

Original Communications.

VENICE. III.

There are scores of other churches in Venice besides St. Mark's, all of them rich in paintings, sculpture and precious stones. Many of these we visited and examined in detail, until the eye became wearied with seeing, and the mind refused to classify and retain. A very handsome one stands on the Grand Canal nearly opposite the Piazzetta of St. Mark. It was erected 250 years ago in commemoration of the Plague, which destroyed tens of thousands of the inhabitants, and which was stayed "by the gracious interposition" of the Virgin. A splendid group in marble represents the Virgin banishing the demons of the Plague. Over the entrance to this church may be read the following inscription:

"Indulgenze come in san
Giovanni Laterano in Roma."

Who need suffer the reproaches of conscience after this!

ARMENIAN MONASTERY.

One of our pleasantest excursions was to the Armenian Monastery, on the island of San Lazzaro, half an hour towards the sea. This was originally a hospital for lepers, but for 150 years has been occupied as a monastery. There are from two to three acres in the island, and the whole establishment belongs to Turkey. A Turkish war vessel was anchored in the Canal not far off. We were met at the landing by a brother of the order, who spoke English admirably, and who was very polite. He showed us through the house and grounds, and the latter are in high cultivation, producing in great abundance the fruits and vegetables of that region. The Chapel was a plain building, decorated with a few paintings; with a high altar, a continually burning lamp and some other arrangements very much like those of the Roman Catholic Church. In fact, the Armenian Church is divided into sects, most of which deny the infallibility of the Pope. The sect to which this Brotherhood belongs believe in that dogma, however, and they differ from the Church of Rome mainly in allowing Parish priests to marry, and in denying the use of instrumental music in their churches.

AMERICAN BOOKS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Our guide learned English in the school of the house, but had never seen a book printed in America except a Bible. He had seen and read a translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He seemed much surprised to learn that in the United States we have schools for teaching the Scriptures on Sunday—free to all, and without expense—and that myself and the young ladies with me were engaged in such schools. I tried to describe the American Sunday School Union to him, a society of persons representing nearly all branches of the Church, whose object is to propagate religion, by establishing free religious schools in destitute parts of the country, and preparing a religious literature for the young. I promised to send him a parcel of American books of this character. He showed us through the printing office—the most extensive establishment for printing books in the Armenian language in the world.

The type setting was a very slow process there! They print now not much besides the Bible and scientific works and a periodical pictorial, of science, very simple. He showed us, however, a copy of the "Paradise Lost" in Armenian, printed and bound in the Monastery—a very fine book with an engraved title page. The monk showed us a portrait of Lord Byron, for it was to this place he came while a resident of Venice to study the Armenian language.

ROMANCE OF VENICE.

One who has not read Shakespeare, nor Byron's "Marino Faliero" and the "Two Foscari," nor the "Bravo" by our own Cooper, cannot half enjoy Venice. Some books have been written whose object seems to be, to strip the subject of all the sentiment and romance which naturally surround it. I shall not pretend to give a history of the Republic in its best or its worst days; but I went there determined to give myself up to the impressions of the place without inquiring too critically whether this or that were true or false. There is enough in the situation of the place and in its present condition to interest the merest stranger greatly; but the part she played in the history of Europe and the East, from four hundred to one thousand years ago, will make her famous and romantic as long as history is read. I was prepared then to enjoy abundantly the impressions and the influences of the old city. When Othello's palace was pointed out with all the gravity of reality, and Desdemona's, on the Grand Canal, the latter with a beautiful front, the former with a statue of the Moor—and Shylock's house on the Rialto Square, from which the lovely Jessica was wooed away, I did not pause to inquire into the probabilities of the locations, or rather the impossibilities, but I took it all in as if real. When I heard the great bell of St. Mark, in the campanile tolling, and saw, within a few feet of it, the great clapper swinging and vibrating, almost deafening me with its clamor, I had no difficulty in believing it to be the very bell which the Doge Marino Faliero ordered to be rung to call the senators together to massacre them! So I fancied I could see the head of that same Doge rolling down the Giant's Stairs, and could fancy I saw the faces of the citizens look-

