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## Our Correspondence.

### Chillon and the Martyr of Bonivard

### Chinese Men and Women in California

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### ASHMAN, versus LINCOLN

### WHITTIER'S LAST POEM

### Opposition to the Dogma of Infallibility

### THE TOURIST IN SWITZERLAND.

From the Note-Book of our Foreign Correspondent.

The Prison of Chillon, Unromantic surroundings, Illusions of the Poem sadly dissipated, The truth about the Prisoner.

From the Hotel Byron, a walk of half a mile along the edge of this beautiful lake of Geneva, brings us to the world-renowned castle of Chillon; and who that has read Byron's choicest poem has not longed to enter Bonivard's famous cell? We use to consider the "Prisoner of Chillon" the most pure, and beautiful, and at the same time touching and melancholy of all Byron's works. The impression it made upon our mind in boyhood was entirely unlike that of anything else we ever read, and although we had not seen the poem for twenty years, its main features were fresh in our minds. With what bounding hearts then, we made our way along the narrow path, and among the oak and chestnut trees in the grounds of this pretty Hotel Byron, thence along the road skirting the water, with the walls and towers of the castle in full view. We pass a small factory on the road, supplied with water power from the mountain, that rises a little way back from the lake;—"Fabrique de Chocolate" is on the sign-board.

It startled us quite out of the reverie that was fast absorbing our minds, to think that in such a place, with the enchanting grounds we had just left on one hand, the castle on the other and the lovely expanse of the lake spread out in front, men should set up a chocolate factory. A few yards further, a small tannery was being carried on; hides lying about—an old warehouse at the water's edge. We pass the e, but have our poetic feelings again disturbed by the thundering along of a railway train, for the iron track now skirts along the entire northern shore of the lake. What horror would overwhelm the spirit of one of the Dukes of Savoy, if it were to come back to the castle, and looking out over the parapet should see the iron horse come snorting towards him. In his day, men traveled on foot, or on mule-back, or if in great haste on a good horse—a skiff upon the lake or at most a sail before a stiff breeze were the fastest things they knew, when the Dukes of Savoy inhabited the castle. Now, how changed! But we are already in front of the castle. It is built a few yards out from the shore, and connected with it by a bridge.

The castle consists of a number of towers, built irregularly, and at different periods, connected together by walls surrounding the main enclosure. Three of the towers are round, with conical tops, the roofs being covered with red tile, and the walls of grey stone, all dressed to a smooth surface. These three round towers and their connecting wall run parallel to the edge of the lake, about 20 feet distant from the shore. The wall and towers are about 50 feet high, the conical roofs tapering 20 feet higher. This face is about 200 feet long. Back of the wall, and in the centre of the pile, stands a tower about 30 feet square and 120 feet high, with steep, tapering roof. At each end of the pile is another square tower, with similar tapering roof, covered with tile, and about as high as the round towers. The whole castle rises from the water's edge, making an irregular quadrangle about 100 feet by 200, with a central court yard in which stands the high tower. The tower and wall are pierced with narrow loop holes.

We enter the bridge, nod a familiar "How do you do" to the guard, cross the draw, and are inside an open court. A guide with us, a young man, looks like a German, but speaks his French sentences lowly and with distinctness. We will first go to the *subterrain*—he says—and down a slope we follow him to a sort of cellar, the wide door standing open. He leads us through a large and nearly dark room; then swinging open a heavy oaken door says, "Here is the hall of the condemned. The night before execution, the prisoners slept in this room." There was a shelf of rock, filling one side of the dungeon—cold, hard, horrid—not a window, nor opening of any kind to relieve the darkness. Swinging open another heavy, oaken door, he says, "Ici la salle d'execution." "Here is the hall of execution."

"That beam near the ceiling, the prisoners were hung to, and out this door the bodies were thrown into the Lake, which is 800 feet deep, just outside this wall." The door out of which the bodies were thrown, was a low archway, about a yard and a half broad and high—but it had been walled up. We looked at the beam and then at the door, and then around us at the walls of the gloomy cell, not more than 12 or 15 feet square, and about as high, and we shuddered all over. The door stood open to the next room—the doorway being five or six feet broad, with arched top. "Ici le Souterrain de Bonivard," said the guide ("This is the dungeon of Bonivard,") and we were within the chamber where Bonivard was confined for four long years. We found it quite a large room, some forty feet long and 30 broad, we should guess; the ceiling high, supported by cut stone arches of fine architectural construction, rising from round stone pillars, four or five in number. Loop holes, a yard long and as broad as your hand, admitted the light from the direction of the Lake. On one of the stone pillars was carved the name BYRON. The guide said that Byron cut it; but it was so distinct and large, the letters over an inch long and so well formed, that we doubted it. Near by was the name V. HUGO, which he also pointed out as cut by Hugo himself; but when we noticed the similarity of the letters, showing that they had been done by the same instrument, we doubted the genuineness of both. On the next column he showed us the staple, fast in the stone, to which Bonivard had been chained. It was low down, near the ground and on the dark side of the column, just where we expected to find it. But when we looked for the pathway worn in the stone floor, a semi-circle, which the length of his chain allowed him to tramp in the long years of his imprisonment, imagine our disappointment in finding a floor of earth—worn hard and smooth, to be sure, but not the stone floor which had been vividly painted in our fancy 20 years before, and had remained on memory's tablet in clear outline ever since—the track he walked in, worn down at least half an inch below the general level. We got down in the darkness and felt it to be certain that our eyes did not deceive us; but truly it was only a dirt floor. How sorry we did feel at not finding exactly that which, when we first read the poem, long years ago, we had resolved to see for ourselves "some day."

