

Original Communications.

ENTERING SWITZERLAND BY THE SIMPLON.—III.

From the note book of our Travelling Correspondent.

A mighty peak raises its snowy head right before us, but a few miles away. Is that the Mount Simphon? I ask the driver. He shakes his head no, and points with his whip far around to the right, but the hill-side shuts out the view.

We are now nearly as high as the top of the ridges that enclose the valley we are following. The little stream we have followed all day is lost entirely. We had made up our minds that when that happened, we should be near the highest part of the route. Tall snow-covered peaks glisten all around us. The scene becomes wild, rocky, desolate in the extreme,—the cold air chills us thoroughly.

What is this large building with steeple and bell down below the road to the right? all alone—no houses of any kind have we passed for several miles. The old hospice we learn. Not used now except by shepherds and herdsmen—while up here with their flocks in July and August. How lonely the deserted place does look—so large, so complete, so expressive in its structure, and all silent and closed. The road winds to the right, when presently a higher peak than we have yet seen comes into view. It appears to be of black slate rock, towering several thousand feet above us, and rising black and bold from the snow-beds that lie upon the slope, forming a sharp angle against the sky. This is Monte Leone or Mount Simphon, its summit eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and nearly five thousand feet above our road; a sublime sight it is.

THE NEW HOSPICE.

The road curves toward the peak, and in a moment the new hospice is in sight,—a large white four story stone building, some two hundred feet long. Napoleon founded this hospice, but left it unfinished for twenty years, when the St. Bernard monks, in 1825, took possession and completed it. The drivers all crack their whips merrily as we approach this resting-place, located at the highest point of the pass. Half a dozen or more monks in black gowns are leaning out the windows looking at us. Several of their St. Bernard dogs come out wagging their tails, and as we come abreast of the building, fresh horses are led out from the basement, through a door under the stone stairway that leads to the main entrance of the building.

While the horses are changing we look about us. Back of the hospice rises in solemn, silent grandeur the mighty black peak of Leone; a great glacier rests upon its northern side, which slopes away gently, and the glacier stretches down covering the whole mountain range, of which the peak is the grand upheaved spur, broken off, and showing its black perpendicular wall only on the Southern side, from which we approached it.

In front of the hospice is spread a lovely meadow of shining green grass, all spangled over with yellow butter-cups. A familiar looking saw-mill stands at the edge of the meadow; a stream from the glacier, back of the hospice, being its motive power. To the left, beyond the meadow, rises another snow-covered peak, the Stadthorn, silent, cold and glittering, balancing old Leone against the opposite sky. What a picture, six thousand feet above the sea! Smiling meadow, freezing snow mountains,—sweet golden flowers, desolation; stately hospice, rocky cliffs, glad dogs, saw-mill, lazy monks, and a half dozen stages changing horses, with the great black peak of Leone piercing the heavens for a back ground.

Could an artist want more striking contrasts for a single canvas?

THE GALLERY OF THE SALTINE.

Leaving the hospice, the road clinging to the side of Monte Leone, winds in a grand semi-circle or horse-shoe for a mile or two by the edge of an immense gorge, or ravine. The road is level, and we fly along the curve rapidly. At its middle point a noisy torrent comes rushing down from the great glacier above, that stretches, one continuous snow-bed, from the summit of Leone for miles along the ridge, covering the mountain like an immense white sheet. The torrent is led over the top of the road and tumbles in grand cascade down into the ravine below. We watch it while we are approaching around the curve. As we get close to it, the road passes into a tunnel, part of the way cut through a projecting rock and the remainder built in heavy masonry, arching the road. The avalanches from above are too continuous, so near the torrent, to allow the road to be cut in the side of the mountain, and this arch is built so that the earth, and rocks, and trees as they come sliding down, shall shoot over the arch-way like the stream does, and go thundering down into the valley thousands of feet below. We saw the pile of avalanche that had come down last, ten thousand tons of rock, uprooted trees, and earth tumbled and tangled in wild confusion down the steep at our left. We pass into the dark tunnel or "galerie" as they call it, and presently the stream is thundering and roaring over our heads. A window in the side of the tunnel shows the under side of the sheet of water within three or four yards of us.

