

# The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. E. BILL, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men." EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GEO. W. DAY, Printer. SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1856. VOL. IX.—NO. 41

## Correspondence.

### Reminiscences of the Past.

No. XLIX.

DEAR BROTHER:—With all my resolutions and promises to be short, I find I cannot keep up with the times. I jog along so slow, that I have occupied almost a year in travelling over a few thousand miles, while the present generation are going at steamboat and railroad speed. Well, I have but a few stages more to note, when I will get back to the city St. John, where I started from.

The summer after the good season I dwelt upon in my last, I came back to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, as messenger to these associations. I could write several long letters on what I saw and heard on that journey, but I must not intrude on the kind indulgence of friends. I found almost all my old brethren in the ministry alive and working in the field of the Lord, with the blessing of God on their labors, and the churches enlarged and multiplied.

I made a visit to Halifax at a most favorable time. It was just when the revolution was progressing, which brought over so many to our family, and resulted in the organizing of the Grenville Baptist Church.

Many of the events connected with the conversion of those Episcopals, and the change of sentiment which they underwent, came to my knowledge at that time, but as they are undoubtedly familiar to the Baptist community, I suppress them. The visit I then made to that place was exceedingly gratifying, and I felt to rejoice in the joy of our friends there, both the old and the new.

From Halifax I went to Windsor amongst my old friends, and received a kind and hearty welcome. So I did in Horton, Cornwallis, and all through Nova Scotia, where I travelled. I proceeded on to Wilnot, where the association was to be held. On my way I called at the house of our good old father Chipman at Nictaux; but he was not there. He had removed to the better country, for which he had long been making preparation. He now lived in one of the mansions, prepared by Emmanuel, in the great City, THE NEW JERUSALEM!

There was a great gathering at the association. The same spirituality, union and brotherly love, was still manifested towards one another, as of old. The season was a pleasant one, and I have since learned that souls were converted to God on that occasion. One thing which added to the interest of that anniversary, was, the ordination of brother John Hull, from the eastern section of the Province; a brother, whose early death I have recorded in a former letter. Mr. Alexander Crawford, from Prince Edward Island, was also present, in whom I became quite interested by the treatise he had just written, in answer to Mr. Ross, of Pictou, on the subject of baptism. He read his manuscript to the ministers of the association, and, for the limited size of it, I considered it one of the most masterly and unanswerable articles I had ever heard on the subject.

From Wilnot, in company with Elder William Allen, of Jefferson, Maine, I set out for Hillsboro', N. B., where the next Association was to be held. But we found ourselves in a sad dilemma. There was no way to get there. We made every inquiry, but to no purpose. At last we were directed to go over Wilmot Mountain, with the probability that we should find a vessel going across the Bay. But there was no vessel there. We thought it a hard case, after travelling five hundred miles, by land and water, to have our course impeded by the Bay of Fundy. After staying and travelling up and down the Mountain shore for a day or two we succeeded in persuading two young men to take us in a fishing boat of perhaps two tons burthen. We set out, but the wind died away and left us to drift up the Bay with the flood tide. At high water we were under the lee of Holt, with the prospect of getting back to where we started from by the next low water. The skipper would not let go his anchor, because, as he said, he expected to lose it, as his cable was old and rotten. At slack water, I took a fishing line, and threw it over, to see if I would have any luck fishing. I toiled, but caught no fish. Presently, I found my line fast, and to save as much as I could of it I wound it round a pin. When the tide turned, the line did not break, but held our ship fast. It did not part during the whole ebb tide, and by this slender cord, we maintained our position till the next flood, when the line got loose, and a wind spring-

ing up, we again made sail to cross the Bay. We did not reach Martin's Head, however, until next day. Here we lay twenty-four hours, on account of that ever-to-be dreaded Bay of Fundy fog. But, the next day, being Saturday, we urged our captain to get under way, for we dreaded to be nowhere on the Sabbath Day. Saturday, however, we got into Shepody Bay, and reached Hopewell, where we preached next day.

On Tuesday we reached the place of our destination, and as well as I remember, had a pleasant Association, but nothing of consequence occurred, excepting that I left a new surtout coat where I put up, which I never again obtained.

I enjoyed a pleasant season in passing from Hillsborough to St. John, visiting old friends on the way, and conversing with our Ministers, from whom I had been separated for several years.

