

JOURNAL

of

The Presbyterian Historical Society

June, 1959

Volume XXXVII

Number 2

Civil War Notebook

The Recovery of Worship

Day Book of Trip to Arizona

Jackson Invades Rocky Mountains

Published by the

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY OF THE
UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U.S.A.
LANCASTER, PA. and PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JOURNAL
of
The Presbyterian Historical Society

Published by The Department of History of the
Office of the General Assembly of the
United Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

THE JOURNAL of the Department and Society is published quarterly at Prince and Lemon Streets, Lancaster, Pa., in March, June, September, and December: Editor, Charles A. Anderson, M.A., D.D., Associate Editor, Guy S. Klett, M.A., Assistant Editor, William B. Miller.

Correspondence regarding the JOURNAL should be sent to the Editor, 520 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia 7, Pa. The Society does not assume responsibility of statements of fact or of opinion made by the contributors to the JOURNAL.

Membership in the Department and Society is \$5.00 per year which includes the subscription to the JOURNAL. Subscription to the JOURNAL is \$3.00 annually. Single numbers of the JOURNAL from 1901 to 1916 can be purchased for \$1.00; after 1916, for 75¢.

Second-class postage paid at Lancaster, Pa.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Civil War Notebook of James Russell Miller. Introduction By <i>Alvin Duane Smith</i>	65
The Recovery of Worship. By <i>J. Shackelford Dauerty</i>	91
Day Book of the Rev. Charles H. Cook. Introduction By <i>Charles A. Anderson</i>	104
Sheldon Jackson Invades the Rocky Mountains, 1869-76	122

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

The Rev. Alvin Duane Smith, S. T. D., has recently left the pastorate of Overbrook Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Pa., to become Executive of the Synod of New England. He holds a doctorate from Temple University. For several years Dr. Smith has served as a member of the Board of Directors of the Presbyterian Historical Society.

The Rev. J. Shackelford Dauerty, S. T. D., provides us with another instalment of his study of Reformed worship.

The Rev. Sheldon Jackson's story of beginnings of his impressive work in the Rocky Mountains has reposed in the safe of the Historical Society for many years. It reveals various facets of his personality, and the magnitude of his work.

The Rev. William L. Hiemstra, whose article on "Presbyterian Missions Among Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians, 1860" we published in March, lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

JOURNAL
OF
The Presbyterian Historical Society

VOL. XXXVII

JUNE, 1959

No. 2

TWO CIVIL WAR NOTEBOOKS OF
JAMES RUSSELL MILLER

INTRODUCTION

BY ALVIN DUANE SMITH

Among the several United Presbyterians who served in the United States Christian Commission during the Civil War was one young man of rare abilities—organizational, spiritual, and literary. James Russell Miller, though but twenty-three years of age when he interrupted his training for the gospel ministry in order to engage in this service of practical Christianity, soon demonstrated such unusual skill, insight and dedication, that he was appointed a general field agent, responsible for scores of workers.

Miller filled two notebooks with his Civil War impressions and experiences. Occasionally during his long post-war preaching ministry, he would turn to the notebooks for vivid sermon illustrations. Following his death in 1912, his son, William K. Miller—for many years a ruling elder in Philadelphia's Overbrook Presbyterian Church—cherished and preserved the journals, along with other manuscripts from the pen of his famous father.

To look into these well seasoned pages is to enter the very heart-beat of the work of the Christian Church during the Civil War. To read these first-hand reports nearly a hundred years after they were composed is to go to the field of battle, into hospitals, to prayer meetings in canvas chapels—close to those soldiers and sailors who fought

in the Confederate and Union armies. Personal, intimate thoughts of a dedicated Christian upon many Civil War subjects are preserved here.

It is in order to remember the chaos and disorganization that existed at the war's outbreak. Men, and even boys, reached for their muskets and left their farms, villages, and city homes to serve as volunteers in the army and navy. Matters such as uniforms, field headquarters, systematic distribution of arms, hospitals, doctors, and nurses, all came quickly, born of necessity with travail.

Christians wanted to help. A tremendous religious awakening had been sweeping the nation and public interest in religion was high. This revivalistic activity sought an outlet in Christian service. The emergencies of the war, with untrained men and boys pouring from every community to be precipitated into physical danger and temptation, were matters with which the church was concerned.

Widespread Christian zeal resulted in the formation of the United States Christian Commission. The organization had its inception on October 28, 1861, when George H. Stewart, John Wanamaker, James Grant, John W. Sexton, and George Cookman, all of Philadelphia, wrote a letter to the various secretaries of the Y.M.C.A. in America, requesting that those men meet to organize and systematize methods of extending Christian service to the soldiers and sailors of the army and navy.

As a result of their letter, a group of clergy and Y.M.C.A. officials from fifteen cities met on November 14, 1861, to make plans and adopt resolutions. They had some past experiences to guide them, for the work of Christian mercy had begun as soon as Fort Sumter was bombarded on April 13 and 14, the previous spring. The volunteers who had gone then, with their Bibles, bandages, food—whatever they could get together—had the support of their local churches rather than of any over-all organization. A centralized system of work was greatly needed.

The organization which was set up in November, 1861, designated two general fields of labor. The first was to operate at a distance from the war in hospitals and camps and at supply bases where material comforts and arms were distributed. The second division of labor was at the seat of war—on the battlefield where the wounded had to be cared for, letters written for them, the Bible read to them, and prayers said. The organization was named the United States Christian Com-

mission. Its two-fold plan of work was put into immediate action.

Those who took part in the work of the Commission were called *delegates*. Each of these unpaid workers was provided with a railroad pass to a designated destination, and outfitted with a haversack containing food, a bucket and cup, a lantern and candle, a notebook, and, of course, a Bible and some Christian literature. He also received a blanket to roll himself in at night, if he could find a place to sleep and time for sleeping! A metal badge engraved, "U. S. Christian Commission," was pinned to his coat.

The delegates were divided into companies and each company had its captain. Field agents supervised the companies, and it was in this capacity that James Russell Miller served, after being a delegate and an assistant field agent for a time. In all, his work with the Commission occupied the years from 1863 to 1865.

During the first year of the Commission, 336 delegates were sent into the war area. At home, women in churches prepared bandages, gathered supplies, and packed them into trunks, boxes, and barrels, which were shipped or taken to delegates in camps and on the battlefield. This work, later known as the Ladies' Christian Commission, was an important part of the United States Christian Commission.

As the Civil War entered its second year, the work of the Commission gathered momentum. The home organization was enlarged and strengthened: money and supplies were raised, more men were secured to carry on the work, and the organization became more clearly defined. It was during this year that young Miller entered the Commission as a delegate. On March 15, 1863, he began his work in Falmouth Village, Virginia. He was appointed an assistant field agent on May 1, and put in charge of the first, twelfth, and Cavalry Corps Hospitals.

The third year, 1864, was the greatest and most active year of the Commission. By that time its services included not only work in camps, hospitals, diet kitchens, and the like, but delegates and chaplains went into Southern prisons to carry supplies and to administer to the spiritual needs of the prisoners. At all times, the work of the Commission proceeded without regard to whether those needing aid were in the Union or the Confederate Army.

It was hard work, dirty work, to care for the wounded: wash and dress them, cook for and feed them. It was heartbreaking to offer a drink of water to a man who lay wounded or dying on the battlefield, to

pray, perhaps to plead, and certainly to encourage. The men of the United States Christian Commission not only preached the Gospel—they dug graves with their own hands and conducted Christian burials. They did man-to-man, tent-to-tent service of the most practical and soul-searching kind.

This, then, is the setting in which James Russell Miller worked and wrote in his notebooks during the Civil War. In the pages which follow we sometimes look over his shoulder as he writes by lantern or candle light, late at night when the camp is quiet. On other occasions, particularly as the war neared its end and immediately after its close, we sit beside him after he returns from a day at a hospital and from talking with the sick and wounded. Young Miller wrote movingly, for he was sensitive to suffering and he was a dedicated idealist.

Miller intended his notebooks to be a record of his work in the army. This he found, in time, to be impractical, so that the chapters of history which he did relate are intermingled with various thoughts upon related subjects. At one point Miller explained that the book was a "strange melody," the sentences having been composed in the midst of much hurry and bustle and confusion. "Nothing has been rewritten," he explained at the end of the first notebook. "All are crude and lack the finish which one writing under other circumstances would impart to his productions. They have been written when the mind was burdened with cares and when scarce five minutes of uninterrupted attention could be gained."

After the war, J. R. Miller (as he was generally known from then on) went back to theological seminary. He was ordained a minister of the United Presbyterian Church in 1867. Then followed years as pastor in several churches: First United Presbyterian Church, New Wilmington, Pennsylvania (1867-69); Bethany Church, Philadelphia (1869-78); Broadway Church, Rock Island, Illinois (1878-80); Holland Church, Philadelphia (1881-83 and 1886-97); St. Paul, Philadelphia (1899-1912).

In 1880 he was invited to be an editor for the Board of Publication for the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. He was that Board's Editorial Superintendent from 1887 until his death in 1912. He wrote some sixty books of devotion, becoming one of the most popular religious writers of his later years. But all of that came after his Civil War

experience. All of that came after those words with which he concluded the earlier of his two notebooks:

"And now comes the last page. I shall send this book home to be preserved . . . I will esteem it in after years, if spared, as a relic of the war, and it may recall to mind some of the roughness and austerities of camp living. If I should not live to use it again, it will be of no use to any one, but may be kept and read, by some one, as a memento of times past."

NOTES ON ARMY WORK OF CHRISTIAN COMMISSION

I left Allegheny City as a delegate of U. S. Christian Commission on March 15th, 1863, labored in Falmouth Village as delegate, remained there during the months of March and April, and then came the great bloody and disastrous battle of Chancellorville. About that date I was appointed Asst. Field Agt., commission dating May 1st—and after the battle and its immediate hurry were over, I was assigned to Aegina Creek, having charge of 1st, 12th and Cavalry Corps Hospitals. Since the movement north came, and [on] the 15th of June [we] were driven away from our field, our hospitals were all removed, we all found refuge in Washington. Then while the army rested at Fairfax, I established a station there and fed many wounded cavalrymen as they were taken back from the fights at Aldin to the hospitals at Washington. Soon we were compelled to fall back to Washington again as the army moved on further north. Then, resting there a few days in anxious suspense, we went to Gettysburg. I was at Gettysburg from July 5th til July 31st, then was ordered to the field again, and since that time have been here doing all in my power to help on with the cause of the Commission which is the cause of God and humanity.

It was a dark and stormy night in camp. The clouds hung heavily around, and threatened to deluge us with their showers. It was one of those nights when people at home are apt to remain in their comfortable dwellings, unless some programme of unusual attractiveness calls them out. Especially on such nights do we always find our prayer meetings very sparsely attended, for it is well known that nothing is so apt to injure health as to attend religious meetings on damp and stormy nights. Social amusements, or meetings for pleasure, one can attend with safety, though it may rain, and though the storm may be severe, but there is a sort of dangerous fatality about

prayer meetings that renders it extremely deleterious to health to attend them in any but the mildest and most propitious weather.