History tells us that Bonivard was confined in the prison some six years, four of which he passed in this dungeon. We had expected to find it a dark, rayless, cheerless place; but the long, narrow loop-holes were on the side toward the sun, admitting beams of light which entirely took away the gloom we had anticipated. It is said that Byron knew but little of his history when he wrote the poem. We propose to hunt it up—we will find it mostly in D'Aubigne—and then we shall examine the poem, and see how it fits the history and the place.

He was a young man of noble soul, highly educated, fearless, bold, witty; he had been many years the prior of the small province and monastery of St. Victor, located on the edge of the city of Geneva; was educated a strict Roman Catholic, and conformed to all the requirements of the order. There always had been in the atmosphere of Geneva a large admixture of independence, of liberty, of high-souled freedom, and Bonivard inhaled it more freely than many around him. He was disgusted with the irregularity of the lives of many of the priests, and ridiculed them with many a witty sarcasm. He sided openly with the party of freedom, which opposed the plots of the wicked Bishop to give over the liberties of their free city into the hands of the Duke of Savoy. The Duke's provinces surrounded Geneva, and for many years he had coveted the wealthy, thrifty, little place, using every artifice which an unscrupulous, wicked and powerful ruler could invent to enslave the city and make it a part of his domain. It was in those stormy days, at the opening of the 16th century, when all Europe was beginning to rub its eyes after the ten centuries' sleep of the Dark Ages.

Bonivard's ancestors had been loyal servants of the house of Savoy, men of high station and influence, and the Duke expected the young prior to render him important assistance in his schemes of enslavement. He knew him to have been an intelligent youth, a skilful swordsman, and ready for any deed of daring and adventure. Honors and riches in abundance were offered to him by the Duke, but he preferred poverty and a dungeon, without once halting, that he might aid the cause of liberty and right. He has been called the Erasmus of Geneva—loving learning, philosophy, liberty and right, more than religion. He was the man of the Renaissance as Calvin was of the Reformation.

Being full of grace, simplicity, poetry and

imagination, he became very popular among the young men of Geneva. He often dined among them, scattering his brilliant thoughts and kindling among them a love of liberty, as a light never to be extinguished. He had been warned a hundred times that he would lose his fine benefice; his priory, if he persevered in this course in opposition to the schemes of the Duke on one hand and the Bishop on the other, both of whom worked together to keep the city in the old darkness and degradation. He went to Rome some six years after Luther's famous visit, his object being to obtain an appointment. He was astonished at the open wickedness and shameless immorality of priests, monks, bishops and cardinals, and at finding that the Pope, Leo X., was no better than the rest, and that if he wanted to be popular with them, he must be as bad as they, join them in their revels, their gambling, etc.; must become a ruffian and a libertine. He heard them abuse Luther and his religion; but he thought any thing would be better than what he saw about him. He had not the complaisance necessary for a Roman Bishop, and seeing he had no chance for success, after a thorough canvass, he returned to Geneva. On the way back, he barely escaped with his life. The Bishop of Geneva had ordered his arrest and imprisonment as a dangerous agitator. Once arrested, he declared he should not retain his head many weeks.

G. W. M.

### JOHN CHINAMAN.

What are we to do with him? Or rather; what is he going to do with himself?—A. M. Stewart's LVth Letter.

Hitherto there has been a very manifest, even radical difference between him and other emigrants to our shores. Almost every nation, civilized and uncivilized; Christian or heathen, has contributed its quota to our vast conglomerate as a people. The large mass of this emigration has come expecting to be identified with us; has come to better its worldly condition; to find homes and employment with freedom from political, social and moral evils endured in native lands. Their descendants are becoming indistinguishably amalgamated with our American nationality. Exceptions to this rule are found among the Africans, Irish Catholics, Jews and Quakers. Nor are these wholly resisting the great assimilation.

