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THE FRIENDS IN WAR TIME

FERNANDO G. CARTLAND



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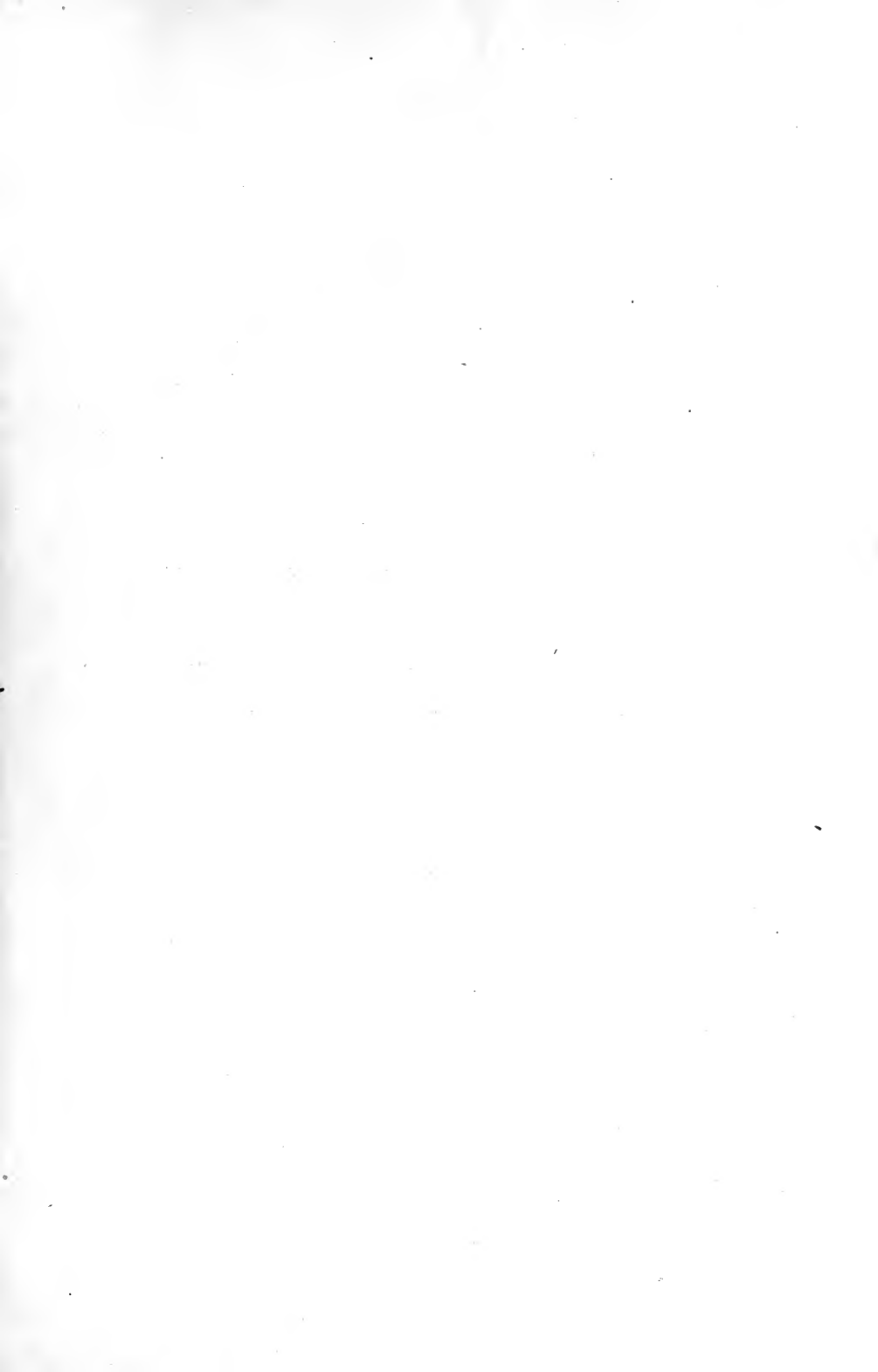
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FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE
At New Garden, N. C. Erected in 1791

SOUTHERN HEROES

OR

THE FRIENDS IN WAR TIME

BY

FERNANDO G. CARTLAND

*WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD, LL. D.*

"LIFT IN CHRIST'S NAME HIS CROSS AGAINST THE SWORD."

CAMBRIDGE

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TO
ABBIE F. CARTLAND

THIS WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY HER HUSBAND



PREFACE.

IN presenting this volume to the public, the writer would say that he has been only one of many who have for a long time realized the importance of preserving, in book form, a record of certain facts concerning the sufferings of Friends in the South, during the war of 1861-65. Others have begun the work, but from various causes they have thus far failed to complete it.

As years have passed, the opportunities for gaining reliable information have become less and less favorable, on account of the death of some of those who, "for conscience toward God, endured grief, suffering wrongfully." To delay longer would make the task of writing such a book still more difficult.

This work has therefore been undertaken with the desire to preserve for coming generations this portion of a hitherto unwritten history.

To all those who have so kindly aided in the preparation of the manuscript, the writer would hereby express his appreciation and gratitude; and it is his hope that the deeply interesting nature of the subject may induce the critical reader to pass lightly over the numerous defects which may be discovered in the work.

Above all, he desires that the book may be an instrument in the hand of God to convince the minds of many of the reasonableness of peace and the unrighteousness of war.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE annals of Christianity contain numberless instances of cruel persecution heroically and patiently endured, but it is doubtful if any of these in any age have been more striking and painfully instructive than those recorded in the pages of this book. To most of us, persecution on account of loyalty to Christian principle, at least in its more cruel physical aspects, seems to belong to a far-away past age, or to dark and barbarous countries. We should refuse to believe the stories of inhuman treatment recorded in the chapters of "Southern Heroes," if the evidence were not so overwhelming. How is it possible that such things can have happened here in a country which has made civil and religious liberty its boast for a century? The account must be wrong, we are tempted to say. It must have been long ago and in some other country that these dreadful deeds were done. No; they were done here, within the memory of living men. The witnesses are so numerous that no one can doubt. Some of the sufferers still live and bear in their bodies the "marks" of the fearful ordeal.

No one can tell when the line of martyrs for the sake of religious freedom and civil liberty will be ended. Human wickedness is still the same in spirit that it has heretofore been, and martyrdom does not

always come in the same form. It is permitted, however, to hope that in civilized lands there will never again be material for the writing of such a book as this. However that may be, it is well that this story, or series of stories, has been written down. It is highly instructive from many standpoints. It is a part of the history of our country's struggles for and progress toward real freedom, the depth of whose meaning has as yet been but imperfectly understood. It is also an instructive illustration, not so ancient as to have lost any of its force, of the power of Christianity to transform men and to lift them above the selfish and cowardly weakness which yields quickly to worldly enticements, slavishly "follows the crowd," or cowers before the threats and the lash of tyrannous authority.

The Southern Friends, some of whom the reader will come to know and admire, have given us not only a remarkable exhibition of steadfast loyalty to principle in the midst of great trials, but also an extraordinary manifestation of divine protection and care in time of peril. It is, of course, theoretically possible to account for all their marvelous deliverances from violent death by the mere doctrine of chances. But no one who believes in the providences of God and understands anything of the ordinary course of unregenerate human nature, especially when hardened by a long training in brutality, will be able to accept any such trivial explanation of these remarkable facts as that offered by the theory of chance. If God ever interfered in behalf of true and faithful men, he inter-

ferred in behalf of these; and his signal protection and deliverance of them, under such varied circumstances of peculiar danger, may fairly be taken as an evidence of his approval not only of their loyalty to what they believed to be right but also of the principles themselves for which they suffered. There are in the annals of the Friends other instances of like extraordinary deliverance in connection with the maintenance of their peace principles, but in none of these cases did political hatred, selfish prejudices, military tyranny and pure maliciousness so combine to render the danger exceptionally great as in the examples now before us. The deliverance of the Friends in the South was for this reason all the more marked, and the protective value of peace principles when faithfully practiced brought into all the greater prominence.

