

## Original Communications.

HOW WE WENT TO SWITZERLAND.—II.  
(From the Note-Book of our Travelling Correspondent.)

MILAN—THE LAST SUPPER BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

We must not leave Milan without hunting up Leonardo da Vinci's world-renowned fresco, "The Last Supper." We find it in the Convent of Santa Maria del Grazie. On the ground-floor of the building we are led to a long room with high ceiling, and upon the wall at one end, is painted the wonderful work of art which has received the admiration of the world for more than three centuries. It was begun the year after Columbus discovered this Continent, and occupied some sixteen years of Leonardo's life. The picture has been engraved and scattered so widely over the world that a description of it is unnecessary here. The long table with Christ at the centre, and the disciples on either side, all engaged in active conversation, one asking "Lord is it I?" and another "Is it I?" is familiar to all. While several are conversing together in an interested manner, others rise from their seats and lean over towards the Saviour, waiting for His next word, or listening to those who are asking the momentous question. The central figure, however, Christ, is the crowning glory of the whole. He has just uttered the memorable sentence "One of you shall betray me," and His face bears such sorrow and sadness, as can only be appreciated by those who have entered deeply into the feelings of that dark moment in the life of the Son of God.

It is doubtless a common feeling in the breast of every one who has enjoyed fine paintings, that no head of the Saviour he has ever seen, fully comes up to the conception formed in his own mind long ago. Nothing comes up to the standard of excellence, the expression of meekness and gentleness, of goodness and kindness, the shining of the God through the face of the man, which we all have conceived. We feel it forcibly when before Benjamin West's "Christ Rejected" in our own city. A glorious painting, calling up a world of religious thought, but in which the face of Christ is far below our standard of strength and excellence. In Guido's "Ecce Homo" too, where Christ wears the crown of thorns, there is suffering and patience and elevation of soul, but the countenance of a *divine* Saviour is wanting. Even in Raphael's Transfiguration, the head of Christ is far from satisfactory.

Now in the glorious fresco of Leonardo, the coloring is so faded, and in some places the surface of the wall has been so discolored by the dampness of three hundred and sixty years, that the true expression of the faces can scarcely be discerned. Many years ago, however, tolerably good copies were taken on canvass by other artists, and the original idea of the great painter has been preserved. In the Brera gallery in Milan, the original sketch of the head which Leonardo drew for this painting, in black and red crayon, upon a sheet of paper is preserved with great care.

A photograph copy of this crayon sketch was shown us when in Rome by Mrs. Doctor Gould, the lady so well known by our American tourists for her hospitality, her interest in the efforts making to evangelize the Italian children, as well as for her enthusiastic admiration of the beautiful in art, so lavishly strewn around her in the eternal city. We had been talking with her over our disappointment in not having found a satisfying head and face of Christ, in any of the galleries of Paris, Florence or Rome.

"I have it," she exclaimed, and brought out a little card photograph of Leonardo's sketch. We saw in a moment the face of the "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." It was a long time before we could take our eyes off of the original, when we once found it in the Brera gallery, and we returned to that room in the building again and again, before we could finally leave it. We procured a card photograph of the rough sketch, and it lies by us as we write these lines. The feelings it awakens are similar to those we experience while listening to that mournful, heart-melting melody in Handel's Messiah, "A man of sorrows." A cultivated contralto voice has more than once melted us to tears, while warbling its plaintive, almost sobbing movement. Would that Leonardo da Vinci had poured his soul into a painting upon canvas that could have been handed down to us in a perfect state, for no other artist has ever satisfied so well the general longing for a head of the Saviour, and the most we have left from his own pencil is this rough drawing on paper.

The fresco upon the wall is becoming so indistinct, notwithstanding it has been re-touched repeatedly, that it will soon become entirely valueless as a work of art.

CAVOUR TURNING MONASTERIES INTO RAILROADS.

Milan is a clean city with many fine buildings. The railroad depot is one of the largest and finest in Europe. The Hotel Cavour is large and elegant, with handsome open grounds in front, in which stands a monument to that great Italian statesman, Cavour, who almost single-handed took Italy from the depths of her old degradation; poor, imbecile, divided, and behindhand in every way, and brought her to her present rank

among the nations of Europe. He pushed her railway system with herculean energy, selling the monasteries and their fine estates, routing out the lazy monks who had been eating out the vitals of the nation for centuries, huddled the inmates of half a dozen almost empty convents into one, sold the properties thus vacated, and their lands with them, and with the money laid his iron roads all over the peninsula. It is said that when boring the prodigious tunnels and building the embankments and viaducts crossing the Apennines, as the funds would run low, he would sell another monastery, drive out the monks, and spend the money as long as it lasted, repeating the operation until he had the thirty-seven tunnels through, that cross the range between Florence and Bologna.