John, however, comes, and stays, and goes, and remains a Chinaman unchanged. He brings with him no family and seeks none here. He looks not for, nor has a home—he only stays. He desires not nor asks for our citizenship, or access to our ballot boxes. He wants none of our offices, covets none of our honors; craves none of our friendships. China is still his home; and he thinks of none other. No imaginary calamity so great can befall him as that of not getting back, dead or alive, to the Celestial Empire. Generations of local pride, ignorance and selfish teaching, have fixed deep in his sluggish mind the belief, that if his bones lie out of China, his soul stays out of Paradise. They come to us to make money, and when gotten, to send or carry it back.

Nor is this coming, getting and returning, the work of agents entirely free. The conditions of their being here are not easily understood by us outside barbarians. Exported and imported are probably the fittest terms. A few wealthy Chinamen in different companies, under control or patronage of the Imperial Government, send them here like merchandise, and let them out to labor under a system apparently but little removed from slavery. The thousands of their miserable women, already here, are not only all commercial, but sent over as such—let, relet, sold, bought, bartered and exchanged for the vilest purposes. Our Government should have long since interfered in this matter; by either sending back every female cargo, or throwing them into the Pacific.

No marvel, under such conditions, if our government and the State of California have granted but few privileges to these intruders—these comers and goers, who envy to have even their bones moulder in our soil of liberty. They ask no favors, but to toil and apparently to suffer. Both of which by common consent—by unwritten law, have been accorded them.

Against this Asiatic invasion, there have existed, and still linger various antipathies; which occasionally break out in acts of cruel, unprovoked violence, against those patient, imbecile toilers. This, however, has no doubt been exaggerated. Our General Assembly acted wisely at its May meeting, in not passing resolutions of strong censure against Pacific-side society and governments for cruelties practiced against Chinamen. The Protestant element here, the social feeling, as well as leading political sentiments, are all favorable to John's coming and employ-

ment. This is under the impression that he is needed, and hence, there is a disposition to treat him fairly. Outrages against them there have been too many and may be repeated. These, however, come almost entirely from one source—Catholic Irishmen and women. Patrick and Bridget hate *niggers* with cordial animosity. They hate Chinamen also with a cruel hatred; and would, no doubt, flay and roast them every one, were it but within their power. The seat of this deep antipathy may, no doubt, be found in Pat's consciousness of his own low scale in civilized life. Hence, his and Bridget's dread that both shovel and kitchen may ere long be wrested from them by these intruders. No marvel, therefore, if John's meek, shaved, pig tailed head now and then feels the weight of the shillelah.

It should, moreover, in connection with this matter, be borne in mind, that Patrick kicks up rows in other places besides, on the Pacific coast; and in them breaks heads, not Chinese. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore had better not be too lavish in sympathy for Chinamen, nor too ready with wholesale denunciations against San Francisco, until able to preserve their own citizens from the violence of those papal mercenaries.

The social problem, for generations to come, concerning the millions of Asiatics who may crowd our shores, will have but few difficulties, and hence, need create but little uneasiness. Not soon, if ever, will they aspire to social equality; claim the right of citizenship, scramble for office and break opposing heads at the ballot boxes. The scarecrow, by which anxious mothers so long helped to bind the fetters upon the black man, was, that if free he might solicit the hands of their daughters in marriage. Troubled dames need hardly vex themselves impatiently about Chinese ambition. When John wants a wife she will most likely be sought in China.

A. M. STEWART.

### OUR ROCHESTER CORRESPONDENT.

#### NIAGARA PRESBYTERY.

This Presbytery held its annual meeting this week in Albion, a goodly number being present, the eldership, especially, being well represented. Rev. Charles Merwin, of Lewiston, was elected Moderator, for whom a good deal of sympathy was enlisted, as he has been called to a very great and sudden affliction, in the death of his wife. They were newly established in a beautiful house, the gift of a wealthy bachelor brother to Mrs. Merwin, and looking forward to happy days in this field of labor, to which Mr. Merwin has recently come. But suddenly, and with great suffering, Mrs. Merwin was called to the higher sphere and her husband has to do his work alone.

The Presbytery adopted a plan of visitation, the brethren to go, two and two, to visit churches to which they are designated, hoping thereby to do each other good.

Rev. L. B. Rogers, of Somerset, and Elder E. P. Healy, of Medina, were appointed Commissioners to the next General Assembly; Rev. R. S. Egleston, and elder L. W. Bingham, alternate. Rev. Edwin Hall, Jr., of Youngstown, was elected Commissioner to Auburn Seminary.