There is another feature of the case of these Southern peace-men which makes it, if possible, still more interesting and instructive, viz., their thorough patriotism and loyalty to the Union. It has often been charged that non-resistant peace-men are bad patriots, real enemies to their country. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The reader of the following pages will discover that there were no finer exhibitions of loyalty and genuine love of country during the fierce struggle of the civil war than those made by the Southern Friends. Their patriotism was an intelligent and discriminating one, founded on principle, and no blast from the hot furnace of persecution was able in the least to make it yield. They were the foes of secession and disunion as much as of slavery.

When the storm of war was about to break and all other voices were growing silent, they continued to the last moment to utter their protest against the mad course on which the South was entering. When the tides of strife and persecution were surging about them, their lips were generally sealed through prudence, but no amount of suffering or enticement could force them open in behalf of rebellion. The reader will be inclined to think that they did as much in their own way to weaken and cripple the rebellion, to bring on the overthrow of slavery and to save the Union as any other body of men of equal numbers in any part of the land. It is right, therefore, to record their names, every one of them, in the catalogue of our truest national heroes.

The author of this work has had exceptional opportunities of learning the exact nature of the facts which he records, and his statements of the character and extent of the sufferings and trials not only of those whom he mentions but also of the whole body of the Friends in the South may be credited as in every instance substantially correct. Though making no pretense of general historical knowledge or literary culture, he has succeeded in bringing together in a simple and natural way, which must please every reader, the chief events of this hitherto unwritten portion of the history of the great struggle which a generation ago shook our national structure to its very foundation.

B. F. T.

BOSTON, August, 1895.

SOUTHERN HEROES.

CHAPTER I.

“ Shall the sword devour forever ? ”

“ Put up the sword ! ” The voice of Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes ; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead ; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire ; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes.
O, men and brothers ! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace ; put up the useless sword !

WHITTIER.

WHEN the advent of Christ was announced to the shepherds upon Judea's plains, suddenly there appeared unto them a multitude of the Heavenly Host, proclaiming the Gospel of Peace in the joyful song, “ Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward men.”

The King of kings descended to earth that “ the kingdoms of this world might become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.” “ He came not to conquer by force of arms, but by the power of love

and truth to establish His kingdom among men." With a chosen few He went from place to place, preaching His Gospel, speaking as never man spake; and yet, as one having authority, He commanded: "Thou shalt not kill;" "Put up thy sword into the sheath;" "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

Strange indeed to the Roman soldier who asked, "What shall we do?" was John's reply, "Do violence to no man." The Jews were slow to comprehend the law of their King, "I say unto you, resist not evil." The law of love was to take the place of the old-time saying, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Although our Saviour taught so plainly the duty of non-resistance, few received his teaching; and even now, while admitting the beauty of it, many, in their worldly wisdom, question or deny its practicability. To these He would say, "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

So fully has the war system been accepted as a necessity, in some ages, that to be a minister of Jesus Christ, and an officer or soldier in the army at the same time, was not considered, by the church in general, an inconsistency. Notwithstanding the slowness of Christians to accept the doctrine of non-resistance, "Rev. Col. Barton" would sound strange in the ears of this generation, and the titles seem hardly fitting to the same man; yet Colonel Barton, of the seventeenth century, was a regularly ordained minister in the church.

Christian nations have so far seen the incompatibility of war and Christianity, that ministers of the gospel are now almost universally exempt from military duty. Thomas Clarkson says: "In the first two centuries, when Christianity was the purest, there are no Christian soldiers on record. The war degeneracy of the church began very early in the third century, and went so far in the fourth, that under and after Constantine the Great, Christians engaged in war, as they generally have ever since." In all ages of the Christian era, however, there have been those who, accepting the teaching of our Saviour, have had the boldness to declare, "I am a Christian, therefore I cannot fight."

Charles V. of Germany, in his declining years, resigned his high office in favor of his son, and undertook as a pastime to so regulate a number of watches as to have them perfectly agree. After a great deal of patient effort he is said to have remarked, as he laid down his tools, "What a fool I have been to shed so much innocent blood in trying to make men think alike, when I cannot make a few watches agree in keeping time."

More than two hundred years ago, during the time of Charles I. of England, when all churches believed in war and practiced it, there appeared in that country a youth who had spent much time in retirement, studying his Bible, and prayerfully seeking to know the truth of God as there revealed. During the days of that iron-hearted puritan soldier, Oliver Cromwell, he taught and preached with wonderful clearness and

power a doctrine new to the people of that day, who had almost lost sight of the spiritual teachings of the Son of God. He taught that Jesus Christ not only died to atone for our sins, but as a living Saviour designs to keep us from sinning, and that those who accept Him as their guide may be led into all the truth. He taught that it is not lawful for a Christian to fight, as our Saviour forbade it; and he sought, with remarkable success, to turn men to the light, and from dependence upon forms and ceremonies to the power of Christ, in which they might live free from the power of Satan.

His teaching produced a remarkable effect upon the age in which he lived, and great was the opposition he aroused. Priests and stated ministers thought him opposed to their systems of religion, as he called them from their empty professions to a life of holiness. They were sometimes angered, and stirred up the rude people to abuse him, and the magistrates to imprison him, — which they were not slow to do. Many believed him to be opposed to the government, because he would not swear allegiance to it. He would neither take up arms in its defense, nor against it.

While in prison, the officials offered him a command in the army, and the soldiers clamored for him as their leader. Although he would have thus been released from a filthy prison, where he was confined with thirty felons, he replied, "I know whence all wars arise, even from lusts, according to James's doctrine; but I live in the virtue of that life and power that takes away the occasion for all war. I am in love with all men, and cannot fight against any."

He was often in prison on account of zealously presenting the truth, yet Carlyle says of him, "There is in broad Europe one free man, — George Fox, the greatest of the moderns. He looks heavenward from his earth and dwells in an element of mercy and worship." The "Pall Mall Gazette" says of him, "Of the four great characters of the seventeenth century, Cromwell, Milton, Bunyan and Fox, the last has had the greatest influence upon the world, and been the least recognized by the world."

At the time of his death his followers numbered many tens of thousands, — in England alone nearly a hundred thousand, — and were scattered over the civilized world. With wonderful zeal and indomitable courage he visited the people, not only of England, but of Ireland, France, Germany, Holland, Scotland, America, Barbadoes, Jamaica, and many other parts, and pressed upon them the truth of God. He planted churches in all these nations, as did his followers in many others.

So clearly did he impress the doctrine and duty of non-resistance, that wherever Friends have existed they have been known as being opposed to all wars and fightings. In this, with the exception of a few Schwenkfeldians, Mennonites, and Dunkards, they have stood alone as a Christian organization. Though small in numbers in comparison with others, their light has been steadily shining. Individuals of other churches have in many cases come to agree with them, and upon many minds the light of this Gospel truth is dawning.