ing in on the scene through the gates, but not near enough to hear his dying speech. And in going through the Doge's palace—down into the cells on a level with the canals, so cold and damp in winter—up under the leads—so hot and dry in summer—both as dark as midnight—it was not difficult to believe that Jacopo Frontonis' father was a real prisoner, confined in these awful places for years. Nor in going over the dreaded "Bridge of Sighs," could I help realizing that it was here, according to Cooper's beautiful tale, that the Bravo, so called, and Gelsomina his betrothed were entrapped by the Senate's order,—soon to be followed by the examination before the council of three; and his execution on the following morning between the two columns on the Piazzetta in full view of the Doge's palace and within a few yards of it. Those columns, 75 feet high, were brought from the Greek Archipelago 700 years ago, and are still standing, one surmounted by San Theodore, who, before St. Mark, was the Patron of the Republic, the other by the winged Lion of St. Mark. While standing in the room of torture, I could easily conceive what a fearful inquisition the "Question" was, and how the stoutest nerves would shrink from such an ordeal.

But whatever may be said of the romance and the story of the place, the city has changed very little, except in the natural wear and tear of time, in the last five hundred years. So far as its buildings are concerned, it was finished four hundred years ago, and from the appearance of things, few houses have been erected since. The three great masts or flag-staffs in front of St. Mark's Church, from which formerly floated the banners of conquered Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea, still stand there, most conspicuous objects, and we saw them bearing the royal standard of Italy, on the occasion of the French Empress' visit. The splendid square of St. Mark is still there, with its smooth, shining, clean pavement, the pigeons in hundreds, still come daily to be fed there, the cafes, the shops are as brilliant as ever, and more so, for gas is brighter than oil; a through less gay, less treacherous and without masks, but far happier, gather on this square every evening; the moon rises and shines apparently brighter here than anywhere else, and Venice, the beautiful, the luxurious, the historic, the poetic, the romantic—the bridegroom of the sea, will long continue the resort of those who love the memories of which her history is so full.

B. B. C.

CEMETERIES AND DEAD HOUSES OF CENTRAL EUROPE.

The cemetery at Nuremberg contains the tomb of Albert Durer, whose paintings are so highly prized, and who was a native of the place. The graves in the cemetery are arranged in regular rows, and each grave is numbered. The tombstones are generally flat, with but little ornament. Durer's is covered with a long inscription in Latin. He died in April, 1528, but the tombstone was not placed here till 1681. Near by is the grave of the wife and daughter of a gentleman from New York. One of the most curious tombstones covers the grave of Andrea Georgius Paumgartnerus, whose wife murdered him by driving a nail into his head, but managed to have his death attributed to natural causes, and thought herself secure from discovery, and married again. Years afterward, in moving the body during some change in the grave-yard, the skull was discovered with the nail driven into it, the flesh and hair having fallen away from the bones. This discovery being told to the wife, she confessed her crime and was executed. Upon the foot of the tombstone is a skull and cross bones, life-size, in bronze, by Peter Vischer. The nail is represented, and the lower jaw of the skull moves on hinges. The idea conveyed is that the dead may speak.

In this cemetery I saw for the first time a Dead-house, where corpses are laid for some days previous to burial. There were but two bodies there at the time of my visit—one of a very old woman, and the other of quite a young child. Upon one finger of the old woman, was a ring attached to a wire which was connected with a bell over a couch in an adjoining room, where an attendant slept at night, ready to respond at the slightest sound of the bell, should there have been too great haste in arraying the body for its final resting place, and life yet remain sufficient to give strength to move the hand ever so slightly. The child was so young that it had not been considered necessary to take the same precautions. No ring or wire was attached to its tiny finger, unmistakably cold forever in death. The old sexton who was in attendance, and who kindly showed and explained to me all the details of the arrangement, shrugged his shoulders and intimated that even in the case of the old lady there was little fear of her ever reviving, as he took the ring from her finger and rung the bell with which it was connected, so that I might see just how it would be in case of any restored animation. In the seventeen years that had passed since the Dead house was first opened, there never had been a case, he said, of the warning bell having been rung at the hand of a body laid out there for burial.

It seems, however, that here in Nuremberg the custom is neither compulsory nor general, that bodies should be laid in the Dead-house before being buried. Families who are comparatively comfortable in circumstances, and have

sufficient room in their own houses, where they can place the body of one of their deceased members, without inconvenience, for a time long enough to render the fact of death beyond question, do so. But in the case of those of the poorer classes, who occupy perhaps but a room or two, in a building which others share with them, it is a great convenience and satisfaction (instead of hurrying the body of the deceased to its burial, or else being compelled to lie in almost immediate contact with the dead) to have the privilege of removing the body at once, so soon as to all ordinary judgment dissolution has taken place, to an apartment where it can remain decently cared for till such time as no doubt or question of the entire extinction of life can exist.

