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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1854.

FREE-WILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Free-Will Baptist Printing Establishment will be held at the Office of the Morning Star, in this town, on Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

WM. BERN, Secretary.
Dover, Aug. 30, 1854.

NEW HAMPTON SCHOOL.

We have in previous articles spoken of the healthfulness, board of instruction, and moral and religious influence, which may be found at New Hampton. From what we have said of these, the reader will infer very naturally that its school can hardly fail of patronage. To so many attractions, it were idle to suppose that these attractions are not altogether such as are most powerful over idle loungers, who would spend a season in more nominal study, where they can find largest room for waywardness, or most artificial luxuries—vulgar enjoyments. It is no place for such persons, and the fewer of them ever get there the better. From what appeared at the late examination few of them have found their way there yet. Of the large number who came before the Committee, not one appeared to belong to that class. Randall Hall is not the hive for drones. Few, we trust, will get into it, and fewer still will remain there. But of the earnest young spirits which would laboriously seek the "glory and honor" of a thorough mental culture, we shall for long years to come, expect to see many there, coming out and going in, breathing its hilly air and rambling innocently about the waters of the Pemigewasset. The school has thus far been full, and with an increase of accommodation will doubtless come an increase of patronage. The students at the close of the last term presented a fine appearance. This was remarked upon by numbers. Nor do we doubt that the same shall be true in future terms and years, and that not a few will pass by way of Randall Hall up the hill of science and literature to places of high trust and extensive usefulness—that "by-and-by" it shall have an alumni, in which it may well congratulate itself. Is this enthusiasm? Perhaps it may be; but it is one we rejoice to indulge, and which we think quite reasonable. For, do you think the people of New England, and among them the Free-Will Baptists, are as stupid as the natives of California, who stumbled over its gold mines and knew it not? Shall New Englanders, and New England Free-Will Baptists, who, without controversy, are keen in the discovery of mines of wealth, stigmatize ignorantly and thoughtlessly about mines of knowledge? We do not believe it. Rather, shall not many of their sons and daughters hereafter be seen digging for more than gold in the mines of N. Hampton, and coming up from them, unsmit with disease and enriched with capital, on which to set up for extensive usefulness? So it may be. And so it will be, unless Free-Will Baptists, to say nothing of the people generally, are so ignorant or so reckless of the welfare of their children, as voluntarily to bequest to them wealth, ignorance and shame. But this last will not be done. Our people are awakening. They are feeling that their youth must be educated like other youth—that they must be fitted to enjoy the world as well as to own it—to improve it as well as to pass through it merely.

Col. S. is very wealthy, owning several horses and keeping a large dairy—fifty cows on the homestead. He is also professedly pious, and a prominent member of the church. At a certain time his only son felt a desire to go to school. After thinking it over, he ventured to ask his father if he might go to school "three months." His father replied by asking which he preferred—being rich and have "no learning," or poor and "have learning?" The boy was stumped. He thought the matter over, and concluded he would rather be like his father, and so did not go to school.

Now, we hope the above measure will never be filled up by any Free-Will Baptists. The parent who can educate his children and does not, shows that he either misunderstands or contemns parental obligation, and therefore ought never to have assumed it. The Free-Will Baptist who does this had better move right out of town. For what is mere external wealth, to mental enrichment? What are bequests of gold and silver, houses and lands, to our children, to bequests of that education, without which they must live comparatively useless, and die, exclaiming with the millionaire, "life's a failure?"

The proper patrons of the New Hampton school but feel their duty as parents and guardians, and our every fear is allayed that it shall ever fail to swarm with promising students.—M. S.

"CHRISTIANITY OUR HELP AND HOPE." The above is the title of a sermon preached by Rev. G. T. Day, at the dedication of the newly erected F. W. B. church at New Hampton. Truly glad are we to see it in print. We had heard it spoken of, and knowing that it was to be forthcoming, were looking for it with interest. Our expectations were raised, and are not disappointed. Its diction is not wanting in that ease and grace and liquidity so characteristic of the composition of its author. Its rhetorical embellishments flow along its pages as in their most natural channel; or they fall upon the pages like a few droppings from the clouds. The author's effort is not to draw them out, but to repress them. Nor will he ever repress them too much, though in this instance we think he has about enough. The sermon is worth reading for its language and variety of illustration.