Whitefield wrote, "The Quakers have, I think, left us an example of patient suffering; and have done more by their bold, unanimous, and persevering testimony than if they had taken up arms in the kingdom."

The disturbance of good feeling between Great Britain and the United States of America in 1861, on account of the taking of Mason and Slidell from the English mail steamer *Trent*, by Commander Wilkes of the United States war-ship *San Jacinto*, at one time assumed such serious proportions that a war between the two countries seemed imminent. England loaded the *Great Eastern* and sent ten thousand troops from her shores to be landed in Canada. The *Great Eastern* being unable to make harbor in Canadian waters, the United States consented for her to enter Portland harbor, Maine, and ship the soldiers by rail to Canada. Nevertheless, such was the fear that war might be declared, that Friends in England memorialized the English Government in the interest of peace and arbitration. This memorial was forwarded by Friends to America, and presented to Abraham Lincoln by a delegation from Baltimore. Francis T. King, one of the delegation, has left us a very interesting account of this matter, which we here quote :

MASON AND SLIDELL.

On the 8th of 11th month, 1861, Captain Wilkes, of the U. S. steamer *San Jacinto*, intercepted the British steamer *Trent*, and took from her Mason and Slidell and their secretaries, who were on their way from Havana to England as envoys of the Confederacy.

On the 30th of the same month, Earl Russell wrote to Lord Lyons, the British Minister at Washington, saying that they presumed Captain Wilkes acted without instructions, as it was a violation of international law, and that England could not allow such an affront to pass without full reparation.

Through an accident, the Atlantic cable was not working at the time, and everything was in suspense. The Assistant Secretary of State said afterwards, that had it been working we would have had war with England, as the excitement was intense, and there would have been no time for reflection on either side.

London Meeting for Sufferings, under date of 12th month 9th, presented a memorial to Lord Palmerston, First Lord of the Treasury, and Earl Russell, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in which they plead for peace between the two countries, in language that will always be appropriate. "There are, perhaps," they said, "no two independent nations on the face of the earth so closely united together as England and America, by the combined ties of blood, of language, of religion, of constitutional freedom, and of commercial interest; and no two nations between whom a war would be a more open scandal to our common Christianity, or a more serious injury to the welfare and progress of the human race."

After earnestly pleading for arbitration, if correspondence should not effect the happy and peaceful termination of the dispute, they add: "We would further suggest that after the vast sacrifices which England has made for the abolition of the slave trade and slavery in our own possessions and by other countries, which has been an object so consistently prompted through life by the statesmen whom we are now addressing, it would be deeply humiliating if, by being in-

volved in this war, our country should ultimately find itself in active coöperation with the South and slavery, against the North and freedom."

In conclusion they say, "May He who still ruleth in the earth grant that the impending scourge of war may be averted from the kindred nations on each side of the Atlantic, and from the waters of that ocean, which should unite rather than divide them."

A copy of this memorial was sent by London Meeting for Sufferings to Baltimore Representative Meeting, with the request that it be handed to President Lincoln, with the assurance of their sincere desire and effort to maintain peace between the two countries. James Carey and myself were appointed to take the memorial to Washington, which we did just previous to Secretary Seward's reply to Earl Russell's letter.

When we arrived at the White House, we found the ante-rooms crowded with senators, congressmen, and officers of the army and navy. It was a time of intense excitement and anxiety, and these feelings were shown in the faces of every one present. We waited about two hours, and had almost despaired of an interview, when Senator Sherman came out of the President's room. We told him that we were very anxious to see the President, as we had a communication from Friends in England about the matter of the Trent. He quickly said, "You have? I will see the President," and in a few minutes, to the surprise of the officials around us, who had been waiting longer than ourselves, we were invited in.

It was the first time I had ever seen President Lincoln. He was sitting before an open wood fire, in a large easy chair, with that sad, yet strong countenance, which, once seen, was never forgotten. He rose and shook hands with

us cordially, and readily assented to our reading the paper from England, to which he listened attentively. In making a few remarks, we stated that the appeal would have the support of able Friends in Parliament, among whom was John Bright. The President's countenance lighted up at the mention of that name, and turning to the senator he said, "Sherman, did you know that John Bright was a Quaker?" "Oh, yes!" "Well, I did not before. I read all his speeches, and he knows more of American politics than most of the men at the other end of the avenue (pointing towards the Capitol). I appreciate his great work for us in our struggle at home." Turning again to us he said, "Give me your address, and I will send you an acknowledgment of the appeal. These are the first words of cheer and encouragement we have had from across the water."

About two weeks elapsed, and we received the following letter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

January 7, 1862.

GENTLEMEN, — It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt, through you, of the memorial of the English Friends in relation to the matter in question between the government of Great Britain and that of the United States of America.

Although I trust that any fears entertained of serious derangement of amicable relations have been without foundation, I cannot but gratefully appreciate your prompt and generous suggestions in the interests of peace and humanity. I have the honor to be

With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

To FRANCIS T. KING and others.

Secretary Seward happily and promptly settled the Trent controversy in a long and able letter, at the close of which he said, "If I decide this case (the right of search) in favor of my own government, I must disavow its most cherished principles and reverse and forever abandon its essential policy, and the country cannot afford the sacrifice. The prisoners will be cheerfully liberated."

Many of the forty-two speakers at the Peace Congress at Chicago in 1893, representing different nationalities, referred to the fact that Friends had been the first to call the attention of their people to the principles of peace and arbitration.

Hugh Price Hughes, the distinguished Methodist of London, at the Ecumenical Council at Washington, in 1892, said, "The Society of Friends, small in numbers though it is, by its teachings on the subject of war, has done the world more good than all the soldiers that have ever been engaged in battle."

The Peace committees of the yearly meetings of Friends, the American Peace Society, the Peace Society of London, the Peace Association of Friends in America, the Universal Peace Union, the Ecclesiastical Peace Conference, with kindred organizations, by their publications, speakers, and various untiring efforts, have done much for the education of public sentiment on this subject. The Women's Christian Temperance Union accepts this as a part of its work "For God and Home and Every Land." With its girdle of Christian influence around the world, it is endeavoring to show all governments that there is a better way than to sacrifice fathers, brothers, husbands,

and sons, in attempts to settle national difficulties by war.

Evidences of the growth of public sentiment in favor of peace is seen in the fact that the legislative bodies of England, Sweden, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Roumania, Switzerland, and the United States of America, have severally passed resolutions in favor of arbitration, as being the true policy of nations; and the day is dawning when "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

In the adjustment of the Behring Sea difficulty between the United States and England, there is positive proof that grave and serious questions may, by submitting them to a court of arbitration, be most satisfactorily settled, and the bonds between nations strengthened rather than weakened. Other nations may see by this, as well as by their settlement of the Alabama Claims and other differences, that the two leading nations of the world are learning that it is wiser to settle differences by arbitration than by war.

Notwithstanding the fact that the five so-called Christian nations, — England, France, Russia, Austria and Prussia, — have been engaged in seventy-five or more wars during the past eighty years, and the United States in three, besides Indian skirmishes, more than two hundred claims have been settled by arbitration within the same time, — some of them of so serious a nature as would ordinarily have been considered justifiable grounds for war.

With Prince Albert originated the idea of a World's

Fair, which was first held in the Crystal Palace, at London. He is said to have had in mind the thought that by thus bringing together men of different nationalities, the feeling of brotherhood would be increased, and thereby the day of universal peace would be hastened.

