

Correspondence.

FROM OUR ROCHESTER CORRESPONDENT.

A DAY AT LE ROY.

We do not propose a history of this town, or of the large Presbyterian church in the pleasant village. But it is one of the older places of Western New York, having been settled in the latter part of the last century, and was then called Ganson's Settlement, after the name of the family first located here. Rev. David Perry, of Richmond, Mass., is supposed to have preached the first sermon ever delivered in the place. This was in 1800. He was sent out as a Home Missionary, by the Berkshire and Columbia Missionary Society. The Rev. William Allen, afterward pastor of the church in Pittsfield, and subsequent President of Bowdoin College, Maine, preached here also, while on a similar missionary tour, in 1804. He still lives, a man of most venerable appearance, now past eighty years of age, his home being in Northampton, Mass.

The Presbyterian church of Le Roy, was formed in 1815. It has always been self-supporting; and has long been large and strong, having a membership of near three hundred. The Rev. Elisha Whitteley, who has been for some years the pastor, has resigned his charge and returned to New England, having accepted a call to settle, as we understand, in Waterbury, Ct. The best wishes of numerous friends will follow him. Although without a pastor, the church has been greatly quickened and refreshed by a blessed outpouring of the Spirit. Of this revival we have before spoken; and we are happy to say that it still continues. Rev. Dr. Daggott, of Canandaigua, passed two days with the church last week, and preached with great solemnity and acceptance. He is expected again for a couple of days this week. It was our privilege to look in upon the large and solemn congregation last Sabbath. Four or five rows for prayers at the close of the evening service.

And in this connection, it is a pleasure to make record of the gratitude which we know to be felt by the members of the Presbyterian church, to the Rev. Mr. Schelling, a young man of decided ability, of great urbanity and catholicity of spirit, now pastor of the Methodist church in Le Roy. He has conducted the Union meetings. He has acted as undershepherd to both flocks. He has done much of the preaching, and has nobly seconded and aided others who have been laboring there to promote this good work. He has won for himself a large place in the confidence, respect and affection of the members of the Presbyterian church. He is an eloquent preacher, a judicious manager; a genial co-worker and a noble man.

The Ingham University is in a highly flourishing condition, having about one hundred scholars, sixty or seventy of them boarding in the Institution, and has shared largely in the blessing, only some 3 or 4 of the scholars, it is supposed, as yet unconverted. Who can tell how much this early conversion will add to the usefulness, as well as happiness, of these young ladies! And how much more desirable it makes the Institution, as a place for the education of such, to have so many of its inmates happy followers of the Lamb! How pleasant, pervasive and mighty the good influences that thus surround and aid those who are here trying to lay up knowledge!

CENTRAL CHURCH, ROCHESTER.

We have already mentioned the fact that workmen are engaged in putting up a new organ in this church. The work is progressing finely, but it will probably take two weeks longer, before the house will be ready again to receive the Sabbath assembly. In the meantime the leading men of the Society have been moving in another laudable matter; they are "clearing up financially and generally," as it was strikingly expressed by one of the Trustees. Although it is a church of such ample means, with corresponding enterprise and liberality, yet by some slight rearranges, and some deficiency of subscription for the organ, there was a virtual debt of five or six thousand dollars hanging over them. The present was regarded as the proper time to wipe that all out; and although they had just completed a collection of about one thousand dollars for home missions, nothing daunted, after a few days effort they easily raised the required sum above mentioned, to pay up all deficiencies, and expect that when in a week or two, their beautiful sanctuary is again opened for public worship, they will owe no man anything, but love and all faithfulness in labors and efforts for the world's salvation. This, truly, is a noble and prosperous religious Society, a model of Christian enterprise and liberality.

"STONE CHURCH."

It may not be known all over the land, that we have near here a parish and a post-office, with the above designation. It is in the south part of the town of Bergen; and the best known object, perhaps, in that part of the town was the "Stone Church." But the parish was small, and the church has few members. The Rev. H. Elmer, formerly of East Avon, has now been laboring for about two years, as pastor of this church; and under his faithful, judicious and acceptable efforts, the Society has been so far quickened and encouraged as to undertake to build a new church edifice, to be ten feet longer than the old one, and to cost \$5000.

An effort was first started to procure a small organ, at a cost of about \$300. One man said the old church was not a fit place in which to put a new organ. He proposed they should first build a new church, and then get the organ. This suggestion met with so much favor, that the necessary amount for the new edifice was very soon raised, and the work at once commenced. The old structure is being pulled down, and the new is to take its place at the earliest possible moment. The material of the new must be stone, of course, or else the name of the place and Post-office must be changed. In the meantime, the Committee appointed for the purpose are selecting the organ, to be ready when the house is prepared to receive it. It is pleasant to record such a quickening of real enterprise in a country parish, which was but recently regarded as in rather a low condition. Such a pastor is doing a real home missionary work, and is doing it well.

OUR GROWING CITY.

Rochester is crowded with people. Houses were never in greater demand, a good dwelling never harder to get. The population of the city must be rapidly increasing. Every kind of business seems also to be flourishing. Everybody is employed. Wages are high. New enterprises are constantly starting. And it is so in all our cities and larger towns. The rebel leaders would not find so much grass in our streets as they might expect.

But where, we have often heard it asked, do the people come from? Doubtless many are moving from the smaller towns and country places, into the cities, attracted by marvellous openings for business. And many are now coming to us from Canada. Our lake steamers are daily crowded with a good class of emigrants, coming from the Queen's dominions, to find employment in the United States. Canada is full of rebel refugees and Northern cowards and deserters, who have so cheapened labor, in that land, that many of the Canadians are actually driven out for want of employment. It is a good exchange for us; as one good, honest mechanic, is worth a dozen rebels and deserters. Many, even of those who come to us only for temporary employment, as some doubtless do, will find it to their advantage to make this their permanent home; while we trust that our cowards and rebels, will just stay as long on the other side of our Northern lines.

THE REMAINS OF DR. PEASE,

Which were, upon his death last Fall, interred for a time at Burlington, Vt., have just been brought to our city for burial, in our beautiful Mt. Hope Cemetery. This will be highly gratifying to his family, who still reside here, and to the First Church and Society, by whom he was so much beloved and lamented.

ROCHESTER, April 23, 1864.

JOURNAL OF THE MARCH TO ALEXANDRIA, LA.

From a private letter written by an officer in the Delaware Battery, now with Banks' army, we are permitted to make the following extracts, which exhibit the movements of one of the divisions, and the nature of the country through which the route lay, as well as furnish interesting glimpses of soldier life generally. They are in the form of a diary, commencing as follows:

Tuesday, March 15th, 1864.—Started with Emory's Division, 1st of 19th Corps, about 7 1/2 A. M., towards New Iberia. We marched 15 or 16 miles, through a country of fine plantations, many of them deserted; and encamped early near the Teche and very close to an old sugar mill, so we all enjoyed plenty of molasses, and in the evening made molasses candy. On the march I bought some real corn cake from the negroes, and it tasted very well to a hungry soldier.

March 16th.—Marched at 7.30 A. M., and encamped in the afternoon near Tasso or Spanish Lake. The character of the country we passed through underwent a gradual change, and as we left the Bayou became more rolling and prairie-like, and shallow ponds of water were numerous, out of which we watered

the horses. We passed the village of New Iberia about noon. The road dusty and wind cool.

Thursday, March 17th.—The scene was very fine as the Division broke camp this morning, the columns stretching far over the prairie, with arms gleaming in the sun and bands playing. After we encamped, our long expected mail arrived, and caused a great deal of joy in the company.

March 18th.—The Division moved at 6 A. M., and after crossing Vermillion Bayou, we passed through Vermillionville, a pretty little French village. The march was very pleasant, and we camped in the "forest primeval" near a small stream, Grand Coteau Bayou.

March 19th.—Marched at 5.30 A. M. Passed through Opelousas about 10. It is the largest place we have seen since leaving New Orleans; but there seem to be no fine houses there. After crossing the Bayou Cortabean, opposite Washington, we encamped in the yard of a sugar house. Washington is a small and dirty village. Tired to-night; but made a very good supper on young pigeons and hard tack, cooked in milk.

March 20th.—The 3d and 4th Divisions of the 13th Corps passed up this afternoon, and Lieut. — was here for supper. You must not think that we always have poultry, as our standard fare is ham and salt beef; but our cook came on a pigeon-house and got some squabs, and we bought a canteen of milk for 25 cents. If we could forage, we could live well, but all foraging and straggling are strictly forbidden, and officers are ordered to shoot men who refuse to keep in their places. When we come into camp, the first thing is to stick up tents; the captain has one, and we Lieutenants sleep in another; the men have shelter tents. We then take a wash and get supper near sunset, and then "turn in" soon after dark. We get up about 4 in the morning, and by the time the horses and we are fed and watered, and everything packed up it is 6 and time to start. We have heard that Shorman, or some other general, has taken Alexandria, and so did our work; and it is reported that — has got us 12 days behind time.

March 21st, 1864.—Breakfasted and packed up for the march in a shower of rain. The roads were heavy and weather cold and raw, so that marching was not very pleasant business. The road followed the Bayou all day, and we went into camp about 3 o'clock. Soon after the rain again commenced, but notwithstanding, we were quite jolly in our tent, sitting around a fire of wood coals, which we threw out when it was time to spread our beds. As this is the 21st of March, we suppose we are having the equinoctial storm.

March 22d.—Marched as usual at 6 A. M. The road was very muddy indeed, and the march tedious and unpleasant, as we wound along the Bayou Bonf. The country looked well, and the sugar plantations were numerous. Encamped near Holmesville, a very small village. Seventy-five barrels of sugar were found concealed in the woods near us, and the boys supplied themselves with the article.

March 23d.—The road still lies on the banks of the Bayou, but to-day's march was much better than yesterday's, as the mud had dried and yet there was no dust. We saw many buildings filled with cotton, and as usual crowds of negroes, some of whom say "we's gwine long." Camped in a beautiful meadow at Cheneyville, a pretty little place.

March 24th.—Marched again on the bank of the Bayou, the Reserve Artillery, composed of a Battalion of the 1st Indiana Heavy Artillery and our Battery on the right, the other troops on the left side; but the columns again united. About 11 o'clock rain commenced to fall, and we had a violent storm, drenching some of us, and making the roads in some places almost impassable, and we were glad to bivouac even in the mud.

March 25th.—To-day's march was a pleasant one, though the roads were heavy in several places from yesterday's rain. We passed many fine residences, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and the box hedges and fancily trimmed evergreens, were as handsome as I ever saw. Entered ALEXANDRIA about 1 P. M., and encamped in the outskirts. The streets were full of Sherman's troops, several Divisions of the 16th and 17th Corps, under Gen. A. J. Smith, having occupied the town a week ago: General Banks and staff having arrived by way of the river, watched us passing through the town.

To-day, Saturday, we are glad of another rest, and, perhaps, we may not move again until Monday. Alexandria seems to be quite an enterprising town, for the South, and contained before the war, 3500 inhabitants. The Red River is a large and rapid stream, with high banks, and the water is of a dull, red color. A flotilla of gunboats, generally iron-clads, lies off the town. There are about a dozen of them under command

of Admiral Porter, and they look just like the pictures of them we used to see when Commodore Foote came down the Mississippi. It is reported that another division of ours, the 19th Corps, is coming up to join us, so that I should judge Banks will have altogether, about forty thousand men for this expedition, and if General Steele comes from Arkansas, there will be a still larger force.

It is hard to tell what we are going to do, but from present appearances we will first move against Shreveport, which is 180 miles above here on the Red River, and we will have the co-operation of the gunboats. We have had no news on the march, but yesterday I got a New York Times of the 12th, for a quarter. Your affectionate son, * * *

A WORD ABOUT BOOKS.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have just finished reading the memoir of Susan Allibone, a book made up almost entirely of extracts from her diary and letters—compiled by Bishop Lee, of the Protestant Episcopal church in Delaware. Though rather voluminous, it will richly repay a hasty perusal. She belonged to a Quaker family, early in life became a member of the Episcopal church, was devoted to it, as the church of her choice, but not at all a sectarian. I remember while on a visit to the White Mountains, some seven or eight years ago, to have heard Dr. J. P. Thompson say of her, that she belonged to that class of persons, who regard the name of Christian as far above that of any particular denomination, and whose memoir might be read with profit by Christians of all denominations.

She was a woman of much more than ordinary talents, and of rare Christian attainments. Naturally possessing a warm heart, and of great refinement and beauty of mind, her entire being became subdued and purified by an ordeal of twenty years' affliction, through which she passed almost without a murmur, and which yielded in her what the apostle calls "the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

Her insight into the spiritual meaning of the Scriptures was remarkable. The Bible was to her no dark and dead book, but one of light and life. Many of its passages are set in her beautiful letters "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Have you ever read "Trench on the Study of Words"? It is a book, not large, nor dry, nor hard, but small, and interesting and very instructive. He invites us to summon before us the words we use, bids us ask them "to give an account of themselves, to say whence they are, and whither they tend."

He represents the prime characteristic of a good style to be "that the words fit close to the thoughts," as an elegant dress fits well upon a graceful form. And then what a flood of light and beauty does he pour upon certain words! Take for example the word "conscience," which is upon everybody's lips. Coming as it does from the two Latin words "Con" and "Sci-re," he tells us that it means "Not merely that which I know, but that which I know with some one else." And "that other knower whom the word implies is God," his law making itself known and felt in the heart; and the work of "Conscience" is the bringing of each of our acts and thoughts as a lesser, to be tried and measured by this as a greater, the word growing out of and declaring that awful duplicity of our moral being which arises from the presence of God in the soul.

Or take the word "tribulation," which occurs so often in the New Testament, meaning "affliction, sorrow, anguish." It is derived, he tells us, from the old Latin word "tribulum," "which was the thrashing instrument or roller whereby the Roman husbandman, separated the corn from the husks;" and "tribulation" in its primary significance was the act of this separation.

Now think of the outward thrashings of persecution, as well as of the inward blows of repentance which the early Christians endured, and what a full meaning we have in the passage, "we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

No one can study this little volume without feeling the truth of Job's expression, "How forcible are right words" and without being reminded that they are to be used, not awkwardly and at random, lest we injure ourselves and others, but with care and caution, just as a good workman uses his sharp tools.

Somewhere, in his "Synonyms of the New Testament," I think it is, that he speaks of certain words as having been "glorified" by their introduction into the sacred writings, a far deeper, wider and more spiritual meaning having thereby been given to them.

And just here while speaking of books on words, let me recommend to you "Lectures on the English Language, by

George P. Marsh," and "Roget's Thesaurus of English Words," two valuable books, which cannot be studied too closely. But first of all and last of all and above all, read and study the Bible. It is "the entrance" of its blessed words that "giveth light." This volume is "the Kingly Sheaf," that stands erect, and before which all other books, both in literature and science, must bow, and confess that it is their Lord, "to the glory of God the Father."

Sir Mathew Hale used to say to his children, "If I omit reading a portion of the Scripture in the morning, it never goes well with me through the day." Let me beg of you, my dear friend, to read your Bible carefully and prayerfully every day; and may He who watches the flight and the fall of the sparrow, watch over you, and keep you as "the apple of the eye" is the prayer of Your own true friend, KARNAIM.

WORSHIP OF THEORY.

