

Correspondence.

FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR EDITOR:—I write in despair of my letter reaching you, for, most mysteriously, none of my late letters have reached their destination. But as I learn that the mail is still carried from this city to Philadelphia, I venture to resume my pen.

GREAT DEBATE ON THE EXPULSION OF MR. LONG.

The past week has been marked by greater political excitement than known in this city and in Congress for years. This grew out of a resolution introduced by the Speaker of the House, for the expulsion from a seat in the same of the Hon. Mr. Long, of Ohio, for the utterance of treasonable sentiments in debate.

On Friday of last week, Mr. Long made a speech on the floor, carefully worded and read or committed to memory; in which he denounced the anti-slavery policy of the government and entered his protest against the war, and counseled peace on any terms.

The style of the speech was gentlemanly and courteous. There was nothing rampant or furious in its tone. The speech was, in itself, tame and sophomoric.

Mr. Long is evidently a kind hearted but narrow-minded man. His virtue and integrity have never been impeached. Personally amiable and generous, when it does not cost too much, he is the kind of man on whom it is most difficult to inflict a severe censure.

The resolution of the Speaker took every one by surprise. He had consulted with no friend, but stepped into the arena alone. It is very probable if there had been consultation the resolution would never have been offered; for all the grave legislation for which Congress assembled remains yet to be done; and the letting loose upon us, at this time, the winds of such a tempest is, in many respects, unfortunate.

Not in the three years of my personal knowledge of the capital and of Congress have I known such an intense excitement. The galleries, on Monday, were filled two hours before the opening of the house. Many hundreds, if not thousands, were each day compelled to leave, because no seats nor standing room could be obtained.

Never was the patience of the door-keeper so tried. An incredible number of ladies not only filled up their own galleries, but crowded out the Reporters, swept into the gentlemen's galleries, and with smiling benignity of divine right, invited the gentlemen to vacate their seats and sit down at their feet. For hours, faint, trembling, nervous women stood on tip-toe in the throng, or leaning against the walls, listened with frowns or smiles. And when anything especially delighted them, they were far more demonstrative than the men, and clapped their beautiful little hands in a frenzy of delight.

There was no diminution of the crowd at night. Indeed, if possible, it was greater than in the day. Great numbers, to the great danger of their lives, hung over galleries. Any spot where a man could hang, lie, sit, lean, or breathe was eagerly seized; and for hours, hungry, tired, jammed, trodden on, they retained their posts as if they were there to act a part in the great drama, and might be called upon any moment. Through five days and nights, until after the 11th, the throng crowded every avenue of the capitol.

The influence of this great gathering on the orators of the hour was most manifest. There was a large rebash of the old material used in a political campaign, but there were many noble utterances, especially in regard to the essential turpitude of slavery.

The great and telling speeches were made upon the Union side by Generals Garfield and Schenck, of Ohio, Keenan, of New York, Winter Davis, of Maryland, Speaker Colfax, and Stevens, of Pennsylvania. On the other side, those who commanded most attention were Cox and Pendleton, of Ohio, Voochies of Indiana, Rollins and Harris, of Maryland, and the prisoner at the bar—Long.

The democratic leaders took occasion, with the exception of Wood, to say most emphatically that they did not approve of the sentiments of Mr. Long. They were for the vigorous prosecution of the war, for the restoration of the Union. They condemned as most unwise the course of the administration against slavery, and all said, in some form or other, that long since this struggle would have ended if the government had not driven the South to madness by interfering with slavery.

