

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Notes of a Tourist from Halifax, on the Continent of Europe.

[No. 3.]

Rome, Easter Monday, April 13, '57.

We have been here a week on Saturday, which was Holy-week, the great time in Rome. Our first day here was Palm Sunday, the commencement of the grand ceremonies—and everybody was at St. Peter's of course. Mass was said by the Cardinals. The Pope was carried round the Church in grand state, and there was a great crowd and excitement and what not. During Holy-week Rome is crammed to excess, and it is difficult to get a hole to sleep in, and exorbitant prices are charged for everything.

Yesterday, Easter Sunday, was the last of the ceremonies, and the greatest too. The Pope himself said mass. I got a place quite near him and could see and hear him to perfection. The music is one of the most fascinating parts of the ceremony—and the grand church which is splendid beyond conception, filled with soldiers in rich uniforms, and priests and cardinals, give a gorgeousness to the scene which cannot be described. After mass the Pope is again, as on Palm-Sunday, carried round the church in state, and then goes to the balcony looking on the immense square in front of St. Peter's, which was densely packed with people, and pronounces the benediction, amid the firing of cannon, ringing of bells, etc. Every day during the week there is something interesting going on. Some days the Miserere—then washing the feet and waiting on the priests at table by the Pope, and other such things.

Last night was to have wound up with the grand illumination of St. Peter's—which is then lit up outside from the top of the dome to the foundation of the building with thousands of lamps—but it has been postponed till the arrival of the Empress of Russia. The Vatican—the palace where the Pope lives, just opposite St. Peter's—has, you know, the richest Museum of art in the world. Here are the celebrated Apollo Belvidere.—The Laocoon, and Orcoedon Autinous, with many galleries of other ancient statues, as well as modern ones by Canova and other artists.—The most celebrated paintings in the world are here also—the 1st is Raphael's great painting of the Transfiguration, next in rank is the Sacrament of St. Jerome, by Domenichino, and the 3rd painting of the world is Volterra's Descent from the Cross: this though, is in the Church of Trinità di Monti. Michael Angelo's great painting of the last Judgement is in the Sixtine Chapel of the Vatican. The churches, of which there are 360, are the great feature of Modern Rome. One can scarcely form an idea of the magnificence of the churches. The next in order to St. Peter's, as regards size and grandeur, are St. Paul's; St. John Latran, and St. Maggiore; they all certainly surpass anything I had imagined. There are more Palaces in Rome than in any other city of the world, and all of immense size and almost every one possessing large galleries of painting and statuary, by such artists as Canova, (the artists of Antique statuary being almost always unknown), Raphael, Guido, Michael Angelo, Claude, Lorraine, Correggio, Domenichino, Titian, the Carracci, Valesques, Murillo, and hosts of other great names.—Guido's celebrated picture of the Cenci, of whose romantic history you have read in the Berberini Palace. But I cannot give you much of a minute description. There is hardly a house of ancient Rome (except perhaps the Pantheon which was preserved by being turned into a church) now standing; all the others are ruins. The grandest of which is the Coliseum—and a grand ruin it is—you can form an idea of its size when it could seat 85,000 people, and by it we can judge of what old Rome must have been. with its 7 or 8 millions of inhabitants. The whole place is covered with ruins of old temples, baths, the Forums, the Arches of Titus, Constantine, James, Septimus Severus, the aqueducts and tombs, etc.

The Campagna, an extensive tract of level country outside the walls, is filled with ruins which give a sad and melancholy aspect to the scene. Of course we have poked our noses into everything, so many indeed that I could not even mention all the places in a single letter. The baths of Diocletian and of Caracalla covered acres of country and are all now a hopeless mass of ruins. Byron's "Childe Harold" will give you a beautiful idea of Rome.—Read it. The climate is now delightful and will be till June, when the sickly season commences and takes a low and swampy ground breathing a

pestilential malaria, nobody is then able to live in Rome and it is like a deserted city. All the fine villas and palaces are then deserted, and the fate of those obliged to remain is a melancholy one. Now, that Holy-week is over, everybody is rushing away, and we will get off among the crowd about the last of this week. We go to Civita Vecchia, the shipping port of Rome, about 40 miles, and take steamer to Leghorn and thence by rail to Florence, where I expect letters from — and hope to hear some good news to take me back to England in a hurry. The attack I had at Naples has passed off and left me better than I ever was before.—I think it was the effect of the climate upon my system and every day my throat seems to be getting better. Italy, they say, is the best climate in the world for the cure of throat complaints and I certainly find it so.

For the Christian Messenger.

Jottings by the way. No. 3.

AGED DISCIPLE—HOLIBAY AT ANTIGONISH—PICTOU—ALBION MINES, &c.