Emerging into the daylight again, a view opens upon us of surpassing grandeur.

A GRAND GORGE.

The great horse shoe around which we are sweeping, is from half a mile to a mile across, with the deep ravine shelving down in the centre, while all around the mountains pile up, we can't tell how high. Five or six miles away down the gorge, and nearly a mile in depth below our level sits the town of Brieg to which we are going. It forms a beautiful feature in the sublime panorama spread out before us, so far away, so deep down, and its white towers coming out in exquisite relief upon the valley. Our road will be twelve or fourteen miles long, curving along the mountain side, several miles to the right above the town, and returning in zig-zags to get down to it. From the edge of the road, where the kind little granite posts bristle along, we look down the wild gorge at our feet to a horrid depth of two thousand to three thousand feet, the steep sides all covered with avalanches tumbled and heaped in wild chaos. The stream we have just passed under, the Saltine, leaps in grand cascade far down among the broken rocks, and goes roaring and rushing down the declivity in boiling foam, white as milk, as far as we can trace it.

Beyond the little town with its spires in the distance, runs a good-sized river at right angles to the gorge into which we are looking. It is the Rhone sweeping down from its glacier home fifteen or twenty miles above. But across the river what a sight! Beyond and above the nearer range of mountains that rises from the river side, walling in the view up to the very skies, and rising thousands of feet above the level of our road, the Bernese Alps pile up, in solemn, stately grandeur, all snow-covered and glittering against the blue vault of heaven. The sublime, the grand, the awful, the beautiful, all burst upon the vision at once, as this comes into view—would that we could linger here an hour or two to take it in.

DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

We gain a few moments, for the stage-driver dismounts here and fixes and iron shoe or clog some fifteen inches long right under the hind wheel. It is fastened to the stage by a strong chain, and for the next hour we slide down the road, three wheels turning, one wheel sliding on this shoe. The pines begin to show themselves again, for on the opposite side of the gorge we wonder how they stand up so straight, when the mountain side they grow upon is so nearly perpendicular. Presently we leave the gorge, and turning to the right follow the mountain side, where we pass through a grove or forest of pines so dense that views of Brieg and the valley of the Rhone are shut out.

We descend rapidly, now turning left, now right, and are soon among vineyards again. The evening is fast approaching. The sun-light dies from the long sweep of snow-cold summits across the valley; first in tints of gold, then of rose color, then of cold grey. We pass in the uncertain light a number of square white-washed houses, ten or twelve feet square and about as high, with beautiful vineyards all around them. We learn that they are praying stations long since erected by the owner of the vineyard, that the Virgin to whom the prayers are made, may look specially to this vineyard, and insure a good yield of wine every year. We count no less than twelve of them. It would cost from three to five hundred dollars each to build them in this country.

BRIEG.

As we approach the town, three or four metal covered pear-shaped domes on the church-towers give the place an oriental appearance. The like we have met nowhere else. The architect, whoever he was, a hundred or two years ago must have got his ideas from the Levant.

It is nearly dark as we enter the town. It is Saturday night, and with weary eyes, weary from seeing so much and looking so hard, and bodies tired with all day's staging, we sit down to a choice supper of speckled mountain trout, good bread and butter, and sweet milk. We are led up the stone stairway inside the hotel to our room, and are soon sleeping soundly among these snow clad mountains, whose summits hem us in on every side. G. W. M.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLUTION OF SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

The venerable halls of the University of Pennsylvania are moving with a new life in these days. The place on which they are erected, was the scene of Franklin's kite experiment, (also the site of the first national White House,) and it would seem as if that old experiment was being repeated under new forms, as the electric life pulsates with a new rapidity. The University has always stood among the first scientific institutions of the land, just as our city has held the front rank in the same respect. The Quakers have always had a firm faith in natural science, second only to their "dependence on the Light within." To this day the Quaker periodicals of our city are made up of just three ingredients,—semi-mystical theology, philanthropy and natural science. Quaker libraries are compounded after the same fashion, and the big two-volume catalogue of books written by members of the Society, shows a similar predominance of scientific works over those devoted to any other secular subject. Who ever read a Quaker book on history or the *belles lettres*—to say nothing of such subjects as music and the fine arts, which George Fox laid under the ban?

