

## Original Communications.

IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.—No. V.  
EDINBURGH.

A furious rain storm the day after our arrival in Edinburgh made it impossible to do anything out-doors, but just across the way from our hotel—McGregor's (which I do not recommend) were the National Gallery and the Antiquarian Museum. The former we visited first, and found a large and valuable collection of paintings, some by the old masters. A very fine thing was the "Wolf-hunt" by Snyder. Then there were "A Boy Drinking" by Murillo, and Sir David Wilkie's unfinished picture of John Knox administering the sacrament, which is so good that one can't help regretting it is unfinished; but above all is Rembrandt's painting of the "Deposition from the Cross," which is indeed a masterpiece. No one will ever forget that piece who has seen it. The rigidity of the muscles in death, the coloring of the flesh—the countenance of the Saviour—livid, wan, the blood under the hair from the crown of thorns—the gentle handling of the arm by Joseph of Arimathea—the cloth between his hand and the Saviour's body, Mary holding his head so tenderly—putting back the clotted hair from the forehead—the twilight, the deepening gloom, toned down softly, just light enough to disclose the scene—the body on linen cloth—Mary Magdalene leaning against the cross—the ladder near by; all these and many other features made the picture touching and impressive in the extreme.

Then there was a sweet picture by Faed, "Annie's Tryst." A Highland lad and lassie are standing together—her face round and brilliant in coloring, but sad and troubled, turned away from him as if pausing, pondering, doubting whether she should meet him again—he with Scotch bonnet and shepherd's plaid holding her left hand in his left—his right holding his staff; he pleading, coaxing, gazing intently in her face—her hair a smooth shining brown, almost wavy—both in early youth—all these make up a cabinet picture of unusual merit.

The Antiquarian Museum was full of the most interesting objects, and especially rich in matters illustrating the history of Scotland. It would be idle to attempt to mention even the names of the most important.

All tourists visit or should visit Dalkeith Palace, the seat of the Duke of Buccleugh, the richest man in Scotland. It is a very museum of art in every form, and is shown by the house-keeper, a woman of fine figure and carriage, but not above the fee which the visitor is expected to drop into her hand as he leaves the house. On the lawn was a regiment of soldiers under drill, presenting a fine appearance.

From Dalkeith Palace, with its church in the Park, you are driven through the village of Dalkeith (Vide "Mansie Waugh") to Hawthornden, an old castle which you are not permitted to explore, and thence through a glen of most remarkable beauty for a mile or two to Roslyn Castle, a fine old ruin, and thence to Roslyn Chapel, the most beautiful thing in architecture we have yet seen. It was a ruin, but has lately been restored. The choir is all that is perfect now, and service is held here regularly. The Earl of Roslyn's family, and a few other families in the neighborhood attend here, and a Sunday-school is taught here also. We spent more than an hour in this splendid temple, and left it with great reluctance.

Near the chapel we found some children playing under the trees, and tried to talk with them, but we found it quite difficult to understand each other. Then it occurred to me to ask some of the questions in the Shorter Catechism, and their lips were at once unsealed, and they answered with great accuracy as long as we continued to ask. They went to the Kirk in Dalkeith and to the Sunday-school there. On the way back to the city we found Liberton where Reuben Butler preached. See the "Heart of Mid Lothian."

Through the kindness of Mr. Robert \_\_\_\_\_, of Philadelphia, I had a letter of introduction to Mr. McNab, the curator of the Botanical Gardens in Edinburgh. Mr. McNab showed us personally (a favor we hardly expected) through the extensive grounds and houses. Here are plants and flowers from all parts of the world. The palm houses were especially interesting, of great height and extent. The grounds include some seventeen acres, and the whole is now the property of the Government. A class in Botany from the University come out here for study, and a convenient Lecture Hall and Museum are prepared for the purpose.

Edinburgh is an exceedingly interesting city. The new part is handsomely built with wide streets, well-cleaned and lighted. Between the new town and the old is a great ravine where the railway tracks are laid. In the new part are the residences of the more wealthy classes, the famous Prince's street for shops, the public parks, the Calton Hill, with its observatory, and monuments and fine churches, while a little out of the city is the famous Donaldson's Hospital of charity school, as we should call it.