General Grant, in an address to a Philadelphia society, after his return from a voyage around the world, said: "Though I have been trained as a soldier and have participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not have been found of preventing the drawing of the sword. I look forward to an epoch when a court recognized by all nations will settle international differences, instead of keeping large standing armies, as is done in Europe."

Presidents Hayes and Garfield did not hesitate to declare their concurrence in the same opinions, and Gen. Robert E. Lee, on the occasion of his resigning his position in the United States Army, at the time of the outbreak of the war of 1861, in writing to his sister in Virginia, said, "I cannot draw the sword against my native State, although I see no need for this state of things."

The world is gradually learning to recognize the wisdom of Christ's teaching, and the sentiment of Christian nations is much in advance of that of a century ago; far in advance of what it was on that day when "To arms, to arms!" was heard all over the United States of America, and the strength of this country rushed to the conflict as a horse rushes to battle.

On the 27th of April, 1861, two men of national fame, who had long been personal friends, educated to the same calling and to love the same flag, met in the city of Washington. For two hours they were in private consultation. Then General Scott and General Lee took their leave of each other and went forth with sad hearts to the command of two armies, in which were opposed brothers, fathers, and sons, in deadly combat.

As we look upon America to-day, at peace with all the world, we can hardly conceive it possible that such a conflict could again take place, a conflict in which it is estimated that on the Northern side alone seven hundred thousand men were killed in battle, maimed for life, or died from disease. Allowing the Southern loss to have been equal, and some estimate it to have been greater, we have one million four hundred thousand men — the strength of our land — sacrificed to the god of war. It is estimated that one of every ten men engaged was either killed or wounded, and one of every sixty-five was killed on the field.

June 10, 1880, the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States presented to the Senate a statement of the expenses growing out of the war on account of the Northern army, from July 1, 1861, to June 30, 1879, and he gave the amount as \$6,796,798,508, which he said was sufficient to have purchased every slave in the South at five times his market value; and the expense was still being continued. Allowing the South an equal amount for expense and loss, we have as a cost of the war over \$13,500,000,000, without

taking into account the value of wasted country, harvests destroyed, and homes, villages, and towns given to the flames.

No estimate has been or can be made of the sufferings and the anguish of anxious women bereft of their loved ones, and of the struggle for bread by those who were robbed of strong arms and the means of support by the cruel hand of war. General Sherman well said, "War is cruel, and you cannot refine it!" It is the perfection of cruelty.

Many, who talk of the ground taken by the advocates of peace as impolitic, say that the principle cannot be maintained in the face of trial, whether it be one of danger to property or to life. Many instances given in these pages show that that principle may be held dearer than life. We admit that the opportunity for making money too often stands in the way of obedience to conscientious convictions, yet there are many cases of faithfulness to the dictates of conscience in spite of apparent moneyed interest. Two of these it may be well to record here, as the decisions were made in the face of an apparent sacrifice of large gains.

In 1776, when America was struggling for independence from British rule, France extended to her such aid as to result in war between herself and England. Dr. Joseph Fox, a Friend, was part owner of the Greyhound and the Brilliant, two cutters used in trading along the Cornish coast. Custom allowed the owners of such cutters to arm them and prey upon the enemy, taking prizes. Dr. Fox's partners pro-

posed thus to fit out and use their vessels. Fox protested in vain, and the partners refused either to buy or allow him to sell his interest. He was powerless to prevent their iniquity, but not obliged to be partaker of its results, and declared that he would not. The vessels were successful in capturing a number of prizes, and Fox's partners, remembering his declaration, tried to retain all the profits; but he insisted that they should pay over his share to him, which they finally did. This he placed at interest in 1778. In 1783 peace was made, and the next year he sent his son, Dr. Edward L. Fox, to Paris to advertise for the owners of the plundered property. The proceeding was so entirely new that the French authorities suspected something wrong, and he had to secure liberty from the French ministers to advertise the matter. They required a formal declaration that his object was in truth what he represented it to be, and threatened him with severe punishment if he practiced any deception. Applications were made for the greater part of the funds, and all the claims were found to be well founded. The recipients caused the facts to be published in the "Gazette," wishing, they said, "to give the publicity which it merits to this trait of generosity and equity, which does honor to the Society of the Quakers, and proves their fidelity to the principles of peace and unity by which they are distinguished." After thus disposing of \$7350, there remained \$600 which could not be refunded. This amount could not be applied as desired, owing to the recurrence of hostilities, and was put on interest until

1818. The amount was then deposited in the treasury of the Invalid Seaman's Society, for the relief of non-combatants of the merchant service.

In confirmation of the above story we quote the following from "Lloyd's Evening Post," of Paris, March 9, 1785: "The principles of peace and quietness which characterize the Society of Quakers forbid them from taking any part in wars, and do not even suffer them to partake of any profit that may arise from such a source. One of these peaceable people was inevitably concerned in some privateers which his partners would fit out during the late war, notwithstanding all his remonstrances and opposition. Having received his share of the profits, he has sent his son to this city to endeavor to find out the owners of the vessels taken, by the above 'Letters of Marque,' and restore to them the part he has received of those prizes. For this purpose he has published the names of all the vessels taken by the privateers fitted out by his father's house, and desires the owners or their agents to apply to Dr. Edward Long Fox, Hôtel d'York, Rue Jacob, Paris."

Since the year 1861, a large iron company made application to the Lukens Iron and Steel Co., of Coatsville, Pa., for ten thousand tons of protective armor plate for government war vessels. This order was positively declined by the president of the company, Dr. Charles Huston, a Friend, on the ground of his peace principles. Dr. Huston said, "War only decides which of the combatants has the superior strength, and it is more expensive than arbitration, as well as destructive to life and property."

The work was declined with the full knowledge that if accepted it would lead to heavy government orders. Later on, an agent of the government called on Dr. Huston to get a large amount of work done for military purposes. This was the only mill east of the Allegheny Mountains where it could be done. The agent tried to persuade Dr. Huston to accept it, telling him that he should name his own price and have continued patronage. The reasons were kindly given for not accepting the order, and the Lukens Iron and Steel Co. neither roll iron plate nor do other work for war purposes. They continue, however, to have a good patronage, and during 1893 and 1894, while the other mills were having little or no work, and many of them were closed, the business of the Lukens Iron and Steel Co. went steadily on.

How much the influence of Friends may have had to do in bringing about the favorable showing of the United States in the following comparison, we will not undertake to say. A leading New York paper published the following article, taken from the New Orleans "Times-Democrat": "There is no better proof of the essential barbarism of even the most civilized nations of the world than is afforded by a comparison of the money they expend for the maintenance of physical supremacy as against the expenditure for mental improvement. Though it be assumed that 'brain is better than brawn,' there is no evidence that statesmen so regard it. The amount per capita expended by various governments for military and educational purposes is set down as follows :

	Military.	Educational.
France	\$4.00	\$0.70
England	3.72	63
Holland	3.58	64
Saxony	2.38	36
Württemberg	2.38	38
Bavaria	2.38	40
Prussia	2.04	50
Denmark	1.76	94
Italy	1.52	36
Belgium	1.38	46
Austria	1.36	32
Switzerland	82	84
United States	39	1.35

The citizens of some of the European countries are so burdened with taxation for war purposes that they complain of the heavy draft upon their resources, and in various ways express their dissatisfaction.

A recent minute of the Yorkshire Quarterly Meeting of Friends, held at York, England, January, 1894, says: "The meeting is deeply impressed with the suffering caused to the nations of Europe by the burdensome weight of military expenditures. The reckless squandering of national resources has already brought some European states to bankruptcy, and others to a condition of grave financial embarrassment. In this country about fifty out of every seventy-five pounds raised by parliamentary taxation is already devoted to war-like expenditure, past or present. (Signed) WILLIAM HARVEY, Clerk."

