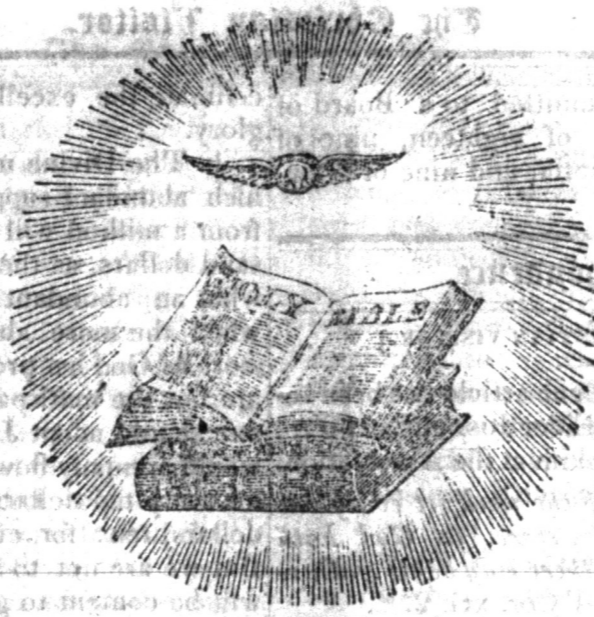


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REV. E. D. VERY,

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

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NO, NEVER GIVE UP!

No, never give up! while the land is in view,
Though stormy thy passage through life;
Though mangle thy fortune, though comforts be few,
Endure to the end of the strife.

No, never give up! for the sake of repose,
Though conflicts be sometimes severe;
No rest to his spirit the warrior knows,
Till victory banishes fear.

No, never give up! though cheerless earth seem,
Though storms of affliction may rise;
For soon the bright day with its glory shall gleam,
Revealing blest scenes to the eyes.

No, never give up to thy foe on the field,
Though valiant and strong be his arm;
The enemy soon to the Christiana must yield,
Protected through grace from all harm.

No, never give up! though the contest be long,
Thy cause is the cause of the free;
Fight manfully, boldly,—then sweeter thy song,
Then brighter thy laurels will be.

Thy Captain will aid thee in time of distress,
And angels administer cheer;
If courage should fail thee when trials oppress,
Then help shall be specially near.

Then, never give up! for the land is in view,
Its glories appear to our sight;
The land of sweet promise—Jerusalem new—
Awaiting to be thy delight.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

A GLANCE AT MILAN.

General Aspect of Milan—The Cathedral—Its points of Excellence—Tomb of Charles Borromeo—His Character—The Church of Ambrose—His Baptistery—the Ambrosian Library—Leonardo da Vinci's Picture of the Last Supper—His Head of the Saviour—His Head of Judas—Arch of Peace—The last Trouble of Milan.

It was on a pleasant day that we entered Milan through the Porte Orientale. The first impressions which the city makes on the mind of a stranger correspond with its reputation for wealth and power. Its streets are spacious the display of the shops is brilliant, an air of ease and comfort appears in the manners of its people, and, although in regard to ancient architecture it can not boast of many objects of surpassing interest, yet its cathedral compensates for this deficiency, being in itself a wonder of Europe, a stupendous monument of the religion, wealth, and power of many generations. Its lofty tower and many delicately wrought turrets are conspicuous from afar, and as one approaches Milan for the first time, he is hardly disposed, for awhile, to fix attention on any other object.

Soon after our arrival, therefore, we found our way to the Cathedral. Its site is a good one, and the front, which has ample space for displaying its beauty, long detains the visitor in admiration of its sculptured decorations.—This feeling of admiration is increased as one walks around this vast Gothic pile of pure white marble, and sees that every point bears the impress of the artist's chisel, that every arch and niche from the base to the loftiest turret is adorned with statues. The mind is filled with astonishment to think of the wealth and labor this has cost, and confesses itself incompetent to estimate the vast expenditure. In point of sculptured ornament, this cathedral holds high pre-eminence over all in Christendom. The number of statues, great and small, is considerably over five thousand!—Leaving out of view St. Peter's, at Rome, there is no cathedral on the continent which, taken as a whole, is so capable as this of throwing over the traveller's soul a mighty spell of enchantment, of engrossing his thoughts, and of awakening ever afterward such pleasant memories. Its dimensions alone would bring it into comparison with those of the first order, being nearly 500 feet in length, 298 wide, and 400 in height, to the summit of the tower. The character of its interior corresponds with its external grandeur, so,

while one is struck with the beauty of the walls, the clustered pillars, the lofty arches, the delicately fretted work of the ceiling, he is amazed to learn that the whole is wrought in marble, that not a particle of wood has been admitted, even where it would have appeared to be equally beautiful, and where the material of the work could not be discerned by any ordinary eye. To stand in such a temple, on a rich marble pavement, to look above and around at the crowd of objects which exhibit the touch of a master's hand, and to know that the minutest ornament is carved from the same durable substance, will cause the breast of the most phlegmatic to dilate with wonder, and will draw forth involuntary tributes of homage to that Genius of the past which has tra-vailed in its strength to lay such costly offerings on the shrine of religion.

