

Original Communications.

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

GOOD BYE TO ITALY.—FAMILIAR FACES.

As we were about bidding adieu to the lovely shores of Lake Maggiore, that Fairy Land of Northern Italy, the hotel proprietor came to the stage door and holding it open said, "Must leave tree place for tree more by Baveno. Good bye ladies and shentlemen! I hope you shall come next year and shstay longer mit me." This was the first English speaking we had heard all day, and was quite as refreshing as it was startling. We replied pleasantly, feeling as sorry as he did that we could not "shstay longer mit" him.

What was our surprise on arriving at the little town of Baveno in fifteen or twenty minutes, to see the familiar faces of three New York gentlemen who were to fill the three reserved places. We had met them at Rome, and travelled in company with them for a week most delightfully, parting with them at Florence, they travelling at night, and sight-seeing by day which we declined to do. A most pleasant meeting was this, so totally unexpected by all parties. They had been to Trieste and Vienna, had spent a day in Venice, and had been to Milan just before us, going thence north-east to Lake Como. Coming over westwardly by Lake Lugano, and striking the eastern arm of Lake Maggiore, they had been rowed all day by two sturdy boatmen some thirty miles, and had arrived at Baveno in time to take our stage and cross the Alps with us next day.

IVVY.

One of them still carried with him a little pot of ivy he had planted in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, to take home with him to New York. This gave my wife the ivy fever, which resulted in our bringing more than a dozen slips home with us in a bottle of water. We cut one from every famous castle and church from Chillon in Switzerland to the Tower of London, and Melrose, and Dryburgh abbeys in Scotland. Only one of them is now living, that plucked last, from the tomb of Walter Scott at the last named place.

One day the precious bottle was forgotten when stopping to dine on the Brunig pass over the Alps. We telegraphed back for it next day, and were pleased when the stage-driver brought it to us that night, as though it had been a lost friend we had found. The rain came on again, shutting out the view as we travelled along the border of the lake.

AN AVALANCHE.

Presently we found the way completely out off, by half the mountain at the road-side having rolled down from above. An avalanche some weeks before had brought down rocks, trees, and earth, heaping them in confusion across our path and far out into the lake. A ferry-boat was in waiting, which took us with little delay, stages, horses and all, around the *side* to the road again, and we were soon again on the broad Simplon, a fine, smooth turnpike, with its little granite posts on each side every few yards of the way. The telegraph poles here were made of stone. Slender pieces of granite a dozen feet high, and about twelve by eight inches square, supported the wires quite substantially. We soon left the lake and followed a pretty stream, the river Toce, north-westwardly towards the Alps, which were hidden from view by clouds and the falling rain.

DOMO D'OSSOLA.

It was ten o'clock at night when, in dripping rain, weary and tired, we drove through an arched gateway into the hotel yard at Domo D'Ossola. As the last stage entered, the gates closed behind us, and we were glad to follow a servant, with lighted candles, from one room to another to our quarters for the night. There appeared to be no passage ways through the large building; but we were shown through half a dozen adjoining sleeping-rooms before we got to our own. We wondered whether they intended showing other lodgers through our room after we were put away; but found ours was the last room on the L. Soon a party was shown to the room we had just passed through, and in this manner they filled the house up. How we were going to get out in the morning bothered us a little as we were dropping to sleep; but we were too weary to plan for our exit. Leaving one of our candles burn all night, (for we must pay a franc each for them whether we burn them or not,) we woke next morning to find the rain all gone and the sun trying hard to send its morning greeting through our curtains. A look outside showed a stone balcony running around the house, and we soon found our way down the strong stone stairway to the same yard which had received us in the dark last evening.

AN ITALIAN COOKING RANGE.

