

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

LETTERS FROM GREAT BRITAIN.*

No. IV.

DUBLIN, August 2nd, 1870.

DUBLIN—ITS STATUES AND BUILDING O'CONNELL'S TOMB—THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—A POLITICAL MEETING IRISH CHARACTER.

Dear Brother,—

The locality of Dublin seems to be as level as the surface of a lake. The Liffey, spanned by eight bridges flows from West to East through its centre. It has a population estimated here all the way from three hundred and fifty thousand, up to five hundred thousand. Some of the streets are wide, but many of them are narrow, and their sidewalks will not admit of two persons walking abreast. As a rule, the buildings are large and uniform. The city is environed with beautiful towns, a park of over seventeen hundred acres, a large cemetery, and well filled and well kept Botanical and Zoological Gardens. Although there is the absence of ornamental trees in the streets, numerous open-places and squares are well shaded.

This city has distinguished itself as the conservator of the relics and records of the good old times. No place, which I have visited as yet in this humanized Island, points out more vestiges of former civilizations and races than this city. The honors and prestige of this old capital have been embodied by the architect and the sculptor. Seizing the occasions, furnished by fortune, the one has given to the city some grand and splendid edifices, and the other has set in life-size and colossal forms the statues of heroes and eminent men, both of the city and the Island. These more modern productions of genius and art, are so nearly and weirdly associated with the past, that they seem to be instinct with that charm which is peculiar to the centres of myth and history. If we go to that squalid place, once the resort of fashion and regal splendor, and examine the Cathedral, honoured with the name of the patron saint of the Island, we have in it a rare illustration of what I have stated. Here is an edifice, cruciform, in the Gothic style, and in a perfect state of repair, with accommodations for four thousand worshippers. But what of its associations? Here it was, so the account goes, that St. Patrick, erected a place of worship near the pool in which he baptized his converts. (Was he a Baptist?) In A. D. 890 Gregory of Scotland and his followers worshipped in St. Patrick's Chapel; and so the traditions of the olden times flow on, till they merge into plain and reliable history.

From Grafton Street, a part of the Broadway of Dublin, we pass between the statues of Burke and Goldsmith into the buildings of Trinity College.

As we enter this extensive and substantial mass of buildings, filled with thoughts of the commanding eloquence of the great commoner, and the poetic genius of the author of the "Deserted Village," we turn to the right into the museum. In a moment, we are carried back to the earlier days. There is an ancient Irish Harp, which, at the touch of the fingers, now long centuries in the dust, may have given cheer to chieftains and chieftainesses in spacious halls of lordly castles.

Opposite the Post Office in Sackville Street is Nelson's monument, a fluted column, one hundred and twenty-one feet high, surmounted by a statue of the hero of Trafalgar and the Nile thirteen feet high. A round tower of the antique model, one hundred and sixty feet high, terminated by a huge cross, stands in the Cemetery, at Glasnevin, a monument to the late Daniel O'Connell. A crypt, in its lime stone base, contains an elaborate coffin in which reposes the dust of the great agitator; in a small adjoining chamber, rest two of his sons in plain coffins. Over the door, on the inside of the crypt, written in plain letters, are those singular words, "MY BODY TO IRELAND, MY HEART TO ROME, AND MY SOUL TO HEAVEN." Hard by this memorial to O'Connell, have been placed marble monuments to Allen, Larken and O'Brien, — Enlians, who forfeited their lives, in their daring and fool-hardy deeds. I must not omit to mention a monument to a native of Dublin, the most imposing object of the kind in the place. It is a granite obelisk, and stands in Phoenix Park, to the honour of the Duke of Wellington. His fellow-townsmen felt themselves honoured in contributing twenty thou-

*We are quite aware of the misnomer of which we are guilty in thus heading this and previous letters. When we inserted the first, we supposed the rest would be from England, and so gave it the caption suited for the series.—Ed.

sand pounds for its erection. These are some of the many objects in this city, which attract the eye of a stranger.

The citizens of Dublin, I suppose, with a view to place on public and permanent record their great abhorrence of matrimonial dissension and discussion, have caused Dean Swift and his "Stella" to dwell peaceably together in death. They rest side by side in the wall of St. Patrick's Cathedral; and from above, their busts, like guardian angels, keep watch over their last resting place. But attention to this matter does not end here. Casts of the heads of these unfortunates in marriage, are placed together on a shelf in the museum of Trinity College.