The argument is to our mind clear and conclusive, disproving the availability of mere human forces to "redeem and purify" "a race of beings selfish and sinful by tendency and habit." "Self interest," "The discipline of experience and example," "Civil government," and "The progressive destiny of man," are instances examined, as among the forces some have relied upon as the hope of the world's redemption. Upon each of these the author dwells at some length, and from his discourse upon each we would quote largely, but for the promise we are making to ourselves that the readers of this brief notice will read the sermon itself. They must read it or do themselves injustice. It is just such a sermon as should not be suffered to lie long in the market, anywhere in Christendom.

After showing the impotency of these earthly means to save, the speaker cries out: "And is our poor race doomed? Must its long cherished hopes die slowly and sadly out? Is its future to be only a rejection of its past? Is it to grope on, waiting vainly for light; to cry out piteously, and listen in vain for the footsteps of an approaching helper? Look up! Who is it that cometh from Edom with dyed gar-

ments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?" Listen to his reply. "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." Yes, it is HE—the desire of the nations. Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world! The Son of God is set forth among us."

"The discourse then proceeds to show that Christ brings the needed truth," reveals the model character, "gives the motive power," and that, this being done, "we are ready for our master's bidding."

The conclusion of the sermon has special and happy reference to the occasion. The house is dedicated to God. "It is no place where self-interest may bring its wares, or publish its code of expediency; it is to be no stage, over which wicked example may stagger to destruction, attracting or disheartening the observers; no high court of politicians to sit here, day after day, and promulgate the edicts of party; and infidelity science is never to make of it a laboratory, wherein to experiment God out of the universe."

The pulpit of the house must never "cowardly or selfishly connive at injustice." "Not here, near the cradle of our free religious spirit, and close by the yet fresh graves of our connexional ancestry, are we to forewarn our early religious faith; not now, while wearing the scars of seventy years' aggression upon old hoary craves, are we to turn our backs, and proclaim a truth; especially not here in the eastern focus of our denominational eclipse, are we to announce that we have bartered away the integrity for the sake of a large number of the right to live! No! A thousand times no! As preached in this house, Jesus Christ, and him crucified, shall mean not only Jesus Christ the giver of heavenly hopes, but Jesus Christ the Expounder of duty and the legislation of life. He shall be shown, to be sure, with the weeping Magdalen at his feet, that the guiltiest penitence may not despair; but he shall not be forgotten when he makes reputable Phariseism quiver and turn pale before the artillery of his reproach." Of science and religion the author says, "Each is the complement of the other; let them grasp hands before us in reverent affection, to-day, while we pronounce over them the sacred formula, 'that God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'"

But enough, perhaps too much. Some will perhaps say, as we have in story, "be still, or you will spoil a good sermon!" It is a good one, and timely. It must have a wide circulation if the church do its duty. Reader of this go and read that, and if you can find any person poorer than you are, give him a copy. Keep it circulating. "Truth is mighty and must prevail."—M. J. S.

RESURRECTION OF THE ERIE.

Many of the readers of the Star doubtless recollect the melancholy event of the burning of the Steam Boat Erie, thirteen years ago, on her first trip from Buffalo, and the immense loss of life attending it. Last week the hull was towed into this port, after having been buried beneath the waves 13 years. Many serious reflections are suggested by such an event. When she left the pier like a thing of life, adorned with banners, the admiration of the public, laden with hundreds of joyful ventures, every eye was full of gladness, except, perhaps, those who had spoken a regretful adieu, but on her return, after 13 long years of absence, a charred and broken sepulchre, every heart beats mournfully, while the past is called to remembrance. We find a very appropriate notice of the circumstances in The Democracy of this city.

