

# Christian

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to



# Visitor.

Religious and General Intelligence.

GEORGE W. DAY, Proprietor.

"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

{ Rev. E. D. VERY, Editor

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## CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

One sole baptismal sign,  
One Lord, below, above—  
Zion, one faith is thine,  
One only watchword—love.  
From different temples though it rise,  
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our Sacrifice is one;  
One Priest before the throne—  
The slain, the risen Son,  
Redeemer, Lord alone!  
And sighs for contrite hearts that spring,  
Our chief, our choicest offering.

Oh, why should they who love  
One gospel to unfold,  
Who seek one home above,  
On earth be strange and cold?  
Why subjects of the Prince of Peace,  
In strife abide, and bitterness?

Oh may that holy prayer,  
His tenderest and his last,  
His constant, latest care,  
Ere to his throne he passed,—  
No longer unfulfilled remain,  
The world's offence, his people's stain!

Head of the church beneath,  
The Catholic—the true,—  
On all her members breathe,  
Her broken frame renew!  
Then shall thy perfect will be done,  
When Christians love and live as one.

—Evangelical Christendom.

## Letter from Italy.

Rome, June 20, 1848.—One of the first things that strikes the traveler in Europe is the uniform and universal coolness and excellency of the roads. It is usual to speak of the roads in England as if their perfection were an exception to the general rule. But England has no roads—because the nature of the country does not call for them—which compare in coolness or magnitude with the roads to be found all over Italy. They form the ever-present monument of the science and liberality, and civic policy of its government. The traveler is kept in a constant surprise at the boldness and the perfect success of road-making over or under mountains down precipices, upon endless terraces of colossades, through rocks and over torrents, where the most costly masonry is to be reckoned not so much by feet or rods as by miles. We have by no means seen any of the most celebrated roads over the Alps, the road over Mount Cenis, and the roads to Rome by Perugia, are both of them objects of admiration.

Another peculiar feature is the absence of wooden buildings. The edifices, however humble, are of stone or brick, and the huts, however small, are of this permanent material. The walls are originally white-washed, but this is renewed, and a universal dinginess characterizes all the buildings on the continent. Another and still more striking point, is the absence of anything answering to what we call a village. Such a thing is not to be found in the whole route from Paris to Rome. The collections of houses occurring every few miles upon the way, are uniformly built as closely together as the houses in the most crowded part of a city, leaving generally barely enough room for a carriage to pass between them. The small towns, therefore, have not the least advantage over the great cities either in roominess, cleanliness, or freshness of air. They are huddled together just as compactly as possible. Nothing can exceed the ordinary discomfort, disgusting filth, and crowded habits of these little cities of three or four hundred people. This has not been a matter of choice. It has grown out of the necessity of

keeping together for purposes of mutual protection in times of civil war. It is very common to find a gate at the beginning and end of one of these streets; itself, perhaps, jammed in between two steep hills, and thus converted into a fortress. In other cases, the little town is built about a small open square, having but one entrance and exit. Single houses, excepting castles always, are for the same reason exceedingly rare. The necessity of providing against enemies, has perched all the considerable towns in Italy upon the tops of hills or the steep declivities of mountains, or else along the shores of the Mediterranean, just where the Apennines crowd nearest to the sea. The more inaccessible and the less convenient to the plain, the more fit for a city. In many cases it is impossible to draw an ordinary travelling carriage up to the gates of a city of ten or twenty thousand people, without the aid of oxen. However offensive to his utilitarian notions, or to the pacific habits of these times, such situations may be, the traveler finds them unspeakably gratifying to his sense of the beautiful. The very beau ideal of the picturesque is reached in these sharp hills, bristling with towers and churches, and battlements and crowded with half ruined walls. Who can ever forget the exquisite beauty of the towns upon the shores of the sea between Genoa and Leghorn? The mountain sides above are covered with churches and campaniles, while every ledge that juts out into the Mediterranean is castellated with an irregular pile of houses, presenting every form that can excite the imagination or gratify the love of beauty. Above, the road winds along upwards, cut into the steep side of the mountain, and circles round, facing all points of the compass within a few minutes time. Now you seem brought to a dead stop by the sheerness of a precipice, and a short turn brings you, without warning, from a view entirely land-locked, to a broad Mediterranean prospect. The olive and the vine, the orange and the fig, form the foliage, while the prickly pear and the aloe hedge the road side. In Italy, roads of the most perfect description are made where we should think it folly to attempt any passage, and this is one of the reasons of the extraordinary success of travelling there.

The smoothest and most feasible roads run through the most inaccessible and broken provinces. A road whose engineer considers a sheer precipice an obstacle, but patiently cuts a serpentine terrace up its side, or who is prepared to bore through a quarter of a mile of rock rather than abandon its direction, or who does not hesitate to go about three or four miles to accomplish only perhaps a single mile of aerial distance, must necessarily have a beauty which cheap roads cannot possess. Between Florence and Rome the country is surpassingly beautiful, and the towns succeed in picturequeness of situation all we had ever conceived. How is it, we asked ourselves, as we came upon Assisi, and Perugia and Narni, that the world does not ring with the praises of these places—hung between heaven and earth, to the admiration of both for their beauty of situation? Perugia, a city of 15,000 inhabitants, full of old churches, convents, a church for every house, and doubtless surrounded with immense walls, is built on the top of a mountain, which it took much prudence or more of hard climbing with oxen to reach. The view extends a whole day's journey. From the colonnade of an old convent, we looked down upon four or five cities—Assisi, Foligno, Spoleto, and others—upon three ranges of mountains, and beautiful plains covered with ripe grain, with green vines, and grey olives, and

the dark cypress. Never can that picture be taken down from the chamber of memory. And Narni! our view was upon the highest part of the lofty and steep hill from which this beautiful little city commands the exquisite vale of Terni, the most fertile valley in Italy! What should we think of a city on the top of Mount Holyoke, or on the site of the mountain house at the Catskills! And such are the sites of Perugia and Narni!—Foreign Cor. of Christian Inquirer.