The old Parliament buildings which stand opposite Trinity College were purchased by the Banking Company of Ireland. The process of utilization greatly marred their external beauty. The inside has been subjected to an entire change, except the assembly room of the Lords, which remains unaltered. A marble statue of King George the III, stands in the place of the throne. On the wall, at the right, is a picture in needle work, about twenty feet square, representing the battle of the Boyne. King William so prominent, mounted on a spirited horse, and Schomberg, unhorsed, is expiring at his feet. On the opposite wall, is a picture of the same size, in which the artistic needle has produced a representation of the siege of Derry. The mahogany table stretches along the floor, the chairs are arranged against the red benches, around the walls, and busts of eminent men rest in their niches. All things remain as they were seventy years ago, when the august body, which was wont to assemble there, rose from their seats and passed out through the door, for the last time, as the Lords of Ireland. "Not so," said the Irishman by my side. "These chairs are waiting for Irish Lords." A question, pointing to this, is under discussion in connection with the election which now excites the city for a representative to the Imperial Parliament. Sir Dominic Corrigan solicits support as a friend to the Gladstone Government, and especially as an advocate of state endowment for the Christian Brother's Schools in Ireland; while Capt. King Harman, asks the suffrages of the electors, not only in behalf of aid to sectarian schools, but also, and chiefly, for the establishment of a "Federal Parliament for Ireland," and the setting up of "Home Rule."

I attended a meeting, in the pillar room of the Rotunda, to hear Capt. Harman discourse on the wrongs of Ireland, and set forth his remedy for all her ills. The large room was crowded. Alderman Plunkett was called to the chair. After lauding Capt. Harman, as one of the finest specimens of an Irish gentleman to be found in Dublin, and declaring what great things he would do, could he lead Irishmen against the Prussians, he defined what was meant by a "Federal Parliament." "It was an assembly of Irish gentlemen, sitting in College Green, as the Lords and Commons of Ireland" this lucid definition of Federalism, seemed to set free the spirit of liberty which evidently yearned for unrestrained exercise in many hearts. In the twinkling of an eye the good old days were back again, and every man lifted up his voice with authority. A hundred chairmen were to be seen, not the least noisy of whom were standing on the platform. Such a Babel, I supposed would prevent Capt. Harman from speaking, but I neither understood the audience nor the resource of the orator. Amid shouting and unearthly noises, the Capt. in a loud voice addressed the meeting in advocacy of a "Federal Parliament." "Although I was within thirty feet of the platform, I was not able to understand all that he said; and, certainly, very few persons present, heard his speech. When he had finished the spirit of liberty took full possession of the people. Numerous speakers clamoured and strove for a hearing, shouting "Lend me your ears." The Capt. bravely pinioned one of them, while others showed equal courage in dealing with the independent orators about them. Benches were upset, portions of the platform gave way, and every thing conspired to render the occasion a fitting prelude to the introduction of "Home Rule." All of the many orators vociferated, and gesticulated with great impressiveness, but as I could only catch snatches of their utterances;—"I am a Cork man—a munster man—an Irishman," "the great O'Connell,—the purse-proud Saxon, and the beggarly Scotchman," "Home Rule" "Federal Parliament" and so on, I was unable to appreciate all their eloquence.

In the midst of this turbulence which seemed to threaten serious consequences at times, a large part of the meeting followed Capt. Harman to the Gardens outside. The scene presented a mingling of anger and good nature which could

be seen no where except in an Irish crowd. Pressure, suffocation, and possible violence gave me not a little concern for my own safety, but when I saw fellows arise from a scene of maltreatment, and use their felt hats to pay off their adversaries, I banished my fears.

Those who remained inside mauled, pushed, pulled and haranged one another, with a mingling of rage and fun such as I never saw before. It was a splendid exhibition of "Home Rule" In the Gardens the Capt. was borne upon the shoulders of strong men, and thousands shouted for "King Harman." I should state that the Rev. Prof. Galbraith of Trinity College, addressed the meeting. I understood him to say "Such a meeting filled him with great hope."

A very intelligent gentleman in Dublin, assured me that gatherings of the people, except for worship, were almost uniformly attended by scenes more or less similar to those I have described. Every instance, which has come within my knowledge, since I landed on the Island confirms his statements. The meeting, addressed by Sir Dominic Corrigan on the evening succeeding that of which I have spoken, was, I learn, a perfect bedlam; and a temperance meeting, held on the next day, though free from blows, was a scene of disorder and a war of words. A meeting, addressed by Miss Craigen—an English lady, working in the interests of social reform among the masses, furnished occasion for ~~intemperate~~ exhibitions of that irrepressible belligerency which flows in the Irish blood. Every individual seems to be a portable magazine, a sort of metraillouse. Inflammable materials are laid along every nerve and vein, ready to take fire under the slightest friction. Every thing which I have seen from the steam-tender at Queenstown, to Miss Craigen's lecture at the Mechanics' Institute, forces upon me the conviction, that in ability for combined action and control, these people are essentially deficient.

I may add that on Sunday, large placards of the rival candidates were carried by men and women through the streets of Dublin. Sir Corrigan's were very numerous, and consisted solely of a letter, addressed by his Eminence Cardinal Cullen to one of his priests, expressing his desire that efficient measures be adopted to secure the return of Sir Dominic Corrigan, who would be able to render great service to Ireland.