I had been traveling all day attending to the duties of my office. It was eight o'clock when I neared one of the large chapel tents of the Commission where I intended to pass the night. I heard the voice of praise, and I knew that it issued from within that little sanctuary, for every evening these tents in different parts of the army are filled with humble, devout worshippers. As I came to the door, the voice of song ceased, and I gazed in upon fifty stern warriors on their knees in prayer, led by one of their own number. When he had finished, a second and then a third led the little band to the mercy seat. During these solemn moments the winds were driving furiously, and the rains beating violently upon the frail canvass that sheltered us. At the conclusion of these brief but earnest prayers, a brother arose and spoke of Christ as the believer's refuge from the storm and tempest. He fitly referred to the storm howling without and the frail fabric that shielded us from its fury, and then directed attention to the storms of life, and the great Shelter—the Rock of Ages. Then, two of these soldiers arose and spoke their love for Jesus, and urged their comrades to come and join them on their march to the realms of joy and bliss above. And thus in prayer and praise the sacred hour was spent, and with the benediction they slowly dispersed, some loving still to linger around the tent where they had felt so much of the sweet influences of God's Spirit.

Reader, were you ever in a soldier's prayer meeting? Perhaps you attend once a week at some large and fashionable church where two dozen women and two or three men meet together to worship God. You have often felt that an icy chillness pervaded all hearts for the worship seemed so cold and formal, so void of life and earnestness. I have often wished while my heart has been burning with love in these little soldiers' meetings, that I could bring down whole congregations from home to look in upon us. Soldiers' meetings are full of love and glow with earnestness. It seems to me that some of our cold worshippers of home would profit by spending a few evenings with us—it would kindle a brighter flame of love in their hearts, and fit them for entering with renewed zeal upon their Master's work at home.

The soldier's prayers are full of penitence and sorrow for sin, full of love, full of thanks, earnest thanks to God for His benefits, and

especially for the privilege of the prayer meeting. How earnest they are in their prayers for their officers and for their unconverted comrades! They can never thank God enough that he gives them even here so far from the altars and sanctuaries of home, the blessed prayer meeting. Again the soldier's prayers are always full of benedictions upon the loved ones of home. The dear ones, the fathers and mothers, the sisters, the wives and the brothers around homes' altars, pray for the absent soldier, and never forget him. So the praying soldier never forgets the praying ones of home. And while he utters these prayers to God, his heart fills, and his words linger on his tongue. Home is dear. The recollection of its loves and joys from which he is now separated brings sadness to his heart and tears to his eyes. Most of the conversions made in the army may be traced back to the influences of home. I have seen many poor penitents coming to Christ, and many I trust fully converted to God. Oftimes I have found that the most potent influences under God in leading men to their Saviour have been the prayers and entreaties of pious mothers and loved ones at home. A single history strikes me here as worth relating.—

For several weeks our daily evening prayer meetings at Falmouth had been awakening a deep interest among the soldiers. Many were coming out and boldly declaring themselves in favor of Christ and the gospel of peace. One man of fifty, a pioneer from Michigan, was never absent from the meetings, and we often longed to hear his voice, but still in vain. One morning he called, and after conversing pleasantly for some time on different subjects, the sweet theme Home was introduced. He commenced to tell me of a dear little girl ten years of age that wrote such sweet winning letters to him. He showed me one of them, and I read it over. It was a model letter for one so young. The dear child after speaking of home, told how lonely they all felt without her soldier papa. Then speaking of her Sabbath School, and how she loved it, she began to plead with her parent to forsake his sins and seek his Saviour. She warned him of the dangers around him, of the uncertainty of life, and the awful realities of the future, and pleaded with him as only a little child can plead to be good, and then if he should not live to return, she might meet him in heaven. As I read the letter aloud tears filled the brave man's eyes and trickled down his cheeks. When I had finished he said: "That is only one. That little child writes just as that almost every week. My wife is a Christian, and pleads with me, and prays for me. My poor old mother

in Canada writes in words that would melt anything but a heart of stone, but I am a wicked man, and have never been able to give myself to Christ. I came here this morning to talk with you about my soul's salvation." The next morning, a brave, strong man with brawny arms and weather-beaten face was found bowing down in the prayer-meeting, humbly imploring God to have mercy on his soul. Then he arose and told his comrades how he had been induced to seek his Saviour. How my soul yearned for that dear little girl, and how I blessed God for having put it into his heart to pray and plead for her father's salvation.

At the foot of "Roundtop" mountain, on the bloody field of Gettysburg, that brave man's body lies, but I trust his spirit has gone home to eternal rest.

May the good Father ever watch over that poor orphan child, that widowed wife, and that heart-broken mother, and from all this world's wild storms shield them.

August 1863 Hd. Qrs., A.P.

For weeks past I have been besieging headquarters of the Commission at Philadelphia with arguments and pleading on behalf of permanent organization. Mr. Cole and myself have joined in this. Our idea has been this. We must have one permanent *paid* agent to take charge, and retain it, of each station. At present men come, remain three to six weeks, and go home. They only learn in that period how to do their work and they carry off with them all their experience. It is of no use to the Commission. We want men to take charge of stations who will become efficient business men, who will learn their work and then be able to perform it properly. It is necessary for the efficiency of the work. Now our work is unmethodical, and unsystematic. Then it could be systematized, and the whole operation would be more thorough and efficient. This defect is noticed by all our delegates this summer. They all clamor for it. One thing more, for which we have been urgently asking, is wagons to be in use at each station so that we can do our work in the way of transportation. The Sanitary Commission have found and adopted the right plan—and to that plan we, if we would be successful, must sooner or later come.—And the sooner the better, for until we do arrive at it, we are wasting our means and energies in doing our work only indifferently. If I remain in the Commission I must have this advance toward more

perfect organization—or whether I go, wishing success to the Commission, I will still make every effort while I do remain, to secure its establishment on a firm basis—

Sep't. 1863

It was a truly pleasing and interesting scene. There were twenty seven chaplains gathered together for conference at our chapel tent last Friday morning. So many ministers of God at home met in holy convocation awaken a deep interest in our minds. Here it seemed even more solemn and impressive, and I blessed God for the privilege of meeting and mingling with them. Much has been thought and said and written about army chaplains. To Christians at home who have sons and brothers here, it is a question of much importance whether their loved ones are under the spiritual guidance and care of faithful or unfaithful chaplains. Much has been thought and said against them, and perhaps too little in their defense. Any one who has spent much time in the army, and especially in the capacity of a religious teacher, knows the difficulties, discouragements, and embarrassments that beset faithful chaplains, and bear away as with a mighty tide all unfaithful ones. There are many things that combine to render his position trying and discouraging, and to destroy his influence for good. Among these are the following:

The soldier is away from home, and all home's restraints, and all its sacred influences. No mother's tears, nor sister's pleadings, nor father's counsels rebuke him in his wanderings. He is free to do as he wishes, and all the tendencies around him prompt him to do evil. His chaplain may faithfully watch him, yet the strong and almost irresistible tendencies to evil, make him bold to disregard his counsels. In the quiet of a country home, men learn nothing about the insidious wiles of sin. In the army these are all unmasked.

Again the chaplain might do much more could he enjoy the cooperation of the officers in command. It has been unfashionable in military life to be religious, or to have any conscience concerning evil. Many officers in command not only do not cooperate with their chaplains, but do all they can to destroy their influence, and frown down everything that is good or true, or holy, and everything approaching to tenderness of conscience, or respect for God, and God's truth. Again, the very army regulations cast reproach and contempt on chaplains by depriving them of the rights and privileges which are

accorded to their army officers. While he receives the pay of captain of cavalry, he has no rank whatever. If he goes home on furlough his pay is stopped during his absence, while any other commissioned officer would receive half pay. In like manner, if he is sick or wounded, and lies in the hospital, all pay is stopped, and if he loses his life in the service by disuse or in battle, his family receives no pension unless by a special act of congress, as in the case of the family of the lamented (Fuller) who fell at the first Fredericksburg. These distinctions tend to degrade the office in the eyes of other army officials, and to rob it of that respect and deference which it should command. And men are not apt to give great respect to those whom both the regulations and their officers treat with contempt. While the office is degraded its influence will be destroyed. Whenever it is raised to its proper dignity, so as to insure the respect of commanders, then will its influence be increased, and its usefulness extended. As it is now, the position is a most difficult and discouraging one, and none but men of great grace, and buoyant spirits, and bold, manly courage can succeed. When I meet a chaplain who has weathered all the storms and wave-beatings of two years or more in the service, and is still a happy cheerful man, and still faithful to God and his duty, I look upon him with reverence, for he must be better and holier than most men. Such there are, but too many, with their hearts chilled by the influences around them, and discouraged by the many difficulties and embarrassments of their field, have grown lifeless and cold, and let the work of God languish in their hands, and his grace in their hearts. This is the natural tendency of the service, and thus it is that so many earnest, faithful, and successful at home, fail of success as chaplains here. The difficulties are more than they can bear. They lose their life and zeal, and despair of success. Men at home may wonder, and doubt, but the field is such, as no Christian minister who has never left his quiet home parish knows anything of.

I am a friend of the chaplain, and a fellow-worker with him in the cause of God and humanity. I want to see him elevated so as to command the respect and regard of those with him and around him. I want to see his influence extended and his usefulness increased. I want to see him become a mighty power in the army for good. I want to see him wield the Word of God, the sword of the Gospel of peace, 'till all evildoers shall tremble at his presence, and all unrighteousness be brought down. I want to see our armies reformed; profanity,

gambling and Sabbath-desecration abolished and holiness and truth and virtue elevated—'till all shall fear God, and honor and glorify his name. I want to see the chaplain elevated, and I want the people of God at home to help to do it. Pray for him. More than that, help to turn back that tide of evil opinion that rolls in against him so heavily. Call upon congress to repeal and change those regulations that so degrade his office, and to elevate him to the true dignity which belongs to his office, and to the enjoyment of such privileges, and such facilities, as shall render his work efficient, and insure for him the respect and regard of those around him. Then much depends upon himself. He must be manly. He must assist his manhood, and at all times exhibit that courage and fortitude which he should possess if he believes the gospel he preaches. Some men act here as though they were ashamed of their calling, and deemed it unmanly to preach. But the veriest sinner more highly respects the purest, boldest saint, than he does the poor, cringing mortal who is ashamed of his calling. The faithful chaplain, though rankless, has more power than the highest official in his regiment. His is moral power, and by it hearts are converted, souls are saved, and God is honored.

Hd. Qrs., A.P. September, 1863.

