

## Original Communications.

## LETTERS FROM THE HILLS.

NEWCASTLE, PA., Sept. 10, 1869.

DEAR DOCTOR:—I have got back to my *sanitarium*, as they call their cool retreats in the Hills in Hindustan. This hill country of Pennsylvania, where old convulsions have broken up the earth's strata, and have thrown up her internal wealth, to within man's reach, stretches from the Alleghanies to our Western border, and is rich not in what human folly calls "the precious metals," but in the really precious mines of iron and coal. Their contribution to the wealth of our commonwealth and of the nation will make this region a place of the first importance, until some lucky chemist devises a process which will make every clay-bank a mine of aluminum, and give us for ordinary use a metal as tough as iron, one-third of its weight, inodorous, tasteless and bright as silver. Till then, the coal and iron region will rank among the especially favored regions of our land.

I came hither by way of Baltimore, taking the boat by river, canal and bay. The one that I came by ranks as the dirtiest, most inconvenient, and shabbiest craft that I ever saw propelled by steam on an American river. The only seat with a back to it that passengers had access to was the long fixed-bench around the upper deck. The furnishing of the cabins was so musty and mouldy that only by throwing the windows wide open could two of us pass the night in it. The crew were gruff, the attendants saucy. Catch us setting foot in the *Richard Willing* again!

The approach to Baltimore, shows that the wharfage is small in proportion to the business done. The extent of the harbor is but trifling; so long wharves are out into the land, running up some squares into the town. Into these, with the thoughtfulness characteristic of American municipalities, the city culverts empty themselves, and the odorous freight of filth and garbage is beaten back and forward, but never carried away by the tide. On a hot-summer's day the fragrance must be delicious—not to say healthful—to the occupants of the multitudes of stores and warehouses along the wharves.

A run through several sections of the city shows that Baltimore has the characteristics of Southern society. It is largely what New York will be in a few years, the city of the rich and the poor. There are no middle-class districts, such as extend over nearly all the North-Eastern and a great portion of the Southern quarters of Philadelphia. Around Monument Hill lies a district superior in style and magnificence to any part of Philadelphia. The houses are of the plantation-mansion type. The fronts are broader than with us; the styles more various. A uniform block is a rarity. The use of drab and other paints on brick fronts is very common, the brick generally being far inferior to our own. The streets are very clean, being repeatedly and carefully swept by machinery and at night. They also get the full benefit of every rain shower, as they are rather more on the slope than with us. The grandees of this quarter seem even more bent on privacy than with us; some of their brick-yard walls reach well up into the second story, and board fences are a rarity. All through this part of the city, you could distinguish traces of the class that founded it, the English Romanists and aristocrats who embodied their thought in their houses, as the middle-class English quakers have left their mark on our own city.

From this to other and humbler parts of the city there is very little of gradual transition. Street after street, square after square, are made up of red brick houses such as fill our extreme outside districts, and line the streets of the lower wards of New York. They nearly all look like the abodes of day-laborers and poor men who take no pride in their homes, while the thousand indications of taste and comfort are wanting. I take it as a sign of the place, that in a long walk through this part of the city, I could not find a drug store to buy a glass of soda water. Places where stronger beverages are sold are over-abundant.

Baltimore will never be a strong city until it has a strong middle class, who have neither made their fortunes nor broken with fortune, who are neither living in the idleness and luxury of the rich, nor in the hand-to-mouth style of the poor. This class alone will be able, by wise management, to abolish the caste spirit, by standing between the upper and the lower. Nothing is more striking than the prevalence of this spirit in the public journals of other American cities, and its absence from our own. It is a spirit fatal to all municipal life and neighborliness, and we hope that it will long be absent. Nothing in the agitation for the running of the cars on Sunday was more reprehensible, than the attempt on the part of *The Press* and some other papers to excite it, by all sorts of monstrous clap-trap fictions in regard to church-goers riding about in their carriages and taking holiday, when anti-Sabbatarians were at work. Such trash has no force with the native American and Irish Protestant part of our people, but it is to be feared that our German and Irish Romanist population are not insensible to such appeals.