On the other side of the valley is the great castle overlooking and frowning upon the whole city, old and new, and appearing through the dense smoke which sometimes hangs over it, like a castle in the clouds—so great is the elevation. Then there is a High street, running from the castle to

Holyrood, but divided into five portions and called by different names. First there is Castle Hill, that part near the castle—then the lawn market or linen market—then the "High street," which is the principal portion, then that part about John Knox's house which is called the "Netherbow," then that part between the Netherbow and Holyrood called the "Canongate." In this High street (calling the whole of it by the one name) were Dr. Guthrie's original ragged-school, the Assembly Hall where the Free Church General Assembly meets, St. Giles' church, the ancient Parish church of Edinburgh adjoining which on the northwest formerly stood the old Tolbooth or "the Heart of Mid Lothian." (See Scott's novel.) It is now marked, by the figure of a heart, in the crossing from the church to the Coventry Hall, and the old Tron church. Then the great Parliament House with its portraits, its statues, its advocates, walk in the old hall—the seat of the Scotch Parliament before the Union—now the places for the law courts—John Knox's house with its old stairway and quaint rooms, the sitting-room, the bed-room, and most interesting of all the tiny study—the window from which he preached to the assembled crowds [?], and many other interesting houses and localities connected with the history of Edinburgh and of Scotland.

Branching off from High street on either side, are what the people call "wynds,"—narrow, crooked, alleys, so narrow that standing in the middle you easily reach the houses on your right and left. The houses are five to eight and ten stories high, shutting out all sunshine of course, except it may be for a few minutes each day when it is not cloudy. I am glad to say that these wynds are not so filthy as one might expect, though it is a marvel how people, especially young children can live in such an atmosphere. It can only be accounted for on the general principle that—

"Verily the vitality of man is great."

Sometimes these wynds bear the name of "close," pronounced "closs." It was to a house in one of these that Boswell brought Johnson in 1773, before starting on his tour to the Hebrides. The house is now a book-binders. The proprietor invited me to walk in, and I looked about the rooms with great interest.

Another alley from the same side of the High street, called Lady Stair's Close, contains the house described in Scott's story of "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," and I read over the door the old inscription still legible, "Fear the Lord and depart from evil." One of these passages is so narrow that it is called "Geddes' Entry."

In one of the very narrow streets we looked up the house where it is said Walter Scott was born. It is a very poor house in a very poor street called the Colledge Wynd, inhabited now by a half dozen families.

Lower down, in the Canongate and nearer to Holyrood, stood in former time the residence of the Scottish noblemen. At the end of the street is the Palace and what is left of the old Abbey of Holyrood. The pleasure of the visit here is greatly marred by the guides, who try to stuff the visitor with their extraordinary stories. They have a tale to tell, and they must go through it, and one must listen. The portraits in the gallery are detestable—copies by one man—a great waste of canvass and colors. And yet it was affecting to stand in rooms where once lived Mary Queen of Scots, who, whatever may be said, was at least unfortunate, and around whose history there will always be the deep coloring of romance. They show her audience chamber, her bed-room, with its old bed and furniture, and the closet where Darnley and his fellow conspirators found Rizzio; the place where they assassinated him, and the narrow winding stone stairs down which they dragged his body. The mark of the blood on the floor, the guide also with ill-concealed chuckle points out. All this with the staring, gaping crowd of visitors, is apt to spoil the interest of the visit. Yet you know that Charles Edward the Pretender, as late as 1745, held court here just before the fatal battle of Culloden, and one cannot pass through these old halls and recall the names of Scotland's kings, who lived here, who looked on these walls, and out of these windows on Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat—who passed in and out these doors, up and down these stairs, except with the profoundest interest.

There are a thousand things to see in Edinburgh, for the "Auld Reekie" (reeking with smoke) is full of historic and romantic interest. There is the battle-field of Preston Pans, in full view from the Calton hill, and the fishing villages of Leith and Newhaven, and the curiously dressed fish-wives, and the ancient kingdom of Fife just over the water—and the place where Dumbie-Dikes lived and Jeanie Deans' home, and—but it is idle to attempt the names even of those real and imaginary characters, who in days gone by peopled this city.

Then there is Rev. Dr. Wallace, the pastor of the old Grey Friars' church, a man who uses a liturgy introduced by his predecessor, Dr. Lee, in the church where Guthrie preached before the Free Church was set up—where Dr. Robertson, the historian, preached for years—and Erskine. Dr. Wallace is a man of fine ability, somewhat free in some of his views, and if in England and in the Episcopal Church would belong to the Stanley school. If he lives he will give the Kirk of Scotland trouble.