On Wednesday evening we had our first prayer meeting at Headquarters. Since the battle of Chancellorville we have had but few opportunities of holding prayer meetings. Our great work has been in the hospitals, among the sick, wounded and dying. The past month I have spent, from first to last, among the thousands who fell at Gettysburg. Leaving the work still to do there in other hands, my duty has called me back again to the oft-trodden fields of old Virginia, and last night we held our first prayer meeting. Our tent is pitched but a few rods from General Meade's Headquarters. Thirty or forty men were present, and you may feel assured that the meeting was a good and pleasant one. I felt that God was with us, and that his Spirit was watching over us, and breathing sweet influences into our souls. What a contrast this quiet holy scene makes with the terrible scenes of actual war. My thoughts wander back to those hallowed hours of prayer, spent last March and April in Falmouth. Many of those noble men whose voices then were heard in the song of praise, and in prayer, have sung their last song, and uttered their last prayer on earth. Some fell at Fredericksburg on the 3rd of May; many more paid their last tribute of devotion to the cause of liberty on the bloody and

ever-historic field of Gettysburg. In death, as in life, they were Christians. Life was dear to them, yet they were willing to die, believing that Heaven's doors would open to receive them. I found one poor boy just borne off the field, with a bullet wound through his head, which I knew must soon terminate his life. He could not see. I grasped his hand and spoke to him. By my voice he knew me. "Oh," says he, "I am mortally wounded, and soon must die." "Do you feel willing to die?" I asked him. "Yes, I have done the best for my God and my country. Life is dear, but I know that all is right. I have a dear mother and sister at home, whom I love. I would like to die with them in the quite of home; but I cannot and I am willing to die here." I have wished often to have the infidel at the side of the dying Christian soldier. If he could see how calmly, and with what triumphant assurance he meets death, surely he could never more be an infidel. He could not help confessing that there is a reality in Christianity which bears the soul high above all fears in the hours of death. A young Lieutenant from Pittsburg dying at Fredericksburg in the full hope of salvation, opened his Bible, and read, and marked with pencil, the first and last five verses of the 8th chapter of Romans. That Bible was sent home to his mother. What a dear and sacred treasure it will always be to her! The wealth of the world could not buy it from her, for there in the pencil-traced words, she reads of her son's triumph in the hour of death.

Hd. Qrs., A.P., Germantown

Oct. 6, 1863

What strange specimens of men we meet everywhere in life. My experience here in the army, as an Agent of the Christian Commission, has brought me in contact with men from all parts of the country, north and south, loyal and disloyal, soldiers both Federal and Rebel. More intimately in business relations it has brought me into contact with Delegates of the Commission from different cities, towns, and country places in the North. Many of them have been ministers of the gospel of different religious beliefs. I can well remember that when I was quite young, I had a very high degree of reverence for the minister. I looked upon white cravats as marks of a certain kind of awful infallibility, and felt a sort of cold chill of reverence creeping over and through me as their immaculate splendor dazzled on my eyes. Since I have grown older and larger I have lost some of my innocence, or at least have learned that ministers are but men, and some of them

are green ones, and some of them ignorant ones. As a general thing ministers have not known much of life, nor of men. They have in the past been too much confined in their "learning" to the mere theology of books, and have not stopped to learn from the works of God around, nor from men's hearts and lives—There has been too much theory, and too little experiment.—I think and hope that a new order has been instituted, and that hereafter men will (not) confine themselves so closely to the cloister—My army experience has been worth much, I believe, to myself, in fitting me for my work, and I trust that I shall be better fitted for the prosecution of life's duties hereafter—

But I began to speak of the peculiarities of the men I have met here—There have been some good, energetic and holy, but there have also been some who possessed neither energy, mind, character, nor good common sense and prudence. One man quarrelled with all the officers and chaplains he met. Another would lie in the tent all day long, and as if afraid to venture out, or afraid of his work, would do nothing at all. Another would go when he could get a horse, and then would go as far as he could, and see all the wonders he could. Another would speak and pray the whole hour away himself, whereas ten or fifteen others present would gladly and profitably have helped him occupy the time. Others were good, earnest and successful workers, full of energy and prudence, knowing their duty and how to perform it.—My experience is that the best and most useful men are the men who most gracefully submit to the rules and working system on the field. It is necessary to have system and order of course here, and to have the reins of the work in the hands of its paid and experienced agents—Some "green" men, however, who never before saw an army, know nothing about the work, and have never been away from a quiet, country parish, come here inflated with their dignity, and repudiating all order, system and authority wish to work for themselves, as they feel inclined—Such usually remain a few days and get sick, or stay their full time to the utter sorrow of good men, and the Agents in charge—Good workers are systematic men.

On Sabbath September 15, 1863 our cavalry advanced, and took possession of Culpeper. They met with some little opposition, and took three pieces of artillery, and one hundred and eighteen prisoners. On Wednesday morning following, September 16, Headquarters moved on to Culpeper, the second corps having gone during Tuesday night,

and Wednesday morning. Wednesday afternoon our station was established in the Vestry of the Mt. Pony Baptist Church, where we remained 'till Saturday evening, when the church was needed for Hospital purposes and we took rooms at the Piedmont House, one of the *formerly* "first class" hotels of the town—

One thing worth recording I found in the Bible on the desk of the church above mentioned. It shows how the good, holy people down in Dixie treat offenders against the laws of God and their country—

In pencil on a fly-leaf is the following:

Names of servants members, who went away with the Northeners. (Here follows a list of twenty-five names of males and females.)

Sunday, Dec. 14, 1862. The foregoing persons were excluded from the fellowship of the church this day.

EGK

A sad incident—while I was lying sick at Mr. Ballantyne's in October, 1863, two ladies came in one night quite late. The one was quite aged, and rather frail. The other, the daughter, was young, robust and hearty, but both were very sad. They had come to ask aid in obtaining an interview with the President. A son and brother who had been in the army two years had deserted, and had been captured fighting as a guerrilla. They had heard that he had been tried, and was to be shot at an early day, and came to intercede for him. A mother interceding for her wayward son, to save his life! A sadder scene I never wish to see.

Mr. Cole went to the army, and at once went to see him. He found that he had not been tried yet—He told him he had seen his mother. "My mother? Where?" "In Washington!" "Tell her to go home."—Thus the ungrateful wretch rejects his mother's love. Hard-hearted boy!

(Illustrative incident.)

A little child started to go through a piece of woods on a stormy winter's evening. The storms increased—the snow fell thickly, and the winds driving fiercely, blocked up the path. It grew dark, and the child could not find its way out of the forest—It was almost perishing with the cold. Night came on, darkness set in all over the land, and all around became quiet as death. In the night a man thought he

heard at intervals some pitious cry away in the distance. He arose, opened his chamber window, and listened. Soon the cry broke again upon his ear, and again—The child feeling that unless help soon came it must perish, and cherishing some hope that its cries might be heard, cried out at intervals "Lost, lost, lost." "Lost, lost, lost." This pitious cry it was that broke upon the ear of that kind-hearted man. He aroused his servants, and sent them forth in the direction whence the sound came, and the child was rescued.

Now had not the child known its own danger, and then cried for help, it must have perished.—So must the sinner know his danger, and cry for help.

East Tennessee:

I came over the mountains on my way to Knoxville, during the siege of that place by the rebel army. The first intimations which I received of the rebel advance, were given by fleeing Unionists. For days the road was filled with them. Some were on horseback, some on foot, and some in rickety old wagons. There were old men and young men, women, children and babes. Many of them had not clothes to keep them warm, and as they went were compelled to beg their bread. I saw many sad pictures of poverty and destitution among them. Fearful of the re-occupation of their homes by rebel hordes whom they have learned to dread as rapacious robbers and blood-thirsty demons, they were hastening away from their homes, preferring exile with all its train of miseries to the fate which they must meet at the hands of their relentless persecutors. The history of the sufferings which treason and rebellion have brought into the loyal homes of East Tennessee, can never be written. Hundreds of homes have been ravaged and destroyed, the unarmed and defenseless have been slain, and the most sacred rights of society have been wantonly violated. The tales of suffering which they tell seem too sad to be true, and the deeds of cruelty which they recount, too devilish to have been committed by civilized men, but the last spark of humanity that burned in the breasts of these men has been quenched in treason and blood, and they have become very demons.

All the fury of rebel cruelty has been poured out upon the heads of those noble men who had resolved, under all circumstances, and in spite of every opposition, to be loyal to their God and their country. They have fled from a brutal conscription, and fierce blood hounds

have been set on their trail to overtake them and bring them back. Indians have been employed to do the same work. Men have been banished for months from their homes, and have found their only security in the caves and among the rocks of the mountains. Women have been hanged by the neck till in the agonies of their suffering they would reveal the place where their father, husbands, brothers or sons were concealed. This war's horrors are not all found on the battlefield. When the historian writes them, one bloody chapter will belong to the martyrs of East Tennessee. We had hoped that the days of "persecution for righteousness' sake" were past forever, but the caves and rocky fastnesses of our own mountains have been in this war the hiding-places of men exiled from their homes for their love of liberty and truth. It costs something to be loyal in East Tennessee, and shame rests forever on the heads and names of those who cannot be loyal where it costs nothing.

HOW DO THEY TALK ABOUT SLAVERY?

A question which to my mind possessed much importance as regarded the Union men of slave-holding states, and the final issues of the war, was this "How do these loyal men talk of slavery?" It is not the great cotton-growing element that is loyal. There are many loyal men who own slaves; but the great slave-holding element is secession in its every feature and bitterly so. I had the privilege of attending a Union meeting in southern Kentucky as I came through the mountains. The town was full of refugees, and the speakers were of the same class. Numerous speeches were made, all the speakers admitted to slavery, and all spoke the same sentiments on the subject. Their views may be summed up in these words: "I am no abolitionist. I have always advocated slavery—never could see anything morally wrong in it—and I would see the war end, and the slave-states restored with all their rights, slavery included. This, if it were possible. But I am for the Union, no matter what it costs; and if slavery must be sacrificed to save it, I want to see every slave in the South "liberated." They admit too the fact that slavery is bound to perish, that its fate is sealed and that its chains have been broken by the rebellion. Said Brownlow, on the occasion referred to above, "I want this war to go on 'till every slave of every secessionist in every Southern state has been freed—'till every horse and mule and cow, every house, all railroad bonds and stocks, and everything of every sort, belonging to

every secessionist and every aider and abettor of secession, shall have been taken from him. Till this has been done, I shall consider that the war has not fully and successfully accomplished its work." They are not prepared to denounce slavery as a great moral evil, as a sin against humanity and God. They must be educated to see it as it is and to realize its fearful enormities. We all know too well the power of education, and the tenacity with which we cling to opinions which have been bred into our views, and which everything around us in our lives, has tended to confirm, to expect such a revolution of sentiment in two years. Such revolutions are wrought out slowly. We must usually bury the old opinions and sentiments in the grave, and rear up in the child the new and better. It is this principle that produces bigotry in the church, party-worship in the State, and that retards all sorts of programs in the world. Ideas become part of men's minds, and it takes a really great man to live free from the (trammels) of opinion. These men still contend that slavery is not in itself morally wrong; yet for purposes of expediency they are willing to have it sacrificed. They are practical, military-necessity abolitionists for they approve of any measures which will tend to weaken and destroy rebellion. They "endorse and approve all of Mr. Lincoln's acts, and only quarrel with him because he has not done more." (Brownlow.) They believe that a confiscation act should be promulgated, broad enough to sweep every disloyal man, not only in the South, but every copperhead and secession sympathizer in the North. These latter they hate with a more bitter hatred if possible, than the men who fight in the armies of the rebellion.

Such briefly is the answer to the question asked above. These are not the sentiments of a few men only—they are the sentiments of the masses. This justifies the wisdom of the course which our President has pursued. He is leading the minds and hearts of the people after him as he rises gradually and slowly, and develops in his administration the great truths of liberty and true Republican government. It would not have been safe to hold an abolition mass-meeting in Southern Kentucky two years ago.