But in the large cemetery of Munich, when I visited it, but a few days since, there were no less than thirty-six bodies, ready for burial, laid out in the Dead-house. All were visible through the glazed windows which surrounded the building. They lay each in his or her coffin, with the lid off, arrayed in their usual garments according to the fashion now general in America, when bodies are dressed for the grave. There seemed to be three or four separate apartments, and some sort of distinction to be made between those of different ranks of society. The bodies of some were elaborately dressed, laid out in handsome coffins, and covered and surrounded with wreaths and bouquets, and garlands of flowers and evergreens. Others were evidently of the humbler classes. But on one finger of each, was a ring with a wire communicating with a bell, to rouse attention in case of returning animation. Outside, in the vestibule, which ran in front of the building, tablets were hung up, giving the names, rank and ages of the persons whose bodies were exposed to view, each one being numbered to facilitate identification. The ages ranged from almost immature infancy up to 96. Can the imagination picture, however, the feelings of horror and fright which must overwhelm one, should he suddenly awake in the dead of night, or even in broad noon-day, and find himself thus arrayed for the grave and surrounded by ghostly corpses—all the more ghastly from the very flowers, and garlands, and bouquets. I had often heard of this provision as in practice in Europe, for the prevention of premature burials. As used in Nuremberg, it seems well enough, and a wise and merciful arrangement. But certainly no necessity exists in America for any compulsory public laying out and exposure of the bodies of deceased relatives and friends, in the midst of an assemblage of corpses of strangers. It might be useful to have provision made by which such an arrangement could be available in any case when desired—but beyond this, it seems unnecessary and repulsive.

S. C. P.

REV. A. M. STEWART'S LETTERS.—I.
THE WORLD'S ADVANCEMENT.

"He who inquires and tries to show that the former days were better than these, does not," says the King's Son, "inquire wisely." Wisdom, however, may be manifested in making inquiries, observations, and comparisons, in order to show that these days are better than the former—that the world does advance—the Kingdom of Christ does come with accelerated speed and power.

Sir Isaac Newton and Benjamin Franklin were more than ordinary persons in their day. Our grandfathers and grandmothers, who laid the foundation for our wonderful national development of the present, were giant men and great women. But suppose that these were all now introduced to the places of their former earthly activities, and in the possession of all the attainments in science that they had at death. Sir Isaac Newton must needs commence as a school-boy to study astronomy. Franklin would be bewildered and terrified at the results of his own simple inventions. A company of Revolutionary soldiers would run and hide from a locomotive in more terror than from their own number of red-coats; and their wives, who clipped, washed, carded, spun, wove, dressed, cut and made their husbands', sons' and brothers' uniforms—were such material seen by them thrown within the grasp of modern machinery, and without the touch of human hand, carded, spun, wove, dressed, and then operated upon by the sewing-machine—they would declare that the wool, flax and cotton had become bewitched. Better times these are for us. And all these superior advantages are for the glory of God.

Nowhere is the thoughtful mind more interested and profited than by visiting a large exhibition of modern machinery and productions of art.

INDUSTRIAL FAIR, SAN FRANCISCO.

I have made a visit to this grand show, now in the full tide of its interest. Nearly every thing on exhibition is the production of the Pacific side. Here is the accumulated evidence of what an Empire has sprang into existence, within the past twenty years. And judging from the past, it seems ready to lead the world in all its material interests.

THE PAVILION

is the name given to the magnificent structure in which the Fair is held. The building is on Union Square, and has been erected by the mechanical interests of California. It is somewhat in the form of the old New York Crystal Palace. Its material is of California Red-wood—in appearance light, strong and tasteful, and covering

an area of ninety thousand square feet. The interior capacity is nearly doubled by two large galleries encircling the entire building, which, when lighted in the evening by its thirteen hundred gas jets—its large central fountain playing—its bewildering display of machinery, productive skill and fine arts—California fruits, grasses, grains and vegetables—two large bands of music playing—together with thousands of gaily dressed, chatting, promenading people—presents a scene, to miss seeing which is a loss, and to witness it will be a life-long pleasure.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

But such increasing wealth, gayety and luxury cause uneasiness, lest the doom of ancient Babylon may return.

VAIN THOUGHTS.

