# Ariginal Communications.

LETTERS FROM A GARRET,-I. BY Z. M. H.

MR. EDITOR :- Letters from the country are no novelties in these summer days. The breath of the hills and the meadows breathes through the columns of city journals. Will there be too much dust in letters from a garret? Carlyle is much dust in letters from the rubbish of anti- for another day. Good Dr. Dryasdust severe upon the sifters of the charm of a New as go down to dinner. Z. M. II. tiquity. He never knew the most fascinative Pittsfield, Mass., Aug. 11, 1868. England garret—one of the most fascinative Pittsfield, Mass., Aug. 11, 1868. places in the world to a man who is chief customed to the perpetual flavor of customed to the perpetual hard and which pervades American society thing; which pervaues character to all our daily association him get tired of Dr. Dryasdustacred place where the mould of antiothe well swept but here it is a refreshed in the treasures into his favorite old boxes take the above the garner precious wood below, bed-rooms, we chair offers you the most

ou, without being able to reach you. There is eral ineffectual attempts. such a suggestion of disappointed effort on the part of the rain, which seems to be struggling to get at you and the dust about you—sounding on sible for such a mass, such millions of tons of ice. the shingles as if it would split them, driving in bulky as a mountain inverted, to move at all. under them to wfind some crevice for entrance, angrily knocking off the moss on their edges as if it had grown there on purpose to close up all possible seams. And then when the gust is let to the glacier. For nearly a quarter of a over, and there is only the sound of a few languid drops falling from overhanging boughs. you glory more than ever in your protection and in that of the relics of other days about carried down the surface of the ice were lying

No garret is worthy of the name, which is well-kept. It must be more or less littered, or it loses one of its principal charms. There must be papers scattered on the floor. Bits of old finery must be seen peeping out of chests, or hanging from under the lids of ancient trunks. Do you know, Mr. Editor, what manner of thing an old trunk is? Let me describe this one in the corner. It is not rectangular. It has no fresh Saratoga air. It is battered as to its leather; it is eccentric as to its curves. It seems to have been modeled after one of the mountains you can see through that dim window. It rises was intended for journeys made in chaises, where the stream issued. such as Holmes has immortalized in one of his poems, so comic and yet so serious. That long that the stream issuing from the lesser glacier across their breast and below the other arm. slope, you see, was meant to fit under the curve of the vehicle beneath the seat. There was once a lock on the front of the receptacle; but what would be the appropriateness of a lock now, when we are so anxious to explore the interior? Could such a trunk, in its present position, be complete, if it did not show glimpses of what it contains through the crack made by its ill-fitting eternal bank of ice? . I must bring them home. lid? Open it, and tell me, did you ever imagine such fabrics could be made by the needle? A scared out of its life, though a mountain of freezwee body in short clothes, once said when giving ling death is close beside it. her nurse a lecture on the superiority of the Creator over the creature, "When God would met the ground, to see if any traces of its having make the light, he only says, 'Let there be moved were visible. The ice I found not frozen light and there is light. When he would make into the ground, as I expected, but separate from a little girl he says, 'Let there be a little girl;' it, so that I could put my hand under the edge, and there is one; but when we would make a and in some places, run my alpen-stock under, as collar, we can't say Let there be a collar.' We far as it would go. In many places, the edge of have to take a needle and a scissors, and go to the ice was a foot above the ground, and as it work!" A good sermon truly; but how could any mortal ever have taken "a needle and a scissors" to make such fabrics as those which this trunk contains? How is it possible to im- I had had sufficient time and strength, nothing agine that such curious gear as this could ever be worn; or if that is possible, what odd people four or five poles in line across the glacier from they must have been who could consider such mountain to mountain, and next day to have things befitting their style! Did our grandmothers have any waists at all? Did they not have enormous heads, to wear such bonnets? How in that time. I would not have waited for a did they arrange their hair? Heads they must | theodolite to demonstrate accurately the motion. have possessed—and shoulders. As for the rest, -well, their children were not so much mistaken when they fancied that old-fashioned clothes pins flowing down to be melted off, as all the philosowere like enough to the human form to serve as dolls. This, however, is only imagination. I worn smooth by the rubbing of the ice, but could am sure that no one was ever more comely than my grandmother, however she was dressed, and I am certain that my grand-children will think upon one. that present fashions are wonderful combinations.

