when the flock run away from him? What can he do but run also; and if in his wanderings he find any of his stray sheep he is fortunate. The pastor of the North Broad Street church discovered that the hot sun of July had driven away from Philadelphia nearly all his people, and so shouldering his crook, he concluded to seek a little fresh air for himself. Where shall he go? Well, perhaps Cape May is the best locality for him to visit. There he can see Philadelphia on a rampage, hopping in the parlor, tumbling heels up, in the surf, rolling lazily in all sorts of vehicles, walking, fishing, in short, doing a great deal of everything, with perhaps a single exception. They don't seem to pray much.

Well, my dear Mr. Editor, this is a great place to study human nature. You see humanity here in its real condition. Go to a hotel at the seashore if you want to learn character. You are sure to find it divested of all its usual disguises. But I need not let you into the inner chambers. As you have been lately at Atlantic City, doubtless you have seen quite enough of poor human nature to suit you. Besides, we can see people anywhere, although not in the same simplicity as here. But there are sights here which we cannot find in the Keystone Metropolis, and we must glance at these.

We ride around to the Cape May Lighthouse. It is about three miles distant, near the steam-boat landing. It is six o'clock in the afternoon, and we learn the time for seeing the interior of this superstructure is limited from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. The door is locked. Approaching the gentlemanly and intelligent-looking keeper we inquire, "Is there no admission for us?" "No, sir, you are after time," is his reply as he points to the plain notice on the door.

"Yes, but I am a stranger, and did not know about this rule, and here are my wife and children very anxious to see the lighthouse." "I am sorry, my friend, but this is our rule, and, moreover, it is now nearly time to light up and we cannot be troubled with visitors."

Here we saw some tactics were necessary. So we remarked blandly, "I am a clergyman, sir, and men of our profession often are compelled to take trouble for others, and that too at very inconvenient seasons oftentimes." "Ah, you are a clergyman, are you," said our interlocutor. "Pray where are you settled?" "Over the North Broad Street Presbyterian church," was our modest reply.

A change at once was visible. The "open sesame" had been uttered. "Are you a Presbyterian?" You must be accommodated. I too am a Presbyterian. Walk in, my friend."

And so the door flew open, and we ascended the 199 steps and saw the interior of one of the finest lighthouses in the world. More than this, we had a full explanation of its wonderful scientific arrangement, by which flashes of light are given which can be seen many miles distant. The prisms are very beautiful, forming a lantern eleven feet in length and about eight feet in diameter. We saw the lighting of it too, which to the juveniles was quite a show, for when the keeper was inside of the prisms he was magnified to fully double his size, making decidedly the largest Presbyterian we ever saw.

We must tell you a little joke here. Since we visited the lighthouse we were informed that a good Baptist brother some time since, like ourselves, came with a party after the regular hours. Being denied admission, he announced himself as Dr. B—n of Philadelphia. The good keeper thinking it was Dr. B—n, the Old School Presbyterian divine, most cordially welcomed him and his party. This was somewhat of a sell, but I do not know that our Baptist brother intended it as such.

But we have taken so long to tell this story we must hasten to conclude our rambling epistle. We cannot take you with us to Diamond Beach to secure your fortune, or to the inlet to catch blue fish and sheeps' heads, or to the large hotels to see the people, or to the beach to take a roll in the surf.

We must say, however, that there is a prayer meeting every morning at 9 o'clock, held week about in the churches, and that it is a most refreshing service. Warm-hearted people gather to stimulate each other to duty, and unitedly seek for grace. How sweet the songs of praise! How earnest the voice of prayer! How like heaven the spot! Oh where so fit a place to bow in reverence and joy, with supplication and praise, before the great Jehovah, as on the sea-shore? Look out upon the mighty deep. See its power and

majesty. Hear its solemn intonations. And, over and above it all, comes the voice mightier than that of many waters, the voice of Him who controls the winds and waves, saying, when he will, "Peace, be still." O, troubled soul, does he speak thus to thee? Dear brother, be it our mission to lead the terrified, the burdened, to Him who subdued tempestuous Galilee, and whisper in their ear, "Jesus can give you peace." Cape May, August 8th, 1868.

REV. A. M. STEWART'S LETTERS.—XI.

AUSTIN TO BELMONT.

Belmont, Nevada.

Austin is the central point in Nevada from which supplies are drawn to the mining districts in the middle, Northern, Eastern and Southern portions of the State. Little, apparently, is made of distance by prospectors, miners and traders in this all but limitless territory, Nevada being the third in size among our thirty-seven States. The people of Austin talk about their suburbs as would a Bostonian, New Yorker, or Philadelphian about their adjacent villages with which they are hourly connected by railroad. On inquiry, however, you learn that one suburb of Austin is distant 90 miles, another 100; the next 125—225 and so on; with no railroads to connect—stages to a few—more generally by ox and mule teams; in light wagons, on horseback and on foot.