"Jamie," said a Scotch divine to a pious yet illiterate parishioner, who was a weaver, "can you keep your thoughts on sacred things on the Sabbath, when in the house of God?" "Aye, can I," was the confident reply. "Well, Jamie, if you honestly tell me, after next Sabbath, that ye had no vain thought, I'll give you a guinea." In due time thereafter meeting, inquiry was made of the confident Christian about the trial. "I've lost the money," was quietly murmured. "Jamie, tell me, what 'got into your head?" "Why, when you were busy preaching, it came into my mind, 'How many looms the large church would hold!'"

It came into my mind while walking round and through this immense building: "What a church it would make!" And why not? I have preached with ease to ten thousand people seated in the Mormon Tabernacle. This building would receive with ease all the seats of the Tabernacle, together with those from Spurgeon's church in London,—thus seating twenty thousand people. And there are twenty thousand people living within a few minutes' walk of the Pavilion. Such a building would be an ornament any where. It possesses far more architectural beauty than the famous Tabernacle, which is Spurgeon's church, or than Beecher's, in Brooklyn. And yet the Pavilion, with all its appliances, only cost thirty thousand dollars. There are, moreover, plenty of living preachers with head, heart and voice to fill the entire building.

After the union of our Assemblies, may there be such beautiful, cheap, capacious churches for the multitude in all our large cities.

A. M. STEWART.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF
MARYVILLE COLLEGE.

This took place in New Providence Presbyterian church, immediately on adjournment of the Synod of Tennessee, Oct. 2d, 1869. The meeting was organized by appointment of Rev. Wm. Brown, Chairman, and Rev. J. A. Griffes, Secretary. After prayer and a preliminary statement by Prof. T. J. Lamar, of the object of the meeting, he introduced to the crowded audience, the venerable Rev. Thomas Brown, well known to the fathers in the General Assembly of 1837, and to their sons in the Assemblies of 1866 and 1868 in St. Louis and Harrisburg, as the fitting historian of Maryville College, since, with a single exception, he is the only living link, binding the present generation to the founders of the institution.

Father Brown then presented a most interesting and graphic history of the college, illustrated with many incidents, and especially reporting the faith and labors of Rev. Isaac Anderson, D. D., its founder. Feeling the great need of ministers for this region, Dr. Anderson attended the General Assembly at Philadelphia, then visited Princeton Theological Seminary, and pleaded for men in vain. Discouraged by their common inquiry, "What salary can the people pay?" and conscious of the poverty of the people at that time, Dr. Anderson returned to Maryville and opened a school of the prophets in his own house. This was about the year 1816. Among his first pupils were Rev. Eli N. Sawtell, D. D., and Rev. Geo. M. Erskine, afterwards a celebrated missionary in Liberia, who was bought out of slavery, and whom Dr. Anderson treated as one of his own family, eating at his table and sleeping in his house. In 1819 this school was enlarged and was able to occupy separately a small house, and hence the date of the founding of the college, for it did not begin with an act of incorporation nor with the sound of trumpets. Under the influence of Dr. Anderson it soon enlisted the sympathies of many of the churches of the Synod of Tennessee, and in 1821 it came to be known as the Southern and Western Theological Seminary. The location of the Seminary soon encountered opposition. As early as 1818 the Synod consisted of the Presbyteries of Union, Shiloh, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Missouri, but one of which was East of the Cumberland mountains. Hence an attempt to remove the Seminary to Murfreesboro, which failed. Subsequently, the friends of the school met in force with the Synod at Columbia, and voted that the Seminary be permanently located at Maryville. The next year, 1826, the enemies of the present location of the school, met with the Synod in large numbers at Maryville, and attempted to divide the Synod by the Cumberland mountains, giving the name of the Synod of Tennessee, and all the rights and property of the Synod, to the division West of the Cumberland mountains. But this effort failed. The Synod was divided, but East Tennessee

retained the original name of the Synod and its Seminary at Maryville.

The next effort was to secure a charter for the college. The measure met great opposition on the ground that it was an effort to unite Church and State under the guise of Presbyterianism, and under the leadership of Dr. Anderson. Many inflammatory speeches were made against it. For a long time a known friend to the college could not be elected to the legislature. Yet after a struggle, protracted through many years, a charter was at last obtained.

