

Correspondence.

FROM OUR ROCHESTER CORRESPONDENT.

WESTERN NEW YORK CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

We have already mentioned the organization of this important branch of the United States Christian Commission, with headquarters at Buffalo. This is intended for a live institution, and is already giving proof of its enterprise.

It was also arranged that three of said Committee shall reside in the city of Buffalo, and that number shall constitute a quorum to do business. John D. Hill, M. D., resident and active member of the U. S. Christian Commission, and who has already done so much for our soldiers, is made permanent chairman of this executive Committee; and F. Gridley, Esq., also of Buffalo, Treasurer. At the same time it was made the duty, or understood to be the duty of each member of the Board of Directors, "to bring the wants and doings of the U. S. Christian Commission before the people of their respective localities, and to secure donations and collections, and forward the same to the Treasurer of the Board."

So it will be seen that work is intended, not only by the Executive Committee at Buffalo, but by all the Directors, in the various cities and towns where they reside. And the men appointed on this Board are the very men, who, it was supposed, would be ready to work, both able and willing. Perhaps it may not be amiss to give their names, especially those who do not live in Buffalo, so that the people may know, when they see them around begging, pleading for our poor wounded and sick soldiers, that they act with authority.

Buffalo—Dr. J. D. Hill, Pascal P. Erath, Esq., S. S. Jewett, Esq., J. C. Lord, D. D., Dr. B. F. Whitney, Erie, Pa.—Judge C. Spencer, Esq.

Rev. A. B. Claxton, D. D., Louis Chapin, Esq., C. D. Grosvenor, Esq.

OUR HOME WOUNDED.

These rebel bullets in Virginia are hitting some noble hearts here in western New York also. Dr. Heacock, of Buffalo, gets the sad intelligence of the death of a brother, Capt. R. B. Heacock, of the 49th N. Y. Volunteers, killed on Thursday last while his regiment were charging upon the enemy. He is spoken of as "another noble spirit sacrificed in erasing this accursed rebellion."

Deacon Starks, of Sweden, has been called to mourn the loss of a beloved son, Major Starks, of the 140th; and has gone down to try to recover the body. He writes to Mr. O. D. Grosvenor, of this city, "My son has fought his last battle; his work on earth is done; and although I had calculated that he would be my stay and staff in my old age, I freely give him up for my country. In my affliction I have much to comfort me. I think my son died like a soldier and a Christian, beloved not only in his native town, but in the army. He was hit in the temple, on the eighth, while leading a charge, and died instantly."

Hon. Frederick Starr, of our city, who has had a son, Major Starr, a prisoner in Richmond for almost a year, is now hit again. Another son, a Captain in the 22d Cavalry, was wounded in one of the recent battles, and fell into the hands of the enemy. How he has fared since, or whether even alive, it is impossible now to tell. The family of Samuel Hamilton, Esq., of this city, is in a similar state of suspense. Indeed, they have more reason to fear that their son, Lieutenant Henry Hamilton, a noble, earnest, Christian young man, who has been laboring faithfully for his Saviour as for his country, in all this struggle, was mortally wounded, and is already dead; although in such cases, we would always counsel hope for the best until the certainty is known. So we shall still cherish while we may, some hope at least, that Captain Heacock, and Lieutenant Hamilton will yet be found among the living.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

This is one of the institutions; one of the chief arteries of communication between the East and the West, representing a capital of forty millions of dollars, and doing a business of ten millions a year. Some changes have recently occurred in officers and management. Who would have supposed that Hon. Erastus Corning would ever cease to be President of this concern, so long as he should live, identified as he has been with it from the very beginning? How can he live without the railroad, with his long head, his prodigious business capacity? There were many who seemed always to suppose that the railroad could never live without him; and yet likely to do so, and even by a transfer of its headquarters from Albany to western New York; Hon. Dean Richmond, of Buffalo, who has so long been the able, and efficient Vice-President of the corporation, having succeeded Mr. Corning in the Presidency.

It was before thought that the road was well managed; but there are already indications of improvement under the new administration. It is announced, that, by an arrangement effected with the Hudson River Railroad Company, passengers from Buffalo, and intermediate places, are to be carried through to New York, without the vexatious transfer of baggage and children and ferrying over the river, and change of cars, which was always necessary by day and by night at Albany. All this is to be so easily dispensed with, simply by running round by Troy, and there crossing on a good, substantial railroad bridge. Strange that it had not been thought of years before. This looks as though Mr. Richmond had his eyes open, and was ready to do anything calculated to accommodate the travelling public, and so, of course, favor the best interests of the corporation, over whose operations he is called to preside. We know of some persons, at least, who will highly appreciate this change; and, if we mistake not, even the children and the baggage will thank Mr. Richmond for it.