Since the war, Baltimore has taken a huge stride forward in point of commercial importance. Trans-atlantic steamers now ply from her wharves, and new lines of communication with the South

and the "Old West" are projected. Should this movement continue, a middle class must grow up here speedily, and already no slight influx of Philadelphians and others has taken place. Should they be heartily welcomed, they will, in time, do much to improve both the appearance of the city and the tone of its society.

From Baltimore I came to Pittsburgh by the North. Central and Penna. Central R. R. It rained all the way, as it had done during most of my stay in Baltimore. The day I was in Pittsburgh was dreary and gloomy, as only a wet day in a smoky city can be. J. S. T., your well-known correspondent, took me up the hill to see the Western University of Pennsylvania, and introduced me to some of its friends in the city—among them the editors of *The Post* and *The Commercial*, and Wm. Thaw, Esq., the well-known and open-handed New School layman. My connection with the University of Pennsylvania, secured me a ready welcome, and no slight interest was evinced in the recent movements for the better endowment of the senior institution. Of this younger Western sister, I shall have more to say in my next.

ON THE WING.

## THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE PROHIBITORY LAW IN MASSACHUSETTS.

This fall we expect to see in Massachusetts as exciting a political canvass as we have witnessed for a number of years. The question whether the State shall pursue the policy of prohibition or license is to be decided at the polls. This is a question which has always awakened a great deal of interest in our State, and as it now comes up possibly for a final settlement it is natural that the friends of the two opposite policies should be in earnest and should make every effort to secure a victory. The contest, therefore, between the two parties cannot be otherwise than hard and bitter.

No other law in our State has had to encounter the disadvantages that have attended the Prohibitory law. It may be said without a figure of speech to have come up to its present position out of great tribulation. When it was first enacted, it had, as it has still, the ill will of a large and unscrupulous class. The property invested in liquors was considerable, amounting to many millions of dollars. The number who depended upon the liquor traffic for a livelihood was great, while the number was larger still, who used intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and who considered the Prohibitory Law as an interference with their sumptuary rights. The consequence was that the law, from its first enactment, met with a formidable opposition.

Every means that ingenuity and skill could devise to defeat its execution was tried. The constitutionality of the law was assailed, and a case under it, beginning in the lowest courts, was not decided until it had come before the highest court of the State, and from the highest court of the State it had to go up to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Then the machinery by which all the other criminal laws were executed, was found inadequate to the execution of this, especially in the larger towns and cities. The local authorities of towns and cities upon whom the execution of the law depended, could not or would not enforce it. The liquor interest in the large cities had power enough to elect their own men to office. Each political party in all the local elections considered it necessary to conciliate the vote of the liquor interest in order to its success. For instance, Boston has never had a Mayor in favor of the execution of the Prohibitory Law. It has been an understood fact, that the Mayors and a majority of the board of Aldermen have been opposed to the execution of the Law, and have been elected to their offices because of such opposition.

Another obstacle which stood in the way of the law was found in the jury box. No matter how clear the evidence against a party, or how certain his guilt, it was found impossible to secure his conviction. The juries were impaneled under the direction of the local authorities. They were as much the creatures of city governments as the police were, and it was always found that there would be men on the juries who would perjure themselves for the sake of the liquor interest, and such men were put upon juries in sufficient numbers to make it respectable to do so. And for this no redress could be had; for the state had no right to challenge a juror.

These difficulties with which the law had to contend are now all overcome. The constitutionality of the law has been affirmed by the highest tribunal in the State, and also by the Supreme Court of the United States. It will never again be called in question. The execution of the law has been taken out of the hands of the local authorities and entrusted to a state police directly responsible to the Governor and his council, so that the liquor interest, have not the power to hinder the execution of the law by electing city and town officers pledged against its execution. The state now has the right by a statute recently passed, to challenge and set aside a certain number of jurors, so that it has become a possible thing to drive perjurers from the jury box, and it will never more be of any avail for town or city officers to pack juries by filling up the lists, from which the jurors are to be drawn, with ransellers or their friends.