In the old Grey Friars' church-yard are many deeply interesting monuments. Here are interred

Robertson the historian, Allan Ramsey the poet, Tytler and many other men of note. An extremely interesting tomb is that of the martyrs with this inscription:

"From May 27, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyll suffered, to the 17th February 1688 that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were executed at Edinburgh about one hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and other noble martyrs for Jesus Christ; the most part of them lie here."

A very pleasant walk from the old church through what is called the Meadows, will bring one to the new cemetery—the Grange. Here lie the remains of Thomas Chalmers, and not far off those of Hugh Miller, whose fame is in all the Churches not only, but dear also to the lovers of true science. One cannot, without profound emotion, stand by the grave of Chalmers, a man who sowed the seeds of dis-establishment, by withdrawing voluntarily from the Established Church of Scotland—seeds which are producing their legitimate fruit in the already dis-established Irish Church, soon to be followed in Scotland by the complete separation of Church and State, and at no distant date by that of England.

Such seem to be the leadings of Providence and the evident course of events. Not the least of our national advantages, wisely foreseen and planned by our fathers, is that in the United States we have no National Church. "For what is religion worth," as was pertinently asked here the other day, "that cannot exist without State patronage?"

B. B. C.

## REV. A. M. STEWART'S LETTERS.—XII.

Treasure City, Nevada, August, 1869.

## POPULATION.

Twenty thousand people have within the past year flocked to this far out-of-the-way, exceedingly rugged and mountainous region, while neither grain, vegetable, nor fruit is raised within many long miles. And such a population! The strangest certainly, and most remarkable conglomeration of men since the foundation of the world, and a subject of intense interest to the statesman, the philosopher and the Christian.

They are principally men; and jostling against each other may be daily seen, the Ex-Governor, the Ex-Congressman, the Ex-Minister of Christ; scores of imported Lawyers and Doctors, the Merchant, Banker, Manufacturer, Farmer and Mechanic. Here are the erudite, the scientific, the historian, the tourist, reporter, gentleman of leisure, showman, mountebank, idler, drunkard and blackleg. Here are representatives from every nationality of Europe, as well as from each State in our Union, with Ex-Federal and Confederate officers and soldiers—the Asiatic, the African, the Mexican and the Indian. Yea, also, there have wandered hither the lady of highest education, intelligence, refinement and goodness; the female drudge, the common, the doubtful, the vulgar, the outcast, the abandoned.

It is a community of more active intelligence—intelligence often run mad—than any other of equal number on the globe. Many by garb and manner, bespeak better days in the past. This strangely mixed multitude—the best and the worst, the good and the bad, the doubtful and the indifferent are all here on one errand; huddled together, and bent upon one object, SILVER. All are eagerly grasping for money; and if perchance gotten, ere the next morning light, from the majority, all is gone, in drinking, gambling or even viler wickedness.

## PHENOMENON.

No matter how rich the mines may be, or how much silver or gold may be obtained therefrom, the very large majority of those who are struggling in such places for the precious metals, are poor. They have been, and will continue to be, poor. The worst place in the world, save for a very few, and those generally at a distance, to make money, is over a rich silver mine; and these mines in Treasure Mountain are rich. The philosophy of this may not be so easily gathered—yea the political economy thereof might require a Horace Greeley, or studied volume fully to explain, and then perchance leave the whole subject muddled.

## RASCALES' HOMES.

Parton, in his "Life of Andrew Jackson," says of New Orleans, previous to the famous battle: "The American residents were the life and enterprise of the place; men of an adventurous cast of character; many of whom had left their native States for reasons which they were not accustomed to mention in polite companies. The rascals of all nations were largely represented. For fugitives and adventurers, it was the Texas of a later day, and the San Francisco of the present." The historian penned this of San Francisco, some time before the Overland Railroad was finished. This famous emporium of the Pacific will now beg pardon of the chronicler of Jackson's deeds, and assert that her superabundance of rascals has disappeared.

But what has become of these rascals, desperadoes and reckless adventurers? "Gone to the mines," Parton would say. White Pine District is now the excitement and centre, of all mining interests on the Pacific side.