Under the dome, about fifteen feet beneath the pavement, is a little chapel containing the body of Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan. He was a man of extraordinary wealth, munificence, and philanthropy; and few have been found in the lapse of centuries, who have honored the office of a Bishop in the Papal Church so truly and so nobly. His immense fortune was devoted to works of benevolence, and his heroic exertions in doing good were well-conceived and perseveringly carried out. He cared for the young, he aimed to multiply means of education, and organized a Sunday school system for his diocese. His efforts to reform the monastic orders raised against him a storm of opposition. In some respects he was beyond his age, in others on a level with it. A little less than three hundred years ago, he was in the zenith of his active life. The place of his tomb was selected by himself, and a Latin inscription denotes that Charles Borromeo, desirous of securing an interest in the prayers of the clergy, the people, and the devout women, had selected that spot for his sepulchre during his lifetime. In that little chapel, which is richly decorated, mass is performed every day. The panels around the apartment exhibit bas-reliefs illustrating his life and character. Among the rest is his canonization; he is represented as being borne up to heaven by angels, and now he has the appellation of St. Borromeo.

The church where Ambrose officiated when acting as Bishop of Milan in the fourth century is an object of interest. Its antiquity is denoted by the fact that the floor is beneath the surface of the ground about two or three feet; the ruins of other buildings around it having caused this depression. Two rows of pillars separate the aisles from the nave; the pulpit is nearly in the centre, and around it, within the walls, about two thousand people might have been gathered. The old baptismal church of Ambrose is called St. Saviour's, and is now converted into a magazine for some kind of lumber. The baptistry is destroyed, but the site which it occupied still remains vacant, and the arch which formed its entrance may yet be seen. It is said to have been very spacious, as appearances still indicate. Ambrose was baptised in the 35th year of his age, (according to Du Pin,) and it is remarkable that, although baptism is at this day applied to infants, the rite of immersion has never been renounced in Milan. It has been adhered to as the primitive baptism with the same strictness as it has within the realm on the Greek Church, and is now performed in the cathedral, in a large porphyry bath consecrated to the purpose. The Ambrosian library is a large collection accessible to all literary men for the sake of study. Although it bears the name of Ambrose, it is comparatively modern. A copy of Cicero, of the second century, is preserved here, in a large clear letter, but it is not easily legible to those who

have not studied the manuscript writing of that period. There is also a copy of Virgil from the pen of Petrarch, with notes, and a Josephus, on papyrus, written on both sides of the leaf. The library contains 35,000 volumes, together with nearly 15,000 manuscripts, of which a valuable portion belonged Leonardo da Vinci, and are illustrated by his drawings.

In the refectory of the old convent of Milan, Da Vinci's celebrated picture of the Lord's Supper still remains. If it had never suffered any injury, but had preserved all its original features, it is doubtful whether it would have received the visits of a larger number of pilgrims than it now does. When the soldiers of Napoleon occupied Milan they practised target-shooting in this hall, and used the heads of this celebrated picture for that purpose.—Horrible to think of! It is almost incredible that a Frenchman should select the eye, or ear, or lip, of a sacred picture, drawn though it had been by a master's pencil, as a mark to be shot at in wanton sport! There is no way of accounting for the fact except by taking into view the denaturalizing phrenzy of that Revolution in which a nation seemed for a while to cut all the links of sympathy that bound them to their race.