Thirteen years have rolled away, with their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears, their anticipations and disappointments, their fruits and their ashes, since the happy thought that waved their adieu and shouted "good-by," from the decks of "that new and staunch steamer" the Erie, were borne away from our shores, off the bright summer evening, to the joyous cheering of friends ashore, amid the flaunting of banners and accompanied by the best wishes of hundreds of spectators. Crowding her forward and lower deck were scores of scores of foreign people, freshly arrived from the densely inhabited countries of Europe, and bound for the broad prairies of our fair land, to reaching which they now looked with hopes stimulated by a prosperous voyage to the far and cheerful distances upon the good ship beneath them and her experienced crew. As they stood there, the young, the aged, the parent and child, sexes and conditions all mingled in the pursuit of the one object, the seeking a new home among strangers, in a climate which they knew absolutely nothing of, those ill-fated emigrants thought little of the perils of the deep, nor conjured up any visions of the alternative so soon to be presented to their bewildered minds, of a death by the demon of fire, or a quieter grave beneath the waters of the lake that looked so placid and so innocent of danger. Thus she went off, with banners streaming, cheers resounding, music playing, and majestic ploughed the bosom of her adopted element, the peerless and unrivalled craft—that was to bear the pale and all contestants, there were some who came to the wharf too late, and were greeted by derisive shouts from those on board, and many a contemptuous laugh. But later at night, there came the awful rumor of a ship on fire, and the burning of the Erie, and the great glow of fire, and saw it rise and fall upon the swells, knew it for a beacon of death and woe, and went shuddering to their couches to await the morning with its full revelations of disaster.

Many years have passed since then, and many another calamity has occurred, with its dark story, the details of that dreadful night. For thirteen years the ashes of the Erie's dead have been washed by the surges that boomed their requiem upon the lonely beach, and tossed in the bosom of the victims, and the treasure that went down with them and the sand and shells of the deep in one confused heap.

But once more the light of day shines in upon the secrets that the sea has so long kept, and the ocean renders up its charge, at the behest of men who claim the hidden treasures. As of old the savage nations consecrated a great enterprise by the sacrifice of living beings, so this exploration of the watery sepulchre has been accompanied by new deaths, and the darker, final secret, is shared by those who would have learned the lesser ones. But long and difficult labor has accomplished the task of the searchers, and their zeal has been rewarded.

By the courtesy of Messrs. MANN, VAIL & CO., and the gentlemen in their office, we were yesterday shown the results of the enterprise. As far as they have been revealed, and a melancholy story they tell. The coin which has been obtained from the wreck, is partly American and partly French. Some \$1,200 in bright American Eagles and lesser pieces, was deposited in the Hollister Bank, and about the same amount in gold, which has been burned and discolored but without loss of value, completes the tale of perfect coins rescued, thus far. By far the greater amount of treasure probably contained in the unshapen masses of metal, which have been taken from the mud and ashes in the bottom of the hull. These present the appearance of having been melted and dropped into water, and are of gold and silver, in some cases perhaps, with the lower metals mingled in them, and only by their great weight revealing their intrinsic worth. Rouleaux of five franc pieces, which having been slightly tipped from the perpendicular, are soldered together by fusion, and other pieces of gold and silver, with a single link of a lady's watchband adhering to its edge, as if placed there to suspend the coin. Two pork barrels are filled with this confused and agglomerated material, much of it in bits like shot, and weighing altogether, some 1000 pounds. Besides this there are many pounds weight of coin partly melted, and clinging together very curiously. At a rough estimate it

the metal prove only silver, we should say that \$20,000 of treasure has been recovered, which, with the snail of the machinery, iron, &c., will make a handsome return for the outlay. Our article is already so extended, that we have room only to add to the other values that have been brought to light, and which, even more than the money, seem to carry the mind by association, back to the owners of it, all. The household goods, the little familiar articles of property that so directly point to HOME and its joys, and tell the tale of sorrow so plainly, watches, with the hands pointing to the hour when they stopped forever, knives, even the little pipes that were in the pockets of the dead, all act as silent reminders and remembrances of the awful event, and seem, by their familiar look, to take us back, at once, to the day and moment when those who used them were hurried from life into a death as horrible as unlooked for.

Some of the gold and silver has been recovered, but the brothers, sisters, parents, children who perished there, return not to the embrace of friends.—G. H. B.

SANDWICH QUARTERLY MEETING.

Held its session a few days since at Sandwich Center, and we have two or three things to say in regard to it. There was good preaching, and there were good prayer meetings. Those seasons are precious and profitable, when pastors and brethren who labor for Zion's weal in their several localities, are permitted to enjoy together for two or three days the conference and social prayer meetings, such as were here enjoyed.

On the Sabbath, the causes of Education and Foreign Missions were presented, and some \$28 taken up, and \$25 pledged for the former, and \$33 in collection for the latter cause, to which also some \$10 for the chapel bell at Balasore in India. But the dollars were not the only fruit of the occasion;—ideas are impressed upon a large congregation that will bring forth in the future of gospel truth on the heart, and benevolent performance of duty toward a needy and perishing world in the life.