Cumberland Gap—

30/11/63

OUR BENEVOLENT ENTERPRISES

One of the too frequent consequences of war as history demonstrates, is to break up and destroy the institutions of benevolence,

philanthropy, and religion. When a nation is engaged in carrying on a great war, its whole energy is usually absorbed, and the whole wealth of its enterprise expended in increasing its military power. There has usually been but little time left for benevolent enterprises, and consequently during war, all humane and charitable institutions have been neglected. In a late article on the conditions and prospects of religion in our country, and the pitiable effects of the war upon it, a doubt was expressed as to the vitality of the religion of our Northern people—and it was questioned whether indeed the effect of the war upon religion were not deliterious rather than healthy, But there is no doubt as to the benevolence of the people. This is genuine. And one of the most encouraging features in the condition of our country, while supporting such gigantic military operations at such enormous expense, is the spirit of benevolence that is everywhere manifested. Hundreds of thousands of the bone and sinew, the money-making element of our States, are in the field nobly battling for the nation's liberty. Millions of dollars are expended annually in the war. The cost of living has been greatly increased. The number of poor and destitute in the country have been many times multiplied, and the draughts on public and private charity have been correspondingly increased. And many of those causes are at work which usually operate against popular benevolence, and deplete the treasuries of all philanthropic and religious institutions. Yet at the same time the benevolence of the year just closed exceeds that of any in the history of the war, and indeed in the history of our country itself. The treasuries of our missionary boards have been filled, and all the ordinary institutions of our churches have been supported with more than usual liberality. At the same time a broad and deep tide of benevolence has flowed out for the relief, comfort, and instruction of the brave men who compose our armies.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION

One of the great channels through which this mighty tide has been flowing, and through which it still flows, is the Sanitary Commission. Organized by the people for the relief of the many brave men who suffer in consequence of their bravery and patriotism, it has received the confidence and support of the masses, and become eminently the *Peoples' Institution*. Hundreds of thousands and even millions of dollars have passed through this avenue on their way to gladden

hearts and lengthen lives, and they have performed their mission, and the people have felt that they were rewarded for their benevolence.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION

But the soldier's wants are not all temporal, and the Christian Commission has gone forth to do its work, bearing relief for the body in one hand, and food for the soul in the other. With its Bibles, hymns, papers, books and tracts—and its shirts and drawers and socks and many home comforts, blessed by the untiring labors, and sealed by the fervent prayers of its pious workers, it has gladdened many hearts, and carried salvation to many poor lost souls; and the Christian people at home have filled its treasuries, and responded to its calls for means to do its work. It has become one of the great institutions of the church and of the country, and one of the great philanthropic agencies of the world, uniting in its patrons men of all creeds, and all varieties of religious belief.

Through these two channels the people have poured forth a great tide of benevolence toward their soldiers in the field. They are institutions that have no parallels in the history of warfare, and are standing monuments of the nation's gratitude for its defenders.

THE FREEDMEN'S RELIEF COMMISSION

And now in the progress of our revolution another field has been opened up for benevolent and Christian effort, and we have not been slow to occupy it. A race that has always been trampled upon, and kept in ignorance of the most degrading and debasing kind, we are now called to educate and elevate. Having been long deprived of that freedom in which men become enlightened and intelligent, they have been sinking deeper in degradation. That which makes men noble and God-like, has been crushed out of these benighted creatures, and they have become like the beasts. These millions are now cast upon our hands and our duty to them requires us to educate them and to give them those privileges and opportunities which will elevate them and fit them for taking their places in life. It is a great work, a noble, humane and Christian work; I know of no field for the exercise of philanthropy which gives such unlimited scope for effort as this, and which promises such great and blessed results. The National Freedmen's Commission has entered on the work, and the people

are everywhere responding with unbounded liberality to their calls for aid. While it is a work to which religion prompts, and which enlists in its favor the churches of our land, it calls also upon every benevolent man, upon every lover of humanity, upon every humane man. It has the sympathies of all who love their country, of all who pity and desire to alleviate human misery, of all whose hearts yearn for the salvation of souls, and of all who desire the elevation of a race that has so long lingered under the inner heel of oppression. It is a work that will not end with the war, but which must go on for many years, and which will grow in magnitude and importance as our revolution progresses. It must remove the objection so often raised that the slave race is not fit for self-government, and that to release them from slavery will be but to place them in a position far more dangerous to themselves. It must solve the intricate problem as to their future. It must answer the grave question, "And what are you going to do with them?" It must *make a destiny for them*, and fit them for freedom.

We have trampled the blacks under our feet long enough; we must turn now and elevate them. They have drudged long enough as slaves, and cowered long enough under the lash. The day of their deliverance has come. They are free, but not prepared for freedom. O the sufferings, the terrible sufferings it has cost and will yet cost to tear away that rotting canker from the nation's vitals. When the bloodshed of the war has ended the suffering will still go on, and on 'till every trace of slavery shall have been wiped out. God will settle the question in His own way, but to us there seems to be a dark future for the present race of slaves, and there is nothing that human wisdom can suggest, or human sagacity foresee, that will save them from the untold miseries which crowd thick upon their path. Such a terrible and gigantic evil, could not be removed without producing the deepest suffering. Not only must the nation itself suffer, but with the oppressor, the oppressed must wither in agony. It is perhaps true that for the present race of slaves freedom is worse than slavery, that they will suffer more than had they been left in chains. But this admitted is no argument against emancipation, no reason why the slaves should not be free. It simply shows the magnitude of the evil, and warns us that its absolute removal is our nation's only safety.

I have made these remarks to show the importance of that great work of philanthropy which relates to the amelioration of the condition of the

slave. It is a work that we must perform, and the Freedmen's Aid Commission, if rightly conducted, will become the most gigantic of all philanthropic institutions, and will accomplish results of the highest importance to humanity, to religion and the world. It is a new enterprise, but its field is opening and expanding, and the people are giving their money to help on with its work. Their benevolence without diminishing ought from the usual channels, goes forth in this new stream, and will not be lost. The little rills that start among the Green Mountains, in the old Baystate, and on the shores of our northern lakes, will find their way Southward, swelling as they go into larger streams, until they meet in a mighty river.

Such is a brief review of the benevolent products of the war.

The picture of a nation engaged in such a terrible war for its existence, and at the same time conducting three such gigantic schemes for the relief of suffering, the salvation of souls, and the amelioration of an abject race, is without a parallel in the history of the world. But while we have done much, we have yet to do the greatest work ever given to any nation to perform, in the education, elevation, and Christianization of a race of slaves, and let not the flow of benevolence grow less till the mighty work has been accomplished, and till those who have so long crept on the earth as slaves, shall rise and walk upright as men, God-like men.

Knoxville, Tenn.

There is no more dangerous duty allotted to any man to perform, than the duty directing dying men to Christ. It is dangerous because of the terrible consequences of a mistake, and because it is so very easy to make a mistake. I went with a minister to the bedside of a dying soldier in the hospital. The man seemed to have no realizing sense of his own condition, of his need for salvation, of the plan of salvation, or of the character of the Saviour. Minister: "Do you feel that you are prepared for death?" Soldier: "I do not know. I fear that I am not." "Have you been a Christian?" "I never belonged to any church." "Don't you love Jesus?" "I fear not as I should." "You feel that He is able to save you, do you not?" "Yes." "You are willing to have him for your friend?" "Yes." "Well, then, cheer up, brother—you are safe—God only asks you to believe, and you say that you desire to believe—that is enough. You are all right." Thus instead of opening up to him a view of his real

condition, this man, professing to lead souls to Jesus, smooths down his pillow with false hopes, and tries to make him feel satisfied with his hopes, when in reality the dying man knew nothing whatever of the way of salvation. We must show them all.

REPORT OF OPERATIONS AT FALMOUTH—1863

Ex.

There is many a Bethel scattered over the battle-fields and camping grounds of the present war, each of them sacred to some soul who there held sweet communion with God. A prayer meeting was organized, and held with blessed results in Falmouth. Prayer-meetings had been held every evening, and many souls, I trust, converted to God. In the 7th Michigan especially a glorious work had been begun, and I trust that it has been carried on by the Holy Spirit of God. Eternity alone will reveal what God did for the souls of these noble men. Before leaving them I assisted them in organizing a prayer-meeting in the regiment. Nine or ten, sometimes more faithful young men retired every evening after roll-call to their little seclusion, and there they prayed together and talked together to strengthen each other in faith and love. That seclusion was *in the village church-yard*. On and around a broad, flat, old-fashioned tombstone, this faithful little band met and God met with them and blessed them.

I have often thought what solemn spot that is which has been the scene of so much devotion, and what solemn moments those were, spent there in prayer in that village of the dead. All around rested the lifeless remains of those who in years gone by, had lived and moved and thought, and filled their places among men. Nearby was a long row of graves which contained the remains of Union soldiers who had fallen at the first Fredericksburg. Not long since these were living men, soldiers like these worshippers. Perhaps some of them were praying soldiers; perhaps some of them died without learning how to pray.

These noble faithful Christian young men did not forget their prayer-meeting when the fortunes of war called them away from this chosen spot. Every evening they met. On an evening during the battle of Gettysburg when the hour came for meeting, some were present, but it was found that some of the most devoted had that day

fallen, as sacrifices on the altar of their country. They had fallen but they fell with the armor on, bright and polished. They died, exemplifying the power of that faith which had sustained and supported them through the weeks that they had lived as Christians.

J.R.M.

HISTORY

I lay sick of fever in Washington City for four weeks from September 26th. I can never forget the kindness of Mr. Ballantyne, his estimable lady, and family. I came from the army (Culpeper), very sick, and was taken to the rooms of the Commission. Here all was hurry and confusion, for the rooms were just being fitted up, and stores removed, consequent upon the change from Pennsylvania Avenue to H Street. I could have no attendance then, and but few conveniences or comforts for a sick man. Before I reached the city, Mrs. B had left an invitation for me to be at once to her home. I remained there during my sickness, and received all the attention and care that could have been bestowed me anywhere. At home with my own dear mother and kind sisters I could not have fared better. I shall hold in lasting remembrance and gratitude these kind officers, and shall always remember in my prayers all of that noble family. I deem this record but a just one, in consideration for what I received.

Recovering, I went to Philadelphia on my way home, and requested to be relieved from further duty in the Commission. I felt that I had other duties to perform, at least to myself, and that my place in the commission could be as well or better filled by others. However, I was urged to return again, when I recovered sufficiently, and consented under the sense of duty, to do so.

While still at Pittsburg on my way home, I received an appointment as General Field Agent, and was ordered to take charge of the work in the Department of the Ohio, Headquarters at Knoxville. On Nov. 10th I left Pittsburg for my field. I did not reach Knoxville, however, till Dec. 10th owing to the siege. In reaching there too, I walked (for there was no other way of getting through) from Crab Orchard, Ky., to Knoxville, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. As soon as possible I went to Chattanooga for Delegates and supplies, and returning partially successful, inaugurated the work of the U.S. Christian Commission in the Department. Observations on

the People, their manners, education and religion—as gleaned and noted on my trip.