My labours in Antigonish are over,—the last appointment is fulfilled, and the last visit has been made, which was the most interesting of all. An interview with an aged disciple, named Lingley, 94 years old, and sister of Bro. Stevens of Rawdon, of happy memory. Although aged and blind, the most extraordinary acuteness of mind was manifested respecting experimental divinity. One hour's interview with this venerable Christian gave me as much enjoyment as any conversation which I could have had with any minister in the land. So deep was her experience, so clear and vivid were her spiritual conceptions of Christ and her own heart. Having expounded a chapter in the Song of Solomon, during which the aged woman suggested many thoughts which brought out the hidden meaning of that remarkable portion of the Word of God, I bade her farewell, with the reflection passing through my mind at the sight of her condition—that gratitude may be a small principle in the hearts of those who are esteemed the best of men.

Having felt it to be my duty to proceed further, I accordingly made preparation, leaving the main street of Antigonish filled with men, women, horses and carriages, all hastening to their chapel, to hold a holy carnival. In former years, in Tracadie, might be seen the vast crowd walking in solemn procession, with various ceremonies, such as spreading branches in the way, and in the midst of all a Priest might be seen mounted on an ass—in all probability, in imitation of our Lord. I was told by a resident that it was the day, when they killed the devil—such was the explanation given me, to account for the large concourse that were assembling. I made no further enquiry about these religious mysteries. I did not see any John Tetzels, going about selling Indulgences, though I understood the sale was advertised in the paper,—and that for 2s. 6d., such a privilege might be purchased.

Now for the fair town of Pictou, a long road is before us, but the pony has good bottom. It is lonesome to travel alone, but there is time for meditation, and the names of many friends came to the mind, a meeting with whom is delightful even in anticipation. Many miles are passed, when lo! and behold a dense bank of smoke opposes our progress, out of which arises from time to time, flames of fire. What is the matter? a fire burning the brush and underwood of a clearing. Must we retrace our steps? no, that will never do, we will push through, the flames are near, the fire is hot, but if we can get through without being burnt we are satisfied: when a fresh obstacle threatens to impede further progress through this avenue of smoke, fire, and flame,—a tree has fallen across the road,—no escape now,—on all sides is fire,—but an attempt must be made. The waggon is got over. Bob is very gentle. The danger is passed, and here we are at last at Fisher's Grant, in our old friend Deacon Ives's house.

It is cheering to see old friends, and a locality where much time has been expended. Eternity alone may reveal the results of much of our labour in this world to promote the Redeemer's Kingdom. After tarrying for the night, the Harbour is crossed, and once more the streets of this old finished town are traversed. The old and familiar lodging-house is entered, and the landlady (Mrs. Brown) kind as ever. Friends are visited and the Lord's sheep are sought out. Saturday.—Having formed the determination not to continue our journey until Monday, we started for the Mines, intending to preach at the Bethel on the Lord's-day. Everything around me is familiar. The same captain has command, the same engineer is at the engine,—and now

we are in the car, bowling along, with a long train of coal waggons behind. The lurid fires of the Albion Mines may be seen, and the puffing of the Iron-horse, indicates the age of progress. Sooty-faced men are seen in every direction, and every thing would appear strange to one who had not been long familiarized to such a scene. The long lanes of houses are passed and again we sit down among kind friends at York Lodge.

How delightful it is to meet friends after a long absence. If "distance lends enchantment to the view" even absence serves to impart a fresher and more glowing emotion to the heart when we meet again, and the hours pass away pleasantly, and I trust profitably; but here may be felt also some sad regrets. Standing by the tree marked by the initials, L. T., G. M., busy, meddling memory, alas! too faithful to its trust, brings up former days, of pleasant converse with those far away. The little garden is destitute, the fruit trees are removed, and the neat fence is falling down. The Rum Fiend reigns in his glory, and change and decay, are identified with all terrestrial things. The resident clergyman is gone, and others whom we have known are also gone to their long home. The words of the poet recur to the mind—

"When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather.
I feel like one who trends alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed."

The eye of the christian looks over the wants of this busy, teeming population, numbering two thousand souls, with painful interest. What can be done? What ought to be done to bring spiritual instruction to these miners. No minister, hedging himself by the rules of clerical propriety and confining his labours only to a few families, can till this large field. One must come here who will go from house to house, and even descend into these dark pits, to save souls from the pit of hell. Oh, for a Maturin or for another like him who with the interest of the powerful Company at his back, could do a work to tell upon succeeding generations. Must these souls perish everlastingly for the want of proper instruction? Several Methodist families live in the Mines, who would form a nucleus for the operations of that strong and evangelistic body. May they enter in and reap, for the fields are white, ready to the harvest.

The Presbyterian bodies might erect a large Meeting-house at the Mines and do a good work for God, but there is such division among them, Kirk men and Free Church, Burghers and Anti-Burghers, that but little proper influence can be exercised, and the Holy Spirit withholds his gracious influences. In New Glasgow there are four churches of the Presbyterian order, and four ministers, but not being on terms of fraternal cordiality, their people feel towards each other in many instances, emotions of rancorous hostility. May the Lord deliver us from such a piety. The Church of England seems the only body that can take hold of the Albion Mines with advantage—if a proper man could be obtained.

