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THE DEFAMERS OF HUMAN DIGNITY.

It is an old, stereotyped charge against the doctrines of evangelical Christianity, that they degrade humanity, and are inconsistent with the self-respect which men should cherish.

This was never more apparent than now. The tendencies of natural science, as at present cultivated, are most manifestly to degrade and materialize our race, to rob it of its dignity, to cover its origin with shame, to give unworthy and inadequate motives to its historic movements, and to shroud its destiny in inglorious obscurity or blank nothingness.

Let the doctrine of a diversity of origin be dishonorable to man. Instead of the noble conception of the race as a vast, majestic unit, with a clearly ascertained and worthy origin, combining manifold diversities in a higher unity, and led to one worthy and glorious end, we have a theory of many separate and obscure centres, each giving rise, somewhere and somehow, to independent races, some of which are so devoid of the elements of progress that they are set down as hopelessly degraded, and fit, like beasts, to be merely chattels of the more favored races.

Modern science degrades man by tracing his origin to the lower orders of the creation. Infinite pains are taken, vast realms of nature are investigated with laborious accuracy, sister sciences are brought under contribution to establish the fact of man's derivation from families of the mammalia, and those actually less in esteem among them. Men seem half-crazed with zeal to prove themselves filial descendants of apes; and, going still further back, they would derive all animated existence, step by step, from sources lower in order than tadpoles, from mere animated particles of matter. Even the Greeks and Romans would have scorned such accounts of the origin of the race which they ascribed to God. Every schoolboy remembers the beautiful passage in Ovid, in which occurs the fine line, showing the distinction between man and the beast:

O homini sublime donavit, cumque potens in gaza venarum.

And Paul quotes from the Greek poet Aratus, a sentiment far in advance of the filthy dreamers of the nineteenth century, claiming for man a filial relationship with God: "For we are also his offspring." Christianity justifies and elevates those conceptions of the high origin and relationship of man; and comes to defend and rescue man's dignity, with the merest assailed by the noisy pretenders to all the philosophy, science, and worth to be found on this round globe. The opposers of Christianity are now dragging man through the mire of countless geological transformations, and making him a descendant of chattering apes, and of all the misshapen monsters of primeval ugliness. What an origin! What a gulf for high-sounding philosophy to find herself in! Poor, blind leader of the blind, she is sure to come to it if she refuses the guidance of faith.

Modern science degrades man in the scheme of history which it presents. It robs history of all high meaning and purpose. Dr. Draper's ambitions, but very unsuccessful work, on the Intellectual Development of Europe, reveals to us the tendency of this school of pseudo-philosophers. We are grateful to the editor of the American Presbyterian and Theological Review for so thoroughly showing up the fallaciousness and grossness of the views of this book, in the last number of the Quarterly. Dr. Draper's theory is, that all history is but a great physiological fact; that the race, past, present, and future, is to be regarded as one great animal; his book is an effort to write history "in accordance with physiological principles." Whatever he may mean by this, it is clear that his theory shuts out spiritual and supernatural facts, and principles, and aims from the history of the race. So does Buckle's; so does Comte's. Man is, to all intents and purposes, secularized; his highest aim is to be a natural philosopher, if he can be such without a soul and without a God. But Christianity teaches us to include in history "the development of man's whole nature, under a divine guidance, towards the highest moral and spiritual ends."

We need scarcely add that the tendency of modern science is to ignore the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and the whole idea of a future life. A great gulf yawns before the perverse followers of this modern science who will not be restrained by faith. It is MATERIALISM. Man, mind and body, is but matter. Death is the end of him. This is the practical conclusion of positivism, Darwinianism, and of the various recent theories which are in antagonism to the inspired accounts of man's origin, nature, and destiny. In Christianity alone does the precious doctrine of man's spiritual and immortal nature take refuge, and the great defender of man against those who would rob him of his attributes of superiority over the brute, is that orthodoxy that once was deemed as so humbling to the true dignity of humanity.

Let it be known, then, who are the enemies

of human dignity. Let it be known that he who accepts and promulgates the evangelical system of truth, and maintains man's moral, accountable, and immortal nature, given in creation, lost in the fall, and restored in the Gospel, is the only staunch and effectual friend of man's claims to a place in nature but little lower than the angels.