The law as it now stands may be considered

perfect. It is the most efficient instrument which can be devised for the suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. All of its provisions are good; but the most efficient feature of the law is the seizure clause, which gives the police the power, and makes it their duty to enter a place where liquor is sold and confiscate all the liquor which can be found. This provision of the law, of itself alone, when carried out, is sufficient to suppress all open sale of liquor. Its great virtue is, that what it accomplishes, it accomplishes immediately. There is no delay; no waiting for the slow movement of a court of justice, and none of those risks which have so far attended trials before a jury. And besides the perfection of the law itself, the machinery necessary to make it a success is now all complete. The law has reached a position in which every obstruction that stood in the way has been removed, and every facility needed for its full and impartial enforcement is possessed. It stands at the present time upon higher vantage ground than it ever did before, and all it needs in order to realize all that its friends claim for it, is for the people at the coming election to sustain it at the polls. If it is sustained, the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage will be forever the rule in Massachusetts.

But will the law be sustained by the popular vote? This it is difficult at the present moment to decide. The friends of prohibition hope that it will be gloriously and triumphantly sustained. But they will have to use every effort to secure this result. The liquor interest know that their all is at stake, and they will make a desperate fight.

The lines are already beginning to be drawn between the two parties, and men are choosing their sides. The great majority of the Republican party are true to prohibition, and will vote accordingly. The liquor interest will get the vote of the Democratic party and of a minority of the Republican party. But such a division does not fairly represent the character of the two parties. On the side of prohibition will be found the ministry, the members of our churches, the teachers of literary institutions, the virtue, the intelligence and a large preponderance of the wealth of the State. And it is as easy to see from what sources the license party will draw their heaviest vote. There will be men of high social position and of blameless character who will undoubtedly vote on the side of license; but the vote drawn from this class will be light, and will have hardly a perceptible influence on the result. The license party will get the strength of their vote from the lowest ranks in society, and from the most ignorant and degraded portion of our people. The vicious and the depraved in every community, the rowdy element in our towns and villages, the dangerous classes in our large cities, are all a unit in their opposition to prohibition, and will present an unbroken front at the polls in favor of a License Law. The avarice, the sensuality, the crime of the state will be found on the side of License, although it would be useless to deny that men of character and influence also have placed themselves on the same side.

Which of these two parties, composed, in the main, of such opposite elements will succeed, we can not as yet tell for a certainty, but the probabilities are, that the party of prohibition will be the successful one. At any rate, prohibitionists are hopeful in reference to the result.

A. TELL.

## ON SEA AND SHORE.

A trip from Philadelphia to Boston by sea, four hundred and eighty miles, river and bay included. So your correspondent improved his vacation of two weeks, taking therefor the spacious steamship *Saxon*, one of a semi-weekly line between those ports. Why is it that people, travelling only for recreation, and not driven by the haste of business, so generally eschew the rivers or sea as the means of conveyance between places where they have the choice of land or water route? The train throws up its cloud of dust; who ever saw the sea dusty? The train rushes you through dinner: on the genteel vessel you may take aristocratic leisure for the service of appetite. About two square feet of sitting room is all the liberty of space secured by your car ticket, in the place of the two hundred and fifty feet of promenade, or the luxurious sofas of the cabin, or the comfortable state rooms of the vessel. In the car, if you happen to go alone, you are pretty much lonely to the end. You may strike up a sort of reserved fellowship with your seat-mate, but never, as on shipboard, get up conversational circles, and form here and there a really pleasant acquaintance with persons whom you met as strangers.

"But," said a lady to whose husband I was proposing a water excursion, "do you never get drowned?" Certainly, madam, we sometimes get drowned; and do you never get smashed up, tortured and killed on the railroad? In speaking of modes of travel, the term safety is only a comparative one, and it is by no means certain against what modes of travel lies the heaviest account of calamities.

"But how about sea-sickness?" Or, as was inquired, "What becomes of those leisurely taken dinners?" Well, all enjoyments have their alloy, and something on this score must be confessed

against the water. And yet sea sickness is not so forlorn a case as to be without one redeeming feature. As you bend over the vessel's side, for other purpose than that of sentimental contemplation of the "deep blue sea," you may wish at the bottom of the said sea, the kind friend who steps to your side and tells you how much good this episode in marine experience is sure to do you, and how glad for it you will by-and-by be. This, I suppose, is sympathy, and sympathy is always good. Whether in this case it makes up to evenness the account of comfort, is an open question.