Sabbath morn has come, and by a strange coincidence, I have the privilege of preaching three sermons in the Bethel. Brother Francis was the first to unfurl the standard of the cross on board of a vessel at the loading ground. No attempt was ever made before to reach the seamen frequenting that place. Your humble correspondent did what he could to carry out the idea. Tracts have been circulated by thousands, Bibles have been sold by dozens, French Testaments, a few; and, under the tram-way, sinners have been addressed. And now a modest-looking building is seen with a flag waving in the breeze, with the dove bearing the Olive Branch of peace to be seen amidst its folds. What must be the feelings of the English Captain, as he walks his quarter deck, and sees above him "that flag which has for a thousand years braved the battle and the breeze," he feels conscious of victory, he exults in the coming strife, so, when entering the door of Pictou Bethel, a spiritual emotion was realized, in anticipation of those triumphs, which may be won under the flag of Immanuel. Here the poor mariner may hear instructions to guide him over the stormy sea of life; here he may obtain the chart by which he may avoid those shoals and quicksands which are ready to engulf him, and here he may hear of that Jesus who has come to save the chief of sinners. The day was fully occupied, a thousand pages of tracts were distributed, English and French, and a goodly number assembled. If a Presbyterian minister had preached no doubt the place would have been crowded, as it was a Baptist officiate for the first time. If the Saviour when

he shall "see of the travail of his soul shall be satisfied," in beholding the redemption of those who have been given to him by his Father, the toil-worn soldier of the cross may likewise experience some small measure of enjoyment, in seeing an object accomplished for which he has laboured, and a purer pleasure was felt whilst preaching there than if the pulpit of the most stately building had been occupied. May the Great Head of the Church bless the undertaking. Thanks are due to the different bodies of Christians for their coöperation in the work. The duties of the Sabbath are discharged. A long journey is yet before us, and after seeing a few of the Lord's chosen ones, we bid adieu for the present to the Town of Pictou. H.

For the Christian Messenger.

London Correspondence.

[From our London Correspondent.]

London, June 5, 1857.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S DOWRY.

Mr. Editor,

As bachelors are usually energetic on the subject of young ladies' marriage portions, and as I have the misfortune to belong to that incompletely developed portion of the genus homo, your readers may expect a spirited account of the Princess Royal's dowry. If I fail, they must attribute it to the effects of that crustiness which is said to be the characteristic of my class. So, to try the best I can.—The House was well filled on the night the subject was brought forward. High figures had been whispered about the lobbies, and all were anxious to know the exact sum. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a man whom we naturally associate with the rules of arithmetic, just as the portrait of Guy invariably recalls the drab-covered book which puzzled us at school. But with figures, in this case, was associated the poetry of Hymen, and this particular budget was scanned by fairer eyes than generally probe the mysteries of sliding scales and tax-duties.

In a speech full of historical precedents, the Chancellor moved that the Princess have £40,000 down and an annuity of 8,000. Compared with the precedents adduced, the provision is moderate. And it is to be remembered, to Her Majesty's honour, that she has invariably hitherto made the ordinary Civil List suffice for her wants. The present is the first pecuniary application which the Queen has made to Parliament in a reign of 20 years; while the millions spent on her grandsire's extravagancies were, as stated by the Chancellor, frightful. Respecting the Royal couple, nothing but praise was uttered. Lord J. Russell described Prince Frederick of Prussia as highly talented; and "a man more faithful to his word he did not know." Of the Princess, Mr. Disraeli said, "all those who have the privilege of being acquainted with her bear the highest testimony to the brightness of her mind and the sweetness of her disposition." There is also an additional prospect of future happiness between the affianced, as their attachment is said to be mutual, and grounded on deeper considerations than often enter into the unions of Royalty. The vote was cheerfully passed; and we can but hope that future years will exhibit in the Princess the fruits of that early, maternal instruction in which Her Majesty sets so noble an example to parents who are her subjects.

THE GRAND DUCHESS CONSTANTINE

Has paid a flying visit to the Queen, but did not prolong his sojourn longer than from Saturday afternoon till Sunday evening: perhaps he thought that English airs would not suit his imperial constitution—a singular contrast, however, to one who is quite as despotic in his way, Louis Napoleon. But then, Louis has not succumbed to British arms. The invite was from our Queen, who sent over to Cherbourg a Royal Yacht, to bring her guest to Osborne. On arrival off the Isle of Wight, he was properly saluted; and on disembarking, a guard of the 93rd Highlanders was drawn up ready to receive him. The Royal visitor did not openly notice, though he may have recollected, that it was this regiment which gave the famous repulse to the charge of Russian Cavalry at Balaklava; but then, as a kind of salve for painful recollections, the Russian national anthem was played, and his reception was intended to say, "let by-gones be by-gones." On the pier were Prince Albert and Alfred, the Prince of Wales, and the Russian Minister. The Queen, Princesses, Duchesses of Kent, Duke of Cambridge, and Earl Clarendon, welcomed him in the ball of Osborne House; and a distinguished party met him at dinner afterward. Whether he accompanied the Court to church on Sunday morning, I know