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PERSONAL.

We are very much pained to hear that our dear friend, Rev. Dr. Wisner, of Lockport, is seriously unwell. He has been a great sufferer for about three weeks, as we are told, by an attack of sciatica. We knew that thousands who read these lines, will sincerely pray that his health may soon be restored again, and that he may long stand on his important watch-tower for the defence of the truth. At the last hearing he was better.

Rev. John Mandeville, pastor of the Asbury Methodist Church in this city, was stricken down in his pulpit last week, when the visitation came like a flash of lightning, preaching another sermon to the astonished congregation from that which was expected. He was tenderly borne from the house, and has lain ever since in an unconscious state, whether to live, or to die, is not yet manifest; but appearances plainly indicate that his work is done.

Rev. E. P. Hammond, the Evangelist, has commenced laboring in Chicago. We shall hope to hear of cheering results in due time. On his way West, he stopped for a few days in Buffalo; preached in the Lafayette Street and Central Presbyterian churches; and in the Washington Street Baptist Church, to large and deeply interested congregations. He has promised to return to Buffalo, we are told, in a few weeks, and resume his labors there. We trust a great blessing is therefore in store for that city.

George S. Bishop, recently graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary, has declined a call to the church in Salem, Mass., of which Rev. Parsons Cooke, was late the pastor, and has accepted a call to a Presbyterian church in Trenton, New Jersey. Mr. Bishop is one of the best and most promising of our Rochester boys, son of the late William S. Bishop, Esq., of this city. He is also a member of the Central Presbyterian Church, and a licentiate of the Presbytery of Rochester, a thorough scholar and a devoted Christian. The best wishes of hosts of friends will follow him to his chosen work, and anticipate for him a highly honorable and useful ministry.

ROCHESTER, May 28, 1864.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTIONS.

These are one of the institutions of our state. We wonder if they are as much so in other portions of the land! Each county has its Teachers Association, which holds its annual and semi-annual meetings, for lectures, questions, discussions, and counsels, on the best methods of conducting Sunday Schools. It was our happy privilege to attend the Eighth Annual meeting of the Genesee County Teachers' Association this week at Le Roy; and it was good to be there. A large number of superintendents, teachers and friends of Sabbath schools from that and the adjoining counties were in attendance. The necessary officers of the Association for the ensuing year were duly elected, and then

the time, morning, afternoon and evening, was given to thorough, practical discussion of such topics as are constantly exercising the minds of all earnest workers in this blessed cause.—How to reach the destitute—How to make the Sabbath school increasingly interesting and profitable—How to raise and train teachers for this important work, and the like.

Each one spoke, of course, from his own stand-point. Most of them gave the results of their own experience and so invaluable hints and suggestions were thrown out for the benefit of all who were present. Mr. Pardee was out of New York, and gave us the benefit of his ripe wisdom in these matters. All were greatly pleased with his address. One happy feature of the occasion was the manner of our entertainment. Instead of sending us all round the village in little squads, for dinner and to the ladies of Le Roy provided and served a sumptuous collation in the Lecture Room of the Presbyterian Church, where the Convention was held. This gave a delightful social turn for some to the meeting—gave opportunity for friendly greetings, which seemed to be highly relished by all present. In the afternoon there was also children's meeting, addressed very happily by Mr. Pardee and others. The semi-annual meeting of the Association is to be held in Byron Centre on the 10th of September next; and we advise all those teachers of the county who were so unfortunate as not to be able to attend the pleasant meeting at Le Roy to make a note of the day, at once, and by all means make their arrangements to be present and get the benefits of such a gathering.

President Fisher, of Hamilton, is to deliver the address at the commencement of Elmira Female College, which commences on the 23d of the present month. No doubt the occasion will be one of real interest.

ROCHESTER, JUNE 3d, 1864.

LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN STARR.

NEAR SPOTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, Saturday, May 21st, 1864.

CONDITION OF THINGS IN FRANCE.

Ere this, throughout the South, feverish, widely-extended North, no doubt gone, along the wires, with the press, by letter and messenger, the faint conception of this death-struggle, this giant effort for mastery, such as this world has never witnessed. Now, sixteen days have elapsed since the battle, for a still fiercer renewal of the contest. No permanent advantage has apparently been gained by either side. Like two sturdy, well-trained pugilists, who have been scientifically pounding and bruising each other for the twentieth round, yet neither vanquished—retiring in order to be sponged and refitted, again to enter the ring to renew the struggle, but now with more caution than formerly, continue to spar and change position, each eagerly watching for an opportunity to strike the decisive blow. When this final blow will be struck, you can prophecy as well in your editorial sanctum as we here. No discouragement exists in our army; we have started for Richmond, and expect to go there; but, like the doggerel in the so-called negro melody,

"It am a hard road to trubble."