HAMILTON COLLEGE—THE PROPOSED PROFESSORSHIP.

This flourishing institution, already a credit to the denomination to which it belongs, is in every way seeking and gaining enlargement. The aim of those who have it in charge is to make it a first class educational institution, clear of sectarianism, yet one where a ministry suited to the wants of the Presbyterian Church may be trained, and where the sons of Presbyterian families may enjoy the highest opportunities for culture, coupled with the most congenial moral and spiritual influences. The liberality of leading men in the denomination, in this part of the country, has already been appealed to with success on its behalf, and the energetic labors in this department of Rev. Dr. Goetsner, College Pastor and Professor of Rhetoric, are meeting with most encouraging responses.

It was a happy thought in the work of endowment to connect two leading names in the church, who were also graduates of the College, with the professorship which it is proposed to found. Already the endowment of the "Robinson Professorship" is complete; and the late most accomplished, but most retiring Christian scholar of that name, has a fitting memorial of his great services to the cause of Biblical learning on the rolls of the very institution which under God trained him for the work. "Scarcely" says a contemporary referring to this tribute, "is he held in death before the Christian sympathies of a great commercial city heartily united in a memorial of gratitude for his preeminent services." We honor our New York brethren for their promptness, liberality, and good judgment in this work.

And now that the church, in Philadelphia is called upon to parallel this noble act, and to place the name of her BARNES where New York has placed that of Robinson, we are quite sure the response will not be wanting. The name is equally worthy—what Robinson was to the Bible students and scientific men, Barnes, in his familiar commentaries, is to the million of Christian readers. Chinese converts may now read him in their own tongue. To those laborers of Mr. Barnes, are to be added the honored ministrations of a pulpiter where candor, perspicuity, sound sense, wholesome doctrine, happiness of illustration, depth of analysis, richness and breadth of thought have ever shone with a quiet and steady lustre, never bewildering, rarely startling, but holding, with a deep sense of constant profit and advancement in evangelical learning, the grateful hearers. It is Philadelphia that has enjoyed this gift in the ministry, and it was Hamilton College that aided to form and discipline the habits of thinking out of which it rose. It is to a revival in Hamilton College, instrumentally, that the decisive development of the spiritual character of Mr. Barnes is due. What less can Philadelphia do for Hamilton and for Mr. Barnes, as an act of grateful recognition, than to place the name of the one perpetually and honorably upon the records of the other? What more, unless in giving the \$20,000 required, the people breathe an earnest prayer that, at least with each generation, a new Barnes and a new Robinson may be formed within the walls of Hamilton, for our branch of the Presbyterian Church.

THE DEAD SOLDIER IDENTIFIED.

The intimation in our last week's issue in regard to the identification through the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN of the soldier found dead on the Gettysburg field, with the ambrotype of the three children in his hands, has been fully confirmed. The facts of the case are these. A Miss Shriver, daughter of the Postmaster at Gettysburg, came upon the dead soldier soon after the battle, lying with his hands folded on his breast, and the ambrotype just fallen from his grasp. He had thrown away most of his accoutrements and could in no way be identified. She took the picture to her father. Dr. J. F. Bourne of this city, who had been acting as a volunteer surgeon, became acquainted with Postmaster Shriver, and thus obtained possession of the relic. With praise-worthy energy he has persevered in his efforts to discover some clue to the fallen soldier, who had thus passed away in tender contemplation of the image of his dear children. Meanwhile, he marked the friends in Gettysburg to mark the grave in some permanent manner. His care has been amply rewarded.

One of the copies of the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN sent to Portville, Cattaraugus Co., near Olean, N. Y., containing Dr. Bourne's notice, reached the eye of a soldier's wife in that place, who sent to her husband just such a picture as described; nothing had been heard of the husband since Gettysburg. Correspondence was opened with Dr. Bourne; a photograph copy of the picture was sent to Portville by express, and an answer was in due season returned; it was the identical picture! The dead certainly of widowhood and orphanage flashed upon the group with this discovery, and the severity of the blow was tempered by the dying affection of the father, by the tender romance of mystery which enveloped the facts and by the wide-spread interest the case had awakened in patriotic minds. The name of the soldier was A. Humerton. His regimental position we have not yet learned.