The following statements taken from an article in the "Boston Post," of June 6, 1894, give us some idea of the enormous expenditure in European countries for war purposes:

“To be in a state of preparation for war costs the taxpayers of continental Europe \$700,000,000 a year. This is \$60,000,000 more than it cost nine years ago, and it takes no account of either the value of the time of the men kept under arms, or the incidental cost to the states of building or acquiring railroads, mainly for purposes of military defense. The magnitude of the latter item is referred to by Dr. Mulhall in an article in the “North American Review,” in which he shows that since 1885 the governments of continental Europe have built or purchased more than 16,000 miles of railway, at an apparent cost of \$1,680,000,000. That is to say, that in 1885 the mileage and capital cost of state railways in Europe were 37,560 miles, and \$3,755,000,000. They had risen in 1893 to 58,830 miles and \$5,455,000,000. Add to this expenditure \$80,000,000 for state telegraph lines, and \$1,140,000,000 for armaments, and the enormous increase in nine years of \$2,900,000,000 in the public debt of the states of continental Europe will be accounted for.

“The armaments, for which large sums have been used, cannot be said to be additions to the national wealth, but it will be seen that since 1885 they have entailed an expenditure, partly raised by taxation and partly by borrowing, of \$2,660,000,000. Even this does not include the amount of the interest chargeable to this portion of the public debt, and it provides no guarantee that in the next nine years the cost of military preparation may not be as much more.”

The Krupp gun which was exhibited at the World's

Fair at Chicago is 48 feet long, 17 inches bore, and weighs 140 tons. The carriage weighs 150 tons. The whole cost \$195,000. It requires 904 pounds of powder for one charge. At 33 cents a pound, the cost of a charge would be \$298.32. The armor-piercing shell, weighing 2513 pounds, at 40 cents per pound, costs \$1005.20. This makes, according to the war department estimate, \$1303.52 for once firing the gun. Sixty firings are its limit, or \$78,211.20. Add to this the original cost, \$195,000, and you have the net cost of \$273,211.20, for sixty rounds; or \$4553.52 for each shot, without adding cost of handling or equipments.

It throws a steel-pointed projectile five feet long, weighing, as we have seen, over a ton, a distance of twenty miles or more; and at nine miles it has been made to pass through a steel armor plate 24 inches thick. Besides this projectile, this gun shoots steel schrapnels, filled with small bullets, 3000 in each. This shell, charged with an explosive substance, bursts and the balls are hurled with great velocity in every direction, so that besides the destructive power of the steel fragments is that of 3000 bullets. Few regiments contain 1000 effective men, so that in this one shell you have the power of destroying a whole brigade.

A quick-firing gun of that exhibit fires forty shots a minute, using fuse-shell, cast-iron ring shell, steel schrapnels, or case shot. There are 180 balls in each schrapnel. Forty shots can be fired in a minute, which would give 7200 bullets besides the fragments

of forty shells, to be sent every minute among human beings. To receive such a fire would soon destroy an army.

Since the exhibition at Chicago of those wonderful machines for the destruction of human life, showing that the inventive genius of man is still at work on this line, news has been received from London (January 6, 1894), that Arch Duke Salvator has perfected an automatic mitrailleuse that will fire from 450 to 460 shots per minute. Smokeless powder can be used in all weathers, and thus the presence of an ambushed enemy is not revealed. Forty thousand rounds have been fired from the barrel of one of these new guns without its showing any defect.

Those interested in naval warfare have been much gratified with experiments made with a recently completed dynamite gun, weighing, with its carriage, fifty-two tons, throwing a quarter of a ton of dynamite a mile and a half with great accuracy, and so constructed that it will explode upon striking the water or any other substance. It is operated by electricity, and one projectile is said to be sufficient to destroy three war ships at once. On one trial it is said to have thrown an acre of the Atlantic Ocean into the air.

Another recent invention is claiming the attention of war men. One Mr. Turpin has produced an automatic chariot, firing automatically 25,000 bullets at one time. This invention renders the approach of an enemy impossible. Liquefied gas may be used in the machine. Projectiles are hurled with tremendous

force to great distances, and from any height, the apparatus being such as to afford buoyancy. The inventor claims that his weapon will be so destructive that war will cease for want of soldiers.

Add to these a machine recently perfected for pouring burning petroleum from balloons upon cities and towns, with such effect as to destroy them by fire, and we may well conclude that war will cease because of its utter destructiveness.

The United States has recently had a test made, at the Sandy Hook proving station, of four of the biggest projectiles ever made by this government. The first shot went through an obstruction of thirteen and a half inches of steel armor plate, four feet of solid oak plank, and thirty-seven feet of sand. These four shots cost the government \$17,000.

The total cost to the United States Government during the year 1893 on what may be called the war power, including pensions, the army, and the navy, was upwards of \$239,000,000, far more than half the entire expenditures of the government.

The total number of persons furnished by the different Northern States to the various calls of Abraham Lincoln was 2,759,049. Of these, President Cleveland's proclamation in 1894 stated that 969,544 were still on the pension rolls, and the number had increased 3552 since the year before. The amount paid in pensions during the year 1893, nearly thirty years after the close of the war, was \$139,804,461.05.

If our government does not soon call a halt in her military expenditures, such groanings as those of the

European nations may soon be heard on this side of the Atlantic, by the people who now so proudly boast of their freedom from conscription and taxation for keeping up the war system.

We must believe that the advanced civilization of the nineteenth century will forbid our going to much greater lengths in this direction, notwithstanding the efforts of military men to introduce army tactics into our schools, and of preachers and Bible school teachers to introduce boys' brigades into our churches and Bible schools.

The engines of death have been brought to such wonderful perfection and extensive capabilities that to go to war means the utter destruction of one or both armies. This is so fully realized by the military men themselves, that they hesitate as never before to declare war and thus bring into action these machines for the slaughter of men by thousands. They, too, are coming to realize, from the very certainty of success in the destruction of human life, that to go to war is not Christ-like but barbarous.

CHAPTER II.

O Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer.

WHITTIER.

IN 1656, twelve years after George Fox had begun his ministry in England, a number of his followers attempted to land in America; but the New England puritans were unwilling that the doctrines of Fox should be taught in their midst. They therefore sent the Friends back to England by the same ship in which they had come. The Friends soon returned, however, bringing others with them, this time to stay. Notwithstanding severe persecution and the death of four of their number, who were hung on Boston Common on account of their religion, they made many converts.

Churches were established from New England to Georgia. Many of these have ever since been maintained, sometimes with ministers, sometimes without; but whether flourishing or waning, the Friends everywhere steadily upheld their distinctive views concerning war. They were the first in America to teach

the doctrine of religious liberty and of non-resistance. They have had no small part in the education of public sentiment and in the framing of laws which place the United States among the foremost nations of the world, respecting, as it does, liberty of conscience, the sacredness of human life, and the equal rights of all.

The colony of Rhode Island was settled largely by Friends. Roger Williams welcomed them to his "Providence Plantation," and the government of the colony was, for many years, mostly under their control. They kept no standing army and had no military displays. The Indians were treated justly, and, having their confidence, the Friends were in no danger of massacre as were their military neighbors, who constantly suffered loss of life and property on account of warlike measures.