A bronze statue of Fame is writing his name, CAVOUR, on the marble pedestal that supports the statue.

THE STRADA. NO PAY NO SEAT.

A portion of the ramparts that surround the city have been planted with trees, forming an avenue, in the centre of which is a splendid drive. All Milan turns out in the afternoon to enjoy this drive on the *strada*. The display of fine equipages is truly elegant. We had no idea of seeing such wealth and style. A long line of carriages rests in the centre of the avenue, which is about 100 feet wide, while on one side carriages drive up, and on the other down, going a mile or more before they return. As they pass round several times, each rider has a full view of the moving carriages as well as of those in the centre. On one side of the avenue is an extensive public garden, or open park full of flowers, shade trees, fountains, winding walks, and shrubbery. Hundreds of persons, young and old, are out in their best attire, enjoying the pretty place, while a powerful band of music, all in full military uniform, peals out the stirring harmonies of the great masters. No place in America shows a scene of gaiety and beauty at all equal to the turnout of the Milanese of a summer afternoon. We were soon reminded, however, that we were not in America, for, on sitting down to rest on some pretty iron chairs, a man quickly approached us, demanding four cents pay for my seat in the arm-chair, and two cents for that of my friend, whose chair had no arms. As we paid the money, he pulled a little piece of printed paper from a roll in a round brass box, giving us a receipt for our money, and at the same time telling, by the unrolling of the tickets, how much money he must account for to those who employ him. Nothing like this either in America, we thought.

The marble arch of peace commenced by Napoleon, at the beginning of his great Simplon road leading to Paris, is an object of rare beauty. His own statue in bronze was to have surmounted it; but the Austrians, who finished the structure, not only kept off his statue, but chiselled off the mottoes he had carved upon some stone shields set in the walls of the barracks near by. They would have blotted his name from the face of the earth if they could. The arch is surmounted with splendid horses and chariot in bronze.

If we stay around Milan thus, I fear we will never get to Switzerland, so we must do as we did at Rome, and at Florence, and again at Venice, tear ourselves away, and, with a sigh, hasten on.

ITALIAN SCENERY AND PENNSYLVANIA COAL-OIL.

A short ride by rail brings us to Lake Maggiore. Each of these Lakes of Northern Italy is called the prettiest anywhere to be found—Garda, Como, and Maggiore. We did not see Como; but if it were more beautiful than either of the others, I can't imagine how words can convey its superiority.

We struck the southern end of the lake, and then took steamer for a trip half-way up, say for twenty or twenty-five miles, when we took stages for the mountains. The lake is fringed with vineyards and gardens, with beautiful villas rising among them. The luxuriant vegetation of Italy grows in perfection on these lovely shores. The mulberry, chestnut, fig, pomegranate, and olive flourish, while back of this soft beauty lie the everlasting Alps crowned with their white scalps of snow. The eastern side soon rose in magnificent rocky walls, with bold promontories, and here and there fine reaches of cultivated land. At Arona we went ashore, bought our stage-tickets, and dined, taking our time to stroll about, for the boat was in no hurry to leave. On the landing, we were forcibly reminded of the wealth of our own great State of Pennsylvania, far off across the ocean; for there lay piled up, resting after their long journey of four thousand miles, fifty to one hundred empty barrels marked "Refined Petroleum," "Pittsburg refinery," &c., &c. Could it be that these Italians had to send all the way over to our oil regions, to get what would enable them to see at night? It was even so. On the top of the Apennines we had seen a barrel of our Petroleum, way up on a high shelf, in a depot at a water station, and now a second time we were similarly reminded of our home, rich enough to give light to these far-off nations, just as it can give heat to our whole country.

At the stage office, as we bought our tickets, we tried our best to procure seats in the coupé, the open box in front, under the high driver's seat, whence we would obtain fine views of the route

as we crossed the Alps. These seats cost one dollar extra. We had had the coupé before, when we crossed the Mt. Cenis pass, and wanted it again over the Simplon. The ticket-agent told us the coupé seats were all taken. A French gentleman and lady near us made the same request; but with similar success. They remonstrated in such rapid talk that I could not keep the run of it. All of no avail, however; "Tout pris" was the only reply—all taken. After we were all waited upon, the Frenchman took the agent outside, and had some private talk with him. I at once suspected that an extra fee was in the wind. Next day the Frenchman and lady had delightful coupé seats all the way over, so we learned that "bribery and corruption" were not confined solely to American political circles.