As the Quakers founded, the city built. The *genius loci* is a broad-brim, and we accept the municipal traditions which originated in the meeting house, with as little hesitation as we accept the rectangular streets and the brick and marble house fronts bequeathed by the brethren of Penn.

THE CITY AND SCIENCE.

The result as we have hinted is that our city is the chief scientific city of the nation. The proceedings of some of our Scientific Societies are heralded in the London weeklies. The medical department of the University and the Jefferson College rank respectively first and second among the medical colleges of the country. The head of the great "U. S. Coast Survey" was selected from the Faculty of Arts of the University, and we believe that other professors rendered efficient and valuable aid in the work. The most perfect series of meteorological observations ever taken was at our Girard College, in the famous observatory which the City Councils have let go to ruin since Profs. Bache and Frazer left it. When Prof. Silliman was chosen Professor at Yale, he came to Philadelphia to complete his studies before entering on his duties. He, indeed, taught the New Englanders a few things on his return, and an imported Swiss has added somewhat to their stock of information, but,

"They didn't know everything down in Judea."

THE UNIVERSITY AND CULTURE.

There is, however, something higher and in a broad view more valuable than mental acquisition, *viz.*: culture. The "bread and butter" aspect of knowledge is not the truest. And in this point of view the University has still higher claims upon the public, as being (with the slight exception of our schools of art), the only public institution in our midst devoted to culture, or (as our fathers called it), to "liberal education."

The Faculty of Arts in the University is beginning to attract the attention which it deserves, now that the brilliant results expected from some other schemes are discovered to be only in the programme. A movement for an increased endowment has secured pledges of some \$150,000 from the citizens, and while the city itself has (like some churches) a convenient debt, to serve as an excuse for want of generosity and liberality, and so cannot afford to sell the Trustees any land at less than its full price, there are evidences enough that individual are coming to appreciate the municipal value of the institute.

MR. COLWELL'S GIFT.

One of these was furnished on a recent Saturday evening, when Fred. Fraley, Esq., in introducing Dr. McIlvaine of Princeton to an audience assembled in the chapel, announced that Stephen Colwell, Esq., had presented it with his unrivalled library of 5,000 works on political economy, collected in two hemispheres at a cost of some \$15,000 or \$20,000, but whose value—taken as a whole—is beyond any possible estimate. Mr. Colwell's object is to make the University a centre of sound teaching on this subject, which is of so great importance to the interests of our city and State. In conformity to his wishes, the Trustees have founded a "Chair of Social Science and Kindred Subjects," and it is hoped that the manufacturers of the State will give liberally for its endowment.

DR. M'ILVAINE'S LECTURE.

Dr. McIlvaine, in commencing his lecture, remarked that this was one of the most complete libraries on the subject that ever had been collected. It is not a miscellaneous collection, but embraces a single subject, and covers the entire literature of that subject in several of the leading modern languages. It was given with a definite purpose, that of making the subject an integral part of the education here given.

Social Science, of which he was now to speak, is a very wide field. It contemplates all social (i. e., all human) life. It is a field sown full of wild and premature theories, which like most such theories grew out of the love of system, which made men too impatient to examine into all the facts. A distribution of labor is needed in the cultivation of this field, but in fact, it had never been divided up for that purpose, since every theorist chose to occupy the whole. English writers had been the first to occupy it, and this fact has given them a prestige which enables them to keep possession of it yet, to a great extent, and even in America. Probably John Stuart Mill is to-day the most widely quoted authority on the subject. Yet English influences have so distorted and perverted the minds of English writers on this topic, that the greatest care must be exercised in receiving their statements. He specified the following points in proof of this.

(1.) These writers attempt to treat *political economy*—or the science of wealth,—as an independent science, when in fact it can only be properly discussed as a branch of social science. As a consequence, they make wealth everything, and man nothing, or at least nothing more than a means to the end, which is wealth. Their principle justifies the spoiling of men for the sake of wares to export. [A heresy, we note, as old as the days of Isaiah at least. "I will make you a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir," says the Lord. Chap. xiii. v. 12.]