On Saturday, at close of the afternoon worship, the ladies remained, and proceeded to the organization of a Quarterly Meeting Female Missionary Society, which was done, we have understood, with good prospects of usefulness. Perhaps this Q. M. has been about the latest in the Y. M. to adopt this measure, but we have no doubt it will advance the Missionary interest in this Q. M., already pretty good in several of the churches.

Among the doings of the Q. M. conference, a young brother was licensed to preach, who is engaged to preach for a year in a small church, and at the same time will pursue his studies in the Bible school—just the same thing that a few other brethren are doing.—T. S. B.

THE DROUGHT.

The drought is very severe. Many are lamenting it; but God is in it. He is looking down from heaven, to see with what spirit men are looking out upon the drooping forests, the withering crops and the sere grounds. It is not without a benevolent purpose that he withhold the accustomed rains, and that therefore the hot and husky thirst of nature is unquenched. The dry winds that moan over the barren fields, being special messages from the Throne, which awake new and gracious emotions in the hearts of complaining worshippers, and bless with a purer baptism the hearts of confiding Christians.—The crisis of the dry herbage beneath the foot-fall of indifference, is voiced by eternity's God, and "awakes the better soul that slumbered." The dusty bed of the brooklet, at which the panting knee now seek in vain their accustomed draughts, and the "well springs" who no longer quench the thirst of labor, give solemn utterances, which the heaviest ear cannot fail to hear, and the duldest heart cannot fail to understand. The cloud that rises, catches the eye of man, spreads over the heavens, gives promise of rain, and then passes away, leaving him to disappointed expectation, is charged with express and important instructions to him. It is the dust of Jehovah's feet, that rolls up around his chariot in the sky. And in the cloud's passage, no less than through it fall in refreshing showers, the words of the awful sovereignty of God. And that, too, in language so strong that it must meet and feel it. He who, like Bunyan's sordid man, never looked up to heaven before, now looks up to see why the rains cease to fall, and thereby, perhaps, gains his first profitable view of the all ruling Deity.

No, it is not without a purpose that the rains of heaven are withheld. The people sadly need the lesson which the drought is teaching. O, that they may be wise to learn it, and profit from it. Far better to suffer this drought, than have our souls like the drought of summer." Many are deploring the solemn aspect of the withered fields, whose souls are the scene of far greater aridity and barrenness.—M. J. S.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

One of the most intrinsically valuable of the recent issues of the press is a large octavo volume, published by the Carters, entitled: "Influence of the Causes, Aspects, and Agencies," by the Rev. Thomas Pearson. It was written as a Prize Essay for the British Evangelical Alliance. Of the Aspects of Infidelity, it treats of Atheism, or the denial of the Divine Existence; Pantheism, or the denial of the Divine Personality; Naturalism, or the denial of the Divine Providential Government; Spiritualism, or the denial of the Bible Redemption; Indifferentism, or the denial of Man's Responsibility; and Formalism, or the denial of the Power of Godliness. Of its Causes, it mentions, the General Cause, Speculative Philosophy, Social Disaffection, The Corruptions of Christianity, Religious Intolerance, and Disunion of the Church. The third part, or the agencies of Infidelity, considers, The Press, The Clubs, The Schools, and The Pulpit.

It will thus be seen that the work covers very nearly the whole ground at issue; and although it probably is not possible for any one man to do full justice to every point, yet, for ability as well as completeness, there is no other single and accessible volume at all to be compared with this work. Mr. Pearson's style is easy without being tame, clear without being diffuse, or weak, and his always the merit of being to the point and of being readily apprehended.

Messrs. Ticknor, Reed and Fields have issued a unique book, entitled, "Walden, or Life in the Woods." It is from the pen of Mr. Henry D. Thoreau; who built him a little cabin on the banks of Walden Pond, in Massachusetts, and for some two or three years pursued a very primitive style of living. The book is a record of his doings and thoughts during this time; and has a spice of style and genius which often beguiles the reader on, he can hardly tell why. It forcibly illustrates how factitious and unreal are many of even our supposed necessities; and on this account is to be hailed as a valuable contribution to our literature. But it is wanting in our earnest purpose; life seems to him altogether a thing to be played with, and thrown away when it falls—as under such circumstances it will, and besides contains some sentiments at war not only with society as it is, but as it should be. To those who are given to reflection, and

who can properly both guard against error and sit out the wheat from the chaff, it will prove a profitable as well as pleasant book.

"Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad" is the title of a precious volume of Eliza Burritt's choicest gems, from the press of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. It contains a feast of bright thoughts—all of which are of the best things—of good thoughts, and warm sparks of love and philanthropy. It cannot be read faithfully without the reader's becoming both better and greater. The "Learned Blacksmith" hammers out thoughts, even a great deal better than he ever did iron. The book has a fine portrait of Mr. Burritt.

The Harpers have commenced the publication of a Universal Gazetteer, compiled by J. Calvin Smith. McCulloch distanced all previous or contemporary competition, but since his time the demand for a new work has grown up, and the three numbers of this new work now before us give promise that the demand is to be well and faithfully supplied. It is to be completed in ten numbers, at 25 cents per number—each No. containing a valuable map.

We hope, however, that Mr. Smith—unlike all the other Gazetteers—will learn that there is such a religious denomination as the Free-Will Baptists, numbering some fifty thousand—having literary institutions at Hillsdale, Mich., Whitestown, N. Y., and New Hampton, N. H.; and that at the latter place they have also a good and flourishing Theological Seminary. Will the publishers call the attention of their editor to these items?

"Spiritual Progress," from the pens of Feneelon and Guyon, and published by Dodd, of N. Y., is a good and very valuable book, for those that can pick the good deal of real piety it contains out from among the considerable amount of dreamy cant and spiritual monomania which accompanies it.

Editorial Correspondence.

THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL COLLEGE building has a beautiful site, a site which seems destined by nature for an institution; and why should not we have it and have a good College on it, as well as anybody else? As the matter stands, we—that is, our denomination—must have a College there or bear the disgrace of a failure. We may plead that the denomination, as such, had nothing to do with originating Mich. Central College. Allowing all this to be true, how are the citizens of Hillsdale to understand and appreciate this fact? Those gentlemen who have been told that the denomination were interested in it, and that there was no other College in the denomination, and that this was to become a denominational institution? The good citizens of Hillsdale have subscribed \$100, \$300, and not a few of them \$1000 each for the benefit of this institution, installations on which have been already paid. Those citizens, whose members of other denominations, are deeply interested in the erection of a F. W. Baptist College, and without the shadow of a doubt as to its success. Should these disappointed, the denomination, whether justly or unjustly, must bear the blame, at least in their estimation.

But though the denomination, in a denominational capacity, did not originate this institution, they they not since resolved in its favor, and adopted it, by appropriating the denominational funds for its support? We have not so soon forgotten, nor shall we ever forget the ineffectual effort, which we made against the adoption of this institution by the denomination at the General Conference in Vermont. We shall never forget the deep anxiety we felt when our fears cited us forward to the day when this institution might and probably would prove a failure, and the denomination would have to bear the reproach of that failure. We shall never forget how our heart ached as we saw the whole Conference, with the exception of three individual members, (one of them in the chair,) gained over by the representation of the certainty of success which should attend that institution, and of the great benefit which was to be derived to the denomination from its existence. We cannot forget the unalterable opinion we then formed that if we had but one College it should be our own. Nor shall we soon forget how our own solitary voice sounded as we voted No, on the motion which made the first denominational appropriation to that "College," which, as was afterward proved, was only a high school at least, and with no College character. From that time the world has had a perfect right to regard that school as a denominational institution. True, its affairs have not been managed by the denomination as such, and it is equally so of the institutions of the Congregationalists and of Baptists.

If anything further was wanted to render the denomination responsible for this institution, it was supplied by the late action at New Hampton, with which also we had nothing to do, not being present.

On the whole, after looking over the facts in the case, according to the best of our ability, we do not believe a failure has taken place in any part of our denomination, whose consequences have been more disastrous than would be the failure of this Michigan Central College—not even excepting the great failure at Lowell—and we are not prepared to say in any sense. And as we are in no way responsible for the origin of this enterprise nor its adoption into the denomination, so we will not be for its failure.

But Michigan Central College cannot live, in our estimation, without an endowment of more than one hundred thousand dollars. This ought to be raised with but little delay; whether it will be or not experiment and time will prove. The building is progressing, is between two and three stories high, and a beautiful building it is, and capacious, on an elevation above the beautiful village of Hillsdale, where it overlooks many miles of most beautiful country in nearly every direction.