The elders of this Presbytery recently met in convention at Lockport, some twenty-five in number, and formed an organization for mutual improvement in the work to which they are called as officers of the Church of Christ. They would have invited the elders of the late Old School connection to join them, if there had been any within their bounds. They are just as much in favor of union, however, as if they were not all of the late N. S. branch.

#### THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

Rev. Henry Fowler, of Auburn, has been preaching an able and excellent sermon to his people on the subject above named. He contends that the Bible should not be banished from the schools, and puts the case well. He first answers the flimsy pretenses by which the enemies of the Bible are trying to cast it out, and then makes a strong argument for retaining it.

1. It is the best of books, and ought to be read.
2. If it is banished it will alienate the best friends of the public schools.
3. Moral training is inseparable from a good education, and the Bible is the best book of morals.
4. If we banish the Bible, we must banish other books.
5. If we banish the Bible, we displease its Author, the God of nations, whose favor alone secures our prosperity.

The sermon was preached to a great crowd, and is published in full in the *Auburn Daily Advertiser*.

### DR. HEACOCK AT HOME.

Rev. Dr. Heacock, of Buffalo, occupied his own pulpit all day last Sabbath. It being understood that he would give his impressions of California in the evening, his house was crowded long before the time of service, some being obliged to stand. His text was, "Fear Not, O land, be glad and rejoice; for the Lord will do great things." He spoke of the rapid growth of the golden state, almost miraculous; of the character of the inhabitants, as vigorous, earnest and enterprising; and of the climate as delightful. He has evidently brought back pleasant impressions of the Pacific slope.

### ITEMS.

Rev. Charles Furman, of our city, has been invited to take pastoral charge of the church of Clarkson, of which he was pastor from 1830 to 1835. After an absence of thirty-four years he is called back again. He was pastor there in the great revival of 1830-31, when there were one hundred conversions.

The first church of Watertown, after having been closed for a long time for repairs and improvements, was opened again last Sabbath, on which occasion the pastor, Rev. J. J. Porter, D.D., preached a discourse on the early religious history of Watertown.

The Presbyterian church of Cazenovia, having undergone a similar transformation, at a cost of \$12,000, was dedicated last week. It is made very beautiful, a perfect gem in its interior finish.

The First Presbyterian church of this city have at last concluded to sell their present church property, and try to find a more desirable location. We trust they will be successful in securing a good site, in soon erecting a first class church edifice, and obtaining just such a pastor as they need to insure prosperity in the future. It was the first church organized in this place, has an interesting history, and all good Presbyterians hope that it is still to shine as a bright light in all this region.

Rev. Samuel Jessup, of Dansville, has been preaching an earnest, practical sermon to his people on the subject of benevolence. He is trying to elevate their standard of giving. In this he has already been somewhat successful, for his church has been coming up year by year in this regard. The sermon is published, "by request of many ladies," in the *Dansville Express*.

The Plymouth church Sunday-school of this city had quite a festival on the evening of the 22d, in honor of the Landing of the Pilgrims. There was singing by the scholars, prayer and address by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Bartlett, address by Dr. Shaw, tableaux and supper, in which all seemed to participate with much pleasure. One of the teachers remarked that the children of the Plymouth church were the most highly favored of any in the city, they being the only ones that have fore (four) fathers. After that we left.

GENESEE.

Rochester, Dec. 25, 1869.

### THE MAYOR OF PITTSBURG.

I noticed with pleasure in a recent number of your paper, a reference to the efforts of Mayor Brush of this city to suppress the Sunday traffic in liquor. Where a worthy officer is honestly striving to do his duty in such matters, it is well for the religious press especially to notice and commend his conduct. This morning it has come to my knowledge, that on yesterday morning—i. e. Sabbath morning, his Honor had before him forty-seven prisoners (47). This, Monday morning, only three (3). What could be a stronger illustration of the operations of our Sunday law against selling liquor? It must be now some nine or ten months since public attention here was specially called to this subject in the press and in the pulpit—so that I suppose, this morning and yesterday, may be taken as fair average days. If this be so, what fair-minded citizens can resist the force of the argument in favor of absolute prohibition? Every one knows that the mass of the cases coming before our municipal authorities and our Criminal Courts are directly connected with this miserable traffic. What better illustrations could there be that if the temptations to drink were removed and the officers sustained by a vigorous public sentiment against these licensed rum holes, these gateways to perdition, that the evil would very soon be almost extinguished.

J. S. T.

Pittsburg, Dec. 13, 1869.

—The American Presbyterians have more missionaries in China than any other society, and their missions were lately pronounced by one of the best missionaries of another Board, as "the best organized in China." They number twenty-four of the one hundred and twenty-nine Protestant missionaries in China.