My slow mode of traveling through Kentucky and East Tennessee, with frequent halts and long detentions, and consequently much intercourse with the people, has been in private and personal point of view, advantageous. We travel over thousands of miles by railroad, through whole states and countries, through towns and villages and cities, and by the habitations of the rich and the poor, and when we end our journey we know but very little of the country through which we have passed. We may judge of the energy, enterprise and refinement of the people as illustrated in their homes and home-surroundings, but we learn nothing of the people themselves. We want to see the people at home, to learn something of their domestic and social life and their national or sectional peculiarities. To do this we must enter their homes, sit at their tables, observe their movements and mingle with them in conversation, and thus learn their habits, their tastes, their domestic economy, their social and moral culture, their degree of education and refinement, and the opinions and principles that actuate and control them. I have seen the people of Southern Kentucky and part of East Tennessee in their homes, and as they are.

In Kentucky, the region through which my route lay, is mountainous, the soil thick and without cultivation; the people poor, with neither enterprise, energy nor refinement; ignorant, with but very limited educational facilities; without churches, and and as far as I have seen, almost without religion. They have no aspirations for anything higher, better, or more comfortable than they enjoy. Contentment is justly extolled as a Christian virtue, but these people have more of the virtue than Christianity requires—so much, indeed, that they have become perfectly indolent, and utterly indifferent to everything past, present or future. Seeing how complacently they rest amid the troubles and perturbations of the sea of life around them, with their extremely meager attainments, one would be almost tempted to conclude that

“Ignorance is bliss,
and ‘tis folly to be wise.”

They dwell in rickety old log cabins, half-unroofed, with broken doors and windows, and undaubed walls.—It is often said that our Northern houses are too close, and that their means of ventilation are

insufficient to secure a healthy condition of the atmosphere within. But I saw no house in Southern Kentucky that had not sufficient ventilation to suit the ideas of the most ultra doctors of Hygein. As in this so in every other respect, they manifest no regard either for comfort or appearance. Homes and their surroundings always indicate the character and culture of the inhabitants. And where we find broken-down gates and fences, tumble-down houses with no furniture, and no display of neatness or care within or without, we may expect to find the inmates sadly wanting in both social and moral culture. And such to a great extent appears to be the character of these inhabitants. Many of them cannot read. Their knowledge is confined to their own simple arts, and they know nothing and care nothing for the world outside.

The same dogged indifference above mentioned, pervades even their personal habits. Women who should always be models of correct taste, appear to disregard both neatness and cleanliness. And young ladies usually very scrupulous in regard to appearance and etiquette, dress untidily, drawl their words, swear, say “thar” and “whar”, smoke their pipes and chew tobacco.

THE REASON

Much allowance should doubtless be made for this lack of refinement, inasmuch as they have neither schools nor churches—God’s great instruments in civilization and refinement. Schools after a sort are ‘kept’ in some places—I heard of them occasionally—But they are of but little advantage to those for whom they are designed. Churches are still more scarce, and preaching, since the war, not to be thought of at all. I passed through towns numbering several hundreds in their population, in which I found neither church nor school. In one of these they had a little church once, but five or six years since an irreligious wind blew it down, and since that time they have been content without. It is indeed sad to find such destitution of religion in the very center of our nation, and in one of our best states in point of wealth, though yet undeveloped. Let us hope that the seeds of Gospel truth may soon be scattered among these mountains and in these valleys, and that they may yet bring forth rich harvests of salvation. I would see churches and schools in reach of every family and every individual. Then soon this rudeness, carelessness, ignorance and wickedness would give place to the enlightenment of re-

ligion. For wherever one finds churches and schools, there will be found cultivation and refinement. These blessed institutions of civilization and religion shed their light all around them. Where good schools, flourishing churches and crowded, prosperous Sabbath Schools are found, the people are intelligent—, have pleasant, comfortable homes, and instead of slothfulness, coldness and inactivity, are full of zeal, energy and earnestness. The homes of intelligent Christian families are always models of neatness; and as a community grows in intelligence, and social and moral culture, it illustrates its intelligence, refinement and religion in its homes.

I am aware that the section of which I write thus, is not a type of Southern society. It is a region destitute of those internal improvements which so much facilitate the progress of refinement and religion. It is a region of mountains, isolated from the lighter and brighter regions around. And then it has passed through the fires of rebellion, and been trodden over by armies, and has lost much of what it once possessed. All through these states the cause of religion has suffered much from the rebellion. Especially where armies have trodden or actual war occurred, its region has been subverted. Ministers have been driven away from their pulpits, churches have been broken open, defiled and destroyed, and God's heritage laid waste. May we not hope that of all this seeming evil, good will come? Yes, we may most confidently expect it, for our Father so directs all events that his own church is advanced, and his own name glorified. Human slavery is a clog to all kinds of progress in a state—to the progress of Christianity as well as of the arts and sciences, wealth and internal improvements. When this barrier is removed, then education, refinement, and religion will be advanced, and this social and moral darkness dispelled.

(To be continued)

JOURNAL

of

The Presbyterian Historical Society

September, 1959

Volume XXXVII

Number 3

Archibald Stobo, Presbyterian Pioneer

Letters of Benjamin Harrison

Civil War Notebook, II

Recovery of Reformed Worship, II

Published by the

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY OF THE
UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U.S.A.
LANCASTER, PA. and PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JOURNAL

of

The Presbyterian Historical Society

Published by The Department of History of the
Office of the General Assembly of the
United Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

THE JOURNAL of the Department and Society is published quarterly at Prince and Lemon Streets, Lancaster, Pa., in March, June, September, and December: Editor, Charles A. Anderson, M.A., D.D., Associate Editor, Guy S. Klett, M.A., Assistant Editor, William B. Miller, M.A.

Correspondence regarding the JOURNAL should be sent to the Editor, 520 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia 7, Pa. The Society does not assume responsibility for statements of fact or of opinion made by the contributors to the JOURNAL.

Membership in the Department and Society is \$5.00 per year which includes the subscription to the JOURNAL. Subscription to the JOURNAL is \$3.00 annually. Single numbers of the JOURNAL from 1901 to 1916 can be purchased for \$1.00; after 1916, for 75¢.

Second-class postage paid at Lancaster, Pa.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Archibald Stobo, Presbyterian Pioneer. By <i>Jack C. Ramsay, Jr.</i>	129
Letters of Benjamin Harrison. Edited by <i>William B. Miller</i>	143
Civil War Notebook of James Russell Miller (continued) Introduction by <i>Alvin Duane Smith</i>	155
The Recovery of Reformed Worship (continued) By <i>J. Shackelford Dauerty</i>	177

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Jack C. Ramsay, Jr., Ph.D., is minister of the Crestholme Presbyterian Church, San Antonio, Texas. His interest in the Darien Colony and in Archibald Stobo developed by pursuing research for the Ph.D. degree at Edinburgh.

William B. Miller, M.A., is assistant editor of the JOURNAL and assistant researcher in our Department of History. The Rev. Harrison Ray Anderson of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago presented to us the letters on which this study is based.

Alvin Duane Smith, S.T.D., Executive of the Synod of New England, provides us in this number with the second instalment of the Civil War Notebooks of J. R. Miller.

J. Shackelford Dauerty, S.T.D., presents herewith the fourth chapter in his book on the sources and recovery of Reformed worship.

CIVIL WAR NOTEBOOK OF JAMES RUSSELL MILLER
(continued)

INTRODUCTION BY ALVIN DUANE SMITH

THE WAR AND RELIGION

Every now and then some dreamy enthusiast writes a pretty magazine article on the subject of national purification and dilates most beautifully on the moral effects of the war. I have one before me as I write. War is represented to be a great blessing to the nation because it purifies the fountains of national life, and sends health and prosperity down through every channel: because it opens up new avenues of enterprise and wealth making and because it educates our people, making men from mere boys and sending the minds of all out in broader channels and after new and nobler and better ideas. This article represents war to be a perfect school and asserts that we will come out from it ennobled, exalted, enlightened and purified. There is a sense in which this is true. The nation in its national capacity will be elevated and prepared to take a higher place in the rank of nations, but while we reform politically we degrade socially, morally and religiously. We trust that a deep, foul stain will indeed be wiped from our escutcheon, that a deathful canker that has long preyed upon our vitals, will be healed that a terrible wrong which has long been calling upon heaven for vengeance will be righted and that in future ages we may justly wear that holy title which we have so long, so arrogantly assumed—the land of the free.

But the very soul of liberty is religion and religion is the cornerstone of national safety. It is this, our beloved religion, that has made our nation great as it has become and nothing else can preserve our greatness and sustain our grandeur. Without it we shall fall and all these splendid achievements in political science, these monuments of liberty and philanthropy, these towering edifices of national greatness—all these will fade away as the snow-wreath before the burning rays of the sun, and leave no record but one of shame that such a grand experiment had so ignobly failed and that neither wealth, enterprise, genius, nor military skill and prowess could save a fabric so mighty.

Since then so much depends upon religion it becomes a matter of great importance to inquire its present status and the religious tendencies of the hour.

The Southern States which have been the theater of the war, present a picture of desolation complete enough to sadden any heart, yet open to the tender impression of religion. Wherever the contending armies have marched or encamped, every vestige of religion has been swept away, churches have been destroyed and the worshippers have given up their worship. And now, as far as I have been able to learn by most careful and anxious observation, they have abandoned, not merely public religion, but also family religion. They seem to act on the principle that the occupation of their houses of worship or the absence of their ministers, or any such obstruction in the way of public worship, is sufficient excuse for disregarding all the requirements of religion and sufficient to answer all the accusings of conscience. The southern ministry are all rebels and many of them should be deposed for ever from their sacred office if indeed they escape hanging. As our armies advance through the states they withdraw to within the rebel lines, leaving the people to care for themselves. Ere the war ends, almost every county of Southern soil will have been trodden over by armies and all the institutions of religion will be left in ruins. It is sad to think this of the altars of our Father's house and to know that over all the revolted states these blessed institutions are being swept away. Yet it is not strange when we look at them and read their history. Before the war the soul of their religion was slavery. In the name of that blessed Jesus who preached the Gospel to the poor, they preached fetters and chains to the same.

During the war these same ministers have given all the sacred influence and powers of their office toward rebellion and the churches have been hot-beds of treason. How could we expect such to flourish or to enjoy the smiles of heaven? How can we wonder if God in his wrath wipes them out and leaves nothing but a moral waste over the whole South. It is sad to contemplate, but the picture is not overdrawn. The rebel States will come out of this war with all their institutions of religion, benevolence and philanthropy destroyed.

Then, what of our Northern churches? There is much to encourage. Everything is prosperous. Money is plenty and the benevolence of the church has never been so exhibited before. Yet, is there

not danger that even this prosperity is snapping the very foundations of true religion? May we not be calling that religion which is only benevolence and patriotism. Nothing interest[s] but war, nothing feeds but the excitement of the hour. Yes, we may well fear that at home in the North, as well as the South, vital religion is suffering from the war.

And how is the religion in the army? I would like to draw a veil over this part of the picture. Wickedness is rampant here and many souls have been stained with foulest spot and deepest crime. I shudder for my country when I see what a flood of sin has swept over the hosts of her defenders. I shudder to think of the time when these men will go home bearing the dregs of this pollution which they will entail upon their children. I shudder for the peace of our homes, the security of virtue, and the safety of the morals of our people.