William Penn landed at Newcastle on the Delaware on the 24th of October, 1682, and proceeded to the site where now stands Philadelphia. Here he made that famous treaty of peace and justice with the Indians, the only treaty, says Voltaire, which "was never sworn to and never broken." Pennsylvania, while under the rule of Friends, from 1682 to 1754, presents a picture of what has well been called "The Golden Age" of that State.

"During these seventy years," writes Clarkson, the abolitionist, "while William Penn's principles prevailed and the Quakers had the principal share in the government, there was no spot on the globe where, number for number, there was such virtue or so

much happiness as among the people of Pennsylvania." Taking into account the time and the extent of territory, it is without parallel in the history of mankind as an example of Christian government.

"Of all the colonies that ever existed," says Professor Ebeling, "none was ever founded on so philanthropic a plan; none so deeply impressed with the character of its founder; none ever practiced in a greater degree the principle of toleration, liberty, and peace; and none rose and flourished more rapidly."

The language on this subject of the eloquent Duponceau, in his address before the Pennsylvania Historical Society, in 1821, is very striking. He says: "Let it not be imagined that the annals of Pennsylvania are not sufficiently interesting to call forth the talents of an eloquent historian. It is true that they exhibit none of those striking events which the vulgar mass of humanity considers alone worthy of being transmitted to posterity.

"No ambitious rival warriors occupy the stage, nor are strong emotions excited by the frequent descriptions of blood, murder, and devastation. But what country on earth ever presented such a spectacle as this fortunate commonwealth held out to view for the space of nearly one hundred years, — realizing all that fable ever invented or poetry ever sang of an imaginary golden age? Happy country, whose unparalleled innocence already communicates to thy history the interest of romance!

"Should Pennsylvanians hereafter degenerate, they will not need, like the Greeks, a fabulous Arcadia to

relieve the mind from the prospect of their crimes and follies and to doom their own vices by the *fancied* virtues of their forefathers. Pennsylvania once realized what never existed before, except in fabled story. Not that her citizens were entirely free from the passions of human nature, for they were men and not angels, but it is certain that no country on earth ever exhibited such a scene of happiness, innocence, and peace as was witnessed here during the first century of her existence."

Friends were among the earliest settlers of North Carolina. The first of whom we have any account were Henry Phillips and his family, who settled on the banks of Albemarle Sound, about 1665. They went from New England, where he and his wife had been convinced of the principles of Friends.

William Edmundson came from England with George Fox in the early part of 1672. They landed in Maryland, George Fox going to New England and William Edmundson to Carolina, which was then a wilderness. William Edmundson had much difficulty in crossing swamps and fording or swimming rivers. Often at night he found no shelter except such as the forest afforded.

Upon reaching the home of Henry Phillips he was received with tears of rejoicing. They had not seen a Friend for seven years, and William Edmundson was the first minister of the Gospel who had ever come to Carolina.

Meetings were held at the home of Henry Phillips, and many of the inhabitants attended. "These had

little or no religion," says the preacher, "for they came and sat down in meetings smoking their pipes; yet several of them were tendered and received the testimony."

Tradition in that neighborhood says, "They sat looking earnestly at the preacher, their elbows on their knees, their faces in their hands, their pipes in their mouths, and their hats on their heads."

The territory which now constitutes North and South Carolina had at that time about three thousand European settlers. These were very much scattered, there being scarcely a hamlet to be seen in the whole province. There were no roads. Paths from house to house were marked by "blazed trees." There seems to have been no religious sect in the country before the coming of William Edmundson. No wonder that Henry Phillips and his wife wept at the coming of their brother in the Gospel.

Friends were the first to form a religious organization in Carolina, and their numbers rapidly increased by immigration and conviction.

The governor of the province became so obnoxious to them and to the people in general, on account of his attempts to force the constitutionals upon them, that they deposed him, and John Archdale, a Friend, was appointed in his place.

So much power was given to Governor Archdale that it was deemed best to make a record that no such authority should be claimed by any of his successors. He was deeply interested in the welfare of the people, including the Indians.

January 25, 1688, he wrote to George Fox, "We, at present, have peace with all the nations of the Indians. The Tuscarora King seems to be a very wise man, as to natural parts. Some of the Indians living near me are so civilized as to come into English habits and have cattle of their own. I look upon this outward civilization as a good preparation for the Gospel, which God, in His season, without doubt will cause to dawn upon them."

The rule of Governor Archdale, like that of William Penn, was solely for the good of his people, and under it they prospered. The rights of the Indians were considered, and the Gospel was preached to them. There were no wars or massacres in Carolina, as in the settlements of Jamestown, Va., and some other parts of this country.

To this day the name of John Archdale is held in loving remembrance by the descendants of the people whom he so wisely governed, and one of the prettiest villages in the "Old North State" is named "Archdale" in memory of him. No liquor saloon is allowed to exist in the town, and the people live in peace and prosperity under the care of their Quaker mayor.

A spirit of discernment and prophecy seems to have characterized the ministry of many preachers among Friends, and Mahlon Hockett was noted for speaking to that which was in the minds of others, and telling them of their misdeeds. On one occasion two ungodly men were discussing the manner in which they should spend the Sabbath morning, when one of them said, "Let's go and hear what old Mah-

lon has to say to-day." Accordingly they went to Springfield meeting. Soon after they entered, Mahlon, fastening his eyes upon them, arose and said, "Well, let's go and hear what old Mahlon has to say to-day." He thus gained their attention, and proceeded to preach a sermon which was blessed to the good of their souls.

On another occasion a woman entered, while he was preaching. He stopped a moment, looked at her, and remarked, "Go and carry home that filling, and thou shalt have peace of mind." He then proceeded with his subject. The woman took home the filling, which she had stolen from a neighbor for whom she had been weaving, confessed her sin, and became a changed character.

Two of the most remarkable prophecies concerning the civil war in this country were made by Joseph Hoag. He was born of Presbyterian parents, in New York, in 1762. He became a Friend and minister, and settled at Monkton, Vt. In 1820 he was traveling with a companion, on horseback, visiting the meetings of Friends in Pennsylvania. As they were riding he suddenly stopped his horse; looking around him and then down to the ground, he said to his friend, "My horse's feet are wading in blood, even to the fetlocks." Upon this very ground, forty-three years later, was fought the terrible battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 2, and 3, 1863.

Joseph Hoag's wonderful vision concerning the civil war and the abolition of slavery was widely published long before the war, but it should have a place here.

VISION OF JOSEPH HOAG.

“In the year 1803, probably the eighth or ninth month, I was alone in the fields and observed that the sun shone clear, but that a mist eclipsed the brightness of its shining. As I reflected upon the singularity of the event, my mind was drawn into silence the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed, for it seemed as if all my faculties were laid low and unusually brought into deep solemnity. I said to myself, ‘What can all this mean? I do not recollect ever before to have been sensible of such feelings,’ and I heard a voice from Heaven say, ‘This that thou seest which dims the brightness of the sun, is a sign of the present and coming times. I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression; I planted them here among the people of the forest; I sustained them; and while they were humble I blessed and fed them, and they became a numerous people; but they have now become proud and lifted up, and have forgotten Me who nourished and protected them in the wilderness, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old countries are guilty; I have taken quietude from the land, and suffered a dividing spirit to come among them. Lift up thine eyes and behold.’

“And I saw them dividing in great heat. This division began in the church upon points of doctrine. It commenced in the Presbyterian Society and went through the various denominations, and in its progress and close its effect was nearly the same. Those who

dissented went off with high heads and taunting language, and those who kept to the original sentiment appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when this dividing spirit entered the Society of Friends it raged in as high a degree as any I had before discovered; and as before, those who separated went away with lofty looks and taunting, censoring language, while those who kept to the ancient principles retired by themselves.