THE BORROMEOAN ISLANDS.

After an hour's delay, no one seeming to be in a hurry, the steamer's bell rang, and we were off for Baveno, half way up the lake, where we were to take the stage. The beauty of the scenery was here heightened by the four Borromeoan Islands covered with castles, palaces, and terraced gardens. One of them rises one hundred feet above the surface of the lake, and terraced all the way to the top. It was once a barren rock, but one of the Borromeos, some 200 years ago, built a palace on it, and converted it into the fairy isle we now see. Its beautiful terraces are covered with lemon-trees, cypress, magnolia, oleander, orange-trees, cedars, &c.

A heavy rain came up as we neared the islands, almost hiding them from view; but at the beautiful hotel on the shore, we looked out through the drops, and caught what glimpses we could of one of the prettiest views in Europe.

There were seven of us Americans, who had journeyed together all the way from Florence, waiting at the hotel. It was Friday—several wanted to be in Geneva on Sunday. "Let us stay here and enjoy this lovely scenery just one more day," said some. "If we do, where will we spend Sunday? We ought to be in some civilized place, and attend English worship if possible," was the reply. A New York friend interposed, "If you linger here just as you want to do everywhere, you won't get to Switzerland this summer, and when you do get there, you will say how foolish you have been to waste time that you wish you had back again, when you are among the glaciers and mountain torrents." This turned the scale, and we loaded up in the stage, leaning far out of the window to get our last glimpses of this deep blue lake, its fairy isles, its shore of glowing green, the rocky headlands on the other side, purple, and gray, and moss-covered, all reflected in the quiet water, with the angry clouds separating over our heads, and showing patches of the blue sky of Italy, smiling down to heighten all this loveliness.

We are in the stage now, and will cross the Alps together when we write again.

G. W. M.

## OUR SECLAR PRESS AND MURDER.

It has been said, that the French Revolution of '93 was a machine constructed without levers, braces, and other adjusting powers, and, therefore, when once set in motion took fire from the velocity of its own movements. It would seem in our day that immense forces are being placed in our hands, which threaten to bound, by and by, from our control, and shatter if not destroy us. We are in the condition of children who have just acquired the uses of fire, and gunpowder, without the knowledge of the perils that attend them. In the vast sweep of the possibilities that lie in nature, we bode no ill, because all is held entirely under control of the Divine mind, which more than keeps pace with developments on all sides. Not so with our ignorance and frailty. We grasp and tamper, and are often crushed by some fearful recoil of our new contrivances.

It is yet a debatable query, whether steam and the telegraph will advance or retard a true civilization. In the hands of a people entirely religious, or at least, moral, with their intellect in harmonious balance, it would seem that almost nothing need be feared from the possession of almost superhuman power. But what might not be apprehended were the entire management of the affairs of State; governmental, political, the judiciary, and that right arm of all, the press, committed to luxurious, corrupt and licentious hands? Society, with all that is truly desirable in it, would inevitably soon go down in such a State!

The last named power, the Press, has already, even among us, become almost as fearful as it is mighty. Its grasp is immense, its range absolutely ubiquitous; it well nigh governs public sentiment, and is, we fear, in some things, fast demoralizing social views and habits.

Time was, for instance, when men could select the reading for themselves and their families; an important and responsible duty, if it be true, as we believe it to be, that we grow morally and intellectually, like the mental aliment on which we feed. But the power for the performance of this duty, thanks to this all but omnipotent engine, has completely passed away from us.

The secular newspaper-press permeates like the air, all space. Its name is legion, and such has got to be its mass, that to peruse a very small part only of its daily utterances consumes all the reading time, which thousands can pos-

sibly afford. Among its prominent evils is this, that in its choice of topics, neither virtue, patriotism, nor reform seem to be deeply considered. Indeed, the things to which it takes with the greatest zest, dwells on apparently with the liveliest interest, and flaunts forth with the most elaborately displayed headings, are its narrations of revolting and monstrous crimes! Atrocious butcheries it describes in all their circumstantialities of horrid incident and startling particular, with very gusto. Column after column, either distributed over, or continued from page to page with striking captions ingeniously contrived, force themselves on the attention not only, but rivet themselves in the mind of the reader, in some instances, for days. The newspaper of our time, in fact, seems to delight in burning into our thoughts what we should most decidedly abhor to remember.

To establish the truth of this charge, we need only refer to our newspapers during the last few weeks; they will speak for themselves, or for their authors. Cupidity, doubtless, lies at the bottom of all this. It is done because, in business parlance, it will pay. But there must be something more deeply wrong in the character of men, who can be induced to descend in this way, than a mere mercenary spirit, mean as that may be. It is a heinous work, performed in utter regardlessness of consequences to any and all parties.

From what class of society do such men come? What have been their antecedents socially, their education, their domestic surroundings if they have any? What sort of a member of civilized society is the man who sows broadcast into that society the seeds of moral degradation? For we account this catering to a low and degraded public appetite, as something more than a departure from good taste, though that were enough to bar it from the columns of every respectable organ of the press in our land.

This blazoning of crime in the style we complain of, tends to embroil society around us on a large scale. It is in itself a new and powerful incentive to crime. The murderer, in some minds, becomes thereby exalted into a hero, causing his deeds to be emulated rather than avoided. Crime is infectious, and should not be sown upon the winds. The word *murder* should not be pronounced by a flourish of trumpets. If it must be used at all, it should be with bated breath and a shudder! The more familiar a people become with crime, the more easily, the more readily will they commit it.

And let it sink deeply in all minds that to dwell in these ways, on records of brutality, as associating with the vile, will inevitably brutalize us as a people.

Cannot, then, our newspaper-press be persuaded, nay, propitiated into a forbearance from further depraving us? E. D. M.

## TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

—The *Galveston News* says that place contains more costly and elegantly-fitted-up drinking-saloons, alias "drunkeries," in proportion to population, than any city in the United States.

—The N. Y. East M. E. Conference has recently taken very decided action on Temperance. It declares the Church a Total Abstinence Society, questions the propriety of the sacramental use of wine, assails tobacco, favors prohibitory laws, and condemns the employment of physicians who prescribe stimulants freely.

—A country paper in Pennsylvania after a long report of the proceedings of the criminal court, called the attention of the moral and religious portion of the community, and of the taxpayers generally, to the fact that every case before the court was the direct result of the use of intoxicating liquor. "In other words, if there had been no liquor used in Huntingdon county, there would not have been a single criminal case for trial."

—A St. Louis physician is responsible for the following figures: Taking the population of this country at forty millions—of 300 men, 123 never drink spirits at all; 100 drink moderately, but not to intoxication; 50 are ephemeral drinkers; 25 drink periodically, called "spreeing;" and 3 are habitual inebriates. Of 700 women, 600 never taste alcoholics of any kind; 30 taste wine occasionally; 17 taste ardent spirits; 36 drink ale or beer constantly; 14 drink ardent spirits periodically; and three are habitual inebriates.

## TO AN INEBRIATE.

The price of kingdoms was the pearl  
A queen dissolved in wine,  
But thou art wasting in the cup  
A gem of ray divine.  
The deed of Egypt's daughter proud  
Is foolishly styled alone,  
But thou art perpetrating crime  
That fends should blush to own.

God's glorious gift, the deathless soul  
Is lightly held by thee;  
The brand of slave is on thy brow,  
Poor wretch! misnamed free.  
O! wake thee from thy trance of sin  
And knock at mercy's door,  
Dash down, dash down that hell-drugged bowl,  
And be a man once more. —W. C. Hooper.

—It is estimated that 490,000,000 gallons of alcoholic liquors were drunk the past year in this country. We have about 500,000 paupers in the country, made such by intemperance, and the cost of their support amounts annually to \$35,000,000. The expense to the United States on account of crimes committed under the influence of rum is estimated at \$40,000,000 a year, while that consequent upon insanity, more than one-half of which has been proved to be chargeable to this cause, is \$12,000,000. To these amounts and the cost of the liquor, about \$1,088,000,000, add the value of the grain, sugar and property destroyed, with the labor lost, and sickness in hospitals, and we find the annual amount expended in this country for the cause, to be \$1,650,000,000.

—At the recent monthly Temperance meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of this city, held April 18th, it was announced that John B. Gough, Esq., had consented to aid the Association in their efforts to advance the Temperance cause in this community, and arrangements are being made for the largest Temperance mass meeting ever held in America.

The Skating Rink at the corner of Twenty-first and Race streets, has been secured for Friday evening, May 7. It will accommodate the immense number of fifteen thousand persons. The price of admission will be merely nominal. The Temperance organizations are requested to aid in this grand effort, equalled but once before, when Mr. Gough addressed an audience of twenty thousand persons in London.

—It is a frequent complaint that Temperance and other societies steal away the hearts of Church members and divide their energies. The Church Temperance movements now in progress promise to obviate the difficulty. One of the boldest is that of Rev. William B. Cullies, who has organized a Lodge of Good Templars in his own church (German Reformed, in Melon street above Twelfth), acts as its L. D. (Lodge Director), and has had the Lecture-room handsomely fitted up for its use. The organization took place April 9th. Hon. Salmon P. Chase, who in consequence of holding a high position in the Order, has five cabalistic letters after his name, was present and conducted the dedicatory services. According to Mr. Sypher, who does a deal of cyphering, there are 46,000 Good Templars in Pennsylvania.

## News of Our Churches.

## Ministerial.

Rev. J. De Lamater's address is Augusta, Ky. He is still stated supply of the Cedron and Felicity churches in Ohio.

Rev. E. J. Alden's post office address is changed from Fostoria, O., to Rootstown, O.

Rev. Fred. S. Jewell's address is Albany, N. Y.

Rev. James C. Smith of Romulus, N. Y., has accepted a call to the church at Newfield, N. Y., commencing the first Sabbath in April. The good people of Romulus made him and his family a very pleasant and somewhat substantial surprise visit on the evening of the 25th of March.

Rev. Dr. Sunderland, President of Howard University, at Washington city, has resigned his position, because he considers the buildings of the University unsafe to be occupied, and the Trustees still persist in continuing school in them.

Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, the eminent colored divine, has within the past year officiated as president of Avery College, Allegheny City, Pa., so successfully, that the executors of Mr. Avery's estate have placed at the disposal of the trustees, who are colored men, four city lots, valued at \$10,000, and also \$10,000 in cash. This college was founded twenty years ago, by Rev. Charles P. Avery, and endowed by him with two professorships, accompanied with property worth \$70,000. Eighty-four students have been enrolled during the past year.

Rev. D. Murdoch, D. D. of New Milford, declines the call of the Second church, Elmira, N. Y.

Rev. A. J. Quick of Carmansville, N. Y., does not accept the call of the church at Downsville, N. Y.

Rev. J. F. Dripps, a graduate of Princeton Seminary, has lately been supplying the pulpit of the American Presbyterian church at Montreal, Canada.

Rev. A. S. Dudley is about to leave Logansport, Ind., where he has labored very successfully for several years.

Rev. Daniel Lord of Bridgeport, Conn., has accepted the call of Calvary church in Chicago. Salary \$5,000.

Rev. B. Sunderland, D. D., of Washington, D. C., has declined the call to the Lee Avenue Reformed church of Brooklyn.

Rev. Chas. A. Williams has resigned the charge of Westminster church of Rockford, Ill., on account of impaired health, and has removed to Geneva, Wis.

Rev. F. A. Spencer has resigned the position of Corresponding Secretary of the New York State Temperance Society. He is supplying the church at Liverpool.

## Churches.

The York Church, Rev. H. E. Niles, pastor, has just taken up his collection for Home Missions and Freedmen, amounting to \$1000.

Edinboro, Pa.—The two branches of the Church (O. and N. S.), have been worshipping together under one pastor for the year just closing, and have made arrangements to continue so another year. An organic union would be effected at once probably, but for certain legacies belonging to one or both branches, which might be alienated in case of the loss of separate ecclesiastical existence. The pastor had a surprise party recently, which left him richer by \$200.

Rock Stream, N. Y.—There had been no revival here for at least a dozen years, and the church never had a settled pastor until in June of 1867. The last admission on profession of faith was six years ago this month. The membership prior to April instant was forty-five. About the middle of December last, a series of prayer meetings was commenced and continued through the month of January. Prayer and personal conversation were the efficient means under God of working a glorious revival. Preaching was the exception. At the communion, April 4, thirty new members, twenty-nine on profession, were received. Twenty-two of these were baptized. Fifteen were heads of families. Ages ranged from ten to fifty years.

Chicago, Ill.—The First church, Chicago, to the flourishing Sunday-school of which we called attention recently, was the First Baptist church of that city.

Decatur, Mich.—This church, established in 1852, was till recently a very weak vacancy. Having called a pastor, and experienced a blessing under his labors, they resolved to erect a larger house of worship. This was begun in May, and dedicated in December, of last year, and is one of the best and largest in our body in Western Michigan. It is 44 by 75 feet, and cost with the furniture \$7,000.