FIERCENESS OF THE STRUGGLE.

A visitor to the scenes of our late conflicts might form some correct estimate of their fierceness and obstinacy from evidences remaining of the tremendous projectile forces used. The old Hougmont farm house, at Waterloo, still stands to witness, by its mutilation, that a great battle was once fought there; but had the Hougmont stood between our armies, at some points, during their late fiercest conflicts, not a board, plank, beam, stone or brick would have been left together. If history be now remembered, an old orchard still remains, which stood between the hostile armies at Waterloo, where the curious traveller can see, by numerous bullet marks upon the trees, how sharp must have been the contest. An orchard remain between some of our late strifes of blood? Not a limb, nor a trunk but would have been shattered to pieces. At one locality, technically termed by our boys "The Slaughter Pen," I saw large white oak trees splintered to fragments by shell and solid shot, as though riven by a dozen fierce thunderbolts. In the young timber described in a previous letter, where the first two days' battles were fought, and no larger missiles used than Minie bullets, saplings as large as an ordinary man's leg, thigh, or even body, were peeled, scarred and pierced, from the ground some eight or ten feet up; many of them entirely cut off and fallen over, as though a hundred axemen had been at them. A single small tree was pierced, on either side, by more than fifty bullets, each sufficient to have killed a man. How flesh and blood

lived for five minutes amid such a hurricane of bullets seems truly a marvel; and some of the hurricanes continued for hours. God presides over such horrible scenes.

AN INCIDENT.

After marching and countermarching, taking our position; then assuming another during nearly all of a long, weary night—for a summer night thus spent seems very long—marching through woods and jungles and swamps; across creeks and fences and ditches, we were halted near the dawn of the 20th inst., on the place where a severe skirmish had taken place late the evening previous. The ground was gladly occupied as a couch until clear dawn. When day had risen, a dead soldier was discovered lying near, who had fallen in the previous skirmish. He had been shot through the knee, and in the absence of a surgeon, and through his own ignorance as to how the blood might have been staunched, had evidently bled to death through a severed artery. Something specially attractive there was in that manly form, that pale face and those blue eyes still open and looking up to heaven. An effort was made to ascertain who and whence he was; which had well nigh proved unsuccessful, until unbuttoning his vest, there was found in an inside pocket a letter written in a neat female hand, but a week since, and post-marked away in Perry, Maine. In the envelope, was also a small ambrotype of the writer. The contents revealed that the fair writer and the dead soldier had been married but a few weeks previous—and full was it of every endearing epithet and expression—closing thus: "Dear Jerry, you own Nettie is very lonely. Oh, may God spare you to come back safe when this cruel war is over." Poor Nettie Loring; when a hastily written note from myself, with your own letter and ambrotype to dear Jerry (yet none from himself) reaches you, if happily or unhappily they may, God comfort the stricken and disconsolate one. Were all such incidents so terribly multiplying in this war, collected together; what a volume of strange interest were it to every feeling heart!

REVOLTING SIGHTS.

One of the fiercest and bloodiest contests of this long struggle, took place on Wednesday and Thursday, May 11th and 12th, at the Slaughter Pen. In this, our brigades suffered a heavy loss. On Friday morning we were withdrawn from the camp, leaving dead men and horses strewn around and unburied. Wednesday the 18th at dawn, after a cold, sleepless night, in changing position, we were brought to renew the drama on this same spot. Within five rods of where we halted, lay two artillery horses, so close as to touch each other, now a mass of putrefaction. From where I stood and in front of a rebel rifle pit, lay stretched in positions, over fifty of our unburied soldiers, and within the pit and lying over each other, perhaps, as many more. It seems almost incredible what change a little less than a week had brought, by exposure to sun and hot air. The hair and skin had fallen from a head, and the flesh from the bones. Many of the soldiers stuffed their noses with green leaves. Such a scene as seem to revolting too record. Yet how can we convey any just conception of what is done and suffered here? Should an honest man be yet indulging in the poetry of war, would this were not merely read but the sight itself seen! But why were not these dead buried? Send on all the undertakers in the North to inquire and perform their functions. "Let the dead bury their dead," becomes too frequently the literal language of unrelenting war. Too busy, often are all the living in killing the living, to think of burying the slain. Nor has it always been possible, during this straggle, to hold the locations where our brave men fell, sufficient time to bury them.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES.