(2.) The minds and theories and the very consciences of English authors have been moulded and perverted by the great fact of English pauperism, which originated in the abolition of feudal

serfdom. The serfs were emancipated from the constraint which forced them to be productive members of society in some degree, but not educated, and so sank into the rank of dangerous and unproductive classes, becoming paupers in great numbers. The fact was emphasized as of significance to Americans at the present moment. The English tried to abolish pauperism by abolishing the paupers. In one year of Henry VIII., 28,000 of them were hung for vagabondism. Pauperism is the most striking anomaly in English society. What is to be done with it? Justify it by constructing a theoretic system, which ascribes it not to the faults and wrong-doing and errors of man, but to the laws of God. Like our own institution of Slavery, this Pauperism has been a moulder of the minds, the sensibilities, the consciences of men. And how do these writers justify it? By asserting that the human procreative power is so much greater than the earth's productive power that, in the long run, the food must become too few for the mouths. This is Ricardo's theory of rent. It rests on suppositions which are coolly assumed as facts,—such as that in the settlement of any country, the new settlers will always bring the best lands first under cultivation, and as the country fills up, the worse lands will be occupied last, and thus a given amount of labor will meet with a smaller return. What is the fact in this case? Just the opposite of the theory. As illustrated in a broad way by the settlement of our own country—the barren, cold, rocky lands, as of New England, are first occupied; afterwards the broad, rich prairies and the fertile bottom lands which must be drained before sowing. The first settler is weak in his loneliness, but every accession to the numbers is an increase of his power over nature, because it is an increase of coöperation. The experience of every colony would show that the facts are just the opposite of the English assumptions, that the increase of the number of lives make life the more valuable and labor more profitable.

The ground had first been surveyed by a Philadelphian, Henry C. Carey, and all the assumptions on which Ricardo's theory is based, were shown by him to be groundless. That the importance of this issue might not be judged to be exaggerated, he quotes John Stuart Mill's statement, that if the law were otherwise, the whole of political economy would be the reverse of what it is. The law is otherwise, and political economy is just the reverse of what the English represent it.

Even the English writers have been compelled to admit that the facts, as given in the returns furnished within the present century, do not bear out the theory. How do they explain this? By asserting that the law is thus and so, but that its inevitable effects have been averted by the influence of exceptional causes, such as the progress of civilization, which by making man more the master of nature, has enabled him to extort from her exceptionally larger returns. Here it is coolly assumed that the progress of civilization is an exceptional fact, not a law to be relied on; that, in fact, the law is barbarism and relapse, the exception is civilization and progress!

SOCIETY AN ORGANISM.

He quoted from Godwin's "Political Justice" an impassioned protest against such horrible and virtually atheistic theories, and passed on to the discussion of the distinctively Christian aspect of the subject. Social science would—when properly cultivated, furnish the great final argument for the truth of Christianity. The great scientific conception of society presented in the New Testament—and especially by the most scientific of the Apostles, Paul—furnishes a basis for the discussion of the whole subject. Society is a body—an organism, a statement preëminently true of the Christian Church, but true also of the national societies which Providence has established on the earth. From this simple fact, could be drawn, by analogy, all the essential truths of Social Science. Society has a right to control its organs (individuals), for the good of the whole, whatever Free Traders may say of letting things alone. Society is bound to cherish, educate and employ its organs; the duty of obedience on their part implies the correlative right to labor and live. The lecturer touched on the education given by our public schools, and the necessity of giving it more of an industrial character. The organism is more perfect in proportion to the subdivisions of its organs and their work. A polyp is but a stomach, while a man stands at the top of the scale because of his highly complex organic structure. So the social plan, which sets all classes to the single work of producing raw materials, as our anti-tariff men propose, is trying to take us back to the condition of Ireland, where the simplicity of employment brings every man into antagonistic competition with his neighbor, and by this single repulsive force scatters her people over the world in search of work, whereas a just division of employment would unite them in prosperity. In the present system they cannot even command what their country actually produces. Food was exported from Ireland in immense amounts in the very year of the famine.