I got down to St. John in the following fashion. Several ladies went to the Association from St. Martins and other places, on horseback. As I had no way of conveyance, (for steam-boats did not run on the Bay) one of the young ladies offered to give up part of her horse for my accommodation. So I occupied the saddle, and she sat behind, and held on to me, till we came to the Hammond River, where it was necessary we should part. Now if any of our new fashioned ladies, should be so impolite as to laugh at this old fashioned way of going to the Association, I vow, that I will not forgive them in a hurry, but will be revenged on them, by telling them to their face, that one of the girls of that day, was worth a dozen such as are got up in these new-fangled times.

After making a short stay in the city, and visiting at Deacon Pettengale's, Deacon Drake's, Deacon Lockey's, and others, I took ship for Eastport, with Brother Lockey in company.

I got back home safe, and entered upon my usual duties. Besides the places I have named, while I lived in Livermore, I baptized more or less in the towns of Canton, Buckfield, Poland, Oxford, Harrison, Dixfield, Byron, Fayette, Wayne and Leeds. I also preached in many other places, as New Gloucester, Minot, Durham, Danville, Lewiston, Auburn, Litchfield, Gardener, Holliswell, Augusta, Readfield, Winthrop, Chesler, Jay, Waterville, Bloomfield, New Sharon, Farmington, Wilton, Rumford, Woodstock, Greenwood, Hartford, Sumner, Bridgetown, and many other places.

In the course of my stay in that part of the State of Maine, the cause of religion flourished in most of the Churches, not only in our vicinity, but in almost every part of the State. Most of the Churches were in a good state of union, and sound in the faith. Most of the Ministers were men of long standing, and tried worth. They were generally what is called "illiterate," but, although technically so, they were not so in fact. Many of them who had not gone (what is called) through College, had, nevertheless, gone round it, and had more sound sense, and knew more divinity, than scores who have received the honors of Colleges and Divinity Schools. When they preached the gospel, they showed themselves to be *Scribes well instructed*, and gave full proof of their Ministry. Elders James Hooper, Boardman, Palmer, Tibcomb, Ricker, Francis, and many others, some of whom are dead, and others yet alive, were men not to be despised. Had I space, I could fill sheets with accounts of them and their labors in the Lord's vineyard. I will mention two short anecdotes of two of them: one within my own knowledge, and the other told me by another Ministering brother. One of these pioneers from Maine, was once in Boston. He was invited to preach by Dr. Bawden. One of the Dr.'s Deacons, stated to a friend, that after he had sat down in his pew, a homely looking countryman came in, and walked up into the pulpit. The Deacon said, in telling the story: "I felt so vexed, I could have gone up and pulled him out, with good will. I expected," said he, "nothing that day, but when he came to preach, lo, and behold! he was a honey-bee right out of the country!" That honey-bee was James Hooper, of Paris. The other story was simply this: one of our most illiterate preachers, (but, by the way, a man of experience, observation, and reading,) came where I preached, and stayed with me over the Sabbath. He preached for me that morning, when the Governor of the State, who had lately experienced the grace of God, was present. A gentleman who often came to our meeting with him, asked the governor, when they

reached the street, what he thought of Mr. P. The reply was, "He's a champion, Sir, he's a champion." And I assure you there were giants in Maine, in those days!

After residing in Livermore, I think it was eleven years, I asked my dismissal, I had no place in view, but intended to be more at liberty to preach wherever I found a door opened. I had an invitation to spend a few weeks in Brunswick, I went there, and continued to supply them for about two years. In this place was located Bowdoin College, one of the most flourishing literary institutions in the country, I did not know how I should get along, just under the nose of this celebrated body of learned Doctors. But, the president and many of the professors were good men, of an excellent christian spirit, and though of another Denomination, they freely united with us in a protracted meeting, and when it was proposed to ask me to preach in the place for a year, the Minister and many others, offered to contribute to my support. I had a very pleasant season while there, and hope that some good was done. I baptized a number of persons in the village and at two other places, called Maquait and New Meadows. I found also a field around, where I could labor, in the cause of the Saviour.