But when these mining interests subside, or the power of the Gospel bears sway,—where will the rascals and desperadoes go to find refuge? No additional New Orleans, Texas or San Francisco is to arise. Back in companies will these characters go to the older cities and staid settlements. Than this, no more cogent reason

could be urged for having the Gospel leaven earnestly infused here now. But be it remembered that I am the only Protestant minister now laboring among these wonderful masses of humanity, within an area, making this the centre, of six hundred miles diameter. The mention of this fact brings with it no feelings of pride or boasting, but of inability and loneliness. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth more laborers." A. M. STEWART.

## WHAT CULTURE IS DEMANDED?

MR. EDITOR:—The article headed, "What is Culture?" contained in your issue of July 22, I have read with deep interest. The clear writer and metaphysician who subscribes himself, "On the Wing," has given expression to a good, yet certainly, old-fashioned method of mental culture. Even the prejudiced will concede all that belongs to it,—that it is an excellent disciplinarian.

He divides liberal education into two processes, the education of the reason, and of the understanding. Undoubtedly, "pure mathematics is the great discipline of the human reason;" but when, regarding Greek and Latin as a training for the understanding, this writer intimates that this, his favorite method of culture, is the one now needed, the one of greatest service to this enlightened half of the nineteenth century, I may be pardoned for opposite views, which I believe are now well founded and authorized.

If the study of languages be the best means to clothe the understanding, "why choose Greek and Latin, rather than French and German?" One of the reasons offered, is, that these two languages above others, are adapted to exercise the judgment. But to secure this end, are we to interest the impulsive mind of youth in the mythology and superstition of a semi-barbaric age; to compel them to associate, being bound by intellectual sympathy, with men who possessed the rhetorical tact of making the vices of the gods, such as anger, unfairness, cruelty, shine with the light of virtues; and whose object in view was not to instruct their minds, but to play upon their feelings, and to stimulate their imagination? And that, too, when by thus monopolizing their time, we render impossible to them a knowledge of the more valuable languages and literature of the highly civilized modern nations. While in one respect, perhaps, the modern languages would not be a complete equivalent for the classics, this deficiency will be lost in the vast stores of information and facts of progress which are the objects of writing to moderns, and which render modern literature greatly superior to the writings of the best of imaginative barbarians. A few may have leisure for such intellectual luxuries, as the Classics certainly are. But to the youth who expects to live by his wits, we should not offer a cultivated judgment at so great a price, when it can be purchased more cheaply elsewhere.

Another reason advanced for the preference of Greek and Latin is, that "they two embody the world's thought, in the period of youth and opening manhood, and therefore, come into closest sympathy with the youth of our schools and colleges."

Now for the reason that a person partially instructed in a science, speaks on it incomprehensibly, we never employ truth in embryonic imperfection for purposes of instruction, whether in a particular science, or in promiscuous learning. Thus, many subjects of which the Ancients wrote and understood a little, are now not only increased in greatness, but are reduced to maxims of simplicity, and I see not why the youthful mind should have forced upon it crude preparations of the "world's thought," when we have at convenience the plain and comprehensible deductions of thought developed and understood.

The writer truly remarks that the Latin is the base of nearly one-half of our own language, and would make the knowledge of derivations a chief object of its study. Is the derivation of a word necessary in order to insure correct usage, and teach us the distinguishing shades of meaning in synonymous words? If not, we must not demand such a sacrifice of time to idle curiosity. If so, there is another, more direct, more utilitarian way to gain this very end, viz: by the extensive reading of standard English writings. A French teacher of largest experience, advises us in the study of his language, to do without a lexicon, and obtain correct notions of the use and meaning of words, through their varied use in different places and authors. In our English, I have no doubt that the student, making this an object of reading, can, by observation, gain a truer idea of the varied use of the same and similar words, and frequent idiomatic use, than by employing the best dictionary of the language. While thus engaged in reading, the student does not waste energy on useless romance, or sensational history, but, while seeking for that which is worthy, he finds with it what is priceless.

We should not allow the desire of attainment in a single direction, or any other consideration, but one of practical knowledge, to influence in deciding the proper investment to be made of the preparative time of life. On this subject Sidney Smith says:—"If you occupy a man with one thing until he is twenty-four years of age, you have exhausted all his leisure time. He is called into the world and compelled to act; or he is surrounded with pleasure, and thinks and reads no more. If you have neglected to put other things in him, they will never get in afterwards; if you have fed him only with words, he will re-

main a narrow and limited being to the end of his existence."