Nearly enough is already subscribed to complete this edifice, but some \$20,000 of it is subscribed to be paid later in tuition, which is a serious discount on the subscription, and will require so much the more to be subscribed for the endowment. Again, as the institution has been removed from Spring Arbor to Hillsdale, where it was chartered, the probability is, that their charter is null and void. There can however be no reasonable doubt about the procuring of a charter for the College where it now is, provided it progresses. But to carry this enterprise through requires the strength of a Hercules.

But they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. Would to God that the hearts of those who possess ample means to forward the educational measures of our denomination, would feel for their success. Hillsdale is on a summit, the waters from its neighborhood flowing south into the Maumee, north to the Saginaw Bay, east into Lake Erie, and west into Lake Michigan.

MICHIGAN, as everybody says, a delightful country. It consists of timbered lands, oak openings, prairie, and swamp lands. There are thousands on thousands of acres of lands in the

northern portion of the State, yet unsold, which have been in market some 15 years, and of course, by a recent act of Congress, are now to be sold for fifty cents per acre. The marsh lands were sometime since given to the State, and are told that about every lot on which one could find a puddle, was, by the surveyor, put down as marsh land. These State lands are also being sold, and some of them are the best of land.

The oak openings are tracts of land very sparsely timbered with white oak and burr oak, and which were formerly burnt over every year, which prevented the growth of underbrush and the smaller timber growth. These lands are now being covered with a second growth of oak. To subdue the soil of these tracts, requires considerable labor, notwithstanding their inviting appearance, as the roots of these second growth are constantly sprouting up for a while after the lands begin to be cultivated. The soil of the oak openings, so far as we have had opportunity for observation, is a coarse sand, and, to our eye, looks very unproductive. Yet it bears excellent wheat and corn. We understand however that these oak openings contain a variety of soil.

The soil of the timbered lands is more similar to that of the Eastern States, and to us appears better adapted to constant cultivation, and to the production of good crops, than that of the oak openings, and for a permanent farm very much better. The timber is beech, maple, whiteoak, hickory, walnut, &c., &c. Both the oak openings and the timbered lands are in general but little broken. The elevation and depressions are more gentle than in the East. Some of these lands are almost perfectly level, and yet are sufficiently dry.

The prairies are exceedingly beautiful, and their soil is a black sandy loam; and in wet weather is a "greasy." The largest one we have traversed is the Big Prairie Road in Kalamazoo Co., and lying between the Michigan Central and the Michigan Southern Railroads, and containing some 70 or 80 square miles, and perhaps more. On this prairie is a fine little village called Schoolcraft, besides one or two other villages on the out-skirts. This and several other prairies we have crossed, are as beautiful as anything we can readily conceive of in the shape of earth. If any man can form any rational conjecture as to why these lands are not timbered, we should be glad to hear it. No soil on earth, probably, produces a quicker or better growth of timber than these same prairies, when once trees are planted in them. Some parts of Prairie Road, we are credibly informed, have been already cultivated for 22 years in succession, yielding alternately a crop of corn and wheat, without dressing, and still yield an abundant crop, though not so much as at first. But little of the land, however, will do this, and it is becoming customary for farmers to raise a crop of clover on these grounds nearly every second year, and plow it in for dressing. Farming is not generally done as carefully and systematically here as in N. E., farms being usually much larger here than there. This may in part account for the fact that the prairie farms are full of weeds, though this does not define the reason why the prairie grounds should produce four times as many weeds as the other farms. Many farms are worth \$40 per acre, and those in the vicinity of cities much more. The water of Mich. we do not greatly admire, though in this place it is tolerable. Perhaps here it will not be amiss to mention a remarkable spring of very pure water at Hillsdale, on an elevation about one mile from the College. This spring has three openings, which are within some two or three rods of each other, which spout up their gurgling throats, a stream which, according to a rough estimate, would fill a cylinder five inches in diameter. As we stood and gazed on this triune fountain, we could not but be reminded of the pure water of life—the healing stream of salvation.

Probably no better wheat is grown in the world than is grown in Mich. The crop is generally good this year, and the price in the country towns is about \$1.37 1/2 per bushel.

This is an agreeable fever country, but we have seen but little of it as yet, and are told that the disease is evidently wearing out. The cholera here is also rapidly abating, in fact almost entirely subsided.

We have here written just what we would have given much to see from the pen of another, thinking perhaps the same inquiries may arise in the minds of others as have labored hard in our own.—A. E. M.

HAMPTON BEACH, N. H.

August 11, 1854.
Bro. Burr:—I am here, and I presume you will care as little about me as I do, and how I came, and whom I saw in coming, and about any detailed description of the railroad and its depots between Great Falls and this place, as I am about writing it. Being no letter-writer by profession, I feel the less obligation to write a long one. And a sad want of eventuality and descriptive powers assures me that it will be vain to attempt to represent satisfactorily to you the wonders of my late travel from Somersworth to Hampton, and even down to Hampton Beach. This said deficiency in my pen is, however, the less to be regretted, since you have so many other correspondents, who are quick to see, and ready to describe the wonders of travel. Nor must you expect that every man can play the Dr. Johnson, by making a plumb-pudding (alias fish chowder), the basis of a very interesting story. So you will permit me to begin, by saying, I am here, on Hampton Beach, with an ocean of water before me, and an ocean of corn-fields behind me. The latter are suffering very materially from drought. The former has no lack of moisture. Indeed, it is always fruitful. The corn crops may be cut off, but the ocean crops never. It is ever a vast resource of food for man. Nor is any appetite so dainty as to refuse its supplies. My myriad living creatures are ever devouring one another, while man is devouring them. And as the former would starve out, leaving the waste of waters a submarine Sahara, did they not feast upon one another, so would thousands of human beings starve, were the gifts of the high sea intended for their table. We look on the ocean with gratitude, as a grand depository of provisions for our race. It indicates, therefore, not the majesty of God only (though of that it is highly, and perhaps primarily, suggestive), but also, and equally, his inexpressible goodness. Should the divine hand, by a stupendous miracle, sweep to its shore all the untold treasures which disaster has buried in its fearful depths, they were nothing compared with the blessings which are constantly being taken from it. To thousands of thousands the ocean itself is a "life preserver."

A few mornings since I was out upon its bosom, troubling its shallower depths with a fish-line, when I felt something, seemingly about as heavy as myself, pulling at the end which I had not hold of. I pulled. "I guess you have got the bottom," said the skipper. No, I have not. Or if I have I am surely pulling it out, and then the ocean will all leak away—run down through. So I kept pulling. "What think, skipper, any

danger of breaking the line?" It keeps coming—"Is alive—we shall soon see it. There 'tis!—Conscience! But what is it? Big over of a centre-table! O! 'tis a skate—hooked up from the bottom—good for nothing. Loose him, and let him go. Monstrous, ill-shapen thing, with his mouth under his belly. Doubtless he has his uses, but to the fisherman he is worthless, as the love of which I have read, fit only

to be carried to market like skate, and cheapened at so much per pound." But here are fish that are valuable, in any quantity. And on the shore are hundreds who have come down from the hot country, with mouths watering to feast upon them.

A sail for diversion—a fishing tour for amusement—does very well. But to make one's home upon the briny, stormy deep, requires a more Neptunian heart than I possess. I can see that we must have sailors, and sympathize with them, and pray for them. But to be a sailor myself! That's a different thing. To make one of me would require a "thus saith the Lord." Much would I like to have some of the excellent qualities generally attaching to the sailor's heart. But could hardly seek them at the expense of a sailor's life. Especially while knowing how great is the general moral exposure of life on the ocean, and in strange ports. Much prayer should be offered for the thousands who, in the prosecution of the world's commerce, by which so many of our daily wants are supplied, are every day tossed, churchless and Sabbathless, upon the heaving bosom of the deep. The sailor—respect the sailor—his flowing dress and his tarpaun! Widely through the world he scatters either blessings or curses. A wild trill of the ocean deity, I can more easily excuse in him a little waywardness and recklessness.—Heaven bless him. May the time soon come when the carriers of the world shall be carriers of the gospel, both in word and in its living exemplification.

But enough for the present. And perhaps what is written is more essay like than epistolary. Well, be it so, it is too late to repent. Yours Truly, M. J. S.

AUGUSTA, Aug. 30, '54.