Fernando Wood made a smooth and most adroit speech. His manner is fine; his voice ringing and clear as a bell. He was for free speech, and saw the greatest danger in holding, in this manner, the sword over the heads of the representatives of the people. He took

occasion to say that "all democrats were for peace; a war democrat was an impossibility. States could not be coerced—this was the only democratic platform." To this Gen. Schenck replied with withering power, and showed that six days after Georgia had seceded, and when arms were about being shipped from New York to Savannah, Mayor Wood had, when telegraphed to by Toombs in regard to said munitions of war, "regretted that he could not send more; that the police, without his knowledge or consent, had interfered in the case and rendered it impossible that he should do as he desired." When charged with this in a previous debate, Mr. Wood had most emphatically denied the thing charged, and washed his hands in innocence. But now, when the telegrams were read, his confusion was painful. He turned pale, then crimsoned to his hair. "Can he," said Gen. S., "no war democrat. Was not the Mayor of New York for war? Was he not for putting into the hands of our enemies the swords and guns to murder us? Oh no, he was not for war—never was! Did he not speak from the same platform with myself in the city of New York, in May 1861, and say that he was for a vigorous prosecution of the war, compelling the South to submit the laws of the land? Who are we to believe?" &c. All the political sins of Mr. Wood during those five fiery days came up for burning judgment; and with singular fortitude he bore the rack and the gibbet.

The great speech, however, was made by Winter Davis. In point of manner and matter it was unrivaled.

The final vote for censure was carried by but ten majority. This was owing to the fact that there were other men on the floor who had used language more insulting and censurable than Long; but more especially, from the apprehension of creating a dangerous precedent.

The case of Mr. Joshua Giddings, who, by a democratic and slave-holding Congress, was censured for a resolution that slavery did not and could not exist on the United States ships at sea, did more than all argument on the other side, to determine many considerate men not to vote for censure.

But the debate will do, and has done much good. It pledges many of the first men of the democratic party to a steady prosecution of the war. It has shown what is the plan and aim, for the future, of such men as Wood, Seymour, Long, &c.

The democratic party will surely spurn those men who would purchase peace at the price of national dishonor and ruin. The Arab proverb is "Wherever there is a commotion there is a blessing;" let us hope it may prove thus in this tumult. Already the elements have settled into their usual calm. We live in a better day than when the pistol, dirk and bludgeon answered the keen words of debate. J. J. M.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]
A VISIT TO THE CAMPS AROUND WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 8th, 1864.

Upon invitation of the President of the United States Christian Commission, George H. Stuart, Esq., who, in company with a delegation of prominent gentlemen from Boston, Rhode Island and Brooklyn, were on their way to see for themselves the operations of the Christian Commission in the army of the Potomac, your correspondent was favored with an opportunity of visiting the various camps in the vicinity of Washington. Our party was composed of the following gentlemen: George H. Stuart, Esq., of Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Kirk, E. S. Tobey, Esq., J. C. Converse, Esq., President of the Boston Board of Trade, C. Demond, Esq., and Major Sturgis, of Boston; W. J. King, Esq., of Providence, R. I.; S. B. Caldwell, Esq., and Henry Sheldon, Esq., of Brooklyn. The entire delegation was under the guidance of William Ballantyne, Esq., of Washington—the efficient chairman of the Washington branch of the Christian Commission. It must ever be a matter of gratitude to God, in the heart of every true Christian, to find men of high position and influence taking a deep interest in the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

TEAMSTER'S CAMP.

We left Washington about eleven o'clock in the morning, and a short ride brought us to the teamster's camp, the first on our way northward from the city. Here are about five thousand men, for whom no provision is made by government in the way of chaplains. They are about as rough a looking set of men as I ever saw. But they have all got souls to be saved or lost, and many of them have warm, kind hearts beneath their rough exterior. How are they to receive the means of salvation? Rev. O. P. Pitcher is employed permanently by the Washington Army Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. He is a sort of missionary among these camps around the city. He is one of

those men who believe in hard work. In addition to preaching in several other places, he preaches here every Sabbath; always closing his services by a distribution of reading matter to his rough audience. He is occasionally assisted by delegates of the Christian Commission on their way to the army. There are more cultivated and refined auditors, but certainly no more attentive hearers of the Word.

Here we alight. The first man we meet recognizes Mr. Stuart.

"Where are you from?" Mr. Stuart inquires.

"Philadelphia."

"What is your name?"

"John S.—; I used to go to Dr. W.'s church."

"Did you leave all your religion at home, John?"

"Oh no, sir, I still keep some about me."

John receives something to read; and, with an exhortation from Mr. Stuart to "keep his colors bright," we pass on and leave John to reflection.