Dr. Bourne proposes to visit Portville and return the ambrotype with his own hands. He is promised an enthusiastic reception by the people who take a lively interest in the family. It is hoped that a sufficient sum of money will be raised by the sale of the photograph or otherwise to give each of the children a good education. Indeed, the idea has suggested itself to some large minds among us, that the interest occasioned by this beautiful event might be turned to the account of soldiers' orphans generally; and that an effort might at this time be successfully made to re-found and endow in this city a Soldiers' Orphans' Asylum on a large scale. We trust such may be the result.

In our next: Notes of a Visit to Washington; Expository Preaching; Book Notices, &c.

REV. JOHN HUSSEY.

This brother, pastor of the Church in Lockland, O., belonging to the Presbytery of Hamilton, having volunteered as an agent of the Christian Commission, and being engaged in kindly labors for the sick in a hospital at Crawford Springs Ga., was captured after the battle of Chancellorsville, by the rebel mounted infantry. The following facts are narrated by a chaplain captured at the same time, who has since been released.

Hussey was asked if he was a chaplain, and answered, "No," if he belonged to the army, and answered, "No." Terry, the man who killed Senator Broderick of California, was present. He lives near Chancellorsville. He said to Hussey, "You are an abolition preacher then, are you?" Hussey answered affirmatively. Terry then said, "If I had my way with you, I would take you out and hang you to the first limb." These you say that when Hussey informed his captors that he belonged to the U. S. Christian Commission, and they asked if he had papers to show that fact, he in his confusion answered, "No," when, at the same time, his satchel containing his commission, was not fifty rods distant from him.

Some friends of Hussey took his commission from his satchel, after the capture, and carried it to Capt. McKinstry, who is Gen. Bragg's Provost-Marshal, hoping that he might be held as a non-combatant, rather than a prisoner of war. Mr. McKinstry examined the commission, and said it was a commission nominally, but not technically, or words to that effect.

"We fear it will go hard with our rather inquisitive brother." His situation and that of our starving soldiers in the prisons of the Starving South, demands our prayers. The following dispatch to the associate press reveals the horrible fact:

The flag of truce boat which arrived at Annapolis on Thursday Oct. 29th, brought 181 paroled prisoners from Richmond. On the voyage eight of the most tried of our soldiers, the number having been kept without shelter of any kind for a long time, and having had little or nothing to eat. The surgeons say that about one-third of the whole number will die of exhaustion. They are described by an eye witness as being only so many living skeletons.

[Mr. Hussey has since been released.]

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION IN THE SYNOD OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY.

There are signs that the Temperance question is about to assume some of its former prominence in the religious community. Special attention was called to the progress of Intemperance in the narrative of the General Assembly, which met in this city last May. And the question was called up and made the subject of an animated discussion at the last meeting of the largest Synod in connection with the Assembly. The discussion was interrupted by recess and resumed in the evening, the hour of eleven being reached before a vote was taken. Dr. Crosby led off against total abstinence, and Dr. Wilson in its favor. The result was the adoption of a paper presented by Dr. Wilson, stating the fact of the alarming increase of intemperance, and reiterating the testimony of the highest judiciary of the church in favor of the total abstinence principle. This was adopted with 6 votes in the negative. We copy the remarks of T. L. C. in the Evangelist:

We are not among those who hold that total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors is directly commanded in the Scriptures, and that a temperance pledge be made a "term of church communion." Our creed and that of most sound temperance advocates is a very simple one. Self-restraint for our own sake and for the sake of others. The Bible warrant for this creed of sobriety and philanthropy, we find in that noble, Heaven-inspired utterance of Paul, "It is good not to drink wine whereby thy brother stoneth, or is offended, or is made weak." Here is a high and sacred expediency that is firm enough to base a Christian usage upon; nor need teetotalism seek a stronger basis.