The Irish people are far from indifferent spectators of the sad war which is now raging. Their sympathies are very strong and are not undivided. The line which separates Roman Catholics and Protestants, is the line which divides the people of this Island, so far as I have knowledge, into two parties, the one in favour of the French, the other in favour of Prussia. The Roman Catholics are with France. Telegrams, which give the slightest grounds to hope that victory has crowned the French arms, set the crowds pouring through the streets to the music of fife and drum. News of an opposite character dejects the feelings of the Roman Catholic masses, so that it is evident to a stranger on the street. An underlying impatience of British connection accounts in some measure for this state of things. Great liberty is however granted for the demonstration of popular feeling.

Truly yours,
EDWARD MANNING.

For the Christian Messenger.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF SISTER DEWOLFE.

HENTHADA, June 21, 1870.

Rev. Dr. Tupper,—

You have been made acquainted ere this with the change in my field of labor. Bro. Crawley and Bro. Smith urged the change strongly, setting forth the needs of the Henthada field; and the fact of most of your means being spent here was another inducement.

I put my few possessions on board a boat, which the Henthada Karens hired for the purpose, defraying all expenses; and Mr. Smith sent with them Too Wah, our head vernacular teacher, and one whom you have been supporting for some time. Truly you could not find one in Burmah more worthy of assistance. He forgets self entirely for the sake of the cause, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

He, with his good wife, went down to accompany us up. Our journey was somewhat long and tedious; as the middle of the days was very hot; but, with exception of a day or two, when I had a severe head ache, I enjoyed it. We called at several Karen villages on our way, and went up and visited the pastors, and talked with the women and children.

After getting into the Henthada district, we called at a small one of the most remote villages. The church is a small and weak one; yet they bring in a good share of their pastor's support, and give toward other objects. Not far from this is a very large heathen Sgau Karen village. To this the pastor and some others went in advance of us, to tell them we were coming; and when we arrived we found them collected on the bank in large companies. They had never seen a white woman before; and of course their curiosity was excited to know whether she had eyes, nose, mouth, and hands like the women of their own people. We staid some time, and I talked to them as much as I could, considering my severe headache. But the shadows of evening were gathering around us, and the boatmen were anxious to hasten on; so we said, 'Good-bye.' We made two or three other calls at some nice Christian villages.

We reached Henthada in five days, and received a warm welcome from our missionary friends. Soon after I came Mr. Smith organized a "Home Mission Society." I wish you could have looked in upon the band of noble men devoting themselves to God's service, and heard their prayers, and the speeches of some of them. They told of a deep spirit of inquiry among some of the more distant heathen, and a strong desire to know the "white Book," and to worship its God. Is not this sufficient to keep us from growing faint on the way? Most of the men whom you are aiding came in to this meeting. With one in particular, "Tha uh Shway," I was much pleased, he was so clean and neat in his person, and Mr. Smith tells me he is one of his best and most devoted preachers. He brought his little son, about six years old, to come to school, and wanted me to keep a watch over him. His name is "Myah Yea." I mention his name; as we hope some day he may become a teacher of the word.

Our school is now in full operation; we have over sixty, large and small; and here, as at home, some bright ones are anxious for an education, others come more to please their parents and friends; yet all are obedient and docile scholars.

At the Association the people were so anxious to have English taught in connection with the school, that we consented; and we now have forty in that department. You would be pleased to see them when they recite in concert. Their black eyes snap, and each one is eager to answer before the other. We are also teaching them to sing by note, and giving them instruction in the rudiments of music.

We have had a great many heathen visitors since I came hither. They come in to listen to the word. One man, who has Christian relations, and has been exhorted to repent time after time, got into a quarrel with one of his neighbors, and went to court, charging him with being a robber. The other proved it to be a false charge, and turned upon him with a charge of defamation of character. When the poor man had been here only a short time the Holy Spirit began to trouble his conscience, and he came every day for instruction, attended every one of the meetings, and seemed really very anxious to learn the "true and living way." He repeatedly said, if the Lord should see fit to put him into prison, or take all his property from him, he would be resigned to His will. It turned out that his punishment was only a small fine; and he left us carrying home books to learn to read, that he might be able to read God's word; and he said he would remove, and live among his christian friends.

I will try to write often of our school, and its progress, and any other matter of interest connected with the Mission.

Your sister in Christ,
MINNIE B. DEWOLFE.

For the Christian Messenger.

VALEDICTORY TO REV. M. P. FREEMAN.

Mr. Editor,—

Yesterday (Sabbath) was a day of more than ordinary interest to those interested in our denomination on P. E. Island. You are no doubt aware that the Rev. M. P. Freeman has accepted a call from the Nictaux Church N. S. He preached his farewell sermon last evening, and at its close was presented with an address, a copy of which together with his reply I send you. The earnest prayers of Island Baptists follow Brother Freeman to his new sphere of labor, we trust he may be even more useful in building up the cause of Christ, than he has been here.