The trustees then appointed a financial agent to raise an endowment at the North. In Kentucky he was dubbed D. D., on the condition, or with the assurance, that he should manage to secure the transfer of the college to Danville, Ky. On his return through Virginia, he obtained the signatures of a large majority of the ministers of Abingdon, Holston and Union Presbyteries agreeing to the transfer. The articles of agreement were presented to Dr. Anderson. No words could express his bitter anguish of soul. Here all his labors and prayers in behalf of this college seemed suddenly rendered fruitless, and at the moment when he was confident of its permanent success. But how shall this overwhelming calamity be averted? At once the trustees resolved to raise \$10,000 to found a professorship of Didactic Theology on condition that the college remain at Maryville. One month remained before the meeting of Synod. Three agents were appointed. One raised nothing, the second but \$800, and the third, the speaker, raised the balance of the \$10,000. Synod, therefore, at Knoxville, settled the location of the college permanently at Maryville.

Afterwards a subscription of \$15,000 was raised in East Tennessee, and a professor of Sacred Literature was appointed, and the chair was filled by Prof. T. J. Lamar. The funds were, in part, lost with the fortunes of the rebellion.

The speaker then discussed the difficulties of securing a ministry from the North, and the necessity of training up here a native ministry. Hence the original design of a theological seminary should not be lost sight of. He also advocated to some extent a briefer course of study for the ministry, and instanced the names of Dr. Anderson, Hardin and Blackburn, who were never in a theological seminary.

An address was next delivered by the Hon. James Monroe Meek, an alumnus of Maryville College. Acknowledging his obligations to the college in giving him success in life, he referred in most eulogistic terms to his former professor, Dr. Anderson, commending his wonderful power in developing working men for professional life in East Tennessee. He then recurred to the history of the college. Founded in 1819, when this region was almost wholly occupied by the Indians, twenty years of its early history were spent in procuring a charter to secure and protect its rights of property. Then East Tennessee was isolated and shut off from contact with the world. The ideas and methods of the people were much like the country, too narrow and contracted. What do I find here now? The old college building dilapidated and unpromising, a new costly and beautiful edifice in rapid process of erection, a new set of men engaged in the educational work, and abroad new ideas and methods, everywhere commanding attention and demanding approval. We are living in a time when more general and Catholic views, must be adopted, when we must reject narrow and isolated notions and opinions. We are living when great events are before us and pressing upon us, when narrow prejudices cannot and should not longer control us. We must remember that the old issues are past and gone. This truth applies to society, to the State and to the Church. And hence I say, that the Church or State which will hang on to the dead issues of the past, must become fossilized and dead. This college, which has had such a noble history, like the superstructure being erected yonder, will be built up, and will live and be successful. It is not worth while in it and by it to go back to the dead issues of the past. Rather, we must heed the demands of a common humanity. The future is hopeful. The advance made in the past fifty years is as nothing in comparison with that which may be realized in the next fifty years. The speaker then concluded his remarks, which were loudly applauded by the very large and intelligent audience, by reference to the free schools of the State, and to their great necessity, when the deplorable fact can be announced undisputed, that Tennessee expended more last year for the punishment of crime than for free common schools.

Thus, you have a meagre outline of two addresses, which were received with great interest and approval. The two speakers were truly representative men; the first, venerable in age, tenacious of the sacred memories and associations of the past, with trembling speech, yet with great force and power, reviews the conflicts of the past for Presbyterianism, which centered in Maryville college; the second, in the full vigor and hopefulness of an experienced and successful manhood, living in the present, but with earnest eye and heart, fixed for himself and for all upon the future, breaks free from the trammels of prejudice, and pleads with earnest eloquent and magnanimous speech for free and thorough education for all. That Maryville college may largely aid in making East Tennessee what she ought to be, a choice part of our national dominion.

The times and circumstances seem auspicious for Maryville college. Its friends at home and abroad are increasing. The members of its faculty are hopeful and laborious. Its students are diligent, men of fine talents, many of them of earnest working piety, none of them college rowdies, and of rapidly increasing numbers. A completed college building, which will be realized in a few months, will ensure throngs of students. A beautiful college campus of sixty acres, ensures a permanent foundation. An increasing endowment, the uninterrupted and hearty endorsement of Synod, the sympathies of the churches here, and at the North, and the approval of the great Head of the Church, ensure its success. Yet its endowment is not completed, its library is too meagre, its building is not fully paid for, its professors are toiling on scanty salaries, in a word, the work is but begun now at the date of its semi-centennial, and much more money is needed to carry forward and complete that work with the success which our day and Presbyterianism justly demand.

Who then shall be added to the increasing list of its friends and benefactors?