After preaching four Sabbaths in Austin, arrangements were made for a visit to Belmont a hundred miles South East. Two years ago no white habitation was in or near where Belmont now is. At present, there are a thousand people with all the bustle and appliances of civilized life. A vein of silver in the mountain was the carcass which drew the eagles so hastily together.

THE JOURNEY.

In order to render my journey more pleasant as well as speedy, a man in Belmont, who believes in mingling the gospel with mining, sent his buggy and two horses the 100 miles to convey me across mountain and valley. And a more interesting and speedier journey without change of horses it has not been my privilege to make. The region through which we passed is wholly uninhabited, save a lonely Ranch at long distances, in some way connected with the mail route. The term RANCH, in its Nevada acceptance, will be heard of again.

Leaving Austin at 2 P. M., the setting sun found us forty miles distant, where, like Jacob on his lonely tramp to Pandan-Aram, we lighted on a certain place and tarried there all night—and a more strange, weird, lonely, desolate place it would not be easy to find on our globe. It is in the midst of the almost boundless SMOKY VALLEY, as it is named on new maps of Nevada.

A DEAD SEA.

A small lake, a vast salt-marsh and soda-field, which in expansion and surroundings must far excel that famous vale of Sodom with its Dead Sea and valley of the Jordan. This Smoky Valley itself is larger than all Palestine—four hundred miles long and twenty-five wide; with ranges of mountains on either side higher than Lebanon, having numerous peaks constantly in view as we journeyed, and covered with snow under the bright July sun. "Smoky Valley" is certainly a misnomer. The air is so disenchantedly clear that the local color of things is not changed at twenty-five miles distance.

A PROPRIETOR.

A family from Wisconsin has lit upon this sea of desolation as a home—erected a rude structure for a dwelling and established squatter sovereignty—laid a preemption upon the salt marsh. During the winter and spring, the little salt lake which has no outlet, is swelled by the rains and streams from the adjacent snow mountains, so as to cover thousands of additional acres. As the dry season advances this overflow evaporates, leaving the ground covered with a heavy incrustation of salt; and strange enough, the ground in one section of the marsh is left covered with a heavy deposit of soda. Salt being largely used as a flux in obtaining the silver from the crude ores, ox and mule teams come long distances from the surrounding mining districts to these natural deposits for this necessary commodity. With what help the squatter sovereign can obtain the salt, during the dry summer months, is scraped together into heaps and sold, at large profits to the proprietor, though at moderate rates to the wagoners.

ALKALIES.

To such an extent do the abounding alkalies pervade everything in the region, that the skin of those who gather the salt often breaks out into blotches, and goggles have to be worn over the eyes to prevent blindness, from the glare of the sun reflected from the crystallized salt and soda.

PIUTE INDIANS.

At the time of our visit, the proprietor had engaged half a dozen Piute Indians, who abound here, to gather salt. Necessity sometimes compels these miserable, lazy, filthy beings to work. Next morning a Chinaman—Yes, John Chinaman, for hire had come to this desolation and engaged as cook,—John gave the Indians their breakfast outside the door. Hard to say whether John or the Indians were the more miserable specimen of physical humanity. Certainly there was an unmistakable degraded likeness. An old Indian, looking more like a baboon than a man, taking his cup of coffee, piece of bread and chunk of cold meat went and squatted himself down in the road where the wagons had worked the earth, salt and soda several inches deep—dry and fine; laid his eatables down in the dust and commenced devouring them, much as a Chimpanzee monkey would an apple.

OUR HOSTESS.

To our pleasant and intelligent hostess it was propounded, "Are you content to live in a place of such utter loneliness and desolation?" "Oh yes, this is home now." Home is home, no doubt; but to dwell content such conditions certainly requires the powers of adaptation of an early Jesuit Missionary.

VEGETATION AROUND THE MARSH.

The graphic pen of a late tourist through the Holy Land, a woman, (the grandiloquence of our

gentlemen tourists never lets them down to such small, yet very important items), this lady traveler—thanks to her—writes of the vegetation on the shore of the Dead Sea: "A few pale green shrubs that seems rather to have that strong, unchanging life of coralines, than the fresh, varying, expanding life of plants—rather grey than green, with wiry stalks that have hardly energy to develop themselves into leaves." Word painting this; and equally descriptive had it been written of the vegetation around this sea of death.