Little time there is for the ordinary worship of God; snatched occasions only for religious services. Yet during the past week, we have been enabled to hold meetings for preaching and prayer every other evening, and each meeting, we have not had since this service began. To the sound of singing at evening, assemblies, from our own and other regiments, a crowd great enough to pack a large city church, standing during service in a large dense circle. Such earnestness, too, such attention, such devotion and solemnity. Why should it not be? On several of these occasions, a number, who participated in them, ere the next meridian sun, were at the Bar of God.

A. M. STEWART.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.

who had not re-enlisted, have returned and enjoyed an ovation in Harrisburg and this city.

TEN YEARS' MISSIONARY LABOR IN IOWA.

IOWA CITY, June 1, 1864.

REV. J. W. MEARS, EDITOR.—It has been my privilege to visit the field of missionary labor of Rev. Geo. E. W. Leonard, in the region of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. And I have taken pains to obtain from his tenth anniversary discourse, some of the fruits of the Gospel, during the ten years just passed. His churches, now in our connection, viz., Pleasant Prairie and Centre Point, are on a field of twenty-four miles by six. Pleasant Prairie Church was organized before he began; and Centre Point Church was organized during his first year of preaching. The following statistics will show some of the good results of a stated ministry.

One church edifice of brick, forty by twenty-eight feet, has been erected, with no debt but to the Assembly's Church Erection Fund.

The whole number of members, admitted during the ten years, is one hundred and thirty-two, of whom ninety-three were received on profession; baptized, adults thirty-three, infants thirty. Of the twenty-nine received by letter, twenty-seven were from other denominations, and only two from our own churches.

The congregations embraced in this field, have paid on the salary of the minister from twenty dollars, the first year, to two hundred dollars, the past year, showing a gradual increase of ministerial support on the ground. The rest of the support of the preached Gospel has come from the Missionary Society, and Committee of the Assembly.

The amount expended in building the church is about fifteen hundred dollars, and the sum contributed to benevolent objects is two hundred and twenty-nine dollars.

No intoxicating liquors are sold in the bounds of these congregations. The Sabbath is now generally observed. Sabbath Schools have been maintained. The people and the minister have gradually risen from log cabin life, and narrow accommodations, to comfortable homes, and cultivated farms.

But it is impossible to describe on paper the changes that have followed these labors.

The difficulty of this work may be inferred from the amount of travel performed by the pastor, which has been ten thousand four hundred and seventy miles, including Presbyterial, Synodical and General Assemblies, cruises, eight thousand miles of which have been in parochial duties, in all weathers, in Summer and Winter.

This double charge has sent five members of the church to the war, all of which still survive amidst numerous battles.

Thinking that these items of a missionary charge would encourage the donors to our cause and show what labors are endured in opening new places and founding Gospel institutions, I have given somewhat in detail.

IOWA.

REVIVAL IN CHICAGO.

THRILLING CASE OF THE CONVERSION OF A JEW IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, May 30.

DEAR BRO. EDITOR.—The following from the pen of one of the city pastors, can but interest the readers of the Presbyterianian: A remarkable scene occurred in the Second Presbyterian Church, in Chicago, Rev. Dr. Patterson's on Thursday, May 26.—It was at the close of a morning prayer meeting held in the lecture room, in connection with the very successful Children's Union Meetings, which are conducted in that church this week, by the Rev. E. P. Hammond, the Evangelist. After the prayer meeting had ended, a Christian met a man on the sidewalk near the church, who seemed greatly disappointed that the meeting was closed, and expressed an anxiety to see Rev. Mr. H., who he had seen by the morning papers, was to be there. He was taken in and introduced to that gentleman.

His story was soon told. He was a Jew, and had received a liberal education in England, but had been for ten years a theatrical performer, and was a very wicked man. On Sabbath he had been allured, by the singing, into a church he was passing on the West Side of the city, and had stopped a few minutes, when he heard words that robbed him of his peace. The preacher told his auditors that they must soon die, and then they must render up a balance sheet of their accounts to God. This he knew to be true, but felt his accounts would be sadly unbalanced; and this truth pierced his heart, and made him so unhappy that he had not slept since. His first question was, "Is Jesus of Nazareth divine?" Mr. H. talked and prayed with him, and then being compelled to leave, placed him in charge of an efficient Christian brother, who with three others, including a stranger clergyman, remained.