Yes, my country, I tremble for her when I see how wickedness abounds and how God's heritage is laid waste. It will take fifty years to wipe out the stains that this war will leave upon our moral condition. There is just cause for alarm. Look at France. Plunged into revolutions, and carried away with enthusiasm and excitement, religion was banished. France tried to work the world without a God and without the Sabbath. Her example is before us. The awful thunderbolts of divine justice were hurled upon the devoted land and her streets were drenched with blood. Let us take warning. We are in imminent danger. All the efforts of Christians should be aroused to redeem the nation. Call it not idle talk—it is truth. Say not "there is no danger," for the danger is great and imminent. Pray! Christians—and work. Men may laugh as they please and call us puritans and fogies; but the church however, puritan and foggy, is now eminently the hope of the nation's salvation. Arise then, and work. Let not religion be dishonored, for then our beautiful and human theory of self-government with all our institutions of philanthropy and benevolence will become "baseless as the fabrics of our dreams"; and this splendid edifice reared and dedicated to truth, liberty and God, will totter to its fall. Let not this be so. The treasure has been committed to your keeping. The hopes of humanity, of liberty and religion itself are resting on the security and purity of our nation's religious faith.

Great moral principles are involved and working out in this war. They are a part of religion and should be used for the promotion of

the church. But the danger lies in perversion. It lies in the direction of infidelity. Guard against it, and pray God to save us from the evils which threaten us. Then a bright career is before us. A glorious field is opening up. Mighty barriers are being removed, and the chariot wheels will roll onward.

Knorville—Jan. 27 (Pub'd. Feb. 17)

Report of Operations at Falmouth—Va. 1863

Ex.

Death is not devoid of terror and gloom even when it enters the quiet and comfortable home, with loving friends and kindred around the bedside. To die away from loved ones, among strangers, and amid circumstances calculated to thicken the darkness—and to die peacefully—requires a strong faith, and shows a most blessed resignation to the will of God. Many a brave man, since the war began, has met this last great enemy of the Christian with as much heroism as he met the enemy of his country in battle. The following incident illustrates the wonderful power of religion in the soul.

At Fredericksburg, on Sabbath, May 3rd, among those early brought over from the scene of carnage, covered with blood, was a young man from Newburyport, Mass. He had been among the most faithful in attendance at our nightly prayer-meeting. I saw at once that his wound was mortal. He could not see. I grasped him by the hand and spoke to him. He knew me by my voice. "Oh," said he, "I am mortally wounded and soon must die." "Do you feel willing to die?" I asked. "Yes, I have done the last duty for my God and my Country. Life is dear, but I know that all is right. I have a dear mother and sister at home whom I love. I would like to die with them in the quiet of home, but I cannot, and I am willing to die here." Oh, how I have wished to have the infidel at the side of the dying Christian soldier. If he could see how calmly and with what triumphant assurance the young Christian soldier meets death. Me thinks he could never more be an infidel. He could not refrain from confessing that there is a reality in Christianity which bears the soul high above all fears in the hour of death.

THE SOUTHERN CLERGY

Perhaps no class of rebels have been more bitter and determined in their rebellion, or more powerful in their influence over the (?)

in leading them into rebellion, than the Southern clergy. They have gone with scarcely an exception, into the Secession movement. Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, all have gone. Their garments are deeply stained with the blood of slaughtered thousands, and the treason of hundreds of irresponsible dupes rests upon their heads.

And while they have all been rebels, they have been of the most bitter and uncompromising kind. There have been several grades of political feeling and action in the South. There have been loyalty, neutrality and treason. Of rebels there have been some who have said and done nothing. Then there have been moderate men; and there have been active, fiery radicals, who have bound themselves with an oath that they will neither eat nor drink till they have left their country in ruins. Ranting politicians have been of this latter class, and in the same category we find the Southern clergy. A sad story indeed to have to tell of God's ministers at the altar, but no more sad than true. While they should have been the first to nurture and build up our Government with its blessed institutions of benevolence, philanthropy and religion, they were among the first to begin to destroy its foundations, and to enroll its enemies under the banner of treason.

The influence of the ministry every one knows; their voice is as the voice of God. The people hear and follow. They hold the public faith. The clergy called for the rescue of the holy sepulcher. The whole Christian world was aroused to arms, and the crusades deluged the land with blood. Rebellion was declared, the clergy entered the ranks, sounded the alarm, made it a part of religion, sufficient to cover a multitude of sins, to be a rebel soldier, and the masses followed them. Old men and young men went to the wars. Mothers and wives and daughters were told that religion demanded of them that they should compel their sons, and husbands and fathers, to enter the ranks. The ministry drummed up recruits for the army and their pulpits became dens of treason. No class of men have done more to swell the war to its gigantic proportions, and to fill the cup of the nations woe, than the clergy. None rest under such responsibilities. They have robbed homes, they have broken hearts, they have plunged souls into ruin. Professing to be (?) toward peace and holiness, they have led their flocks into the mire of death, and themselves have fought against the host of truth.

REBEL PRAYERS

A rebel citizen professing to be a man of piety, lately remarked to me that he did not know how God could answer the prayers of Christians both North and South. North, they pray everywhere for the success of the Union arms and the Union cause. South, they pray for the success of the rebellion. How can God answer the prayers of both? He thought that neither should pray for their own side, but that both should pray that the Lord's will might be done.

He was right. But men too often think that the Lord's will and theirs are just alike, and while they pray for His will to be done, expect after all to have Things just their own way. The Christian Union man believes that God is on his country's side and that his will is the restoration of the Union and he prays in heartiest confidence. The rebel professes to believe that God is for his cause, and believes that God's will is for the success of the rebellion and he prays according to his desire. How will such opposite requests mingle at the mercy-seat? I fear there has been too much political praying North and South—too much bitterness, too much rancor in prayer, too much effort somewhere at least to prove to the Hearer of prayer that wrong is right.

In a batch of rebels sent South from here last week, were two Presbyterian clergymen. Both had been very bitter rebels, and neither showed any disposition to relent under Federal rule. They were ordered South with many others, and left last Saturday morning. Both seemed heroic in their bearing, and resigned to a fate they could not change. Martin's great coat pocket was filled with manuscript sermons, as though he expected again to preach the gospel. Harrison bore no such burden, but it is probable that he is an extemporaneous preacher, and may again lend his voice to rally the wavering lines of rebellions.

RELIGION AMONG THE PEOPLE

In religious matters among citizens in this country, there is the most stoical indifference. No one seems to care aught for his soul, and the institutions of religion are fast falling into decay. In this city our small church is open for worship, in addition a church lately fitted up by the Christian (?) as a "Soldiers' Chapel" and lent a very sparse sprinkling of citizens can be seen in the audience at

service. They are content to lounge and loiter all week and then lounge and loiter on the Sabbath. They have been completely unenergized in matters of religion as well as in matters of the world. They do not seem to think that either their bodies or their souls are worth an effort. The constitution of society under which they have been living, has sapped all their ardor, robbed them of their energy and rendered them incapable of action, physical, mental or moral. Their present condition portends sadly for their future prospects.

SOUTHERN CHURCHES AFTER THE WAR

The probable ultimate results of the war upon the churches South, is a subject on which I have thought much. From some preliminary action of the Methodist Church North, it seems to be their policy to enter upon the Methodist ground left vacant by the south ere flight of rebel Methodist conferences, and to occupy it, sending loyal ministers to instruct the people. The policy, I think, would be the right one if the [feeling?] of Southern Methodists were not so bitter. But there are many things which will retard the union of the great branches of this church. While loyal men here are military-necessity Abolitionists, they are not so from principle, and for many years they will argue the divine right of slavery. That which has heretofore divided churches, which has deluged our country with blood, and almost destroyed our nation, will, for many years to come, be a barrier in the way of our progress, political and religious, and a clog to the onward march of civilization in our country. In nothing will its baneful influence be more or longer felt than in the re-construction of the churches that itself has shattered and destroyed. This is a subject which should just now interest every lover of Jesus. It stands parallel with the re-construction of the Union, and its importance is paramount, as the matters of the church transcend those of the State.

Knoxville, Feb. 4th (Pub.d. Feb. 20th)

LIFE IN CAMP

Tazwell, Tenn. December 5, 1863

There is something exceedingly interesting in overlooking a busy thronging city on a still quiet evening, and listening to the continual

roar of machinery, the striking of hammers, the puffing of steam-engines, the rattling of drays and coaches, the ringing of bells, the treading of pavements and the continual hum and clatter of thousands of human voices. An epitome of human life is before us. Every department of the business world is there represented. Every grade of Society may be traced out every species and degree of human happiness and human misery every kind of pleasure and every kind of pain. The highest virtues and the most debasing vices and in a word every feature of human life whether good or bad may be traced out in the mighty concourse before us. When we think of all that is transpiring in that great aggregation of human life—in the workshops, the stores, the streets, in the drawing rooms, in the saloons, in the abodes of rich and poor and in the heart of all—we are all amazed while we admire and wonder what the fate will be of these mighty thousands and these stupendous monuments of human ambition.

Perhaps under the circumstances it is more interesting still to overlook an encamped army on a clear still evening. The scenes have something in common, but there is something in the work the nature and the destiny of any army that always fastens hold of our minds when we think of it.

It is early evening. Thousands of campfires are lighted and a mingling of all sorts of sounds comes to our ears. Every man is talking and on the still air of evening ten thousand voices float. Wagons are rumbling and rattling, mules are braying and their drivers are cursing and swearing—for all mule drivers must curse and swear. Occasionally some soldier sings a song, perhaps a patriotic one, perhaps a home song—one that he used to sing before he left that sacred spot and which carries him back to the scenes of his childhood and the joys that have their birth where the loved ones dwell. Gentle reader, come to our camp fires tonight and see how we fare. Provisions are scant, very scant, and there are many hungry boys in our little group. We cannot promise you any luxury, but we will give you good cheer and welcome. Around these thousands of campfires this early evening there are a thousand little groups of brave boys and brave men. They have come from half dozen different States, but they are banded together as one man to strike in the defense of their country. Tents have all been pitched, the scanty

evening meal prepared and eaten and now their thoughts and tongues are busy. Some are recording the deeds, incidents and experience of the day and laughing over its amusements, for every day brings its amusements to the soldiers. Some are discussing this or that war policy and criticizing freely and boldly the abilities or the actions and movements of this or that commander, for many a private deems himself master of military science and fully equal to the command of a great army. Some are discussing the probable movements of tomorrow and laying plans for the annihilation of their enemies, not ever dreaming that the enemies are doing the very same thing around their camp fires, not giving them any credit for military strategy or skill in making or counteracting movements. If to do were as easy as to plan and strategic movement in the field were as successful as around the camp-fires, armies would move right on and wars would be brief. Everywhere men too often lay their plans without any reference to the obstacles to be overcome. But some wise plans are discussed by men wearing no shoulder straps. Again some are telling their encounters with the enemy today, how they fought hand to hand and how this and that rebel had been made to bite the dust. Some speak of their comrades who fell in fight and how bravely they fought. Then their great deeds and noble traits are extolled and their loss deplored. Others are talking of letters received from home and narrating to their eager comrades the little bits of news they contained—the accounts of deaths, marriages, courtships, neighborhood incidents and occurrences and home gossip generally which possesses more interest for the soldier than anyone else.

And they talk and laugh over the news and they forget that they have only had a quarter meal tonight and that there is not a grain of flour in their haversacks for tomorrow's breakfasts. Then their thoughts turn and their tongues follow away back to the days before the war and the amusements, the sports, the boyish follies and the loves of those bright days are thought of and talked of and laughed over. And thus till [taps?] and these thousand little groups disperse and the boys creep away under their blankets to sleep and dream—some of empty haversacks and craving appetites; some of bloody fights and great victories and some of home with its plenty and the bright-eyed fair one far away.