## Ancient Mexico.

Around no nation do more touching and interesting recollections cluster, than around the "children of the Sun." It cannot be doubted that the grandeur of the Court of Montezuma was never equalled on this continent, and perhaps never surpassed on the eastern. No country now presents more extensive fields for research than Mexico. A doubt hangs around all its earlier history,—an almost impenetrable veil of obscurity. This is even more impenetrable than the histories of other nations, from the fact that Mexico had no alphabet, not even a system of hieroglyphics, but all records and communications were made by means of pictures. These are chiefly lost, and to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Prescott, the Thueydides of modern historians, as he has been called in England, we are indebted for all that we have left, of the grandeur of the race. Its origin is enveloped in gloom—its growth only evidenced by the gigantic structures which frown in ruins from the forests of Central America, or stand proudly among the lighter works of modern Mexico. The eye of the antiquarian beholds in it a relic of a glorious age, and in its ruins, structures coeval with the Parthenon and the first Temple. Who can say that Copan did not stand strong, long before the Parthenon gleamed on the Acropolis, or that Palenque was not a city when the wandering tribes of Israel were in their tents around Sinai!

Whatever is the antiquity of Mexican power, we are assured that it was connected with a high degree of refinement and civilization. Probably no better index of the social advancement of a people can be found, than the comparative skill which they have attained in the art of building. The barbarian never builds a palace, or carves a pillar, or sculptures a statue. Yet all these are found in exquisite beauty of workmanship among the relics of that nation. It is known too that Cortes carried with him to Europe carved jewels which he found in Mexico, whose delicate finish surpassed the capabilities of Spanish cutters, at that time almost unequalled in the Eastern world. The reader will be repaid who will carefully collect all the works which he can find, in which any account of this nation is preserved, and make their character and history a diligent study. Facts relating to daily life, habits, and costumes, are interesting. Montezuma, the last of the name, had his table supplied with fresh fish from the Gulf, expressed by runners on foot horses being as yet unknown in Mexico, and the nation was brave, intelligent, and possessing a high state of civilization. When the Spaniards destroyed the Aztecs, and this line, the stock of their royal monarchs of the great nation, was cut off, all the hopes of the race, and all of Montezuma the line of Mexico, were extinguished. From that day a succession of steps have led the people into deeper and deeper degradation, until scarcely a drop of native blood remains uncontaminated by the blood of the oppressor.—Journal of Commerce.

## California.

By the treaty of peace between the United States and the Mexican Republic, the ratifications of which were exchanged at the city of Queretaro, in Mexico, on the 30th of May, 1848, Upper California and New Mexico, have been ceded to the United States, and now constitute a part of our country. This vast region embraces nearly ten degrees of latitude, lying adjacent to the Oregon Territory, and extending from the Rio Grande, and to which Texas has no title, is estimated by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, to contain 526,078 square miles, or 366,689,920 acres, being equal to sixty-eight such States as Massachusetts.—The population of Upper California is about 50,000, of whom 12,000 are mixed Spanish; 4000 are English, French, and American, and 34,000 are Indians, about 4000 of whom live in villages, and are partly civilized, while the remainder roam over the country, living by the chase and by plunder. New Mexico contains about 70,000 inhabitants.

The resources of this vast region will be developed by American energy and enterprise, and the pioneer spirit which has peopled the Mississippi Valley, and is now pouring a stream of emigration into Oregon, will cause the settlement of those distant territories. Shall not the followers of Christ provide religious instruction for those in the new territories? Shall not future emigrants be met by the Missionary, the Colporteur and the Sunday School teacher?

The Board of the American Baptist Publication Society have just received the following application for a Sunday School Library, for California. The letter is dated "San Francisco, California, Sept. 1, 1847," and is written by "George Inwood," a Baptist brother, recently settled there. He writes:—

"A brother, far west, destitute of the privilege and opportunities that you enjoy, having a desire and knowing it to be my duty to do something for the cause of Christ in this new, destitute part of the country, I beg of you, if it is your good pleasure, feeling yourselves able, to assist me by sending a donation of books necessary for the opening of a Sabbath School. We have now a number of children in our town, and the emigration this coming season is expected to be very large. Something ought to be done soon to suppress the vice and immorality which is now the leading character of our town.

Since I left St. Louis, in travelling over the mountains, and during the war here, I have had many trials to contend with, being compelled, at times, to stay with a wretched race of human beings. I thank the Lord for his protection through them all. I have but for a short time been united with the people of God. I was converted under the preaching of Rev. Isaac T. Hinton, in the Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, about three years ago.

We have no evangelical church, as I have heard of, yet established in California. The Oregon Methodist missionaries have established a Sabbath School here, which I shall attend until we have one established of our own. May the Lord send many of his people here, and bless us with every thing that He sees we stand in need of."

The Comet which is now approaching the earth, and whose revolution round the sun is accomplished in 292 years, may be seen in the evening in the north-east, not far from the constellation of Castor and Pollux. It is small in appearance, but bright and easily discernible.