We must go up to the barracks, for the men are nearly all at dinner, and a number are waiting outside until their turn comes. We enter the long barracks. Such a buzz and rattle of tin plates and knives and forks. It is surely useless to attempt to speak here. But no. The command is, "Sow beside all waters"—"instant in season and out of season," and so Mr. Stuart tries to gain the attention of the dining party, with not quite the success, however, that he once did that of a similar party at Saratoga. Some of the knives and forks are laid down, and Dr. Kirk proceeds to sing a verse of a familiar hymn. The singing over, the attention is better, and a few practical words are spoken. After this Mr. Stuart cries out, "I have some reading matter here, perhaps some of you would like some?" They rush towards him as though they were going to storm a battery, and his little stock in the haversack is soon exhausted. A crowd follows him to the wagon, where he is reinforced with a fresh supply. "O, give me a testament!" cries one and another. We distribute what we can; but must hold some in reserve for other camps; and so we pass on. God bless the preaching of brother Pitcher to these much neglected men, and may he have books and papers to supply them all.

CAMP BARRY.

The next place we reach is Camp Barry. This camp is used as an Artillery camp of instruction. It is located on the crest of a hill, and in full view of the city. Col. Hall, of Maine, is in command; and his father, deacon Hall, is the Christian Commission delegate in charge of the station. There are generally about three thousand men in this camp. Here, as at the teamster's camp, the men must look to the Christian Commission for their spiritual rations. I am happy to say they are well supplied, though not as well as they might be, had the Commission more men and money. Let me here mention a fact which will serve to show the interest of the soldiers in this work. They have contributed five hundred dollars of their hard-earned money toward building a chapel for the camp. The Christian Commission has come to their aid and contributed the remainder of what was needed. The chapel is nearly completed, and will soon be dedicated to the service of Almighty God. I put the question to your readers: Whether or not these men deserve to have the Gospel, both from the living lips and the printed page? The same desire is manifested here as elsewhere for something to read. We are pressed on all sides for books and papers.

We go into the hospital, and our party divides itself among the several cots. Oh! how anxiously these men look at us. Each countenance seems to say "Come and speak a word of sympathy to me, and soothe my sufferings with the story of the Cross." Our friends pass from cot to cot, speaking a few words and leaving a book or paper, if the patient is able to read. There are some who are not able to be talked with or to read, and so Dr. Kirk goes to the centre of the hospital and offers up a fervent prayer. Prayer is always a solemn service; but oh, how its solemnity is increased on such an occasion, and amid such circumstances. The good Doctor's soul is stirred within him, and he seems to get closer to the mercy-seat than on other occasions. He bears upon his spirit the cases of the sufferers, and then affectionately remembers the mothers and wives and children at home. The prayer is ended, and I see more than half a dozen poor fellows brushing away the hot tears with their pillows. Oh, how accessible these men's hearts are to the blessed influences of religion. There lies a man who wants some one to speak with him. Dr. Kirk goes near to him. He cannot speak English, he is a Frenchman. The Doctor can speak French, and he listens while, with quivering lip and a full heart, the poor sol-

dier tells of his hope in Jesus. The Christian Commission is doing a blessed work in this camp.

CAMP STONEMAN.

Camp Stoneman is about five miles from Washington. It is used as a rendezvous for dismounted cavalry. There are usually from eight to ten thousand men here. Like all the camps around the city, the population is of a migratory character, constantly coming and going. Here the Christian Commission has a large chapel and delegate station. Rev. Mr. Daniels, all the way from Nova Scotia, is temporarily in charge of the work here; the regular station agent, Rev. S. W. Tenny, being absent. He is admirably fitted for his position. This is one of the largest chapel-tents in the army. It is forty-two feet long by twenty-one wide, and will hold over three hundred men. It is crowded every night. There is a glorious field for the work of the Christian Commission; but one difficulty is in the way—they need more men and more money.