“It next appeared in the lodges of Free Masons, and it broke out like a volcano, insomuch that it set the country in an uproar for a length of time. Then it entered politics throughout the United States, and it did not stop until it produced civil war, and an abundance of human blood was shed in the combat. The Southern States lost their power, and slavery was annihilated from their borders.

“Then a monarchical power arose, took the government of the States, established a national religion, and made all societies tributary to its support. I saw them take property from Friends to large account. I was amazed at all this, and heard a voice proclaim, ‘This power shall not always stand, but with this power I will chasten My church until they return to the faithfulness of their forefathers. Thou seest what is coming on thy native land for their iniquity and the blood of Africa, the remembrance of which has come up before Me. This vision is yet for many days.’

“I had no idea of writing it down, for many years, until it became such a burden that for my own re-

lief I have written it. — JOSEPH HOAG, Monkton, Vt., 1843.”

The clause relative to the monarchical form of government is thought by many not to be a part of the vision as first related by him. His son, Lindley M. Hoag, an eminent minister, told the writer that his father believed that the present form of government would not endure, and having failed to write the vision until many years had passed by, he may have confused in his mind the opinion with the vision. His eldest son, Joseph D. Hoag, also gave this testimony. William Dean, an aged Friend and former neighbor of Joseph Hoag, who also heard him relate the vision, has confirmed this statement, as have also many others; so it seems but just to give this explanation in connection with this part of the vision.

This was indeed a remarkable prophecy, and there is no other way to account for it but to acknowledge, as the venerable minister expressed it, that he “heard a voice from Heaven.”

Joseph Hoag died long before the war of 1861, but he fully believed that it was coming, and most minutely has the vision been fulfilled. Divisions have occurred in the churches, and in the order he predicted. The Free Masons have partaken of a dividing spirit, which did, indeed, enter into politics and much human blood was shed. Slavery was abolished and property in large amounts was taken from Friends.

Truly we have been chastened for the blood of

Africa and for the iniquity of slavery, which began in America by the purchase of twenty negroes from a Dutch trading ship, by the English settlers at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1620 ; and which was legally ended January 1, 1863, by the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln.

An amusing as well as interesting story, which has a bearing upon our subject, is told of a minister among Friends of more recent date.

Owing to his popularity and activity in the temperance work, Eli Jones was elected by a large majority to the State Legislature of Maine, in 1854. The election was very unexpected to him, as he had not sought the place ; but having been chosen largely on account of his temperance principles, he said he would see what he could do "to help put new teeth into the old law," and much credit is due to him for the existence of the "Maine Liquor Law."

When the time came to be sworn in as a member of the House, Eli Jones alone kept his seat while the others swore to do their duty. Then he arose and "affirmed" to the governor that he would faithfully perform the duties of his office.

Although he worked on important committees and was diligent in other duties of his office, he never addressed the House. Some of the members who knew his ability arranged a plan to call forth a speech from him. In the course of the session it became necessary to appoint a Major-General to the second division of the Maine militia. In 1838, Maine had undertaken by force of arms to assert her right to a region near

her northern boundary, claimed by both her and Canada. There was much mustering of troops at the capital, and fully ten thousand soldiers marched through the deep snow and fierce cold to drive the enemy from Aroostook County. Though they were brave and ready for battle, happily no blood was shed, and peace was wisely made. But the "Aroostook War" became famous as a subject of banter, and many jokes were made at the expense of the officers. The old nursery rhyme was quoted :

"The King of France, with twice ten thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then — marched down again."

Primarily for these two reasons, — to urge Eli Jones to his feet, and to joke the former officers by appointing a Quaker, an avowed peace advocate, — he was unanimously chosen to fill the vacancy of Major-General.

The nomination was so entirely unexpected by Eli Jones that he was at first perplexed by the situation. He saw that much was at stake, and that wisdom and caution were needed. Having his horse at Augusta, he drove that night to his home at Dirigo, fifteen miles away, chiefly, perhaps, to discuss the situation with his beloved Sibyl and the Friends most suitable for counsel. After talking far into the night with his brother-in-law, James Van Blarcom, he walked the floor alone until the new day was dawning.

Upon reaching Augusta again, he found the occasion far more important than he had anticipated. The news had spread that the Quaker was to speak in regard to his appointment, and the Hall of the Repre-

sentatives was crowded. Not only were most of the members of the Senate present, but many other citizens. The subject of the appointment was introduced, and Eli Jones spoke in substance as follows:

“Whatever my ambitions may have been in times past, my aspirations have never embraced such an office as this as an object of desire. I can assure the House that my election as Major-General was an honor wholly unexpected. It is true that when the governor announced to the House the existence of the vacancy, a member privately remarked to me, ‘I shall vote for you;’ but I replied, declining the honor, and proposed to return the compliment.

“To my mind there is something ominous in this occurrence. I regard it as one of the developments of the times. Who of us, when assembled ten years ago, in quiet and retired places, to affix our signatures to pledges of abstinence from intoxicating drinks, would have believed that in 1855 we should be elected to the seats we now occupy, amid the overwhelming rejoicings of the people, and pledged to the support of the Maine Law? Who that at that time had visited the plantations of the South and seen the slave toiling under the lash of the taskmaster, would have believed that in 1855 the people of the larger portion of this great land would have roused with stern determination to subdue the encroachments of the slave power, and have pledged themselves never to cease their labors until the wrongs of slavery should be ameliorated, — nay, *more*, until slavery itself should be abolished?

“Still more wonderful! Who would have believed that the State of Maine, which a few years since gloried in an Aroostook expedition, and was noisy with military training and the noise of arms, would, in 1855, exhibit the spectacle of a peaceable member of the Society of Friends being elected to the post of Major-General of a division of the militia, and that, too, by the representatives in their legislative capacity?

“But I have endeavored to regulate my own conduct by the principle that legislation should not go very far in advance of public sentiment, and it seems to me that this election may possibly be ahead of that sentiment. I therefore submit this suggestion in all candor.

“It is generally understood that I entertain peculiar views in respect to the policy of war. If, however, I am an exponent of the views of the Legislature on that subject, I will cheerfully undertake to serve the State in the capacity indicated. With much pleasure I shall stand before the militia of the second division and give such orders as I think best. The first would be, ‘Ground arms.’ The second would be, ‘Right about face; beat your swords into plowshares and your spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more.’ I should then dismiss every man to his farm and to his merchandise, with an admonition to read daily at his fireside the New Testament, and ponder upon its tidings of ‘Peace on earth, good will toward men.’

“If, on the other hand, it should be determined

that my election is a little in advance of the times, I am willing, as a good citizen, to bow to the majesty of the law, and, as a member of the Legislature, to consult its dignity and decline the exalted position tendered me by the House, — and I will now decline it. With pleasure I now surrender to the House this trust and the honor, and retire to private life.”

This speech was delivered amid interruptions of loud applause, and made a great sensation throughout the State; and not in Maine only, but it was commented on by many of the newspapers, and appeared in the columns of English journals.

Pictures of the fighting Quaker were made, with the orders to his troops printed below. It even came out in an African journal, so that what seemed an unimportant pleasantry on the part of the members of the Legislature of Maine, gave Eli Jones an opportunity to preach peace to a very extended audience, and to make his voice heard far beyond the little State capital. From this time, Eli Jones was regarded with much respect by all the members, and he received encouragement and support in whatever he desired to accomplish.