The remainder of our journey to Belmont again. A. M. STEWART.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD PINE ST. CHURCH.

BY A VIRGINIAN.—NO. 2.

My Philadelphia friends have sent me papers containing accounts of the recent centennial celebration at Pine St. church, which were highly interesting to me. Could it have been so, I would have liked to have collected and carried there my basket full of some of the beautiful wild flowers which grow in these mountains, and strewed them upon the graves of the beloved ones, who took me under their care in my childhood.

"Only the actions of the just
Small sweet and blossom in the dust."

Twenty years of my earlier life were passed in the city of Philadelphia, among warm friends and dear relatives. Here I was educated, and here "trained up in the way I should go," being regularly trotted off every Sabbath morning and afternoon to Pine St. church; and at night instructed in the Shorter Catechism, which made part of the famous and never-to-be-forgotten book, *The New England Primer*.

A dear old aunt of mine, who died in 1825; at the advanced age of ninety-two years, I think must have been one of the first members of the "HILL CHURCH." I have often heard her speak in the most affectionate manner of Dr. Duffield; also of Dr. Smith, in whose days the *black silk gown* was generally worn by the clergy, in preaching and attending funerals. It appears that Dr. Smith had no great partiality for this garment, as he would frequently, after attending a funeral, come out of his way to my aunt's house, for the purpose of disrobing himself; and would then walk home with his *auds* under his arm. With him, I am inclined to believe, the *gown* disappeared from the Pine St. pulpit, as I never heard of his successor wearing one.

Dr. Milledoler appears to have been a very great favorite of the Pine St. people, particularly of the younger portion. It is my impression that a revival took place during his ministry, when many young persons joined the church; which in some measure will account for their attachment to him. It is said of Dr. Milledoler, that he was a minister of the Gospel for several years, before he became a converted man. I heard him preach several times after he left Pine St. church, and he was remarkable for the earnestness of his manner.

When I returned to Philadelphia, in 1806, there were in the city proper, only four Presbyterian churches. The Fourth had just been built for Dr. George Potts, at the Corner of 5th and Gaskill streets. The Second on Arch street, was under charge of Drs. Green and Janeway. The pulpits of the First, (Market St.) and of the Third, (Pine St.) were then vacant. These, however, were shortly afterwards supplied by those two eminent divines, whose names will ever hold an exalted place in the Presbyterian Church. I allude to Dr. James P. Wilson, and Dr. Archibald Alexander.

It will appear from the above that Presbyterianism for a long time made but slow progress in Philadelphia; as upwards of forty years intervened between the building of the Third and Fourth churches; the one being put up in 1768; the other in 1805 or 1806.

And what has now become of those old places of worship? Pine St. alone has escaped the work of demolition. May her walls resound to a preached Gospel for many generations to come. I recollect when Hymns were not sung in Pine St. The pews were well supplied with *Psalm* books; the title pages of some of them read: "Psalms of David in metre by Isaac Watts, D. D., adapted for worship in the Church of the United States, by Joel Barlow." What a strange association of names, as the characters of those two men are now known to us! Perhaps some of those books may still be in existence.

After Dr. Alexander came to Pine St., he occasionally gave out one of *Watts' Hymns*; and then in singing, the lines were parcelled out by the Clerk. After some time, the congregation supplied themselves with *Hymn* books, and they gradually came into use with the *Psalms*. One of Dr. Alexander's favorite *Psalms*, commenced with the line,

"I'll praise my Maker with my breath;" this was marked "Particular metre," and I used to think our Precentor, Mr. Jacob Mitchell, always endeavored to sing it particularly well. The words and tune are given on the table of my heart, as if "written with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond."

When Mr. Mitchell wished to introduce a new tune into the congregation, it was previously practised on the evenings for prayer-meeting.

Have the ancients of Pine St. any knowledge of a certain Indian, that a very long time ago, I saw about the church? He was tall and decently clad; and I was informed had been in the habit during the summer season, for some years, of making his appearance there; but would never go inside of the church. He stood without, at the east window, where he attentively listened to the preaching. I was farther told, that he came across the river from New Jersey, and had a stand at the new market, Second and Pine Sts., where he disposed of melons in their season. I mention this circumstance, in hopes there may be others living, who can corroborate it, and tell us something about this "Last of the Mohicans."

In one of my last visits to Philadelphia, about twenty years ago, I went to hear Rev. Dr. Brauer preach. In this however, I was disappointed. The congregation were then worshipping in their new modified church, which was crowded. It had, I thought, rather a confined appearance, and the air was oppressive for want of breathing room. Besides, that night the gas-lights got into a freak, and refused to perform their part; at one time threatening to leave us in utter darkness.