We met here with a most interesting case of the conversion of a Colonel and a Major. We had the pleasure of meeting both of these dear brethren. The Colonel was a lawyer in New York previous to the war, and is a man of education and high culture. He has a fine head and an impressive presence. It was refreshing to hear him tell how he found the Saviour, and how precious he was to his soul. We all sat down in the chapel-tent together, and with admiration of the wonderful grace of God, heard this story. When he had finished, we knelt together, while Mr. Stuart addressed the throne of grace in humble gratitude for the conversion of this officer. Dr. Kirk followed Mr. Stuart and Deacon King, of Providence, followed Dr. Kirk. It was a most precious season. The hearts of all present seemed overflowing with joy and thanksgiving to our common Father.

CAMP DISTRIBUTION.

Coming back to Washington, we crossed the long bridge to go to camp Distribution, formerly camp Convalescent. The wonderful history of the work of God at this place is known throughout the country. The Christian Commission has a large and commodious chapel here, capable of seating over five hundred men. Rev. Edward Hawes, of Maine, is the agent in charge.

When we reached the building we found it already well filled; before the services began it was crowded. Dr. Kirk addressed the soldiers upon the parable of the prodigal son. I venture to say the eloquent Doctor seldom addresses so large an audience and receives such marked attention. Every eye is fixed on the speaker, and every ear eager to hear his words. "Tattoo" is beaten, and some of the men rise to depart. An irreligious Colonel rises and begs leave to say that he hopes no soldier will leave the house while the services are going on; and he is sure the mere statement of the fact that they have been to prayer-meeting will be sufficient excuse for their not answering "tattoo." And so the meeting goes on. Mr. Stuart follows Dr. Kirk, and then Deacon King closed with a few earnest words of counsel. When the good Deacon began to speak, he did not go up on the platform, but stood close up to his audience; and then as he went on, and his soul was drawn out toward the brave men before him, he advanced up the aisle until he almost stood in the centre of the chapel. Nothing stirs a man's soul like an audience of soldiers. At the close of the meeting those who feel anxious about the salvation of their souls are requested to arise; and some ten or twelve stand up. The meeting is one of deep interest.

It was twelve o'clock when we reached Washington, fatigued in body but refreshed in soul. It had been a blessed day. There is a great work to be done around Washington. It is estimated that there are twenty thousand men in the various camps around the city, for whom no regular spiritual provision is made. Here is a large mission field, ripe to the harvest. The enemy of souls is busy at work. An old citizen assures me that there are at least ten thousand prostitutes in the city; grog-shops and gambling saloons meet you at every corner. Snarers are spread in every direction for entangling the souls of men. Whether or not the church will work, we may be assured the devil will not be idle. The Christian Commission is contesting the field nobly, but it cannot, with its present means, accomplish the work that is needed. J. M.

AN EXCHANGE.—The Christian Herald Cincinnati April 14, says: Last Sabbath morning Dr. Thompson, of the 2d Church, and Dr. Burt, of the 7th Church, (O. S.) exchanged pulpits. Each Doctor was heard with interest and edification by the others' congregation, and both sermons were regarded as orthodox. We herald this as one of the signs of "the good time coming."

REV. DR. KIRK'S STATEMENT.

At a meeting of the clergy and laity, held last week in the rooms of the Christian Commission in this city, the following statements were made by Rev. E. N. Kirk, D. D., of Boston:

DEAR BRETHREN:—I have only crowded impressions of my late visit, not at all digested or arranged; but since you are together I am very happy to have the opportunity of saying one or two things.

I would present, first, the demand for what I consider should be an entire change in the structure of the Christian Commission; an enlargement of its ends and plans.

I will only give you an outline of the considerations that have brought me to that conclusion. The fact is that the whole army, if the Army of the Potomac is at all a specimen, has become a missionary field of the most extraordinary character that the world has ever seen. Nothing is like it, or ever has been like it in the world! The church of God has a duty in regard to it that she does not appreciate, and one cannot blame her for not appreciating it—but if the whole body of the Church of Christ could go down into the field, and see what our eyes have seen, or, if we could only transfer the soldiers' prayer-meetings, the solemnity, earnestness, joy, &c., that abound, to the churches at home, the matter would be settled. All that is wanted is to get the facts, and impressions of the truth, before the church fairly and fully to cause her to come up to the work. How shall we do it?

First I will speak of the wonderful facility of getting men and religious books to the army. It is truly wonderful. I observe that the moment the delegate of the Commission held his pass out for inspection, the officers did not stop to examine it closely, but regarded it as an understood thing that all was right, and extended almost intuitively the courteous nod of approval. This paper in my hand, (continued the doctor, holding up his pass), I shall put away in my museum—it is the welcome of the army to the Church of God—opening the door wide for her to come in and occupy! Everywhere, in the civil and military service has this wide welcome been extended. I met nowhere with even a shade of opposition. Indeed I am a little afraid that the Christian Commission will come under the ban of "no unto you when all men speak well of you!"

The facility for getting books and papers is such that I feel now that I shall never dare to waste a religious paper!

Now, take only one day—and that an exceedingly rainy, disagreeable, muddy day. See the men walking to the chapel on foot, or on horseback, four and three miles, expecting to get their rations of religious food, the bread of life, to carry back to the hungry men in camp, and see their disappointment if the supply is out! See the chapel stations established by the Christian Commission already become the great centres of attraction, drawing around them the religious element of the army—the spiritual influences of the camp, and what an interesting sight you have! If a heart is touched, if a backslider is beginning to hope he may recover, if a man wants to get good, and furnish himself that he may do good, if an officer wants to promote religion among his men, all turn to this centre, to this depot of religious books and papers, and to these living Christian men, the Christian Commission's delegates and agents, to hear and to tell the things belonging to Christ and the soul.

We have had courtesies and facilities granted from Gen. Grant and Meade, downward among every grade of officers, to the "boys" themselves. Gen. Patrick, Provost Marshal General, who has as much to do with controlling directly the access to the army, as any other man, is, I think a thorough Christian, and is most earnest and most cordial in his co-operation with the Christian Commission's work.—And also in the civil department from the President and his Cabinet downward.

Now it rests upon the Church of God to meet this new and peculiar state of things! The whole public sentiment of the army is now with the Christian Commission! I saw nothing of opposition or indifference, except on the part of some few "boys" returning home from a frolic, who were a little frisky and who were endeavoring to say some smart things—this aside, I met no shade of opposition.

On the contrary, let me give an illustration. We rode out to a good point of observation, where we could see the rebel and Union armies. On our way we came to a battery commanded by Capt. —, who heard we were in Culpepper, and whose life had been in great measure saved by the Christian Commission at Gettysburg, and he arranged at once for a special artillery drill for us, a thing not often seen in the army.

I sat in my saddle. I found that Gen. Stuart (Geo. H. Stuart) knowing that I could not get out of the saddle, had by some manoeuvre, brought me right in face of the men, and my orders were that I should preach to the men from the saddle. Having preached to them and prayed with them, an inquiry meeting was appointed on the field of drill. One anxious man came out from the drill lines, to talk with me about his soul, and no officer restricted him!

When I began to talk to the men, a large number were behind me pitching quoits and frolicking on their play-ground. But they came pressing up, and looking behind me I saw I was surrounded by earnest, eager men, solemnly listening to what I had to say about Jesus and the great salvation.

Brethren, if you have not been in the army, it is not extravagant to say that you cannot conceive of the existing state of things. I have seen a good deal of the world, of the church, of revivals and religious operations, but this is something peculiar in the history of the world and the church.

The judgment of every delegate I have met is, "it is a vast work! the church of Christ has not begun to conceive of it. Christians must be made awake to it!"

The demand for books and papers is very

great. That we have heard from missionary fields. It is not a peculiar demand. But on Saturday, as I stood and saw the men coming into the chapel one after another and going away disappointed, and heard them say, "Can't you give me something to read? Haven't you something adapted for this class?" I confess I felt very much as that missionary in India, when he emptied out his last box of books, and the natives came crying, begging in increasing throngs, that the "book man," "Jesus Christ's man" would give them a book or a tract; and turning around in an agony of spirit and looking towards America, lifted up his hands and said, "can't you fill my box? Won't you send them more books, more books?" And now here are hungry men coming to the Christian Commission's emptied chapels and empty boxes. Friends of Christ, can't you fill the boxes of the Christian Commission? for the poor, hungry ones are surrounding your field board, begging only for the crumbs that fall from the Master's table!

The Doctor then spoke of the grade of systematic benevolence which governed him in his contributions to the cause of Christ, and he now felt that this missionary field should be behind no other field. He then stated his reasons:

1. The men are our own men. Nobody else will take care of them if Christians do not. No other agency will regard them if the Christian Commission, or some body similar, does not do it.

These are our brothers. They are a noble body, if the Potomac army is a specimen. They are mostly from the middle classes, with a sprinkling from the other extremes. Such as survive of them are going to be constituent parts of this great body politic again, and you can reach them on the battle-field, and in the camp, as you never before could, and possibly never afterward can.

[The Doctor illustrated by facts occurring in the work among the recruiting stations of Boston. Raw recruits, to whom tracts were handed and religious conversation was proffered, laughed and scoffed. But as the time neared for their departure, they became a little more accessible, and when separated from home and friends, and brought into near contact with death, their opposition was turned into eager desire. This is the history of the great majority that compose the army.]

2. Another reason is the immense zeal that has been awakened by the Sanitary Commission. And for what? For the mere physical wants of the soldiers. Every man of them, to be sure, has a body. But he has a soul. His body is going to turn into dust in a few days! On the way to that dust it is very well to help him. The Master says that if we give the cup of cold water we shall have our reward; but O! that soul! What shall be done to save it! The church of God owes a duty to each precious soul in the army. It should come up to the help of the Lord in this great work. It should show the same zeal for the immortal soul as the patriotism and benevolence of the land has shown for the perishing body. The church of Christ should stand boldly and nobly by the side of the Christian Commission and sustain it in doing its holy work. If the whole nation can be moved, and millions of dollars can be raised for the bodily wants of our soldiers, what ought the church to do for the 800,000 or 900,000 for whom it is responsible? Applauding and commending the zeal of the Sanitary Commission and what they have done, it should stimulate the church to go and do her peculiar work with like zeal and devotion.

The Doctor then, in conclusion, urged to immediate measures for enlarging and extending the work of the Christian Commission, and gave some practical hints towards this end. The Commission should devise liberal things. The church would sustain it. They must sustain it. They should strike at once for a million of dollars. This would be a poor expression for the church of her zeal for the Master, her love of souls, and her sanctified patriotism at this time.

Mr. E. S. Tobey, of Boston, and Prof. Lucius Barrows, of Andover Theological Seminary, gave additional and remarkable testimony to the same great work, when Dr. Cooper, of Philadelphia, offered the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

Having heard from Rev. Dr. Kirk, E. S. Tobey, Esq., of Boston, and Professor Barrows of Andover Theological Seminary, recently returned from the Army of the Potomac, some statements in reference to the claims of our soldiers on the sympathies of the Christian church, the efforts that are made through the Christian Commission to administer to their temporal and spiritual wants, the facilities which are afforded the agents of the Commission for the prosecution of its benevolent work, and the wonderful openings in Providence for the spiritual instruction and improvement of those in the army, and also the universal favor with which the Christian Commission is regarded throughout the whole army, it is therefore Resolved, 1st, That we feel deeply impressed with the conviction that a more interesting and important field for missionary operations is perhaps not to be found in the world, and that there is a loud and imperative call upon all the Christian churches throughout the land to direct their immediate and serious attention to those remarkable openings which God in his providence has furnished to all who desire to do good to the souls of their fellow countrymen.

Resolved, 2d, That this meeting earnestly recommend to the executive committee to adopt immediate measures for so modifying the present organization of the Christian Commission as to meet the increasing demand on its labors.

THE LETTER of our Rochester correspondent, letter from Chaplain Stewart, from Dr. Cox on Union, Account of the Revival in Wilmington, and other valued communications are deferred to make room for the statements in regard to the work of God in the army, which are deemed of great and immediate importance.