This picture of Da Vinci is the one from which the most popular engravings of the Last Supper have been taken. Its chief merit consists in the expression of character, beaming forth, as it does, in the attitudes and features of the group. Their position at the table is not oriental, as, instead of reclining, according to the Jewish fashion, they sit erect, in European style. But then every face is eloquent, and especially, "the asking eye," which harmonizes with the lips in the utterance of the question, "Lord, is it I?" In surveying this work, although we see it not as Da Vinci left it, but as retouched by another hand, it is pleasing to find that the countenance of the Saviour does not exhibit that feminine tameness of character which appears in all the copies. This fault of the copies seems to have been committed by design, in accordance with the philosophy of a learned European critic, who accounts for this tameness as if it were a legitimate fact, by saying that a perfectly virtuous man must be destitute of passions, and that it was the painter's object to depict the perfect virtue of Christ. Whatever may be the doctrine of the Italian Church on that subject, it is quite certain that such a sentiment is no part of Christian philosophy, which rather teaches that virtue consists in properly ruling the passions, and subordinating them to the design of our creation. But this picture in the refectory has no such fault as the copies betray, and needs no such apology. The face of the Saviour is replete with manly energy and celestial beauty, radiant with the expression of purity, tenderness, of strength and loftiness of character.

The head of Judas is worthy of the pains which the artist has bestowed upon it; for it cost him long and intense effort. It was finished last of all. Da Vinci could hardly satisfy himself about it, and spent many days in visiting public places and low resorts in order to catch a glimpse of some face that would aid him in realizing that ideal expression of the traitor's spirit which glimmered dimly before his mental vision. During this delay, as the story goes, the monks complained to the Grand Duke that the artist was keeping them out of their refectory longer than was necessary.—The Grand Duke expostulated with him on this point. Da Vinci defended himself by informing the Grand Duke how diligently he had been seeking for a model of a traitor's face; adding, that, although the Prior's own face would answer the purpose very well, he

could not properly take the liberty to paint him for a Judas in his own house; but that as soon as he could find the set of features he was looking for, the delay would be short. Ere long the artist was successful in his search, and very expeditious in finishing his successful picture.

The environs of Milan contain many splendid villas, lovely landscapes, and fine rides.—War has often rolled its waves of desolation over all, but Milan has survived it wonderfully, and risen fresh from ruin and decay. The Arch of Peace, which stands at the termination of the Simplar, Napoleon's great Alpine highway is a work worthy of the peaceful enterprise which it commemorates. Several bronze horses are on the summit, yet no one who had just observed those of Grecian workmanship at Venice could avoid being struck with the inferiority of these.

We would that it were in our power to say of this beautiful metropolis, as we have said of Venice in the present contest with the Austrian despotism, Milan "still holds out."—But she has not been so fortunate. After an earnest struggle, she has fallen again under the tyranny of her old oppressor. Nevertheless her efforts in the cause of liberty have not been lost; it was her shout of triumph, short-lived though it was, that thrilled the heart of Venice, and awakened Italy. She lies bleeding at her victor's feet, but the spirit of freedom has not been conquered, and still there is hope that her hour will come.

Cost of French Revolution.

In the French Assembly last week M. Passy made a brief financial statement. His picture was somewhat gloomy.

"The revolution of February, 1848, had increased the expenses by £10,600,000, and lessened receipts by £6,000,000 sterling.—The 45 cents tax had not made up the deficiency. The deficit of 1849 would not be £3,640,000 as had been calculated but £7,360,000. The whole deficit on the 1st January, 1850, would be £22,000,000. But a floating debt of more than £14,000,000 would be unsafe, so M. Passy proposes a loan of £8,000,000.

"In addition to this deficit, there will be a further failing on the year 1850 of £12,815,000,—the expenses will be about £62,653,000 and the receipts only £50,838,000.

"To restore the equilibrium of receipts and expenses he proposes, 1. A new tax of 1 per cent on incomes; and a tax on testamentary dispositions and gifts unto wives. 2. A new arrangement of the sinking-fund apparatus, by which he hopes to save about a quarter of a million sterling per annum. 3. An issue of bonds for the expenditure on public works—issuable annually and to be annulled by lot through a sinking fund of one per cent."

The Post-office.

A second return on the subject of the Post-office, moved for by Lord Seymour, M. P., and published yesterday, shows that the gross revenue of that establishment, for the year 1848, amounted to the sum of £2,192,478, the cost of management to £1,386,853, and other charges to £16,397, leaving a net revenue of £740,429. The cost of management comprehends the following items:—viz., salaries and allowances, £551,538; poundage on sale of stamps, £6,004; allowances for special services and travelling charges, £38,510; conveyance of mails, £698,405; rents, taxes and tithes, £7,704; tradesmen's bills, buildings, and repairs, £24,810; law charges, £8,341; stationery, printing, and postage, £23,271; superannuation stipends, &c., £12,362; compensation allowances, £13,257; and other payments, £2,645. The payment made by