Later—and all is still, every voice is hushed and the campfires have died away. None wakes, but the watchful sentinel who still

paces his lonely beat, guarding the approaches of the enemy. While all is quiet here let us look a moment at the soldier's life—what does he suffer and endure? The soldier has but one blanket. In your close carpeted and curtained chambers with cheerful fires and warm beds you to be comfortable and to laugh at the winter's storms and cold. But all along our lines the soldier will have no better house to shield him from the storm than a frail thin canvass and one blanket only to keep him warm. Your tables are covered with plenty for God has blessed you and you want for nothing that your appetite craves. Compared with this the soldier's cup of coffee, piece of boiled or fried meat and [slice?] of coarse hard bread would give but cold cheer. Tonight, soldiers of our Tennessee armies would give almost any price for a loaf of bread for many of them are subsiding on parched corn and cannot get enough of even this humble fare to satiate their hunger. But worst of all in the soldier's life are the long weary marches through heat and dust or rain or snow and then the battle. Here many end their earthly marches, many more wounded and mangled are carried to hospitals, there to lie in pain for weeks and months.

Such is a very general view of the privations and sufferings which our soldiers are undergoing. For whom? For you, dear reader. They stand between your loved home and war's desolation. And, if you could come with us through these states that have for nearly three years felt the tread of armies and suffered from their ravages, you could realize something of what wars' desolation is. I am not going to burden your ears with complaints. You have been very kind to our soldiers. Your noble and generous hearts have always sympathized with their sufferings and your timely gifts have borne comfort and cheer to many a weary hospital sufferer. Through the Christian Commission many of your gifts have been distributed. As a representative of this agency in the field, I ask you again to renew your zeal on behalf of our brave sufferers. Christmas and New Years are drawing nigh. In your gifts of Christmas loves on these gift days, remember that thousands of your country defenders are lying weak with wounds and disease upon hard straw pallets and far from home. You have plenty and are comfortable. In your gifts remember them and hallow each gift with fervent prayer to God for them. Follow the example of Him who went about continually doing good, who suffered poverty that others might abound

and death that others might live and who said It is more blessed to give than to receive.

J. R. Miller

(Written by a Clerk
who made some errors
in copying)

HIST.

I have not received any supplies since the 25th ult. and consequently have been for several weeks in a very unpleasant situation. The men are calling for papers, Testaments, and books but there are none to give them. I feel convinced that the work will not be allowed to enlarge to its just proportions while the Department is nominally separate—that Mr. (Rev.) Smith will not support me—and that he will not support any one unless he himself controls the work, and has the honor to himself. Accordingly, with this belief impressed upon my mind, I have urged the Authorities at Hdqrs. to change the plan, giving Mr. Smith power to appoint an Asst. Fd. Agt. and assign him here, and although it is a great sacrifice for me to leave a field so entirely my own, from its very beginning, and to which I have become so much attached, yet I am willing to leave when I believe the interests of the work require me to do so. All delegates coming through are impressed with the belief as they come that Mr. S—takes no pains to forward any of my supplies, and while I have sixty packages from Pittsburg and Philadelphia, lying for some time past at Nashville awaiting shipment, and while they find good supplies at Chattanooga and intervening stations, they find none at Loudon or Knoxville — I established a station at Loudon on Tuesday, March 1st. The work there has been most encouraging.

April 13th in obedience to orders from Headquarters at Philadelphia, I left Knoxville for Pittsburg. I had previously asked to be relieved, with permission to remain at home for a week during the summer. My object in so doing was to propose myself for licensure. I went by Chattanooga, Stevenson, down by Athens, Huntsville, Decatur,—north to Nashville. Stopped there part of our day—thence to Cave City, where I stopped a day to visit Mammoth Cave, where I realized my highest anticipations, and went away fully satisfied with my visit. I went to Louisville where I remained

twenty hours.—Thence north by steamer to Cincinnati. Here I remained a day and a half—and started Eastward. Stopped a few hours at a relative's near Crestline, Ohio, and then took the train for Pittsburg. I began at once to make preparations for remaining in the home work for the summer—but had scarcely entered upon my preparation before the telegraph ordered me to report at once at Headquarters for duty at Fort Monroe. The Pittsburg Committee dissented, and urged that I should be allowed to remain as Secretary of the Pittsburg Branch, but it availed nothing and I had to leave at once without any rest for a new field of duty. I reached Fortress Monroe with a party of five or six about the 28th of April and began at once the organization of the work in Gen. Butler's Department. The General received me kindly, and granted me every facility in his power, for the work. I left him after my first interview, feeling that he was indeed a remarkable man. At every subsequent interview and from what I have seen of his official acts, I have no reason to change my idea of the man.

I went with General Butler's expedition in the early part of May, to Bermuda Hundred, and at once went to work to organize the work of the Commission—then—we had battles immediately and we were on the ground as soon with our laborers and supplies—during the whole month of May, we had no rest, but labored day and night among the wounded in the hospitals of the 10th & 18th Army Corps, and with great acceptance, and I trust and believe with great success. About the last day of May General Smith left with his corps (18th) for White House—leaving the organized work at Bermuda Hundred under the direction of Rev. J. W. Harding. I went to the White House and opened up the new base then, retaining charge of the work till Mr. Cole arrived. I then went to the front with the 18th Corps and immediately found work for all our hands.

Remaining then till June 12th—the Army started across the Peninsula. Before we left, on the 10th of June, I was placed by Mr. Cole in charge of the whole work, while he was absent—I brought the [group?] across the peninsula and remained in charge till the 18th when Mr. Cole returned to City Point. We were with the ambulance trains and were on hand when the work needed us.

General Smith's attack on the defenses of Pittsburg on the 15th was a splendid feat of military achievement. A considerable part

of the heavy work was done by colored troops and their valor and determination in assault and battle astounded every one.

On Mr. Cole's return on the 18th June I was assigned to the Field Section—while Jenkins took charge at the base. I retained the same position till nearly the last of July.

Our work this summer has been a rich success on all hands. There has been as always a great lack of organization and want of system. Men have done too much as they could and the work has at times been almost out of our control, yet much has been accomplished and great good done.

30/7/64

There are but few things in war sadder than the desolation it produces in so many homes. In Rembrandt Peale's famous "Court of Death" in the back-ground of the figure representing War succeeded by Pestilence and Famine, we see the widow and the orphans, with disheveled hair, haggard countenance, pale, dejected, forsaken and [alone?] stands the widow. Not a gleam of joy illumines her face. With her it is darkest night. Her children cling to her with tender fondness and look up to her for succor and relief, but what succor or relief can that frail woman impart! Like Evangeline on her "lone rock by the sea" despair sits enthroned on her countenance, and the world to her is nought but a night of gloom.

There is something grand in war, and the soldier of his country feels a pride of pain and death that mitigates in some sense the sadness of the scene. He has fallen for a purpose. He has given his life a sacrifice and his death is but the offering up of the sacrifice upon the altar. Then the paraphernalia of battle, the sound of cannon, the din of musketry, the grand, mystic evolutions of columns and lines, the sweeping torrents, the *victory*—all [crowding] around us, have a sort of enchantment, so that we do not see suffering in the abstract. We see it in other colors than its own, and it is mitigated. But methinks there is less mitigation in the poignancy of the grief when the dart speeds home to the domestic circle and domestic hearts, and throws the dark cloud of doom over all.

War's victims are not all found on the battlefield. Almost all are bereaved. The battle is over, the terrible surgings have ceased, and all is calm. The story is brief. But few words are needed to write the history of the dead. "Only our thousands killed!" Only

our thousands of young voices hushed, only our thousand worlds of hope buried in the grave, only our thousand heart-beats stopped forever. Is this all? Turn homeward, and here then our thousands of homes made desolate, one thousand fire-side circles broken, one thousand wives and mothers heart-broken. These homewrecks are the saddist. The wife waits for the returning one who never comes. The children prattle of the father, and ask when he will be home. They are left fatherless now. Then the chill winds of adversity begin to blow, and their blasts pierce like arrows. Poverty, wretchedness, desolation, famine, and abuse, all stare them sternly in the face, for their comfort, their support, their joy, is gone. Ah, how cold the world seems and is to the bereaved! Its light is gone, its love is buried, its joy is embittered, its hopes blighted. Bereaved! It is a sad word, and its sadness fills our whole land.

Here is a letter written by a wife to her husband in the army, and found freshly opened on his dead body, for he was killed last Saturday morning. She tells him how anxiously she is watching for him, how eager she is to hear from him. She tells him that she ceases not to pray God to keep him safe, for if he should fall, there is naught else of comfort left for her on earth. Then she speaks of her children, and their prayerful remembrances of the absent—and closes with the grief-laden exclamation "O, what would we do if you should be killed in battle!" The letter reached him on Friday and on Saturday morning at dawn, a fatal ball pierced his body, and on Saturday night he died. We buried him carefully, uttering over his grave a prayer for the bereaved.

Here is a letter from a tender, loving sister. Her brother lay very low in the hospital. A Delegate wrote for him to his sister in D——, telling her that he had but a few days more to live. She wrote immediately, enclosing a letter to him for her brother, in hope that it might find him living. It came swiftly, but too late, for just a few hours before we had laid his cold form in a soldier's grave. She says—"Perhaps, while I am writing, you may be struggling with the [grim?] destroyer Death. The only consolation left us is your peace in Jesus." Again, she says "O, if I could only indulge a moment in the thought that I would see you again, that would give me some comfort, but I fear we can never meet again. Yet, there is a place where we can meet that is around our Father's throne." --- "Dear brother, our sweet sister, Sallie, has

just gone home and she is waiting to welcome you home. How we long to see your dear face again, and hear your sweet voice accompanying our music, but no it cannot be. What more can I say? My heart is breaking. Mother don't know of it yet—how shall I break the sad news to her?"

Think of the agony that will thrill the hearts of these households when they read the brief lines that tell them that the husband and the brother are dead.

We take pains to gather the effects of deceased soldiers as far as possible and send them by express to their friends, sending them at the same time a lock of hair. These little treasures are most sacredly kept, and are worth more than gold to those who watch at home for the absent who shall never return to them again.

Friends of Jesus, in the distribution of your charities, forget not the bereaved, sorrow stricken, and desolate, poverty often pinches relentlessly, and earth has no joys for them. Speak to them tenderly, pray for them fervently, shield them from winter's cold and poverty's want, for it is written—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

3/8/64

Near Petersb'g Va.

I think if friends at home could fully realize the power of their prayers upon the hearts and minds of their absent ones in the army they would [pray] more earnestly on their behalf. Almost every day I hear of instances in which men in the field or in the hospital tell that their greatest strength—their religious safety in the midst of manifold dangers—seems to arise from that link that binds them to their homes, that prayer-link by which they are connected with their praying friends at home, and the Hearer of prayer in heaven. Here is an extract of a soldier's letter to his wife, dictated while lying low in the hospital to a delegate:

"I think that God will take as good care of my Christian life in the army as at home. If God spares my life I hope to come back to you a better Christian; if He calls me away from earth, I have confidence that he will receive me to Himself. The hardships we are obliged to endure help us to better understand the life and sufferings of Him who died for men. I can truly say, I have had such views

of Christ's character, and such love for Christ Himself here, as I should not have gained for years anywhere else than in the army.