Of course the oft hampered case of the marriage at Cana of Galilee came in for a fresh instalment of blows. It will be a controverted topic, I do not doubt, till the millennium. In that day of universal light I firmly believe that no man will insist that our blessed Lord created an intoxicating alcoholic drink to madden the brain or arouse the sensual appetites of those who were gathered to Him at a sacred festivity. It was not "mixed with kindness" to the profane, unfermented juice of the grape; "against such there is no law," in any sensible teetotaler's conscience. Our sound American commentator, Dr. Owen, says that "the wine of Palestine was so free from the alcoholic element that it produced intoxication only through fermentation, or by being drugged. No plea whatever can justly be drawn from it for the use of such adulterated and poisonous wines as are generally imported and vendid in this country." He might have almost said universally, for the alcoholic drinks of America are thoroughly permeated with poison. "Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

But a hurried letter is no place for exegetical discussion. There will be enough of that elsewhere; for we venture to predict that the spirit-led scholar in our Synod will be the Leaning Tower that betokens an approaching and serious agitation in regard to a growing and enormous vice in our nation. By the way, during the present month a great "Continental Temperance Congress" has been held at Hanover; it is attended by many leading scholars and philanthropists, by such men as Professor Stokes of Baden, Baron von Geld, Lord De Borries the "Minister of the Interior," by His Majesty's Ministers of State, and other celebrities. The King of Hanover invited the Congress to the Palace, and showed them marked respect. A resolution in favor of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks was adopted by the "Minister of Justice," and was adopted. The proceedings and "deliverances" of such a body of man must command much attention throughout Europe.

STATE OF THE EDUCATION CAUSE.

The General Assembly's Permanent Committee on Education, have determined to make an effort to pay full appropriations to students placed under its care by Presbyteries, the present year. The number to be assisted will not quite reach that of last year, owing to the effect which the war has produced on our literary institutions. The good purpose of the committee will be attained, if the churches bear in mind that most important recommendation of the Assembly, "that a contribution for this cause shall be taken annually in each congregation throughout the entire body." Let such churches as contributed last year prove that they may be relied on as fast friends of the cause; and let such as have not heretofore contributed, show their appreciation of a most important work, and their loyalty to their church, by at once contributing liberally. A constant supply of funds is needed to meet the constant demand. Promptness both in raising and forwarding contributions, is exceedingly desirable. J. W. Benedict, Esq., 128 Broadway, New York, is the Treasurer.

T. A. M. Rev. Herrick Johnson's address on the "Risks of Thinking," is published.

FROM OUR ROCHESTER CORRESPONDENT. THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

Our city has recently witnessed another of these funeral pageants, now so common in all the land—the burial of a soldier. We had the slow-funeral-dige, the solemn march, the platoons accompanying the bier, the crowded assembly, the tender, touching discourse, and all suitable demonstrations of respect. And yet this was not a Major-General, nor even a Colonel, nor a Captain, but only a Lieutenant, whose remains were thus committed to their last resting-place. And there was nothing very peculiar in the case, to call out any peculiar expression of sympathy.

It was true, the young Lieutenant had loved his country; he had volunteered in her defence; he had bravely done his part in battle; but thousands beside have done the same thing. This one had indeed manifested a noble zeal in the hour of special need. He was sick; he was in the hospital when the news that the Army of the Potomac was rushing northward to repel the invasion of Pennsylvania, reached him, and he would not stay in the hospital any longer, but joined his regiment, marched and fought with them in that awful struggle at Gettysburg. It was too much for his enfeebled frame. Although misadvised in all that led to the storm of rebel bullets, yet the prudent, though patriotic effort and excitement, sent him back to the hospital, and finally to his grave.

But we refer to the case, not because of any striking peculiarities, but only because it is interesting to notice how the people delight to honor the patriot soldier. Not unweary, but "unhonored and unused," do our heroes fall. Though it be but a youth of humble condition, unknown to fame, yet if he has given his life for his country in this her hour of need, multitudes shall follow him to his last resting-place with every token of gratitude and respect. So do we love our country—so do we honor those who give their all for her salvation: "Is there not hope still for such a people?"

OUR SCORE.

Remote as we are, and expected always to be from the seat of war, we have almost been led to think this week that it might after all come even to our doors. Yesterday our city was full of rumors and excitement, all the more absurd and ridiculous at times, from the fact that we are not so much accustomed to such things as they are in Washington. If one had believed half the stories flying on the street, he might have been pardoned by all prudent people if he had suddenly packed up all his movables and started for Philadelphia, or some other convenient place of safety. We had a realizing sense, perhaps, of the feelings predominating in many breasts in the city of brotherly love about the middle of June last, when that eminent Christian gentleman, of the old Virginia school, Mr. Robert E. Lee, was getting unnecessarily near your city gates, and bringing too many company with him than you wished at that time to entertain.