He soon said, "Mr. Hammond told me I must have a change of heart—and I do not know what that means, will you please tell me?" and he bowed his head while Mr. M. opened the Bible, and read from the third chapter of John, repeating the fourteenth and fifteenth verses five or six times. The little circle then knelt, and when the others

had prayed, Mr. M. asked the heart-burdened Jew, who was prostrate on the floor, to pray. He groaned only, "I am too great a sinner! You would not ask me if you knew me! I am too vile to pray!" He was told of the thief on the cross, and of a dying soldier in the army, who had found help in Jesus, but he kept saying, "I am too vile a sinner!" The clergymen then said, "Can you believe the fact that Jesus is the Messiah, of whom Moses and the prophets wrote?" He replied, "That is the trouble!" The minister continued to say, "The Holy Ghost only can make you see it. But you can pray 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' can you not?" He answered "Yes," and repeated, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Mr. M., who felt the presence and power of the Holy Ghost, had commenced praying for him again, when he suddenly sprung to his feet, clapped his hands, and exclaimed aloud, "I see it! I see it! I see it!" The others immediately arose, when he said hurriedly, "Open to that place and read again that fourteenth verse!" And when that and the fifteenth verse had been solemnly read, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life;" he exclaimed again, "I see it! The brazen serpent had no virtue in itself, but it was because it was a type of Christ, that those were healed who looked and believed. He is the true Saviour! Let me go and tell my people that Jesus is the Messiah!" And taking his hat, he said, "Where is there a New Testament?" They gave him one, and he went on his way rejoicing, while they fell on their knees again to return thanks to God. In the prayer meeting this morning, at the request of Mr. Hammond, he repeated his account of his former manner of life and of his conviction of sin, and said—"When I asked Mr. H. whether Jesus is divine, while he was talking, I lifted up my heart to the God of Abraham, and besought him to show me whether Jesus was indeed the Messiah. When Mr. M. opened the New Testament which had been a sealed book to me, and read the fourteenth verse of the third chapter of John, I knew that my ancient fathers had been saved from death by looking at a brazen serpent on a pole, and as I knew that the brazen serpent had no power in itself to heal, I felt that the healing must have been through the believing. And when Mr. M. was praying, I said in the agony of my soul, 'O Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, show me the connection between the serpent on the pole and the Messiah, Thy Son!' At that moment there was pictured to my mind, as clearly as if my bodily eyes had seen it, the Saviour lifted upon that cross. I felt that He was the Messiah, my Saviour, and I was filled with ecstasy."

"My brother, it is of God; it can be nothing else, for it is so opposite to anything I ever thought or felt before. I hate the things that I always loved, and I have been very wicked; and I love that which I hated. I love now to think and talk and read and sing of Christ, and to be with Christians in meetings of prayer. O! I feel, I cannot tell how! I love everybody; and I could go out into the streets and tell everybody that Jesus is the Saviour. I went yesterday to Mr. —, one of my people, to tell him that Jesus is the Messiah, and he called me 'Apostate,' and struck me. Before, I would have knocked him down quickly. Now, I remembered that my Saviour was buffeted and spit upon for me, and that he opened not his mouth; and so I said nothing to him, only 'God bless you, Mr. —,' and I came away.

"Pray for me, that I may be kept from being overcome by the power of temptation. I was tempted last night. On my way home from Mr. M.'s meeting, I met one of my theatrical companions who said: 'Where have you been?' I replied, 'To a prayer meeting.' He asked, 'What books have you in your hand? Is that Hamlet?' 'No,' I answered, 'that is a Bible Mr. M. gave me.' And what singing book is that? Christy's Minstrel Melodies.' 'No, it is Mr. H.'s Revival Melodies.' 'Good God!' was the reply, 'a Bible and Revival Melodies! Charley, you are mad! come and take a drink, and get rid of this nonsense.' 'No!' I said, 'I do not drink liquor any more, and if I do not drink mad, to love Jesus, I pray that all may become mad, and that I may grow more and more mad, as long as I live, and so we parted. Pray for me brethren, that I may be kept humble and at the foot of the cross, and there I shall be safe."

As many of the children have been converted during the past few days, we are led to hope by this occurrence, that the good work will spread until multitudes in our city who are now outcasts, should be brought into the Kingdom of God.—Chicago Paper.

REV. C. J. HUTCHINS, PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF RACINE, WIS.

has accepted the chaplaincy of Col. Buttrick's regiment of 100 day men, raised thereabouts—his Church granting him leave of absence and generously voting to continue his salary. This is not Mr. Hutchins' first experience of army work. He went to the battle-field of Pittsburg Landing with the Chicago Sanitary Commission, and rendered efficient aid in removing the wounded heroes and caring for them on their way to the hospital.—Evangelist.

PROF. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D. D., OF NEW YORK.

the celebrated divine and eloquent platform speaker, has been engaged to deliver an address in this city, on the evening of the 16th inst., before the Philadelphia Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies.