

Correspondence.

FROM OUR ROCHESTER CORRESPONDENT.

ADDENDUM.

Although our letter about the commencement at Hamilton was long enough, yet there were quite a number of things beside, about which we should be glad to say a word.

It is an interesting fact that all the members of the first class of Hamilton College, which graduated in 1814, are still living. The class was not large, however. Rev. George A. Calhoun, D. D., of Coventry, Ct., was one of them, and William Groves, Esq., formerly of Clarkson, in this county, and once our County Clerk, was the other. We presume the honors were equitably divided between them. If Mr. Calhoun took the Valedictory, it is not difficult to suppose that Mr. Groves must have had the Salutatory. It certainly was a very respectable class, though not large.

The whole number of graduates of Hamilton, up to the present time, is something over eleven hundred; averaging over twenty a year, which is not bad for the first half century of the life of such an institution. But her graduates are not to be estimated by numbers alone. There are some single names among her sons—such as Edward Robinson and Albert Barnes—that will outweigh a whole catalogue of common men. And it is a little singular, and quite interesting, that while special efforts are being made to introduce the systematic and thorough study of the Bible, as an integral portion of a college course in Hamilton, the names of Robinson and Barnes should just be identified with two professorships; men who have done so much to promote the scientific and thorough study of the Scriptures, not only in this country, but as we may almost say, in every other.

But these are not the only names of sons of Hamilton well known, at least in the land. We might mention that of Gerrit Smith, the philanthropist, of the class of 1818; Dr. Parker, of Newark; Dr. Hague, of Boston; Judge Bacon, of Utica; Judge Clinton, of Buffalo; Dr. Whedon, of the University of Michigan, and Dr. Kendrick, of the University of Rochester. Among the missionaries we might name Sheldon Dibble and H. G. O. Dwight; and, among a younger class, conspicuous are the names of Professor Theodore W. Dwight, in New York; Dr. Nelson, in St. Louis; the late Governor Willard, of Indiana; Prof. Upson, of Hamilton College; Rev. F. F. Ellinwood, of Rochester, and Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, of New York. Pennsylvania is also indebted to Hamilton for her Dr. Wing, and the late Dr. Henry Steele Clarke.

At the same time, we doubt not, this college has some sons of whom she is not so proud. The names of Philip Barton Key, of Washington notoriety, and Luther C. Saxton, now an inmate of Auburn State Prison, occur to us in this connection; but those are only a dark background to a bright picture.

The senior Professor, Charles Avery, LL. D., of the Chair of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, deserves honorable mention. He has been for thirty years at his post, and has gone through with his accustomed course of lectures every year; having lost none by sickness or absence, an example of constancy and fidelity truly remarkable.

We should love to speak of other professors. They are the right men in the right places. The mature writing, and the manly, natural, earnest speaking of Commencement plainly showed, at least that the Chair of Rhetoric and Elocution is well filled. We regard Prof. Upson, indeed, as a man of rare gifts for his place—so lively, genial, witty, playful and youthful in his own feelings, we know the young men must like him; and at the same time so simple, so natural, and yet so able; so manly, and yet so elegant in his own style, we do not see how he can help being a good teacher, while he is necessarily a good model in his department. And as success in professional life so often depends solely upon good speaking, the importance of having in such an institution the right kind of a professor of Rhetoric cannot easily be over-estimated. Hamilton is peculiarly fortunate in this respect.

Another thing favors this college—it has a noble constituency. It is conceded, we believe, that every such institution, while it should not be sectarian, yet must be closely allied to some religious denomination, to which it shall look for sympathy counsel and support. This looks to the Presbyterian Church of our own branch; and this is the home of this branch. In no other part of our land is our church so strong, so compact, as here; and in no part, we venture to say, more intelligent, or more enterprising. Let them see to it that their own college is well cared for and well patronized. It will be their fault alone if it is not, in the next fifty years, in all

respects, one of the very first colleges of the land. Grateful for the generous assistance afforded by Philadelphia and New York, her more immediate friends patrons intend to make her so.

PRESBYTERY OF ST. LAWRENCE.

This body convened in its semi-annual meeting at the beautiful village of Waddington, on the St. Lawrence River, on the 12th inst. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. Bliss Burnap, of Massena. Rev. S. W. Pratt, of Brasher Falls, was elected Moderator, and preached a missionary sermon in the evening, and Rev. A. C. Riggs, of Potsdam, preached the communion sermon, next day.

It will be remembered that this was the Presbytery which sent an overture to the General Assembly, praying that immediate and positive steps might be taken for a re-union of Old and New School Presbyterians. The Presbytery of Ogdensburg, (O. S.) in the same county, sent a similar overture—in the same words—to the Old School General Assembly. These Presbyteries are ripe for a re-union. As further proof of it, a proposition was presented to the Presbytery of St. Lawrence, from the Presbytery of Ogdensburg, in their recent meeting, that the two bodies should unite in supporting a Home Missionary for the county. The proposal was received with favor.

The interests and wants of Foreign Missions also came under review, and the need of a special effort to aid the American Board, by special contribution, in this time of its great embarrassment, was earnestly and judiciously presented by Rev. S. W. Pratt, the "Presbyterial Agent for Missions." It is hoped that the churches of St. Lawrence will do all in their power in this direction before the close of August.

The meeting of Presbytery passed off pleasantly, and with special interest attending most of its exercises.

The semi-annual meeting of the St. Lawrence County Sunday School Teachers' Association was held on the 14th, at Brasher Falls, was well attended, and was a pleasant and profitable gathering. The friends of Sunday Schools from Ogdensburg chartered a car, and went out in strong force, under the lead of Col. Redington, and with our good friend Rev. Mr. Miller as Chaplain. It was voted to employ a Sunday School Missionary for the county, with the determination that everything possible shall be done to promote the thoroughness, completeness and efficiency of the Sunday School work in this county.

PERSONAL.

Rev. James W. Grush, a graduate of Williams College, and of East Windsor Seminary, is now supplying the pulpit at Potsdam Junction. He is a young man of fine promise, and is a valuable acquisition to the ministerial force of that region. He has previously been engaged for a time in the work of teaching, in Canton. We give him cordial welcome to the more direct work of preaching the everlasting gospel.

GENESEE.

ROCHESTER, July 30, 1864.

CHAPLAIN STEWART'S LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 30, 1864.

LAWFUL TO BE TAUGHT BY AN ENEMY.

DEAR BRO. MEARS:—This was a trite and sensible old maxim, and long centuries since copied into Christian literature. The magnitude and difficulties connected with our present civil commotions, should render us as a people docile of teaching from all sources whence practical information may be drawn. We are, however, such a proud and conceited folk, having such an evident consciousness of our own greatness, and so glorying in our superior shrewdness, wisdom and ability; that we are quite unwilling to assume the attitude of docility and become learners at any despised shrine of knowledge, becoming especially indignant when invited to borrow from, and in certain matters become imitators of our rebel enemies.

HOME LEAGUES. WOMAN'S SELF-DENIAL.

Quite a stir has been made in various places through the North, by the formation of Home Leagues among the ladies, they pledging themselves, after speeches, essays and various patriotic deliverances, to eat nothing, wear nothing, use nothing, buy nothing of foreign manufacture and importation while our present war struggles continue. This covenant is, perhaps, modified in certain high places with the cautious proviso, "Unless the article desired cannot be purchased in the home market, nor of domestic manufacture."

No one possessing any intelligent conception of Northern society, with its present conditions, ever seriously imagined that these Leagues were about to become general, or exert any visible or practical influence in stopping the enormous flow of our gold and silver to foreign countries, for their gewgaws and

luxuries. The few ladies who are in earnest in this matter, might as well clasp hands and wade into the Niagara River above the falls with a view to stop its current, as thus attempt to dam up the present broad and deep flow of pride, extravagance and luxury.

And why confine these leagues to the ladies? The gentlemen seem quite as fond of extras as they; wear about as many rich foreign fabrics; *drink* quite as much and varied foreign composts; and eat as many imported luxuries. Why not therefore have our lords of creation lead off in these patriotic Home Leagues? Not they indeed.

Surely not out of place is it here to ask: "How are the rebels acting in this matter?" It may be readily answered, "They are of course all Home Leaguers, and this too from necessity." Much truth no doubt there is in the assertion; yet we apprehend not all the realities of the case. Everywhere during the late advance of our army through Virginia to Petersburg, was evidence among the inhabitants of new and hitherto untried efforts at home production—this, not only in the immense and flourishing corn-fields noticed in a previous letter, but in the production of a more than ordinary quantity of wheat, rye and oats—an unusual quantity of Irish and sweet potatoes planted, also beans, squashes and pumpkins, with patches of flax and cotton. An increase in the amount of home manufactured cloth was evident on all the prisoners taken, and on all of the enemy's dead we buried.

ICE HOUSES.

Surprising to all of was the fact, that nearly every farm of any pretension from the Rapid Ann to Petersburg, had its ice house well-filled, and although the cakes of ice were thin, yet clear and well preserved. These proved a godsend to our field hospitals in every advance made. Many of these ice houses are far away from any river, considerable stream, or natural pond. Although the water was frequently all dried up from whence the ice had been taken, yet were the ingenious shifts for its production still evident. A dam had been made in the fall season below or around each spring, or across every running brook. Large and deep holes had been dug in marshy places, and as the ice formed on these it had been collected and carefully housed.

Several favorable occasions were afforded me during the past season for forming a somewhat earnest judgment with respect to the feelings and purposes of Southern women in connection with this war. Former convictions have thus been greatly strengthened, that the South stands to-day quite as much indebted for a successful prolongation of this struggle to her women, as to her generals and soldiers in the field. Fully, fiercely, terribly, malignantly have they entered into this conflict. In many localities I am fully persuaded that neither friend, relative, or neighbor, capable of bearing arms, would be allowed to remain at home. The females in their zeal would find some means to scold him away into the military service. A number of these Confederate females have declared to me, that although their present sacrifices are a seeming necessity, yet by the *Loyal* women of the South as they term them—and they are all thus terribly loyal—these sacrifices are most cheerfully borne; that could each of their former luxuries be now commanded all would cheerfully go to the government and army; and that they have a pride as well as principle in using a home production both of food and apparel, however coarse.

Not long since, during our numerous marchings and campings, I was called to visit on pass and military duty, a family of F. F. V's., from all appearance, previous to the war, the home of wealth, refinement and luxury, but now, owing to the marching over and camping thereon of our immense army, everything is laid waste. Aabled bodied slaves were all gone; a few, too old and too young for use, left as a burden; fences, cattle, crops, outhouses all having disappeared; the old homestead, with a small yard enclosed by palings, alone remaining. The family were a dignified old gentleman, several daughters, and some female relatives, the son being in the Southern army. After the business in hand was arranged, a long and interesting conversation ensued.

When speaking of the desolation of everything around, inquiry was made, as to how they expected to get through the coming season. "The Lord only knows for I do not!" was the old gentleman's sad response. A daughter of some twenty summers, full of life, energy and bubbling over with Southern and Confederate sympathies, interposed; "Oh, never fear, we'll get through somehow. We are now living, and rather comfortably too, on what before the war we carelessly threw away. Before this war commenced, the idea of

doing what is called *work* never once entered my mind, now I am laboring hard every day from morn till eve, and feel the better for it. We'll get along some way."

Thus it is that the Lord is strangely working a speedy and radical revolution in all the social feelings and habits of the South, lowering pride and vanity; leveling a self-constituted aristocracy to the ordinary grade of human sympathies and duties; developing also in an unexpected and remarkable manner, the latent energies of what we have been wont to look upon as an almost effete race. More than this also, God is unloosing those that were bound, elevating the lowly, removing stumbling-blocks, and placing before a long despised race, new hopes, new desires, new prospects, with the addition of a field hitherto unseen for rewarded energy and industry.

When this war has terminated with a restored union and permanent peace, all the peoples of the South will be found in an entirely novel condition; full of energy, zeal and self-reliance, henceforth to become a vigorous, yet loving, competitor to the North in all the elements of national greatness, a population which in coming years will wonderfully develop the national resources of this glorious Southern portion of our union, making it, as it ought to be, a garden spot of earth.

We have evidently failed to look closely enough into the various elements of internal strength which have so unexpectedly enabled the South to carry on this war so long, and with such tremendous energies. One chief source, beyond question, is a self-sacrifice among all classes, which we of the North, and in this the hour of our country's need and trial, are called upon especially to imitate. *Fas Est ab hoste doceri.* Our people should not allow themselves to be wheeled into the belief, that the present enormous prices for every necessary of life, together with the alarming reduction in the value of Greenbacks, is owing to the tricks and cunning of stock-jobbers, brokers and traffickers in gold and silver. The causes are natural and legitimate and lie far deeper than all these pretences. The self-sacrifice and patriotism of our people must come unitedly to the rescue, else will this rise in our staples and fall in our money, continue, until a barrel of flour in our Northern market when paid for in Federal money, will command as high a rate as the same article now in Richmond, traded for in Confederate scrip. Let us not therefore reject wholesome lessons of instruction though coming from our enemies.

A. M. STEWART.

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

Interesting Report from Rev. Geo. DuHeld, Jr.

ADRIAN, Mich., July 21, 1864.

GEORGE H. STUART, Esq.—*My Very Dear Brother:* In addition to various other things stolen by the rebels in their recent raid, I must hold them responsible for two very precious days, one of which I expected, according to promise, to spend with you at Philadelphia, in talking over the present operations and prospects of the Christian Commission. To use a favorite expression of the freedmen, which is on their tongues from morning till night, it is indeed an "institution," and much as I loved it before, after the experience of the last four weeks I love it a thousand-fold more than ever. Count me in for the war, to the last man and the last dollar, to put down this infamous rebellion; and while the war lasts, heart and mind and soul and strength. Count me also in for the Christian Commission.

My recent experience at Bermuda Hundred and vicinity has been very different from that at Gettysburg a year ago. Then I saw suffering, but mainly in the particular form of gunshot wounds and dismembered limbs. Patience in suffering I saw on the part of the soldier, fortitude that could not be surpassed; hope in such extremities where hope seemed utterly impossible; resignation without a murmur to the loss of arms, and legs, and eyes; peace and triumph in death. To minister to these noble fellows part of the stores provided for them by our Commission was one of the most precious privileges in the way of service in which I have ever been permitted to engage. The day that I met the "walking cases" on their way to the depot—scores of them falling faint and weary by the wayside—and found myself with a full carpet bag ready to relieve their more immediate wants, was one of the happiest days in all my life. For the contents of that bag, if any one had offered me \$5000 in gold I would have laughed him to scorn. The "blessing of many that are ready to perish," of all earthly blessings goes the deepest and lasts the longest. From the way that I now write, you can see that the savor of it has not entirely exhaled even to the present moment.

What I have seen at Bermuda Hundred has given me a deeper sympathy

with the soldier than ever. I have seen him in the camp, sometimes where he had had bad water and worse air, but where the position had to be occupied at all hazards. I have seen him on picket, going and coming at the risk of his life, not knowing whether the sharpshooters would ever permit him to return. I have seen him in the rifle pits, at the battery, and in the trenches, and hard at work under a burning mid-day sun to complete fortifications that might be attacked the very next moment. I have seen him on the long and dusty march, carrying his shoes because, his feet were swollen too much to be contained in them any longer. I have seen him after a march, particularly Wilson's and Kantz's cavalry after their terrible raids—man and horse alike exhausted, and dropping together side by side into the dust—sleep wanted more than water; rest more than food. I have seen them, as the result of such fatigue, by scores and hundreds in the hospital with typhoid fever, and in all those things I have seen such a commentary, on the words of Paul—"to endure hardness as a good soldier"—as I have met nowhere else.

Such as it is, therefore, and as far as it will go, I am ready to bear my testimony as follows:

1. As to the field of Christian labor and benevolence embraced within the plan of our Commission. It is large; it is encouraging; it is "white unto the harvest;" I scarcely see any end to the number of voluntary laborers that might be profitably employed, or the amount of money that might be judiciously expended upon it. At Bermuda Station, for example, there was great variety in our labor. One day supplies were to be sent off to the Point of Rocks station. Another day some twenty different hospitals were to be visited, and the day following their wants supplied. A third day, Shaw's Colored Regiment halted for some hours in our vicinity and there was a fair chance to distribute reading matter. A fourth day the hot weather was upon us; the surgeon and assistant surgeon of a neighboring regiment were sick; so was the colonel, so were the officers. The soldiers came to the tent in scores, and converted it into a regular apothecary's shop. Ginger, laudanum and blackberry did wonders. Then a pickle and a couple of crackers; some dried fruit, or a lemon to bring up the appetite. The thanks of the soldiers knew no bounds. "I tell you," said one of them, just as I was leaving, "but for the Christian Commission, I would be under the sod, and so would a good many more of us." Said another man, a quartermaster, "I have been watching you men in that tent, and I must say I think you are doing the right sort of work. Yesterday I got a letter from my brother-in-law who is a preacher, telling me about his nice choir, fine congregation, pleasant settlement and all that. I told him to come down here to Bermuda and he could exemplify more Gospel in a week than he could at home in a twelvemonth!" The quartermaster (not a professor of religion) was about right.

Another day a battle had taken place in which the 18th Corps were engaged. Five of our delegates started by daylight, and helped to unload nearly fifty ambulances, to bury the dead, to help the wounded, to write letters home, &c. I saw some hard days at that station, but the hardest day of all was the day I sat in my empty tent, and was obliged to say, "No, we are entirely out; we can't get any more until to-morrow, or the day after!" Hard as it would be to haul down the stars and stripes, I tell you my dear brother, it would go just as much against the grain to haul down the flag of the Christian Commission! Let us nail it to the mast.

2. Another point in which I can bear most cordial and unequivocal testimony, is as to the CO-OPERATION of all the army authorities with the Christian Commission, and without which co-operation the Commission of course would be a thing of naught. From the Secretary of War, who gave me a note to the Surgeon General, and through him a pass to all the wards of all the hospitals in and around Washington, down to the ambulance driver, I met nothing in my work but the utmost courtesy and consideration. If I wanted a tug, I got it from the captain of the port; a wagon, or an ambulance, or a horse, I got it from the quartermaster; a pass, it was never refused by the provost marshal; a lot of hands to move our goods, I was always sure of them from the wharf-master. Everybody seemed to know that the Commission had the cordial approval of Gen. Grant and Gen. Butler, and to act accordingly. I am the more explicit on this point, because it is in itself an evidence, than which I wish none better, as to the estimate that is put upon our services by the powers that be.

3. The last point on which I wish to bear my testimony, and to do so with even more pleasure and satisfaction

than either of the others, is as to the abundant opportunity that we have through this Commission of laboring for the spiritual good of the soldiers, and especially of preaching the Gospel. Of the three Sabbaths that I spent, each of them was more interesting than the other. The first Sabbath I preached to the army, our services were under a large walnut tree, which suggested the text—"Where art thou?" 1. Under the tree of knowledge of good and evil? 2. Under the "Fig tree?" 3. Under the "Apple tree?" or 4. (as I knew to be the case with many of the 100 days' men) under the "Juniper tree?" concluding by hoping that all might be found at last under the Tree of Life. In the evening I preached in the tent.

The next Sabbath I preached to the Navy, on board the gun-boat *Sassafras*, Capt. Roe, whose conflict with the rebel ram *Albemarle*, off North Carolina, takes its place in the same category with the battles of the Monitor and the *Kearsarge*. "Gentlemen," said I, "honor will not satisfy! Here on this deck, if any where in the U. S., is the place to say it. Few have achieved equal—none can achieve greater honors than you, but do they satisfy the heart? To do this must ye not seek the honor that comes from God only?" Captain Roe is a hero, every inch of him! The next thing I hope to hear from him is, that he has fully enlisted as a soldier of the Cross!

The third Sabbath in some respects was the most interesting of all. Agreeably to appointment, at 10 o'clock A. M., I found myself on the deck of the double-turreted monitor, *Onondaga*, Commodore Melancthe Smith, of the Reformed Dutch Church. Half a mile back of us was a new battery of the enemy, 8 guns already mounted, four more mounting, and ready at any moment to open fire upon us! Rather interesting and suggestive circumstances in which to preach! With the crew of the *Onondaga*, and part of the crew of the *Saugus*, Capt. Colhoun, of the *Alexander* ch., Philadelphia, we had a full deck. I preached of Christ as at the head of the kingdom of Providence as well as the kingdom of Grace—as the *Savior of Nations* as well as individuals. The iron-clads had taught us the use of Providence in the original monitors, as nothing else had done during the entire war, &c. Solemn as it was to preach, however, in such circumstances, it was still more solemn to pray—the nearest congregation to Richmond of loyal worshippers of any in the United States, and that service held for the first time! At the close of the service, at Capt. Smith's request I organized a Sunday school. Testaments were distributed to some 20 of the hands who desired them; religious books were distributed. On a call by Capt. Smith for teachers, several officers volunteered their services; a regular time was appointed for the exercises of the *Onondaga* Sunday school, and with the exception of the officers constantly on the look-out for the "ram," I suspect that the rest of us for the time being forgot all about both the ram and the battery.

In the afternoon we had a mass meeting in the yard of the provost marshal, made up of soldiers, sailors, long-shore men, freedmen, male and female, and towards the last, of nearly one hundred rebel prisoners who had the benefit of our services.

Rev. Messrs. Lester, of Penna., Fay, of N. H., McRay, of Brooklyn, L. I., and your humble servant from Michigan, endeavored to preach Christ and him crucified, and we trust, not without hope, that some good was accomplished. At the close of the meeting an old slave, apparently over 70 years of age, came up and shook hands with us, as if his joy knew no bounds. "De fus time, yes, de fus time I's ever been to church!" God helping our brethren, we are sure it will not be the last.

In the evening about 9 o'clock, we thought as we were all most thoroughly fatigued, we would have family worship and retire. But singing brought a congregation of freedmen around us, such as we dare not dismiss, and again we preached of him who came "to open the prison doors to those that were bound, and proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." It was hard, very hard, to say good bye to such hearers, and the only thing that reconciled us to it was that there would soon be other ministers to take our place.

Sincerely yours in the best of bonds,
GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BEVERLY, N. J.

This comparatively new church, now under the ministry of Rev. P. C. Headley, is again prospering. There is a good degree of unity, and the small sanctuary is filled. It is the only New School church in that region, and in a beautiful village, or rather city, with considerable wealth. It ought to become a strong and greatly useful church. The Sabbath school is flourishing under the care of Mr. G. F. Work.