A survey showed the preparations making for breakfast in a large room opening on the courtyard, on something that resembled a blacksmith forge more than anything else. We had seen a similar *forge* on the roadside at a station near Rome, and remembered how we enjoyed a broiled chicken just hot from its embers, and now we awoke to the conclusion that our meals in Italy had doubtless all come from similar *forgeries*. Anything more unlike our cooking-stoves and kitchen ranges would be hard to imagine; but there sat the copper coffee-pots and tea-kettles around the fire, and there was the pan over the coals, and

the gridiron with its savory steak. The forge was built of brick about six feet square, and three high, with a large iron funnel above to carry off the steam and smoke.

BEAUTIFUL VALLEY.

The bracing atmosphere of the bright morning invited us beyond the high walls of the hotel yard to look about us. A valley of surpassing loveliness spread around the village. The morning mists still lay upon it; but above and beyond, closing in the view on three sides, grandly rose the Alps. The nearer hills were low and covered with verdure, beyond were barren and rocky summits, and the extreme highest edge of the picture, when the floating mists allowed it to be visible, showed the mountain tops covered with snow, glittering like silver against the blue sky. Down the valley, the landscape lay bathed in the morning sunlight. As the gloomy mist broke away, beautiful fields, and lovely vineyards, white cottages and winding streams became visible, revealing one of those enchanting panoramas that burst upon the glad eyes of Napoleon's soldiers, when, after days of freezing toil, they had dragged their heavy cannon and baggage trains over the Alps, and suddenly found themselves entering these lovely Italian plains. No wonder that the whole army screamed and shouted with delight, thousands of them lying down and kissing the ground in their enthusiasm. Poor fellows, many of them never re-crossed the pass, but found their graves in the land they saluted so gladly. Half a dozen stages soon arrived from up the road, having been all night crossing the pass. Half a dozen more just then came up from Baveno, to cross with us—making a commotion and bustle quite out of keeping with the sleepy village.

Presently a home-like looking gentleman came up to me, saying, "Which is Mr. M., of Philadelphia?" "That's my name, Sir," said I. "My name is B.," he replied; "I am a broker on Third street. I saw your name on one of the trunks, and thought we had better shake hands in this out of the way place." A pleasant chat we had, while the horses were being harnessed to the stages, and then waved an adieu as we separated, he to go down the mountain, and we up. At nine o'clock our line of six stages wound out of the town.

MARKET DAY.

It was a market day. The country people around had flocked in to attend the market. Hardy, healthy-looking folks they are; the women dressed with a heavy woollen-skirt of blue or grey, peasant waist of red or black, large white muslin sleeves, red handkerchief or scarf around the head, stout shoes and thick ribbed stockings. The men wore short clothes to the knee, thick stockings and heavy shoes, red vests, no coats, and high pointed hats. They were offering for sale little heaps of rye, beans, or a little garden truck, all spread upon the ground. One had shoes for sale, fifty pairs or more; another displayed a stock of dry goods, consisting chiefly of bright red handkerchiefs. The goods were spread upon the ground, so close to the road that I feared the wheels of the stages would crush some of them. The people seemed to be a patient set, quiet, moody in their way—no crowding, or activity, or loud talking, or hurrying hither and thither. To stare mutely at us in the stages, was evidently the business of the moment as we passed.

We were soon out of the town, the road following a stream leading us right into the mountains. The Doveria is its name, a rapid torrent, which was to be our companion all day.

AMONG THE ALPS.

The mountains sometimes rose boldly from the valley we were following, then smiling valleys stretched backward and sloped rapidly up. Farm houses, built of stone, were seen in these little valleys. The lower story was a stable and barn. By a flight of stone steps outside, one reached to the second floor, which is the dwelling part of the house. The white plastered walls and red tile roof make a pretty picture. On a bold promontory, fifteen hundred feet above the road, we see a white church, with its square built tower—a beautiful picture, but who can attend the church? Will the people climb to that dizzy height to worship? Little patches of cultivation higher up and beyond, with their rough stone or wooden cottages, tell, that while some ascend to the church, these hardy mountaineers will come down their steep paths to worship. We could hardly believe it possible, that people could live so far above where we were. Some of these little farms lay nestled far up the mountain side among the crags, in such a way that we could not perceive how the people ever got to them. Beyond and half encircling them, rose the steep cliffs, and in front of them sometimes a bold, rocky wall, almost perpendicular, stretches down for a 1,000 or 1,500 feet to the stream at the bottom of the valley. No horse nor cow could ever get up that steep—and how did they farm and live up there without horses or cows, we wondered. How did they keep their children from tumbling headlong down those crags? At times we could trace zig zag paths leading up over the face of the rock, hidden now and then by bushes and underbrush, but we discovered no other road than that perilous path. A man, or a woman, or a goat, could toil up it, we thought, if they would take half a day for it, but not otherwise. How could they transport their farm products and their groceries up and down this steep face of rock? The query is answered when we notice

every man and woman we meet, carrying the large baskets strapped to their backs, holding a bushel more, under the weight of which they bend forward as they walk, assisting their steps by a stout staff, which helps them in picking their perilous ways.

How long would our working classes, especially the women, submit to such an incumbrance? We have crossed the line and are now in Switzerland. A stone pillar at the road side shows where Italy ends, and where the land of mountains and torrents, of glaciers and waterfalls, the land of Liberty and energy, and thrift and labor begins. G. W. M.

REV. OCTAVIUS FITCH.

Action of the Presbytery of Wellsboro.

The Committee appointed to prepare a minute in relation to the death of brother Fitch reported through the Reverend Joel Jewell; their report was accepted and adopted, and is as follows:

Resolved, 1. That while this feeble Presbytery would bow submissively to the chastening rod, which follows in fourteen months the severe stroke which removed from our midst the sainted McCulloch, we recognize the Chief Shepherd as solemnly demanding of those that remain, increased diligence in gathering and feeding "the flock of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood."

Resolved, 2. That we gratefully acknowledge the goodness of God in bestowing upon the Church of Christ a laborer of strong faith, fervent prayer, burning zeal, and untiring energy, accompanied with "great plainness of speech;" one willing to enter the most unpromising fields, supply feeble churches, receive small remuneration here, that he might gather sheaves for the glorious harvest home; one that was "set for the defense of the Gospel;" to maintain the cause of Temperance and civil liberty; to "rejoice in tribulation," and to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Resolved, 3. That we sympathize with, and entreat the divine benediction upon "the widow in her affliction," as well as upon the sheep and lambs in the wilderness, with none to gather them into the fold of Christ.

J. F. C., Stated Clerk.

"BLACKWOOD" AND THE LEWD OPERA.

Were Blackwood the official Organ of the British Government or the exponent of the English people, which it is not, that were no reason for its being adopted as a guide in morals for us Americans.

We say this because a portion of its late article on *ballet dancing*, is served out to us in one of our city dailies, we suppose, in extenuation of that favorite pastime of opera goers here. Its arguments are not new though specious. For instance, "To the pure, all things are pure." This is literally true of the moon-beams, that take no taint from whatever they glance on. But, query, who among us are the pure, in such a sense as this, if we except, favorably to themselves, the inveterate operators and their semi-nude entertainers at the play-house?

But we cannot with truth or propriety accord to them alone, possession of the highest virtues under heaven. We must be permitted to claim something for the simple and generally pure lives of the Puritans, whom this writer, as is common with his class, ranks with "stern moralists and prudens." We must be forgiven, also, for assuming instinctively, that the purest in heart among us, desire to be kept so, and therefore pray not to be led into temptation. And we regret his quoting, not by any means the most expressive of Addison's denunciations of the stage-indecencies of his time. Had he done so, we should all have seen that Addison honestly despised them.

To the beauty, as the writer considers it, of some of these displays, we would take exception. Beauty is matter of taste and with ever varying standards, according to culture, temperament, organization and circumstance, in the beholders. But if we admit in favor of our opponents, that the human form about one-third or less draped, is a beautiful sight, we yet insist, in common *parlance*, that we are in danger and soon, of getting too much of this good and beautiful thing, by *ballet corps* wholly unincumbered by any robing at all. It has not infrequently attained to this, in the model city, in Paris. Still the beauty and entertainment here, are not in point, it is the indecency, the immorality of it, that is in question.

That man is little acquainted with the world, who, reasoning with whatever sophistry he may, cannot and does not mentally admit, that the performances at the opera of to-day are among the most advanced stepping-stones to the slough of libertinism, for scores of our youth of both sexes, yearly. And where a smattering knowledge of the French language is possessed by the auditory, the work of demoralization is considerably more rapid.

The precise *modus operandi* by which men and women are made immoral, is of less importance altogether, than the fact itself, of their becoming

demoralized. Yet we will take our writer's own line of stating his case. He says of the *ballet*, "it cannot be indecent or immoral in itself (?)" and is only made so by the extraneous association of words and thoughts, that come out of the mind of the observer, and not out of the things observed." We repeat, in substance, if our youth are vitiated by any spectacle presented to them, be the *process* what it may, that is sufficient reason for them to condemn and avoid it. If the *ballet* can be made indecent and immoral by words and thoughts coming from the observer of it, it must be in itself *suggestive* of these words and thoughts. No sane man doubts this. Again, "Evil to him who evil thinks." But—what, to him and those, who elaborately, and persistently, contrive enticing and vicious modes for suggesting evil thoughts? And what, to those, who, by ingenious sophistry, seek to recommend and uphold them?

There is yet another item for consideration, however, that is ever ignored by the defenders of this immorality, viz.: the sacrifice by hecatombs all over Europe, of the actresses in these pagan orgies, copied from the heathen saturnalia.

The chariest maid, says Shakspeare, is prodigal enough, if she unmask her beauties to the moon. What may be predicated then of the prodigality in this respect of hundreds of those, who make a business of it, to the gaze of thousands of the satellites of a more baleful planet than the moon? We answer, ruin by wholesale, and nothing but ruin.

To conclude, a rent in a gentleman's coat, said Webster, speaking figuratively of character, may be the accident of an hour, but a patch is deliberate poverty. And so of a *hasty* opinion uttered under excitement, even in favor of an evil like that under consideration, it may in some circumstances, perhaps, be palliated. But the cool patching up of an argument put forth coolly and thoughtfully, in defence of indecencies and immoralities like these, and an advocacy for their support, in our land, is a deliberate crime against virtue, morality, and patriotism. E. D. M.

THE WORK AMONG THE FREEDMAN.

The work of the New School Church among the Freedmen is making satisfactory progress. At this date, ninety-five teachers and ten ministers are in commission, and actually laboring at the South. They are to be found in Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama.

A noticeable feature of this new denominational enterprise is the truly Christian spirit evinced by those thus sent forth to labor, where so little sympathy is manifested by the whites, either with them or for their work.

Thus far, letters from ministers and teachers, dwell chiefly upon their labors and success with the Freedmen; avoiding political topics, and alluding only in terms of regret to any spirit of opposition with which they have to contend. Now and then the manifestation of this spirit of charity and forgiveness is such as to excite peculiar admiration.

On the seventh of March last, the Freedmen's school-house at Clinton, East Tennessee, was burned. A letter of the same date, from the teacher at that station, Miss S. L. Daffin, (a graduate of the Phila. Institute for Colored Youth) says:

"It was a sad spectacle to behold the little ones, who had come to Sunday-school, gathered around the spot where we have loved to meet; and to see the tears streaming down their cheeks; disappointed, yes, sorely disappointed, at finding no house.

"The officers of the Baptist church (white) tendered to us the use of their building until ours shall be rebuilt. The colored people held service this morning in the above named church, and then and there prayed earnestly for the soul of him who had thus tried to injure them. Could there be a more practical illustration of Christ's command, 'Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.'

"The colored minister exhorted the people not to entertain the slightest feeling of vindictiveness towards any man, but to view the Secret Hand in these seemingly unfortunate circumstances."

On the 20th of the same month, this teacher writes again:

"In reply to your query, 'how soon the house will be rebuilt?' I am unable at present to say. It is the intention of those in whose hands the matter has been placed, to have it done as soon as practicable. On the 9th instant the white citizens, irrespective of party, held a meeting to express the sentiments of the community in relation to the destruction of the colored school-house.

"The speeches made upon the occasion were highly sympathetic; indeed, practically so; for \$175 were contributed towards the new building, besides offers of assistance in doing the work, and teams for hauling. All the speeches denounced the act of the incendiary as 'cowardly,' and expressed the belief that the whites should build the house entirely."

April 4th she again writes: "Our new house will be completed, we hope, in about three weeks. The white friends and foes have done nobly, by contributing liberally towards it. The day-school has diminished, this being the corn planting season, when many of our people are compelled to work in the fields. The interest is, however, I think unabated.

"Although many of our older scholars are deprived of the privilege of attending the Friday evening prayer meeting, yet those who do attend, evince the same fervent spirit as of yore, and frequently, when assembled around the mercy seat, the Spirit of God hovers around us, and causes us to experience that sweet calm, 'Which none but he who feels it knows.'"

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

—A New York paper announces that Judge Dowling's recent remark that he would rather see "one adulterator of milk punished than fifty liquor dealers," was suggested by observation of the deterioration caused by the former class in the quality of milk punch.

—The *Liberal Christian*, (Unitarian) recently announced a discovery, which we are sure says an Exchange, our readers will appreciate. Here it is:

Reviews do some good after all.

The fact which wrought this conviction in the mind of the editor is very much to the purpose, and his ready perception of its bearings shows that he is open to conviction, as one who professes to be liberal should be; but is it possible that he never before encountered a fact like this?

"A man in Westfield, after attending a series of revivalist meetings, placed a notice on the door of his shop, to the following effect, 'No rum sold on these premises after this date. Westfield, April 2, 1869.'"

—TOM SAYERS was a famous boxer, you know. "Well Tom," said a gentleman one day, "when you are training, I suppose you use plenty of beefsteak, London porter, and pale ale." "No, no," answered the boxer, "when I have business to do, there is nothing like cold water and the dumb-bells."

After giving up "business" Tom took to drink, and died a sot. Cold water made him a Samson. Alcohol laid him in his grave. Health, strength, and long life do not come from strong drink; be sure of that, boys.

—In the ninth annual report of the Bedford street (Phila.) Mission for 1862, it is stated that within a circuit of two squares from the Mission, 130 rum shops are in active operation. By a census taken by the Missionary in the month of February, of this year, within four squares of the Mission there are only seventy rum shops. This will agreeably surprise the friends of the Mission. While liquor shops are increasing in the respectable parts of the city, they are decreasing very much in Bedford and Spafford streets. It is but justice to the inhabitants of Baker street to say that that street is comparatively reformed and should not be classed with Bedford street.

DIRECTORY.

Of Presbyterian (N. S.) Ministers and Churches in Philadelphia and vicinity

- Adams, E. E., D.D., Lincoln University, Oxford, Pa., S. S. Western Church, 17th and Filbert.
- Adair, Robert, 1737 Filbert St.; Secretary Home Mission Com., Presbyterian House, S. S. Tabor Church.
- Allen, R. H., 404 South 8th street, Third Church, 4th and Pine streets.
- Barnes, Albert, 4209 Walnut street.
- Barnes, A. Henry, 735 Spruce street.
- Beale, J. H., 1116 Palmer street; First Church Kensington, Girard av. near Hanover street.
- Boggs, James, 1228 South 16th street.
- Brown, Charles, Spruce street above 40th; Sec. Min. Relief, Presbyterian House.
- Brown, Thos. J., 1930 Vine street, Logan Square Church, 20th and Vine streets.
- Bruen, Rev. E. B., 1531 Chestnut street.
- Cox, George W., 1822 Frankford road.
- Crittenden, Samuel W., N. W. corner 37th and Sansom streets; Presbyterian House.
- Culver, Andrew, 1506 South Third street; First Church, Southwark, German street above 2nd.
- Dana, S. W., 3915 Darby road; Walnut St. Church, Walnut above 89th street.
- Diver, Charles F., 2188 Mt. Vernon street.
- Duffield, Samuel W., 21st. and Venango streets, First Church, Kenderton, Tioga street above Broad.
- Dulles, John W., 4037 Chestnut street; Secretary Presbyterian Pub. Committee, Presbyterian House.
- Eva, Wm. T., No. 8 Harrison street; Bethesda Church, Norris St. and Frankford Road.
- Ford, Rev. H. T., Norristown, Pa., Norristown Central Church.
- Hammer, G. H., Springfield; First Church, White-marsh, Pa.
- Hammer, J. Garland, 821 Wharton street; Wharton street Church, Ninth and Wharton streets.
- Helfenstein, J., D.D., Germantown; Market Square Church, Germantown.
- Hendricks, Francis, 1548 Vine street.
- Hitchkin, B. B., Haverford, P. O., Delaware county; Marble Church, Marble.
- Humphrey, Z. M., D.D., 1814 Pine street, Calvary Church, Locust street above 15th.
- Hutton, Wm., Jr., 302 Spruce street, Greenwich street Church.
- Johnson, Herrick, D.D., 906 Spruce street; First Church, Washington Square.
- Jones, M. P., care Kris & Diets, 48 Strawberry street.
- Locker, George, 123 Other street; German Church.
- Malin, David, D.D., Broad and Ellsworth streets.
- March, Daniel, D.D., 820 South 10th street; Clinton street Church, 10th and Clinton streets.
- Maris, Lafayette, Hanover Church, Wilmington.
- McLeod, John, 2015 Fitzwater street; Secretary A. B. C. F. M., Presbyterian House, Southwestern Church, 20th and Fitzwater streets.
- Mears, John W., D. D., 1425 Vine street; Editor American Presbyterian, Presbyterian House.
- Miller, Jeremiah, 1106 Callowhill street; Secretary Philadelphia Sabbath Association.
- Mitchell, James T., 1003 North 5th St. Central Church, N. L., Coates street above 3rd.
- Moore, W. E., West Chester, Pa.; West Chester Church.
- Moore, George E., 1732 Catherine street.
- Ottinger, Wm. 5541 Germantown Avenue.
- Parsons, B. B., D.D., 1607 Catherine street; Cedar St. Church, South street above 11th.
- Prentiss, N. A., 231 Chestnut street, Second Church, Mantua.
- Reeve, J. B., 1519 Rodman street; Central Church, Lombard street above 8th.
- Robbins, Frank L., 1518 N. 15th street; Oxford Presbyterian Church, Broad and Oxford streets.
- Sehenek, A. V. C., Manayunk Church, Manayunk.
- Shaw, Charles B., King street, Wilmington, Central Church, Wilmington.
- Shepherd, Thos. J., D.D., 507 Brown street, First Church, N. L., Buttonwood street above 6th.
- Smith, H. Augustus, 3413 Hamilton street; Mantua Church, W. P., 86th and Bridge streets.
- Snyder, A. J., West Wilmington; Olivet Chapel, West Wilmington.
- Stewart, A. M., Frazer P. O., Pa.
- Stryker, Peter, D.D., 1818 Mt. Vernon St., North Broad street Church, Broad and Green streets.
- Sutton, J. Ford, 53 Harrison street, Frankford, Pa., Hermon Presbyterian Church.
- Taylor, W. W., 2041 Wallace street; Olivet Church, 22d and Mt. Vernon streets.
- Wiswell, G. F., D.D., 1402 North 15th street; Green Hill Church, Girard avenue above 16th street.
- First Church, Darby, Pa.