"Pray for me, dear wife, as I promise to pray for you. We both have faith in prayer, and I seem to have continual blessings from God because one I love at home remembers me continually at the throne of Grace."

"There is more than 'seem' in those blessings—there is reality. As I have knelt late at night in my tent, to praise God for His goodness and invoke still longer the sunshine of his favor, I have always felt that I was not alone. I have felt that far away, loved ones were, possibly at that very moment, being like myself in prayer, and I have known that for me a voice of prayer arose—a muttered breathing, not heard perhaps on earth, unspoken, yet heard in heaven, went up to Him who hears and answers; and I have felt stronger, stronger in heart and stronger in faith. I bless God for the privilege of prayer, and doubly when it becomes the electric chain that binds heart to heart, and all to heaven."

Let me urge you, Christians, that your prayers for the soldiers be doubly earnest and [importunate?]. Do not grow cold in your love for them, now that they have been so long absent. You know not what they are enduring for you. For seventy days this arduous campaign has gone on, and still it is not ended. There is no lull yet, no hour of rest, but before you read this it will have been reopened with renewed vigor and hundreds and thousands must fall as in the past. Who knows but that your dearest friend, kind reader, will be among that number. God has spared him yet, but the danger is not past, the sacrifice is not complete.

18/7/64

Copy of a letter to a soldier written on a fan:

"A thousand sympathies my soldier friend—together with a few futile efforts to alleviate thy suffering condition—is all I offer thee. I trust it was the voice of duty that bade thee go forth to defend our country. And whilst fulfilling that duty thou hast fallen a victim to the sad consequences of warfare. What pain and anguish thee must have to endure, far from friends and home comforts. Yet perhaps the heart-felt prayers and burning tears of a tender mother, a devoted wife, or a kind sister will ascend to the throne of grace and

then come mingled with their own—be answered with the richest of blessings.

"Prayer is an easy simple duty,
'Tis the language of the soul;
Grace demands it, grace receives it,
Grace must reign above the whole."

M.J.

Westminster Aid Society
Bucks Co., Pa.

13/8/64

O, how these gloomy hours weigh me down. I know it is wrong to be gloomy. I have no right to walk under dark clouds, while over all the sun shines. I know I should always be cheerful and light and happy. God makes us to enjoy life and He desires us to be happy. I am happy. The general tenor of my life is even and bright. The sun shines bright. Fortune favors I have won for myself a high position among those who labor for the temporal and spiritual welfare of our soldiers. All seems to be moving well and I should be happy at all times.

Yet at times in spite of my strongest efforts I feel the shadow of a cloud as it steals over me. A sigh or two, a few hours of dispondency, a sleepless night, a useless day, and then all is bright again. Life is a strange medly, a checkered pathway indeed, streaked with light and draped in gloom. Especially is life in the army, liable to its hours of dreariness. How I long at times for the quiet, the leisure, the enjoyments, the privileges, the loves of home. I was brooding last hour of the wrecks, the sad home wrecks, the heart-wrecks, the wrecks of pleasure and of joy, that the war has made. I, was thinking of the happy hours of then and four years ago, of the happy friends with whom I mingled. I was thinking of my dear associates. Some of them were very dear to me, some were even dearer than my own life. I remember, as it were but yesterday, the walks, the talks, the sweet tender words of love, the calm, cheering words of counsel and encouragement. I had my dark hours then, my hours of discouragement and sometimes almost despair. I had my rivals and [who has not?] my enemies. And well do I remember how those loved ones—one especially—have tried to encourage me.

I had my anxieties and cares for I have borne my share of responsibilities. Perhaps few so young have had more. And I often felt the burdens of these cares resting upon me, crushing me almost down to the earth—and oh! how sweetly the words of love came, and how my burdens grew lighter and my heart happier! It is sweet to look back and read the records that stand yet on memory's tablets [etched?] as with the diamond on glass. It is sweet but yet it is sad, for the record only is left, the memory is bright, but the reality is gone.

Where are those friends now? Estranged, 'tis a hard word, a sad word, it pierces deep and wounds sorely. *Estranged!* And they are gone to mingle with other friends. They have sought other friendships and other loves, and I am left to battle alone. Tonight I have none to whom to bear my sorrows. There is no human ear that listens to my words of discouragement, no tongue to whisper words of cheer, no heart to love, no breast to receive my aching head.

Tonight I am a stranger far from home. I stand on an island in the great mid-ocean of human life. The storm has cast me here, the ship was broken, and I was tossed on this lone spot where all are strangers to me. What a mysterious thing life is! And how doubly mysterious that thing they call the human heart! I am so sad tonight. I have been looking at society rent and torn as it is by the ravages of the war. My friends of boyhood, my associates of former years, my fellows in Latin and Greek—they are nearly all gone. Many of them have gone to the world of spirits. The enemy's balls have laid them low. They have fallen for our country and their names stand on the tablets of many memories enshrined in glory and brightness. Some are living, shattered and dismembered by wounds. Some are pursuing their avocations at home, buying, selling and making gain. One of them is with me now, but how few of them do I find!

Then it seems as if all the joys of social life must now be embittered by the havoc which the war has made. They meet at home as they used to meet, but how many absent places they find—how many faces, and voices once familiar are away upon the field of blood, or now lie calm and quiet in the earth. These wrecks are sad and I must turn away from them. I must shake off this stupor and be myself again. Despair is suicide, and suicide is blackest murder.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Jesus is my friend and why then languish in vain for earthly comforters. They are all a vain show and Christ alone is true and sure. "Jesus Christ my all shall be." 15/8/64
Near Petersburg, Va.

Our quarters at this hospital (18th corps) are at an old plantation residence. The residents are all away on their summer tour southward. The location is a beautiful one two and one-half to three miles from Petersburg. This vicinity during the months of August and September is usually supposed to be unhealthy. The inhabitants have always been accustomed to leave their homes during these months going north to some of our cities or watering places, or to some coast resort, or else to Europe. This summer again they are absent as usual, but they left sooner than usual, and they can be not found at any of our watering places, and I do not know that they are enjoying sea bathing. They are gone but for a different reason this year from other years, and they may not be allowed to enjoy all the pleasures which were their wont. Some families or parts of families still remain, but nearly all and especially all male members have gone away. And everything left behind has been driven to the utmost desolation. War makes direful work, and its cloven foot of sin treads heavily and spreads destruction far and near. 15/8/64

This book is a strange medley. I began it with the view of keeping a record of my work in the army. This I found impracticable, and writing here and there a chapter of history, I have filled it up with thoughts of passing hours. Several of the articles have been published from time to time, mostly in the United Presbyterian. They have all been written in the midst of much hurry, bustle and confusion. Quiet hours are scarce in the army and especially in my position. Nothing has been rewritten. All are crude and lack that finish which one writing under other circumstances would impart to his productions. They have been written when the mind was burdened with cares and when scarce five minutes of uninterrupted attention could be gained.

My experience in the army has been, in some respects, and I think in the aggregate, a rich one to me. I can see the hand of Providence in my career since the war began. Thrice I vested every energy to enter the army, and each time thought I was really *in*, but each time something unforeseen and unavoidable occurred to thwart my plans and in the end I found myself still a cit and no more a soldier than before the war began. At last when the Christian [Commission?] entered on its work in the army the way was opened up, and I felt myself called upon to enter its service for a few weeks as a delegate. Still I had not thought of remaining longer than the stipulated time of six weeks. When my time of service had expired, and I was about to leave, I was asked and urged to remain for the summer campaign just opening, or soon to open. I abandoned a good situation at home, and agreed to remain until autumn. And I am still in the same service, and for aught I know may remain in it during the war, or at least during health.

It has been a good service for me in that it has fitted me better for my life's great work. Our young men enter their professional life too early. Especially do those who enter the profession of the ministry, enter before they are fitted for their work. The great ambition of all seems to be to enter public life, and the one who is the youngest in a class is looked upon as the most remarkable man of all. The populace foolishly run after boys. A preacher with silvery hairs and having marks of age, experience or wisdom is left in the shade, and the beardless boy with no age, experience or wisdom, with his sophomoric things called sermons, is lionized and petted and flattered and followed with a sort of blind adoration, as though wisdom was born with him and would finish in his fall. I know such praise and toadyism elate and please, but it is all wrong. Such young men generally go down rather than up; and it would be better in the end for them and certainly better for the church if they had not burst the shell for several years later in life. I came into the army just soon enough to prevent myself entering life at this same unfit age. Now I have seen something of life, and a good deal of preachers, and I think I see a course that will fit me for more and greater usefulness. I have more opportunities of learning to read human nature, and perhaps know a little of the art of dealing with men, which knowledge will be of use hereafter in any branch of life. If our young men would spend three or four years longer than they usually do in

preparation—if they would read, and write, travel, and study man and human nature and especially the great models, they would be amply repaid. In the Jewish dispensation the priest was not eligible till the age of thirty years. Our Savior following the same example (?) life at thirty, and perhaps generally thirty years are enough to fit a man fully and well discharging the duties of an Ambassador of Christ. I am satisfied with the dispensation that holds me back from early follies. 16/8/64

I wonder if the human book worm ever guesses the lesson set by his industrious insect namesake. The little animal which devours the wisdom of the past labors with a purpose; it does not always remain a worm, but after its course of learning, goes forth a winged creature, escaping from the bondages of the bookshelf to lead a buoyant active life. Books may be good diet for a while. I heard of one grub which ate his way through twenty-seven folio volumes, indexes and all—but no man should let his whole life pass away in their unproductive consumption. Some men are so stuffed with learning that they seem hardly able to swallow, much less digest what they have devoured, but go into society with their mouths still full of quotations. Give me a scholar who shows his learning by the strength of his sense, and not by the display of his un-masticated food. There are literary gluttons who think what fresh book they can read, instead of reading in order to think with fresh energy. Great readers are by no means likely to be wise, any more than great eaters are to be strong. This is an intellectual dyspepsia brought on by an excuse of mental [gorging]. Just as thin as a physical dyspepsia from too many sweet and savory dishes. Learn a lesson from the real bookworm, Mr. Philosopher, and when you have bored through your volume, take a turn in the air along with the other flies of creation.

16/8/64

Newspaper

—To prevent smallpox from pitting the face take linseed (or sweet) oil, and mix into india rubber dissolved. Coat the face with the mixture.

Mrs. Dickinson

—I wonder how, after living in this semi-barbarous army style for so long, we could enjoy living at home in luxury and surrounded

by comforts. One thing, I think, we will be able to live even without the great profusion of luxuries that we used to think indispensable to comfort, and even, to living. True they are very necessary but not more indispensable.

And now comes the last page. I shall send this book home to be in service till I may need it again. It is of no use to any other one, and perhaps may never be of any use to myself, but yet-I will esteem it in after years if, spared as a relic of the war, and it may recall to mind some of the roughness and activities of camp living. If I should not live to use it again, it will be of no use to anyone, but may be kept and read by someone, as a memento of time past. I hope ere long to see it again when this cruel war has ended, and when the strife and carnage are over—till then old book

Au revoir!

J. Ralph Miller

16/8/64