On our way outward we had a strong head-wind, and, of course, a rough sea. Among the passengers were three clergymen—a Presbyterian Bishop, an Episcopal Presbyter, and a Unitarian Minister. One of the trio (not he of your acquaintance) carried a docile stomach to the last. Presbyter came on board expressing his hope that he should become sea sick, it being just the medical service which his system needed. His wishes, so far as concerns treatment, were realized fully—very fully.

There is not much to tell of the scenery of such a trip. The ocean itself is a sight of which I never become satisfied. See it as I will, in the soft beauty of its rest, or the awful sublimities of its aroused action, it inspires thoughts of the vastness of God's dominion, the measureless eternity, and the majesty of Him who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, which I could not cherish without becoming better; or failing to cherish which, I should degrade my immortal powers. After passing out from the Delaware, there is, until entering Massachusetts Bay, little else than ocean-visibility. Off Barnegat the sight of the Jersey coast is lost, and then the view is all sea, until the southwestern shore of Long Island appears in the dim distance. That is again lost at Montauk Point, and then comes Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket on the outer side, and landward, the long stretch of Cape Cod coast, with only here and there a village to relieve the monotony of stark sand beach. Round that cape, Massachusetts Bay is entered, but no sight is obtained of the opposite cape. Not far up, on the southern shore, Provincetown is seen. It is the place where the May Flower Pilgrims first looked out for a resting-place, but from which they were attracted by the sight of a more elevated land beyond, at the head of an indentation of the bay. We are in view of that woody eminence, but not of the town of Plymouth which there lies. Passing through an unpleasantly narrow ship's channel, we are in Boston Harbor, whose multitude of little islands, with their ports, public institutions and summer hotels, would make a scene of rare beauty, if there were fertility; in the place of that sear rocky surface. We stopped upon Long Wharf at sundown, fifty-four hours after moving off from Pine Street Wharf in Philadelphia.

Of Boston I could have almost nothing to say, for I saw almost nothing of it, and absolutely nothing of its people except as strangers in the streets or hotel. I was not in the way of its "isms; or its "notions"; wild or conservative. One thing, however, impressed me as suggestive. In the area before the State House, and overlooking the large beautiful Boston Common, are two bronze statues. One has no inscription, no name. The grand outline of skull and face has passed in prints, fine or rude, all over the land, and it is one to be remembered. The statue of Daniel Webster needed no etching of a name. The other embodies only a phase of the Christless educational system, the system itself incapable of becoming the property of humanity at large, and the bronze representing a man whose reputation has not the element of perpetuity. It was the involuntary confession of whose statue, in the future, would, and whose would not, need a name engraven on the pedestal, when that care was given to the bronze of Horace Mann, and the great brow of Daniel Webster was left to speak for itself.

I spent three pleasant days in the quiet suburb town of Beverly—one of them in courting the acquaintance of my old friends of the *scaly* order. A Sabbath passed there, was in every point of view, refreshing. I had heard of appalling declines from the old Sabbath sentiments and habits of New England, but there general quiet, and a good amount of apparent devotion prevailed. I worshipped with the Dane Street church, (Congregational), and heard from the pastor, Rev. Mr. Lanphear, a well-reasoned discourse on the humanity of Christ—the true God manifest in the man Jesus—as a necessity for sinners. Afterward I sat with them at the table of our Lord—with all of them, I suppose, for the first time, and probably the last, until the Master gathers us with Himself to the feast in heaven. One feature in the little I saw of Beverly Society impressed me too pleasantly to be allowed to pass unmentioned. It was the affectionate regard in which the widow of a former pastor is held—a feeling that is all the more interesting because of the worthiness of its direction, whether for the sake of him that is gone, or her that abides.

Veneration of localities is not a virtue of mine. But enough of it was somehow engendered to lead me out some forty miles from Boston to Old Plymouth. Many years ago the "Rock" was, with great effort and some expense, lifted above the mud which, filling up the harbor, was hiding it from sight, and a solid bed was worked underneath. It is now surmounted by an open granite structure in good architectural taste, and floored

over with planks to secure it against the chills of relic pirates. In the centre of the floor is a round hole some two feet in diameter through which you may see, but can hardly kiss, what Archbishop Hughes, with irreverent sarcasm, called the Blarney Stone of New England. "But," said an urchin whom I was questioning, "you can step in and stand upon it." In the process of elevation, a large piece became detached, which was removed to the yard in front of Pilgrim Hall, a museum of Pilgrim memorials, and is there surrounded with a comely iron enclosure. The old man of the Hall, as if to get off unconsequential matters from his mind, before entering upon the weightier, first mentions the fee, and then becomes your zealous and really valuable cicerone through his little domain, and also tells you where in town to find the memorable localities.

It will be remembered that two summers ago the great National Congregational Council was held in Massachusetts, (Worcester, if I remember rightly,) to give form, compactness, and aggressive vigor to the Congregationalism of the United States. One of the incidents of this meeting—perhaps chief in the line of demonstration—was the ceremony of a solemn public re-consecration to the ecclesiastical principles of the pilgrim forefathers. To make the externals of this act more impressive, the Council in a body made its pilgrimage to Plymouth, and there, standing around the "Forefathers' Rock," made the re-consecration. A photograph of the scene was taken, and the picture was shown me by the old custodian of the Hall. It revealed the figures of men of earnest faith and works; many of them men who have made and are yet to make their mark in the moral history of the land. Looking upon the photograph, I could not avoid the feeling that the scene, act, and surroundings inclusive, was sublime—a feeling which, so far as the selection of the place of ceremony was concerned, soon passed into anything but the sublime. For if, after that service, any of the actors passed, as I did, from the rock to the ancient cemetery on the hill, they could not have failed to notice a tall granite shaft, by far the loftiest monument there, and the rebuild of a humbler one of the seventeenth century. On one side of the pedestal they would read that it commemorated the Rev. Robert Cushman, an English friend of the infant colony, who died in 1625, while preparing to come over and unite with it. The inscription on the other side must, after that fresh consecration to the Church principles of the pilgrim forefathers on the hallowed ground of the Forefathers' Rock, have been read, to say the least, with bated breath.

"Thomas Cushman, son of Robert, died X. December MDCXXI, aged nearly LXXXIV years. For more than XLII years he was Ruling Elder in the First Church in Plymouth, by whom a tablet was placed to mark his grave on this spot, now consecrated anew by a more enduring memorial."

In 1620 the people of the May Flower landed. In, or a little before, 1650 Thomas Cushman is found a RULING ELDER in the Church of those pilgrims. In 1867 the National Council journeys to that spot to re-consecrate itself to their ecclesiastical principles!

My return from Boston was by the same steamship which carried me out. We sailed on the afternoon of September 8, just in time to meet, as we were passing down the bay, the terrific gale which has been reported in all the papers of the country. We succeeded in making the lee of an island. That and three good anchors at our bow saved us, while all around were wrecks and beached vessels. I mean—for I never had more occasion to feel the truth, and I believe never felt it more—through those means, and in the hands of a good commander and crew, God saved us. Yes, God saved us; and may it be the solemn inquiry of each one then on board, Saved us, for what? B. B. II.

\*Since returning I have been told that the ceremony mentioned took place, not at the Rock, but around the Cushman monument hereafter mentioned. If so, it renders even more striking the absurdity of the association of act and place. I have no accounts at hand by which to determine the fact in question. The photograph certainly was taken at the Rock, but it is possible the Council grouped there simply for the purpose of being photographed.

## AMERICAN BOARD—OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

MISSIONARY HOUSE, Boston, Sept. 14, 1869.

To the Editor of the *American Presbyterian*:—Some of your readers, I doubt not, will be glad to receive the earliest intelligence in regard to the close of our financial year. The increase of legacies has nearly balanced the decrease of our donations, so that the debt is ascertained, this morning, to be \$5,925.41. This result, altogether unexpected a few days ago, is exceedingly gratifying. Very respectfully yours, S. B. TREAT.

The Congregation at Williamstown, N. Y., has just completed a fine and commodious parsonage, with the lot on which it stands, valued at \$2500, for the use of their pastor, Rev. H. N. Millard. The congregation is not large nor the community wealthy, and the house has been secured by persevering effort, and is now a source of unbounded satisfaction to the congregation. The site has been in possession unoccupied for nearly fifty years. H. N. M.