I preached more or less, the short time I stayed in Brunswick, in about ten other places. But, soon after I went to this place, I fell into a new business. A paper had been published in Brunswick called the "Baptist Herald," the first paper published in the State for our denomination, it had by some means fallen through, and many of the old Baptists wanted it revived. A number of Ministers and others, pledged themselves to sustain it, and elected me to take the oversight of it. With some hesitation I consented, and I went head and heart into this new enterprise. It succeeded beyond my expectation, and gained the favor of a large portion of the Baptist denomination. The name of the paper was "The Eastern Baptist." After I left Brunswick, it was conducted by two Ministering brethren, who continued it for two years more, when, on account of one moving away, and the other living at too great a distance, it was united with Zion's Advocate.

At the time I was in Brunswick, we had the hardest struggle in Maine, with king Alcohol. It was the time when public opinion was in a state of transition. Several years had elapsed since the first efforts had been made to work a reform—many conscientious men had given up the use of intoxicating drinks; and as the drinking of rum began to be unpopular, the lovers of rum became desperate. I had entered into this work several years before, but in the vicinity of Brunswick, there was much drinking, and strong opposition to our reformatory efforts. I delivered several lectures on the subject, taking strong grounds, and some rum drinkers and rum vendors, became much enraged, and threatened me with rough usage. I had the best part of the community with me however, and the medical faculty of Bowdoin College. Doctor Muzza publicly sustained the strong views I had taken against the medical use of rum. After all the clamor and threatening, "I came off with a whole skin, and live to see the day when a mighty change has come over the world, on this subject, and great things have been accomplished." D. NUTTER.

### Notes by the Way.

BY H.

*The Voyage—The Island—Its Inhabitants.*

October, 1856.

Mr. Editor,—In course of time we find ourselves on our "tour West," off for Grand Manan, sails set, or more nautically speaking, "bent" and "weighing" anchor. The vessel in which we have taken passage is called the "Rival," varies little from the common fishing shallops. The crew, consisting of seven hands, including our very obliging, off-handed, gentlemanly captain, seems in the best of spirits, expectation on tip-toe, each employed in arranging and preparing for operation when they reach the fishing ground. The morning beautifully clear, with a moderate breeze of favorable wind we are waited along most cheerfully, one score of miles to our port of destination. In six hours after weighing anchor we are safely landed at Flagg's Cove, Grand Manan. The Island, situated in the Bay of Fundy, off Eastport, some nine miles from West Quoddy light, is twenty miles in length, and varies from three to five miles in width. Along its whole western coast it is high and rocky, and in the interior wild and

rugged, this shore's very bold and has but one small harbour, partly of an artificial character. But little or no attempts have been made at cultivation either on the west or in the interior. The soil is strong, but the larger portion rocky, and in the parts not settled, well covered with timber of a moderate growth. In the east and south the Island is less rocky, and more favorable to tillage, attempts at which are made on but a small scale. The settlements are on the south and east shores, mostly in the coves and harbors, of which there are seven, all of which form very good places of refuge, in time of a storm, for the fishermen. In the north is a considerable lake called Eel, and several other lesser ones. There are no considerable streams of water; several small brooks rise in the high lands and empty into the harbors. Grand Harbor Brook emptying into a harbor of the same name, is the largest stream on the island. The ocean on the east and south, unlike the west is very shoal, and filled with rocks some below lowwater mark, making navigation very dangerous. Here too, are several small islands, as Long Island, Duck Islands, of which there are three, Wood Islands, of which there are two, White Head Island, Three Islands, Green Islands, &c. Between these and on the shoals are taken immense numbers of herrings in weirs and seines. The line fish are caught of these shores from five to fifteen miles. Grand Manan and the surrounding islands, are so favorably known as a good fishing station that not only do those who live on them follow this business, but the Americans in large numbers, every year, as well as many from other parts of our Province, and from Nova Scotia visit them to take fish. This year the herring and mackerel have been the most abundant. The staple productions and exports are fish, dry and pickled, sheep and cattle; and formerly some vessels were built. The population numbers some 1200, apparently, orderly, kind, hospitable, happy, matter of fact people. If they have not all the luxuries of life and the facilities for refinement possessed by the inhabitants of some portions of our Province; they are relieved from the disadvantage arising from being subject to the arbitrary rules of fastidious fashion, and from the unhappy effects of high or riotous living. Again they are blessed with the ability to, and they do, supply themselves with the substantial necessities for comfortable living. Further, though liquor may be had on some of the lesser islands, at those places of temptation kept by the rum-seller, yet on the whole length and breadth of Grand Manan there is not one regular establishment for vending liquid fire! Surely this is a weighty consideration, and will inevitably have its blessed happy effects on the young and rising generation.