But what is in that "hair trunk," studded children collected with books and papers, and men carrying him are at hard work. The sweat ger than I did.

knitting, and slates, and pens, and per the associations it recalls shine as hy

he memory.
In these boxes covered travel. In these boxes coverer travel: how well-school books, books eaten; but how much science, of biolog gone they were fresh thumbed; her

prized why floor are three bulky folio's: The and newder; six volumes from the com-Lift of the paper in 1816. Ah! here is

## From the Note-Book of our Travelling Corres-

DOES THE GLACIER REALLY MOVE?

Agassiz has told us that he observed the mo tion of the glacier downwards from the mountain to the end which is constantly melting off. I was anxious to observe some traces of the motion, and tried my best to climb the side of of past is can find.

the glacier, to observe where it would grind against the rocky walls of the mountain. My efforts were unavailing. The climbing had altered just above your head is decready exhausted me, and as I approached the You have such a sense of security sides, the surface was more uneven, with more the storm when it expends its force close to steep ridges to climb, and I gave it up after sev-

In fact, it seemed as if the whole movement theory was incorrect; -as though it were impos-As I walked and slid down towards the bottom, however. I looked more closely at the little valley we had just crossed, in coming from the chamile beyond the edge of the ice, in a semicircle, the valley had evidently been one day covered by the glacier. The rough stones that had been scattered around, some of them several tons in weight. The surface of the ground was totally barren, as if ploughed over; no grass nor bushes of any kind growing; and I at once satisfied myself that that whole surface had once been covered by the glacier. After descending, I asked the guide if it were not so? "Oh yes," said he, "fifteen years ago, the ice covered all this hollow, filling it up to the edge quite full, and we began to climb on the ree at the top of the hollow, and not down at the bottom." Evidently, during the last fifteen years, the end of the mass had been melting off more rapidly than the glacier had pushed itself forward from the gorge precipitously from the floor on one side, and The little hollow, once filled with ice, now empslopes away gradually on the other side with a ty, was, perhaps, one hundred feet deep and gentle inward curve. It was "built" for use in semicircular around the bottom of the glacier. those good old days when railways were not. It with a radius of 500 to 800 feet from the point leaning forward and bearing their weight upon according to sex had obtained some article of

> down the valley, comes out of an arch in the ice seventy or eighty feet high, we should certainly have visited it before leaving the region—just to had seen before—women carrying heavy loads on get a view into the body of the glacier.

Close to the edge of the ice, in the hollow, I pulled a handful of little yellow flowers. How and show my friends how a tiny flower cannot be

I examined the lower edge of the ice, where it shelved down to a thin edge, I broke off large pieces with my foot. This showed plainly the probability of the mass moving all the time. If would have pleased me more than to have set sighted the line again, to observe the two or three feet of motion that would have taken place But there are sights beyond, and we take it for granted that the glacier does move, every year, phers asssert. In vain I had searched for rocks not stay to hunt them up more thoroughly. It would have been a great comfort to have come

## AN ANTIQUATED AND DUSTY CUSTOM.

The day began to decline, and we had a long ride before us, so with regret we turned our backs with brass nails, and edged with a scolloped upon the glacier and mounted our horses for the fringe of leather? Nothing but an old astral homeward march. Our Alpine guide was in high lamb. How well'I remember that lamp in the glee and warbled out some of his songs nobly. In days of its glory-when kerosene was unknown, In fact, he started all of us to singing, so that, when gas was one of the wonders of New York alternately, we gave him an American song, and and London when stately whalers flooked in and he gave us a Swiss, and the time flew rapidly. parlor table when that lamp was lighted! What ried by two stont Swiss mountaineers. The genpleasant evenings were those when parents and theman sits back leisurely, comfortably, while the

The runs down their faces and they set down their load as we pass, to take a breath. "Does this knitting, and slates, and possible shed its last ras ever in lamp has long since shed its last ras ever in law ever yes! Be sure and go into the grotto," we reply, Yankce question.

way back to Interlachen. Just before us, another dust us quite unpleasantly; so we urged our driver to pass it; but he objected, and we then fell back to escape the dust. This was too slow travel. so we again urged the driver to go faster. He did; but kept immediately in the dust cloud. We again urged him to pass the other carriage, but gic at the temporary terminus of some westward to no purpose. Finally the other carriage stopped to water the horses. Now we are free, certainly, -" Drive on! don't stop to water," we said; but no, he must water his horses, too. So we hurried him up, so as to be off, ahead of the slow coach. What was our chagrin to find him start off leisurely just behind it again. When we remonstrated, he told us it would never do to pass it. It was not the custom: and we absolutely discovered that they all adhere to a rigid custom, never to pass a fellow-traveler on the same road. We offered him additional pay, but it was of no avail, and we arrived at our hotel completely powdered with dust; slate color, the whole party, carriage, horses, rider and travellers. They have other strange customs, these drivers. If you are riding only one or two in a carraiage with plenty of room for more, and meet a friend walking in the road, they will not allow you to stop and take him in. Not on any account. It is not the custom.

DEGRADATION OF WOMEN. We now pass, women laboring in the hay-fields An old woman, not much, under sixty-five years of age, we thought, was tying a load of hay on a pulled and strained at the rope, we pitied her. They don't load hay loosely on a cart or wagon, as we do, but they work it into a ball or bundle, binding it tight with ropes, in every direction. The old woman was doing alone, what would be ample work for two stout men, and we had no doubt that she pulled the load home when properly fastened, for, there was no horse or donkey any where in view

Half a mile further along the road, we met similar load tied on the same kind of a cart, with a man in the shafts where we put a horse; but he was not pulling. He only appeared to be guiding the load, for on one side of him was a woman, we took it to be his wife, and on the other Our ladies were horrified at the sight; but con- the squaws and younger ones were not to be retheir backs in a large basket or pannier, fastened over each shoulder by a sling. The baskets would hold over a bushel, being a yard long, nearcould they grow there, not five yards from that Iy half a yard wide at the top, and tapering down to a point. Others we had seen carrying water in a tub made to fit the back, and slung over the shoulders in the same manner. The woman backs by the Committee of Arrangements and invited up to a fountain, lets the tub run full, then bends forward and walks off with 50 to 100 lbs. of water. Others we had seen sawing wood in the streets; others sweeping the streets with great birch brooms, such as our street-sweepers use.

## INTERLACHEN AGAIN.

We had engaged the carriage for twenty five francs but could not settle for less than five france additional pour boire. The twenty-five francs is for the carriage and horses, and the five for the driver, yet the driver was the owner of the whole concern. The state of a constraint

We soon brushed off the dust and were seated good Victoria Hotel ; mountain trout, and choice raspberries, equal to any "antwerps" we get at home. helped to render the dinner more acceptable to our hungry party. We had a delightful day; so cool and bracing the air, so exciting and in teresting the sights and incidents; but we felt a ter supper, much as one feels when he returns to the city after a long stay at the sea side. The bracing cool sea air is wanting, and the city feels' so hot and close. We had been delightfully cool with our overcoats on, nearly all day, and now we could scarcely endure the ordinary pleasant temperature of the valley.

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME! Every pleasant day must have an end. Weary, but with heads full of mountains, echoes of presently we waked up with a start and a jerk, speed down the surface of the glacier, and all day-school papers. going headlong into one of those funnels. Ah Juogfrau, and all is forgetfulness.

REV. A. M. STEWART'S LETTERS-XII. BELMONT, NEVADA.

July 20th, 1868.

As may be seen by the map, this place is about atting are books: and pass on. That man is an American surely, as far out of reach as town can be, in the vast for no Englishman would ask the usual practical mineral regions of California and Nevada. Twenty-seven months ago, civilized being claim-At the Grand Eiger hotel we settle with our ed nought of interest within a hundred miles of guides, giving each a franc over the price agreed | this vicinity. The Shoshonee Indians held unupon, pour boire (for drink), as is the custom all | disputed sway. Now, a city-in this region alover Europe with hackmen, porters and guides of most every place where human habitation becomes every sort. We were soon in our carriage, on our doubled is called a city-a city is here now, with precincts numbering a thousand people. Nor in carriage set out, and kept far enough ahead to the wide world would it be easy to find a more bustling, busy, scheming, changing, intelligent population. INTELLIGENCE whetted, sharpened, bent, twisted, screwed and doubled seems to have absorbed all other human attributes and virtues.

> That such a town as this should rise as by ma bound railroad, may be slight cause of wonderment. Its inhabitants, goods and even houses, can be brought easily, quickly, and cheaply by rail. But for such a busy mart of human interests to rise so speedily in this far, out-of-the-way mountain region, where there is no timber with which to build houses, no necessary article of human use or consumption, but must be hauled in ox or mule wagons a distance of four hundred miles over mountain and valley-boxes of goods, for this region have been six months on the way by reason of snow on the mountains-yet for all these things, that a city should rise within the space of a few months, does seem marvellous. No other promptings save the love of money and the hopes of speedy gain could accomplish such re-

#### MINISTERIAL VISIT.

My visit to preach for three Sabbaths, and enquire specially into the moral condition and wants of the people, has been full of newnes- and interest-for this is a gospel field entirely new, where minister of Jesus had not labored,

Arriving on July the 3d, the entire population were found to be in the bustle of busy preparation for the celebration of to-morrow. Our Union is safe. By no possibility can it be dissolved. These Belmontese, almost out of reach, one would suppose, of Union sympathies, as they are from communion with the rest of mankind, joined with li tle cart; she was alone in the field, and as she as great fervor, and more unanimity in commemorating the glorious Fourth, than could or did the people of Philadelphia or Chicago.

#### THE CELEBRATION.

A procession must needs be formed, which proved unique and truly Western. A band of such music as could be raised took the lead. An impromptu fire-company of a hundred stalwart men went next, in red flannel shir's; and as no fire engine was within three or four hundred miles, their long rope between the double file was attached to a wheeled carriage fantastically decorated; on which, and under a canopy, sat a young miss arrayed in queenly state. The remainder of the nonulation followed in such conveyance as could be had—wagons, buggies, on horseback; and on foot. And what to me proved the most interesting feature-large delegations of Shoshonee Indians, braves, squaws, youngsters, his daughter. They both were pulling hard, and papooses joined in the celebration. Each one a rope sling that was fastened to the cart and white man's or woman's clothing - a cast off one manifestation of delight.

#### PLACE OF CONGREGATING. This was a space in front of a large Mining

Company's office, about a hundred feet square. enclosed by small pine trees set firmly in the ground and close together, and the entire space overed with an immense muslin awning.

On my arrival in Belmont, I was waited upon to act as Chaplain-not merely, it was suggested, to offer a formal prayer, but to read the Scriptures and have any other religious exercises I might deem appropriate.

The singing, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, select speaking, original poem and oration, would have done no discredit to Independence Square and before a Philadelphia audi-

## PREACHING.

At the close of the celebration, the officer of the day announced that the Chaplain would preach under the awning on to-morrow, at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. At the Sabbath morning service quite a large congregation assembled, and in the evening almost the entire city-came toat the late dinner, (nearly 8 o'clock,) of our gether. It seemed like many a well remembered good Victoria Hotel:—mountain trout and choice camp scene, and how much I felt at home! The services on the two succeeding Sabbaths have been held in the only hall in the city, which had been fitted up for a theatre, but, for causes unknown, that institution has become extinct. Although in the place no cessation in worldly business is made on the Sabbath, yet at each successive service the congregation grew in numbers and apparent interest. I am sorry that appointments elsewhere take me away so soon.

## SABBATH-SCHOOL

An telder in the New School Presbyterian Church found his way here a year ago, and being an earnest Christian, at once started a little Sab., men and women, though no one cares for the bath-school. Although almost unaided, he has souls of the perishing masses? Is it not considsince continued the good work. Since my coming ered the chief business of Theological Seminaries the school has been greatly enlarged, and has Alpine music, chalets, beggars, glaciers, guides, started anew with increased prospects of usefulraspberries, ice, grottoes, working women and ness. About five hundred dollars have been raised dust, we lay down to sleep. At first the procession through our mind was orderly enough; but Seats, chairs, table, blackboard and cabinet or in coin, to increase the efficiency of the school. gan have been provided for the ball. One hunas we sat on the top of a load of hay, our whole dred and fifty dollars have been sent for a librar heed to the Wordward be saved. Let us have party, harnessed in and pulling its with frightful, ry, and also money for a hundred copies of Sun-

ay school papers.

The new arrangements went into effect on last agents, merchants, and ladies of education and G. W. M. but in reality, all were in Christ Jesus.

Having no direct communication with the good brethren of the Sunday-school Union, and this locality being far beyond the present reach of their agents-through you we commend to them the Sabbath-school of Belmont, Nevada,-not for pecuniary help as that is not needed; but that it be numbered among the increasing throng of these institutions everywhere blessing our land. Perhaps for long months to come this Sabbathschool may be the only means of moral and religious instruction in and around this mining region. The Church at large should not allow it long to be said, as it may now perhaps in truth. "Our Home Missionary Society has neither the man nor the means to send us a Missionary to

To-morrow, a friend comes for me in his buggy from Ophir Canyon, sixty miles distant. Ophir is another silver city of the mountain, as yet unvisited by Gospel minister After being there and preaching you will again hear from A. M. STEWART.

EARNESTNESS IN THE DELIVERY OF SERMONS.

BY REV. C. R. BURDICK.