"Whatever you put into a man," says Jeremy Taylor, quaintly, "it will smell of the vessel; it is a man's mind that gives the emphasis, and makes your argument to prevail." It is certainly humiliating to human nature to consider how broadly this truth finds its application. The stained glass will lend its hue to the colorless water which is poured into it, and so the mind, discolored, as it were, by passion, pride, prejudice or false sympathy, will stain the simplest truths of morals or religion with its own errors. In spite of the admonition of centuries of experience, men are too apt to conform fact to fancy, and turning their wishes into prophecies, they find them more plausible than the Hebrew monarch did Micaiah.

Berkeley's theory has gone the way of thousands of other theories, but the grain of truth in the bottom of it abides yet. We make the world we live in. We people it with our own imaginations. We converse, perhaps, oftener with its shadows than with the practical duties of real life. Man's heart is the victim of its own a priori logic. The scientific enthusiast—for there are enthusiasts in science as well as religion—dreams out some favorite hypothesis. He falls in love with it. He makes it the standard of fact. If fact will not conform to it, so much the worse for fact. There is no Procrustes' bed so rigid and unyielding as that favorite theory. Take the development hypothesis, or that which, in spite of all disclaimers, lies at the foundation of the so-called Positive Philosophy, and it would be simply amusing, but for the serious mischief that may follow, to see how truth must be racked, and every joint dislocated, that it may be made to fit a bed that becomes a martyr's bier.

It would be almost incredible, were it not for the lessons of actual experience, how far men can be carried by their allegiance to a favorite theory. It becomes the god of their idolatry. It seems a privilege to sacrifice and burn incense to it. It is the scholar's fetish. Grim as a Philistine Dagon, it is adored with the blindness of a devotee. We wonder sometimes at the chivalrous servility with which the non-juror of English history sacrificed his manhood to an unreasoning loyalty, and lavished affection on the despicable object which he called the Lord's Anointed. But he was the victim of a theory that transformed his nature, and the value of all else was tested by the measure in which it could be made subservient to that theory. Not unlike him is the man who puts his ideal or philosophy, crude or elaborate, in place of an idol of flesh and blood, and then, with the old *jure divino* spirit, swears to it unflinching allegiance.

It is said that when La Place carried his *Mechanique Celeste* to Napoleon for presentation, the Emperor was busy arranging some concordat with the Pope. So, with his mind tending toward what he called religious affairs—meaning, however, theologico-political—he read La Place's preface and said, "I am surprised you do not mention the name of God." "Sire," replied the mathematician, "I have not felt the need of that hypothesis." The existence of God was not necessary to his theory, and it was consequently omitted altogether. One can but be reminded, in this connection, of that more recent countryman of La Place who has attempted to write the life of Christ, but has left Christ out. A supernatural, a Divine Redeemer, to whose mandate nature bowed in homage, and whom wind and seas obeyed, was not necessary to his theory; nay, was rather an encumbrance to it, and was of course left out. Writing as an artist, he felt the force of the suggestion in Blair's "Grave":

"What would offend the eye in a good picture, The painter casts discreetly in the shade."

We need such facts as these to explain the strange tenacity with which men

*Je n'ai trouve besoin de cette hypothese.

often cling to irreligious and sceptical errors. There is a fascination in the object which they have intellectually adored—that blinds them to their own unreasonableness, and they are in fact most unphilosophical with the word philosophy oftener on their lips. It is as vain, perhaps, to attempt to reason with them as, two centuries ago, it would have been with the old Cavaliers, who became frantic in their devotion to their exiled monarch, and whose religion was summed up in drinking to his health, and cursing "old Noll." We find human nature—strangely allying strength with weakness—the same now that it was when astrology was accounted a science, and we shall be apt to be unduly influenced by great names and high authority, unless we study what we may call the "dynasty of theory," and learn how truly, in morals as well as in politics, Oxenstiern's famous saying applies. La Place, dispensing with a God, Baxter and Matthew Hale and Bishop Hall garnering up ghost stories, to sustain their theory in the interests, it is true, as they thought, of religion—spiritualists in later times fascinated by what at best is still hypothesis—scientific scholars dreaming over theories of development—a Luther strong enough to pull down the pillars of the Romish hierarchy, yet weak enough to be bound with the green withes of "Consubstantiation." Such are some of the striking examples of what some would call the power of the subjective, but which we choose to call the domineering power of idolized theory. The most gifted often bow to it, and if we rashly say with Jeremiah, "I will get me to the great men," &c., it may well be that his experience will in turn become ours. "The man of one idea" has a world-wide fame, but the idea, though meagre as the "lean kind," swallows the man, and easily becomes as godless as La Place, as cruel as Robespierre, or mad as a secessionist.

ARMY CHAPLAINS' REPRESENTATION.

We, the undersigned Chaplains in the Army of the Potomac, have learned with sincere regret that the treasury of the Christian Commission is so much depleted, as to excite fears of an inability to meet the exigencies of the coming campaign. In view of this fact, we desire to make the following representation to all friends of the army:

The work which the Christian Commission aims to accomplish, is, in our judgment, vital to the interests of our soldiers, and in the name of the many who have benefited in body and in soul through this instrumentality, we tender our hearty thanks to those whose liberality has been thus dispensed.

We believe that the efficiency of this organization, and its ability to employ the funds entrusted to it judiciously, are greater now than at any previous time.

During the past winter, the co-operation of those directing its affairs in this army, with Chaplains, has been most hearty, the assistance rendered in our work of great value.

We desire especially to mention the canvas covering for chapels, supplied through this agency. No provision could have been more opportune than this, and the result has, we believe, fully justified the large expenditure involved in it.

To the aid thus rendered, and to the liberal supply of valuable publications furnished, we attribute, under God, much of the unusual success which has attended labors for the spiritual good of the army during the past winter.

We deprecate any curtailment of the power of this organization for good at the present time. We believe that the Christian public ought not to withhold their confidence or their support. We sympathize with the desire of its managers, to enlarge, rather than contract its operations.

In view of the demands of the future, we ask for it in behalf of those who may soon need its ministrations, and in our own behalf, as a valuable auxiliary in our work, the hearty and liberal support of every friend of the soldier.

- Signed: F. B. Perkins, 10th Massachusetts Vols. D. A. Mack, 3d Vermont Vols. Moses J. Kelly, 6th Maine Vols. W. H. Cudworth, 1st Massachusetts Vols. Charles A. Beck, 26th Pa. Vols. J. D. Beugless, 2d Rhode Island Vols. Samuel T. More, 6th New Jersey Vols. E. C. Ambler, 67th Pennsylvania Vols. H. B. Raybold, 8th New Jersey Vols. F. C. Morse, 37th Massachusetts Vols. J. K. Andrews, 126th Ohio Vols. Norman Fox, Jr., 77th N. Y. Vols. L. W. Foose, 151st N. Y. Vols. L. W. Chapman, 110th Ohio Vols. Wm. R. Eastman, 72d New York Vols. Jos. H. Throbell, 71st N. Y. Vols. J. F. Lovaring, 17th Maine Infantry Vols. J. L. Roberts, 4th Vermont Vols. A. A. Haines, 15th New Jersey Vols. J. H. James, 3d New Jersey Vols. Thomas Stevenson, 49th Pa. Vols. John Thomas, 84th Pa. Vols. G. W. Hatway, 19th Maine Vols. G. Collins, 72d Pennsylvania Vols. D. G. Strong, 4th Ohio Vols. Robert Kellen, 1st California Vols. E. D. Simons, 125th New York Vols. J. Spencer Harrison, 126th N. Y. Vols. J. N. Brown, 111th New York Vols. Ed. J. Hamilton, 7th N. Y. Vols. Henry J. Aaker, 86th New York Vols. T. Scott Bradner, 124th N. Y. Vols. Robert B. Prouditt, 2d N. Y. Vols. A. J. Hatoock, 110th Pa. Vols. C. P. Nash, 7th Michigan Cavalry Vols.