If the people of this islet of the sea have no other reason for which they should be especially thankful to the kind disposer of all things, here is one to be freed from the withering, blighting curse of rum. This is the more remarkable when we are told that not many years since, nearly the whole of a season's wages would be spent for liquor, leaving but a trifle to take home to the disconsolate and heart broken wife, and half-famished children. This too, was not the exception in those days of rum! rum! rum! but the general rule, as say the oldest inhabitants. There was but little interest taken in religion, little regard for the Sabbath and less for the commands of God, and little care for the education of the youth, "in the culture and adoration of the Lord." Now there are 4 or 5 comfortable school-houses built, and schools kept in operation constantly, with a large attendance of pupils; 4 Sabbath schools with an average attendance of 40 scholars in each, and a library of interesting religious books, two resident ministers, and one neat church at Grand harbor where Rev. G. T. Carey (Episcopal) officiates. Elder P. Cook Long Island Bay holds meetings in the school houses.

C. Donett, Frenchman, native of N. S., of the Free Christian Baptist order visited the island last winter and labored with the people who seemed to be awakened, and about 30 were baptised, and a Free Christian Baptist Church organized, numbering over 100 members. It is said that the labours of one Rev. Abel Turner, of the old fashioned Free will Baptist order, were greatly blessed; and contributed in no small degree to bring about the revival.

About 21 years since Elder C. Stronach of N. S. came to the island and preached some time with good acceptance amongst the people. During his stay he organized a

Baptist Church of the same faith and order as the Association Baptists of N. S. and N. B. The Church thus formed of 10 members continued its visibility for a long time, when some untoward circumstances transpired which materially weakened its strength, several of its members however remain yet, living epistles of the saving power of religion on the soil. This church has been visited, at different times by the following ministers, some once and some more.

Elders D. Harris, Wm. Jackson, David Crandall, A. D. Thomson, James Walker, and E. Melanis.

Their visits are yet remembered with gratitude to God, by many of the people and doubtless the seed sown by those devoted Servants of the most High was watered by the spirit and nurtured in the hearts of many of the hearers in this Island. The few lambs in the far off west of this Province ought to be thought about by those who are more favorably situated, and if possible, now after the seed, has been sown, grown and come to maturity, the reaping and harvesting should not be neglected or allowed to be wasted by others. The call is loud and long and uttered with much earnestness, "come over and help us, send us a man to gather the lambs of the fold; to break unto us the bread of life, to nurture us with the sincere milk of the word, that we may grow thereby."

### New York Correspondence.

New York, Oct. 1st, '56.

DEAR SIR:—The first thing of interest among this inexplicable people is their politics, that is, at present, the slavery question. "But what," asked a friend (foreigner) of me the other day, "means this triangular contest? There are the Republican, Democratic, and American parties what is the distinction between them? Every party is republican, democratic, and American, and so is every voter in the whole Union, I cannot understand any difference between them from their names." "You are right," I replied, "but in reality there is this, the Republican is the anti-slavery party, the Democratic is the pro-slavery party, the American is the pro-slavery Know Nothing party." This will bring to the minds of your readers in a few words the party organization of this country, they will remember at the same time that Fremont is the standard bearer or candidate of the first mentioned party. Buchanan of the second, and Fillmore of the third. One of my former letters stated that Buchanan had the best prospect of election, it was so then, but is not now. That vein of popular feeling which was aroused a few months since in the North, has flowed on, deepening and gathering force, till, like an inundating wave, it threatens to sweep over the whole land, carrying defeat and discomfiture through the ranks of the slavery extensionists. Iowa in the West, has declared by her state election, that freedom shall be the law of the parties, Vermont echoed back the same declaration from her green mountain sides and rock ribbed, sea girt main, (I wonder if her proximity to the soil where the slave never steps, but to be free, affected her sentiments) has thundered forth such a response as to make the slave driving democracy tremble in their strongholds. She gave a republican majority of 25,000. Never before was such a majority rolled up in that state. The good men, the Christian men, the ministers, the patriotic and those who never before took any part in elections are coming out in a mass for freedom and Fremont, and form an invincible Macedonian phalanx, that is to hurl back the tide of slavery aggression, and overwhelm with defeat, mean political party tricksters.—These men are in earnest, for they see the freedom of their happy native land—the idolized purchase of their father's blood and struggle—imperilled, trembling, and almost falling beneath the hand and management of a few of the baser wretches of the South and their tools in the North. I believe the majority of Southern citizens are opposed in heart and hand to the wrongs perpetrated by the slave driving democracy. There are 346,524 now slave holding citizens in the South, and 528,000 non slave-holders, but the moneyed few rule public opinion, they command a venal press, the others cannot easily break their power, and are not used to mingle in political strifes, still they act when they can and republican electoral tickets for Fremont will be run in many if not all of the Southern States.