But what was our score about? Those rebel prisoners on Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, as the street story ran, they had already escaped; had seized vessels; had been joined by an unknown number of Canadian sympathizers; had attacked Buffalo; were ready to demolish, one by one, all other towns or cities on or near the Lakes. Children looked anxious, and asked their papas how soon it was probable the grand onslaught would reach this city. But the evening papers, although they contained the telegram of the Secretary of War, at Washington, to our Mayor, showing that there had been something brewing, still assured us of comparative safety—the prisoners were still on Johnson's Island; the Governor was on the alert, and prepared for all their plots—so we concluded, to take another good night's sleep, and hope for a peaceful mornng.

OUR PRISONERS IN RICHMOND.

We take a deep interest in the question, what can be done for their relief? We feel a burning indignation at the barbarity which they are compelled to suffer. Some in this city, and many in this region, must feel a peculiar, personal, and painful interest in the subject; for their own sons and brothers are there, dying the slow tortures of starvation. To mention no other, a young major, a son of our fellow-townsmen, Hon. Frederick Starb, is an inmate of that infamous dungeon, Libby Prison. And must these prisoners be left to starve? Is there no relief? It would seem as though there should be some. But we have no confidence in sending food to them. We do not believe the half of it will reach them. A very little might—enough to swear upon. And then we shall be assured that it reaches its destination. And letters from prisoners (which must be written, of course, to please the keepers, or they will not be sent) will thank dear friends for the good things sent? But how will they know how good is sent? And how will friends know what proportion was received? Have we forgotten Floyd? Have those Confederate thieves grown suddenly honest? And, even if the half of all the stores sent by our Government should be turned over at once to their own famishing soldiers, they could still reply, as now, that our soldiers were treated as well as theirs.

No; we firmly believe that the only way to relieve our suffering, dying men is by retaliation. It need not, perhaps, come to that; but if the rebel authorities were given distinctly to understand that, if our soldiers, held by them, are not well cared for, (or released, by exchange or parole), a like number of their own will be put at once on starvation diet, we cannot help thinking that the exchange of prisoners would be speedily resumed; and thus our brave, suffering men would be delivered from that charnel house, and permitted to return, for a time, at least, to their kindred and friends. Unless we mistake, the public feeling around us, the Government are expected to deal vigorously and promptly with this matter; and, with such an excess of prisoners as we have now in our hands, who are well fed, and only the more earnestly plotting our ruin, it would seem as though the remedy was within our easy reach. We hope it will be soon applied.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

The Minutes of this body for the year 1863, have just been issued from the press of Berton & Andrews in this city. The annual meeting was held on the 22d of September, in Glensville, and seems to have been well attended, and its exercises characterized by considerable spirit and interest. The association embraces

the Congregational churches both of New York and New Jersey.

The whole number of churches reported is 207—ministers, 123—pastors, 45—stated supplies, 80—members, 18,164—contributions to all benevolent causes, \$44,932.20. The additions from the world to these churches for the year, were 928; being an average of four to each church. The minutes are well arranged, and neatly printed, creditable alike to the firm from whose presses they issue, and to Rev. J. Butler, of Bergen, "Statistical and Publishing Secretary." Only we should prefer to see the contributions to the different benevolent causes set down separately, so that we might know how much each church gives to Foreign Missions, how much to Home, how much to Education, and the like. In this case, on the contrary, each church reports only the gross sum to all causes.

The Presbyterian churches in the same territory, (the States of New York and New Jersey), number 606—ministers, 803—members, 75,110—added, on profession, in the year past, 2,618; being an average of 4 to each church—contributions to benevolence, \$163,253.39.

INSTALLATIONS IN THIS CITY.

Rev. E. D. Yeomans, late of Trenton, New Jersey, was installed, pastor of St. Peter's (Presbyterian) Church in this city on Monday evening, the 9th inst. The sermon for the occasion was preached by Rev. Prof. Green, of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, from the text, "It is I; he not afraid." The sermon was regarded as able and interesting. Rev. Belville Roberts, pastor of Calvary Church in this city, presided, and proposed the constitutional questions. Rev. Dr. Hall, of the Third Church gave the charge to the pastor; Rev. George Patten, of Seneca, the charge to the people. And so this unique, semi-episcopal, Presbyterian church (O. S.) is again supplied with a pastor, in place of the beloved and lamented Rev. John T. Coit, whose sudden decease last winter cast such a gloom over the church and over our entire city.

In like manner, and in due time, we trust a kind Providence will send the right man for the First Church, in place of the late Dr. Pease. Plymouth Church is still looking and waiting for the right man. None but the best are wanted at either of these places, especially such as are gentle, catholic, co-operative and Christian toward other pastors and churches; for this too is a city of brotherly love.

Nov. 13th, 1863. GENESEE.

LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN STEWART.

OLD BATTER FIELDS.

WARRENTON, Va., Nov. 6th, 1863. DEAR EDITOR:—A strong tendency of our being is to localize. To desire one spot for ourselves to be more loved, more sacred than all others—where shall we congregated? our hopes, our joys, our sympathies; and where may be collected our means for worldly happiness and advancement? Especially is this the case with respect to our religious feelings and desires. No marvel therefore should ignorance, superstition or even more intelligent religious emotions, cause their possessor to walk softly when approaching the place which in his imagination has been made holy by some formal consecration. Ere the idea of an Omnipresent being familiar to the human mind; both Patriarch and believing Hebrew were wont to look upon each place, wherever God has vouchsafed some special manifestation of His goodness, as possessing a peculiar, even awful sacredness—calling it Bethel, House of God, Gate of Heaven. Nor were such feelings in the creature discouraged by Him to whom all places are alike sacred: "Take thy shoes from off thy feet for the place where thou standest is holy ground."

Similar feelings at once take possession of the thoughtful mind when approaching to and traversing the place where some great battle has been fought. For such visits and mental exercises our frequent conduct during the past season has been strongly propitious. Nearly three years have been on our attempted journey from Washington to Richmond, a distance which by railroad we might travel in almost as many hours. Had Bunyan's sojourner made no more rapid progression towards his desired city he might perchance have been on his pilgrims' trip now. Had that marvellous dreamer in Bedford jail accompanied us in our ever varying efforts to reach the Confederate Capital, allegory and similitude might have been laid aside, and the world furnished with a huge volume of fact stranger than fiction. During our numerous and varied forward and backward—advances and retreats—rights and lefts—ups and downs—stops and starts—hitters and thithers, an opportunity has been afforded leisurely to visit and revisit nearly every important battle-field of the Potomac army.

Already in this war of magnificent dimensions a dozen fields of slaughter have been left to history greater as to the number of combatants than Waterloo, and with even more killed or mutilated on each of them, than upon that far-famed field of blood. So common, so fresh, so strangely familiar have become these vast localities of slaughter, that for the present, much of that wanted reverence and even profit is wanting, while passing over them. Fifty years hence our grandchildren will come on pilgrimage and tread with sacred awe and holy reverence, these places where every sod is a soldier's sepulchre. Such feelings are almost unknown to him whose feet as he traverses, is yet defiled with gore, whose nostrils are filled with stench, whose eyes are averted from ghastly corpses, and in whose ears the tumult of battle yet rings.

We are now traversing and camping upon by far the largest battle area ever measured in the world's history of carnage. The eastern part of Virginia, with portions of Maryland and Pennsylvania, comprising 10,000 miles, widening to a hundred miles on every side—from the northwest boundary of the Shenandoah Valley to the James River—from the Chesapeake to the Rapidan, has been converted during the past three years into a grand amphitheatre for a tournament at arms—a magnificent duel, and, as a result, has become a great charnel house; a vast Golgotha, a blood-flood Aeldad; a literal field of wide-fields, forests, hills, valleys, meadows, orchards, gardens, over all this wide extended region, with scarce an exempted spot, have already been occupied as a camping ground by either friend or foe.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN MAYNARD.

In this action, fell one of the most valuable men in our army—Captain Maynard, of the 68th Pa.; but, at the time, aid on the staff of the brigade general. He was a man of the most sincere piety; who, during the more than two years' service, had never brought reproach on the name of his heavenly Master; and, in many battles, had shown himself the bravest of the brave. As the 3d Corps was marching by Kelley's Mill, there was, lying by the road, a wounded confederate captain. Captain Maynard alighted from his horse to render him assistance. He lifted him up and poured some water from his canteen upon his lips. As he was discharging this act of mercy, he was struck by a stray ball and mortally wounded. He lived a few hours, and died, leaning on the bosom of his Saviour.

On Sabbath, the march of the army was renewed, and we soon passed through the encampments of the enemy. They had made pre-

paring for a long sojourn; for houses were being erected, chimneys were building, and booths for horses. Nothing was more unexpected than our descent; and the negroes of the houses we passed gave us the most amusing account of the rapidity and panic of the flight.

After a march of seven hours, we united with the other Corps, near Rappahannock Station, and there learned of the signal and brilliant success of Gen. Sedgwick, on the previous day. Very soon, the combined army took up again the line of march—the 6th Corps, in battle-line, advancing to our right, and the other Corps, in two columns, along the line of the railroad. Every moment there was the expectation of the opening of a general engagement. There was continual skirmishing in our front, and the thunder of cannon hastened every movement. All desired that there should be no general engagement on the Sabbath, but, if necessary, all were ready. But, with the exception of a severe cavalry skirmish on our right, the day passed away without any serious conflict.

We passed the night at Brandy Station, and, on the following morning, the 2d and 3d Corps marched to the neighborhood of Culpeper. Of the country, the inhabitants, the contrabands, the decayed aristocracy, more in my next letter. J. J. November 10th, 1863.

HOME MISSIONS.

On applications received from the churches they serve, the following ministers were commissioned by the Presbyterian Committee of Home Missions, at their last regular meeting:

- Rev. E. E. Gregory, Coruna, Mich. " Alex. Parker, North Madison, Ind. " Asa Martin, Olivet, Iowa. " Edward Cleveland, Muscatine, Iowa. " George C. Wood, Jacksonville, Ill. " W. H. Adams, Brooklyn, Pa. " F. E. Shelton, Fort, Kansas. " J. G. Hamner, Milford, Del. " A. G. Beebe, Manitowoc, Wis. " T. H. Tallow, Newark, Mo. " Josiah Leonard, Fulton, Ill. " E. C. Haskell, Yreaville, Ind. " T. A. Steele, St. Louis Crossing, Mo. " S. W. Strong, Raisin, Michigan. " Isaac Winans, Mecca, Ohio. " W. B. Evans, Washington, D. C.

"They have fought their last battles, they sleep their last sleep. No sound shall awake them to glory again." A. M. STEWART.

FROM CAMP ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

DEAR BROTHER:—In connection with the Rev. J. W. Alvord, Secretary of the American Tract Society, I left Washington some days since for the Army. We found our forces encamped near Warrenton, Beaton and Catlett's Station. We passed two days most pleasantly in visiting various regiments, renewing acquaintance with officers, chaplains and sergeants. The tone of the army we found to be most hopeful, and but few sick; except the drafted men, who had recently entered the service. We were happy to see that the recent retreat had not diminished the confidence of the officers and men in the commanding General, but nearly all of them spoke of him in terms of the warmest praise.

On Saturday morning, which rose upon us one of the brightest days, war ushered in a most novel and wonderful scene; the breaking up of a thousand camps, and the moving out into the line of march of eighty thousand men.

The country in this region being very open and the fields wide, gave one an opportunity of seeing a very grand spectacle. With drums beating and banners waving, one regiment after another moved out into the plain and fell into line, and in the distance the gleaming guns and the moving column told that another corps of the army was hastening to the scene of conflict. Until near noon of Saturday morning, the entire army moved together along the line of the railroad towards the Rappahannock. When we reached Beaton Station, the 6th, 5th and 1st Corps moved to the right, keeping the line of the railroad to the river; and the 2d and 3d Corps turned to the left and advanced to Kelley's Ford. Very soon the sound of heavy cannonading quickened every pulse, and with increased swiftness the men pressed on. All afternoon the cannon thundered on our right, and men wondered and enquired of each other what all this meant.