From what has been said, the question, twice noticed by the writer, comes to us. How is man best fitted for dealing with the world? Certainly not by probing necessary truth in the exclusive cultivation of the reason; not by spending his precious seedtime in raking over dead languages for the derivation of words, which it is a known fact are well used by men ignorant of Classics. We are compelled to turn to the despised "Spirit of the Age" for a solution of this question. Without that spirit, the world with which we deal were a dead thing; with it, it has a soul, and will not accept of any "historical consciousness" of worth in place of that possession which makes us part of its life.

"Would it not accord with the demands of the times, to allow to the study of Classics, as being an important branch of learning, its due amount of time and attention in every system of liberal education, and having a good foundation, to raise a super-structure of living, progressive truth?"

E. C. H.

## "IS THERE A SARCAISM INTENDED?"

Precisely the same question arose in my mind when first I saw (in manuscript) the resolutions of the Old School Board of Domestic Missions, which you republished recently, with the above interrogatory. Wherefore it may be worth while to tell what I happen to know about the matter.

A few weeks since the Rev. Mr. Jackson, an earnest and efficient worker in the cause of domestic missions beyond the Missouri, in connection with the Old School Board, happened to be in Chicago just at the time when the Presbyteries of both the Old and New School bodies were convened. He visited the latter, and desired that a committee might be appointed to correspond with the Secretary of our Committee of Home Missions, and suggest the desirableness of a large delegation of, say, a hundred or more persons, taken out of both branches, who should make an excursion the entire length of the Pacific road, with a view to exploration and to making a grand demonstration through that region in the interest of the great work of evangelization. Returning, the delegation should disperse itself over the leading cities of the East and of the interior, tell of what their eyes had seen and their hearts felt of the spiritual wants of this grand region, and under the impetus thus gained, attempt the raising among the churches of \$500,000 for this object. He thought the officers of that road would grant such an excursion free passes over it; but if not, that the joint treasuries of the two boards would be amply justified—pecuniarily or otherwise—in spending if need be \$30,000 on the trip. If the idea obtained favor with our Committee, its Secretary was to be asked to enter into correspondence with Dr. Musgrave, of the Old School Board, and in case it was approved by them, then the excursion to be conjointly organized by the two Secretaries. The Presbytery appointed such a committee. I was told that Mr. Jackson visited the Old School Presbytery and made them a similar request, and that it, in like manner, appointed a committee to write to Dr. Musgrave, of the Old School Board, to the same effect. As it is to be presumed that this duty was performed, it is a little singular that no reference is made in the resolutions of that Board to this concurrent action.

The Committee of the New School body discharged the duty assigned it,—the Secretary of the Committee of Home Missions communicated the project to him of the Old School, and the Board of Domestic Missions (O. S.) responded in the resolutions published by you in your issue of three weeks ago. These facts will perhaps assist you in answering your own question. If sarcasm was intended, it will appear at whom it must have been levelled. If there was merit in the scheme it was unnecessary modesty in our O. S. Brethren to deprive their own Presbytery here of its share of the honor due, and quite wrong to not so much as allude to the fact that the whole thing originated with its own zealous agent. When the Presbytery of Chicago originates and sends forth a proposition to "raise \$500,000 for the purpose of establishing Presbyterian Churches in the West," she will probably be found ready to do her whole share in so noble an undertaking. NORTHWEST.

Chicago, August 12th, 1869.

—Although missionaries residing in Japan, are unmolested, learn the language, translate the Scriptures, teach the natives by conversation and instruction in classes, and by preaching on the mission premises the truth of Christianity, and even baptize natives, yet Japan is not yet open to missionaries in the same sense in which China is; for in China, according to the terms of the Tien-tsin treaty, missionaries may rent a house, and reside in it, and teach the people and distribute the Scriptures as they will. But the treaty signed by Great Britain with Japan at Jeddo, August 26, 1858, takes no notice of missionaries or their labors. It accords to British subjects the privilege of residence at certain free ports for commercial purposes, the free exercise of their religion, and the erection of suitable buildings for that purpose. There is nothing in the treaty that refers to the protection of Japanese converts at present. By their country's laws they are liable to fine, imprisonment, exile, nay, even death itself. In China, on the contrary, no Chinese convert can be persecuted avowedly on the ground that he is a Christian. The anti-Christian statutes of Japan are not a dead letter, having been recently put in force against certain native Romanists. Their lives have been, indeed, spared on the intercession of the European Consuls, but they have been sent into exile.—Church Missionary Gleaner.