The President canvass all over the country has commenced in earnest, the contest is very animated. Never before since the Union was formed has there been such a Presidential

struggle, never before was the right and wrong on each side so distinctly marked, never before were the christian men of the country so unanimously rallying to the support of their faith and principles. The religious press of the free states is almost in a mass for freedom and Fremont, so indeed is nearly the entire press of the North, never before was there such a unanimity of the press in this city. The numbers of anti-slavery papers in this city far exceeds the press of both the other (slavery) parties in the whole union. But while the press is as a body, so nobly standing up for what is right, there are some few exceptions so utterly devoid of principle as to make one blush for his race. The New York Express, a know nothing paper, not being able to find anything in the Republican principles to attack, assailed their candidate, a worthy honorable man, and still not being able to find anything in his public life or private character to censure, has called him a Romanist; for three months it has been propagating this lie. Fremont was baptised and brought up in the Episcopal church, and he and family have been and are members of it till his day. The most respected and distinguished ministers that America can boast have certified to the fact, and still that paper blazes forth that brazen lie with the most unblushing shame, and worst of all some believe it.

The chief battle in the campaign is to be fought in Pennsylvania, as the vote of that state will probably decide the election for or against slavery; all parties are inundating the state with papers, pamphlets, money and speakers, the pro-slavery party has the advantage of a native of the state for their candidate, and the entire influence and power of the present administration to aid them. But, notwithstanding this, the indications are, so far as they can be seen, that the Republican party will carry the day, and Fremont be elected. The rabid democracy in the South have, already, in anticipation of this, began to talk of secession, disunion, but it is all talk, all sound. The South dare not secede. All eyes are turned with great solicitude and interest to the Fourth of November next, then the election will be decided. The European press, especially the English, is in favour of the election of Fremont. Notwithstanding this manifestation of interest, and kindly regard for our welfare, there are thousands of Americans so prejudiced or silly as to believe that Europe would rejoice to see this country convulsed with civil war and this nobly founded Union broken, desolate and buried in fraternal blood, to which result the election of Buchanan would tend.

The residents of Kansas have entirely forsaken all civic arts, Mars is the god they worship. The telegraph brings us news every few days of "battles fought," but everybody here has become accustomed to it, and considers them as a matter of course. The Southerners are trying to drive out the Free-State men before the next election, but by the latest accounts, the latter were victorious.

A portion of the U. S. army is in the territory "interested spectators" of the war, and as they are under the command of the pro-slavery President, appointed governor, they may soon participate in it.

The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco has disbanded; thinking men had just begun to entertain great fears concerning their operation and end. They have done a good work in ridding the State of some of the vilest desperadoes on earth, the only danger now, is that the general government will endeavor to bring some of the Committee to account, and under the pretence of treason, punish them; this would of course resuscitate the Committee, and there is no knowing where it would end.

The position of Gen. Walker, since he became President of Nicaragua, is very perilous. It is said his soldiers are deserting him, and that there are strong combinations in and out of the State against him, if accounts are true, the "grey eyed man of destiny" has about ended his destiny here.

Poor Sumner is still suffering from the effects of the attack by South Carolina Brooks, it is feared he never will recover the use of his faculties.

President Pierce is now in town, on his way to his native State, New Hampshire. The people of Concord, his residence, in public assemblies recently declared that they would not give him a reception, that silence was the most appropriate greeting to him, Complimentary, is it not, to the Chief Magistrate of this Republic.