In front of us it was likewise heard very heavy firing; the men were urged to a quicker step and all things began to wear the solemn hue of a sanguinary contest. The Third Corps of the army, when they appeared on the heights above Kelley's Ford, caught the enemy unawares. They were smoking, sleeping, cooking and building houses for winter quarters. When our guns opened on them, there was the wildest consternation and excitement; To guard the Ford, there was a force of one thousand men, and again in the hills above it rifle pits and more numerous forces. After a vigorous shelling of a few minutes, our men threw across a plankton bridge and the Berdan's sharpshooters flanked the enemy and carried the rifle pits by the bayonet. In a few moments the work was done; more than five hundred men had thrown down their guns and three hundred and fifty had surrendered prisoners of war.

Many of these were most willing to lay down their arms; they were conscripts from North Carolina. Nearly all were not only satisfied to fall into our hands, but delighted. One took off his hat when he saw our flag, and "thanked God for the sight of the Stars and Stripes again."

NEW CHURCH AT DARLEN, CONN.—

The town of Darlen borders on the New York and New Haven railroad beyond Stamford. Here the 4th Presbytery of New York organized a Church Nov. 4th, of thirty members. Mr. James W. Coleman is the present supply. A good Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting are in operation, and measures will be indubitably taken to erect an edifice.

The Church and Congregation in Placerville, says the People, at a very full meeting held after the service in Church last Sabbath, gave the Rev. W. W. Brier a unanimous call to become their settled pastor, on a salary of \$150 a month. It is not yet decided whether the call will be accepted or not.

The Synod of Cincinnati at its last meeting passed the following on Home Missions: That in view of the increased expense of living in all our boards, every church be earnestly recommended to increase their exertions and contributions, that the Assembly's Committee may be able to give more liberal support to their missionaries. On the Publication Cause: WHEREAS, We regard the publication of the Bible as vital to the best interests of our branches of the church; And whereas, the General Assembly has resolved to raise the sum of \$50,000 as an endowment for the same; Therefore, Resolved, That we earnestly urge upon the churches in con-

nection with the general course led us twice over the battle scenes of Bull Run. Not as many evidences of the fierce and bloody struggles which there took place, remain, as might be supposed. A luxuriant growth of grass and weeds, with a flock of ox-herd to graze thereon, covered all that great battle region when traversed by us. The debris from the various clashes together of fiercely contending hosts, scattered over a wide region in the vicinity of Bull Run, could not generally be discovered until struck against by your own, or the foot of your horse. Even the little mounds, called graves, scattered without order over hill and dale, were generally hid from sight by the summer vegetation now becoming sear by autumn frosts. So shallow had been dug the holes and trenches for the reception of the slain, that when our artillery wheels cut across the soft ground, and ponderous trains of army wagons sunk into it in their passage, many of the mouldering bodies were reached, when fragments of broken bones and rotting flesh were dragged up after the wheels. Here and there also, lay scattered about, the various bones of the human body, not as seen by the prophet at the grave's mouth, for they seemed never to have been honored with a burial. These were picked up by our soldiers while on the march and curiously examined; many in their ignorance of anatomy wondering to what part of the body such a one belonged. The whole scene was thus, long since, graphically described by one of the finest word painters who ever wielded pen.

"The knot grass fettered there the hand, Which once could burst an iron band. Beneath the broad and ample bow, That buckled heart to fear unknown, A feeble and a timorous guest. The field has framed her lowly nest; There the slow blind worm left his slime. On the deep limbs that moched at time; And there too lay the leader's skull. Still wreathed with chaplet flushed and full, For healthful with her purple bloom" Supplied the tonnet and the plume."

Ere leaving that field of death, and while standing on an elevation overlooking the entire battle ground beyond Centerville, this requiem from hill and dale, seemed to well up from a host of departed heroes, some of them loved friends; one, Capt. Van Gorder, a near relative to whom my soul was knit like David's to Jonathan.

"They have fought their last battles, they sleep their last sleep. No sound shall awake them to glory again." A. M. STEWART.

Nov. 13th, 1863. GENESEE.

FROM CAMP ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

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