I was greatly interested in an admirable letter by Doctor H. A. Nelson, to Doctor Cuyler, in the Evangelist, some months ago, with reference to his equally interesting article on "Pulpit Fire." It suggested anew some old questions. As they pressed heavily upon my mind I would like to repeat them for many of our churches and their pastors to read and ponder over. Is not a proper delivery of sermons greatly undervalued and neglected in our churches and by our ministers? Is not earnestness, vehemence, looked upon with suspicion and repudiated as mere rant? Does not the prevailing taste prefer a mild, unimpassioned essay style of delivery? If a man can write a smooth, easy, elegant sermon, is not a proper delivery of it considered of less than secondary importance? Has not custom rather than the intrinsic merits of the prevailing style, educated such a taste? It is quite possible for habit to make men prefer the worse instead of the better, and if I am not mistaken, a vehement earnestness is distasteful to many churches, more because they are not accustomed to it, than because they see any want of adaptation in it to reach and move men. If they would educate themselves to more earnestness and fervor and even noise-if it be not the mere thumping upon an empty barrel they would like such a style better.

Why should noise in the pulpit, if it be expressive of true sentiment and emotion, as surely it may be,—as much as from the grand organ which speaks from the other end of the housestartle the ears of the most refined audience? Would they improve Niagara by having it hush its thunder notes to stupid whispers, as it pours its endless cataclysms over the precipice? sure the spray and the rainbows which glitter around the cataract are beautiful to look upon, but its chief charm is in the idea of power which its mighty voice and its world of waters convey to the mind. Noise and the volume of its waters are blended in the convey the most commensurate idea of the power of the gospel to the greatest number, even if it be by vehement voice and gesture when such may be made expressive of the greatest felt earnestness, should be demanded by the church s and cultivated by the Had we known then, as we afterwards learned, passed around their bodies over one shoulder, perchance—and had doffed it in honor of the ministry vastly more than it is. People of tender occasion The sullen gravity of the braves would nerves may educate themselves to prefer the tinnot allow them to manifest their pleasure; but kle of the contemptible little fountain in some rich man's yard, instead of the noise of the catacluded that it was really no worse than what we strained, becoming almost unbounded in their ract, but the spontaneous tribute of the human heart is laid upon the shrine of the cataract, when the melody of its great anthem first breaks upon the air. Men have not to cultivate the habit of giving attention to that. So men may educate themselves to love best the nice utterances of mere pulpit essayists, who repress all emotion from their style, but the spontaneous tribute of the masses is paid to the orator who follows nature in giving expression to ideas, sentiments and emotions, by not only appropriate words, but also appropriate tones and gestures.

It seems to me, and I am profoundly impressed

with the thought, that the great want of the Church and the ministry in our tim's is an intenser earnestness in their great mission. When all feel this as they ought, vehement delivery will be less distasteful. Young ministers, and old ones, too, will be less controlled by the bugbear of "rant" when they are moved to cry aloud to perishing souls to warn them from destruction. It should not be lost sight of, that audiences which have cultivated "the power and habit of giving close attention to the truth for its own sake," in that "plain, calm, quiet style" of delivery which prevails so largely among us, constitute but a small minority of these who must hear the gospel or perish. The masses have no taste for such a style and will not be attracted by it. So while a thousand go to hear such preaching ten thou sand stay away. The great question of the age is how to reach the ten thousand. And here let me ask solemnly are not many of our ministers, our "plain; calm, quiet" doctors of divinity, to liable to be content with their cultivated audiences, and to make it about their only study to interest and please them, while the tramp of the masses, outside, in their dead march to perdition, is heard with comparative indifference? Is it not about the chief aim of many churches to fill their pews tolerably well with cultivated to prepare first class ministers for first class churches? In the mame of our Master I treat the watchmen upon the walls of Zion 13 blow the trumpet louder, and it may be some of those perishing masses will hear the blast, think

more of the oratory of pature that swells of from a full heart and speaks with the quivering yes, only a dream; we thought so at the time, so Sabbath, with the organization of ten classes and The great danger, as it seems to me that we turn over and the glacier melts from view. an adult Bible class, there being a teacher for our young ministers and attaches will make out of the barbor of New Bedford, bringing un. We soon meet other parties going up to the glaMount Eiger grows smaller, and is somehow each. A more intellectually competent corps of mistake in "their direct effort to be earnest," but told wealth to its merchants! What a soft radiance, diffused itself for several feet about the

to pass. A stout gentleman sits in a chair, carthe silver seems to be fading from the summit of agents, merchants and ladies of education and ladi refinement. All, however, are not professing the perighing masses might rather attract the Reader, when you go to Switzerland, stay lontheir preparations!