The interests of society cannot safely be left to take care of themselves. They must be guarded and protected by general laws, and by educational influence, which shall dispel scepticism, elicit interest and quicken thought.

Dr. McIlvaine, as already announced, has been elected to the new chair of Social Science, and we hope that he will see his way clear to its acceptance. ON THE WING.

REV. A. M. STEWART'S LETTERS.—No. XXXIV.

"Far out upon the Prairie."

While yet our so late national struggle for existence raged to its culmination, this place was our Western Ultima Thule—save on the Pacific—the far away, poetic region of civilization; beyond which only the hardy adventurer, the trapper, the hunter, or the overland tourist ventured. Four years ago it was a mere village, numbering some three thousand mixed people. Now it is a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, with all the appliances and intensities of American travel, trade, manufacture and commerce.

It would be a misnomer, under our present condition of trade and travel, to call this or any other city *inland*, by which runs a navigable river, and through which railroads course. For situation, Omaha stands very beautifully, already rising far up on the banks and bluffs on the sun-setting side of the Missouri, and nestling among beautiful groves of young timber. "The Father of Waters," would seem more applicable to the Missouri than the Mississippi, hurrying past this place its floodtide of mud-red waters, which afford navigation for steamboats for two thousand miles above and two thousand below. Council Bluffs, on the opposite side the river in Iowa, is a rival institution. But in our western march of empire, when towns or cities are divided by rivers, the western division almost invariably excels. The adjacent section and region beyond, so fast settling, are wonderfully fertile, and these, with the longest navigable river in the world, would have made Omaha in time a city of some note. Like many others, however, in our country, it has been hurried into importance by that wonderfully modern civilizer and equalizer—the railroad.

Here is the starting point westward for the Great Union Pacific Railroad. The accumulation and transfer of material within the past three years, for more than a thousand miles of continuous track, would of itself, demand the combined energies of a small city. Hence, Omaha has, within this short period, increased twenty thousand. The workshops of the road here are expanding to the employment of twelve hundred workmen.

The jammed and lumbering omnibus stands here in all its ancient glory and importance. The impression is now generally given the public through the press, that there is continuous rail from New York to Sacramento. This is not precisely true. The great River, with its muddy waters, rolling between Council Bluffs and Omaha, Nebraska, has not yet been bridged. Passengers, freight, everything have to cross by ferry. There are omnibuses at both sides of the river. And this must continue for a year or more. A bridge has been commenced which is to cost two millions of dollars, and to be so massive and of such magnitude as not to be completed within a single season.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION.

If Henry Ward Beecher be an oracle on Church influences, "That divisions give strength and efficiency," then should the people of Omaha be all speedily converted and in the way of sanctification. Nearly all our modern sects are represented here; the Catholic Church having the most costly and permanent building and largest membership, as is its wont; a New School Presbyterian with an embryo Old School Church; three Episcopal churches with a bishop; two Methodist churches; one Congregational; a Baptist, Lutheran, Campbellite, and Scandinavian.

The New School congregation, Brother Dimmick, Pastor, is well organized and in good working order. Worship is now held in the basement of a new and beautiful edifice, soon to be completed at a cost of thirty five thousand dollars. Thirty thousand of this has already been raised and other five is to be forthcoming before the dedication. Good.

INTERVAL.

Since crossing the Missouri river, last February, the intervening months have been spent in eastern cities and places, in considering church interests and in happy communings with friends; during which time, dear Editor, you have not heard from me by letter. The interests and incidents of those eastern matters seemed too near your editorial sanctum and beneath your personal vision for me to write about, though never so interesting as then. Being thus far back towards the Pacific side, you have this running sketch, and hereafter may expect to hear regularly of matters, persons, things and places, which may interest myself, and with the hope that they may interest your readers. OMAHA, Nebraska, June, 1869.

—A great deal has been published lately about the adulteration of liquors; but a prominent liquor dealer wrote in self-defence, "The only poison in the drinks I make and sell, is the alcohol itself." We commend this honest testimony to those gentlemen who are furnishing their tables with pure liquor. Is not alcohol the "adder" of which Solomon writes?