Dear Bro.—I see that in the list of candidates for Representatives to Congress, I omitted the name of Hon. Noah Smith, Jr., from the sixth district. He has been nominated by the Whig and Free Soil Conventions, and will undoubtedly be nominated by the Anti-Slavery Convention, which meets in a few days. Mr. Smith, as I have before stated in the Star, was the chairman of the Committee that reported in the Legislature the original Maine Law, and was Speaker of the House last year. He is a member of the C. Baptist church in Calais, and a representative of the Sabbath School. He is a ready debater, and what is more, he is a worthy Christian man, having a sound head and a good heart; and the Southerner who shall undertake to browbeat him, or put him down unfairly, will have to rise early. Mr. Smith, if he goes to Congress, will "stick," as John P. Hale says. We are entitled to six Representatives, and the Republican nominations are Messrs. Wood, Benson, Washburn and Smith, (Whigs)—Gen. Perry, (Democrat)—Knowlton, (Free Soil). We hope to elect them all, and can, if a perfect union can be formed. Why should not the friends of freedom, of God and humanity, unite? How long, oh how long, shall we be divided, while millions are in chains! The South must be put on the chains, and Christians and all men who love their country and hate oppression should band together, throwing party to the winds, to push these chains off.

It is still very dry in Maine, we having had no rain, to any amount, for a long time. Fires are raging in every direction, and property by thousands is being destroyed. So it is all over our country. Well, we deserve judgments.—We enjoy great privileges; we make great professions, and yet we hold millions in slavery.—We are verily guilty concerning our brother.—May God spare us as a nation, and may we repent speedily of our sins and turn to Him.—O. B. C.

HOME AGAIN.

AT HOME, Aug. 25, 1854.
From Niagara we proceeded to New York City, by the way of the Elmira, Canadaigua and Niagara Falls, and the Erie Railroads—both broad gauge.—We much prefer this route for its directness, for the width and convenience of the cars, for the steadiness of their running, for the wise regulations and the strict responsibility marking every department of management, ensuring both safety and speed, and for the gentlemanly and generous conduct of officials. In these respects, the Erie road is especially noteworthy, and from long acquaintance, we only speak what we do know. Not long since, I suffered nearly a week's disarrangement of its trains, and the consequent loss of thousands of dollars, rather than submit to the demands of a portion of its employees (engineers) for a change of its regulations, which, while it would have decreased the not unreasonable responsibility of the engineers, would have very much increased the danger of its passengers. All honor to such firm integrity! Human life has been held in such firm integrity by a large portion of our railroad companies; but with such management, it may be taken for granted that whatever accidents occur are such as in the nature of things cannot be avoided by human foresight and care.

An important safeguard to passengers on the Erie road consists in its telegraph arrangements. The company own, or at least control, the telegraph, and at each principal station keep a Bulletin, on which is placed the telegraphic announcement of the exact position and condition of each train on the road. For instance, at one station we noticed the following: "Mail train, on time—Buffalo Express, six minutes late." If an accident occurs between two telegraph stations, before any other information could reach the other trains, the telegraph would give to each station, and so to each other train, an announcement something like this: "Express train passed Elmira on time—has not reached Owego"—and so each conductor would know that the difficulty was between Elmira and Owego, and act accordingly. This of course entirely obviates a very large share of the accidents so frequently occurring on most of our railroads.

From New York, New England-ward, we took the Norwich line, on account of the more pleasant inland scenery from Norwich, and also because of the interior convenience of the cars of the steamboat train on this route. On all the night lines to Boston, the traveller is awakened on the Boat soon after midnight to take the cars; and to have, as on this route, good night cars, where one can sleep comfortably and even pleasantly, is a convenience and a luxury which we at least shall not overlook in our selection of routes.

In passing, we ought perhaps to notice the Crystal Palace. Many articles have been taken away, though many new ones have taken their places, and at present the Palace wears a rather dull and dusty appearance. It seems

that the effort to render it a permanent exhibition has failed—though it is to be brushed up, and to receive a large instalment of new articles before its final close, the first of Nov. Those, therefore, who intend ever to see it, and it is eminently worth seeing—must visit it previous to that time. It is a great pity that it is not to be permanent, but the fates seem to have decreed otherwise. It is an on dit, that the Philadelphia will make an attempt to purchase the building, and locate it in their city.

But we have a word to add about being home again. We used to wonder at what we heard about the necessity of a "summer vacation" for ministers in cities and large places. The periodical indisposition which sent them "into the country" or on a "voyage to Europe," was altogether a matter of pleasure with us, especially as for the most part it was only the pastors of the richer churches that were thus favored. On some accounts, our ignorance was

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Auburn, Aug. 28, 1854. [42]