At the close of the legislative session he called upon the governor to thank him for his kindness and his help in different ways. He remarked to the governor that he had been in rather a peculiar place during the winter, and had felt somewhat like a “speckled bird.” The governor said to him, “Mr. Jones, what you call being a ‘speckled bird’ has given you more influence than anything else could possibly have done.”

Whatever he may have accomplished in other lines during his term of office, Eli Jones gave a clear testimony concerning the Christian teaching respecting peace, temperance, and oaths, and returned to his home in China, Maine, thoroughly respected by all with whom he had been associated.

CHAPTER III.

Up now, for freedom; not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw, —
The awful waste of human life,
The glory and the guilt of war;

But break the chain, the yoke remove,
And smite to earth oppression's rod
With those mild arms of Truth and Love
Made mighty through the living God.

WHITTIER.

THERE is undoubted proof that, while recognizing the right of States to enact their own laws, our forefathers, in the founding of this government, fully expected that slavery would be abolished by all her citizens. That the framers of the Declaration of Independence so intended, is clear from its own statements.

George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and many others of the founders of this Union, expressed themselves clearly upon this subject; and George Washington, in a letter to John F. Mercer, September 9, 1786, said: "I never mean, unless some particular circumstance should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, — it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law." Again, he says, in a letter to Sir John Sinclair: "There are, in Penn-

sylvania, laws for the gradual abolition of slavery, which neither Virginia nor Maryland have at present; but nothing is more certain than that they must have them, and at a period not remote." In a letter to Charles Pinckney, at that time governor of South Carolina, he writes, March 17, 1792: "I must say that I lament the decision of your Legislature upon the subject of importing slaves after March, 1793. I was in hopes that motives of policy as well as other good reasons, supported by the direful effects of slavery which at this moment are presented, would have operated to produce a total prohibition of the importation of slaves, wherever the question came to be agitated, in any State that might be interested in the measure."

By will, General Washington freed all his slaves except the dower negroes. His wife, on learning of her husband's will, immediately gave up her dower, and the slaves were all at once liberated.

Thomas Jefferson freed all his slaves by will, and says: "The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this and learn to imitate it. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose rein to the worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his morals and manners undepraved by such circumstances.

With the morals of the people their industry is also destroyed ; for in a warm climate no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true that, of the proprietors of slaves, only a very small proportion, indeed, are ever seen to labor. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, — a conviction in the minds of the people that their liberties are the gift of God, and that they are not to be violated except by His wrath ?

“ Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just ; that His justice cannot sleep forever ; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution in the wheel of fortune or exchange of the situation is among possible events ; that it may become probable by a supernatural interference. The Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with us in such a contest.”

Again he says :

“ We must wait with patience the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that this is preparing the deliverance of these our brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full, when their groans shall have involved Heaven itself in darkness, doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of Fate than that this people shall be free.”

The eloquent Patrick Henry said, in 1773: “ It would rejoice my very soul that every one of my fellow beings was emancipated. We ought to lament and deplore the necessity of holding our fellow men

in bondage. Believe me, I shall honor the Quakers for their noble efforts to abolish slavery."

Many more quotations from these and others of the fathers of our country could be given, showing that they hoped for and expected the freedom of all slaves within the United States. We will add only one more, and this from one of the fathers of the Constitution.

James Madison, in the convention that drafted the Constitution, said that he thought it "wrong to admit into the Constitution the idea that there could be property in man." He also stated that where slavery existed, the republican theory became still more fallacious. "We have seen the mere distinction of color made, in the more enlightened period of time, a ground for the most oppressive dominion ever exercised by man over man."

The Southern States failed to meet the expectation of their wisest statesmen, and reaped the bitter fruit of their sowing. A few comparisons of the statistical tables will show that slavery was not a profitable institution.

Virginia contained a fifth of the population of the whole country at the close of the last century. According to the first census, taken in 1790, New York had 340,920 inhabitants; Virginia had 748,308, or more than twice the population of New York State. Sixty years afterwards, in 1850, New York had a population of 3,097,394; and Virginia, only 1,421,661, — less than half as many as New York.

Although Massachusetts had less than one sixth

the area of North Carolina, in comparing their statistics we find that Massachusetts had a decided advantage. And so we might go on with the fifteen slave States, showing by comparison with free States that the people who depended upon their own industries were the most prosperous in every direction.

The goods of foreign manufacture purchased by Philadelphia used to come largely from Charleston merchants, who were large importers; and the Quaker dames of that now famous city watched for the fresh importation of their fine silks, etc., by the merchants of their Southern neighbor. Charleston is now so far outstripped in the race, as to have been almost unknown, for decades past, as a source of supply for imported goods.

When the Southern States started in the race with their Northern sisters, the advantages were almost wholly in their favor, — climate, water-power, and mineral resources. Slavery has undoubtedly been the cause of their falling so far behind in the race for supremacy, in merchandise, in arts, in mechanics, in manufactures, in shipping, in mining, and in agriculture itself, which they finally boasted of as their specialty, claiming cotton as king. But as a fact, according to the reports on agriculture for the year 1850, the hay crop of the Northern States by itself exceeded in value by three and a half million dollars the value of all the cotton, tobacco, rice, hay, hemp, and cane sugar produced by the fifteen slave States combined.

A small proportion only of the citizens of the South were really slave-owners. In 1850, 347,525 are re-

ported as nominal slaveholders, though this number includes those who hired slaves. Those owning them in more than one county were counted according to the number of counties in which they owned them. By carefully considered statistics it is estimated that in the fifteen slave States, having an entire population of 9,612,979, less than 200,000 were slave-owners; yet at this time they held 3,200,364 slaves. The free negroes were not considered citizens nor allowed to vote. There were 228,136 of them in the slave States, — more in number than the slaveholders.

The slaveholders gave a great deal of attention to politics, and it is evident that the South was wholly under their control, and to a great extent the United States was governed by them. Laws were made in the special interest of this class, and no citizen not in accord with this system could hold an office within the gift of the Southern people. By far the majority of the prominent offices in the United States were given to Southern men. From the time of Washington's election until that of Abraham Lincoln, in 1861, seventy-two years, eighteen presidential elections took place. Of the candidates chosen, twelve were Southern slaveholders. No Northern man had ever been reelected to the presidency, but five Southern men had been. Southern men occupied the presidential chair forty-eight and a quarter of the seventy-two years, or more than two thirds of the time.

Upon examination of the records, we find that much the larger proportion of the United States offices have been held by Southern men, and thus legislation, not

only in the Southern States, but also in the North, was made largely in the interest of this very small minority of her citizens.

Such was the effect upon the interests of the laboring white man in the South that he could obtain as a farm laborer only about seven or eight dollars per month and food, while the slave hired out by his master and for his master's benefit would be allowed ten dollars or more, with food, lodging, clothing, and medical attendance. In 1856 the North Carolina Railroad Company paid white men twelve dollars a month, while the slave-owners received for slave labor sixteen dollars for every slave so employed, regardless of efficiency. Tidy, industrious white girls had difficulty in securing positions in private families at forty dollars a year, board and lodging included, while negro slave girls of corresponding ages but in every way inferior were in brisk demand at sixty-five or seventy dollars, including food, clothes, and medical attendance.

As a result of all this even the negroes had come to look down upon the poor whites, and the self-respect of the latter was reduced to a low state. By the time the war began, many of the poor white people had so far lost their ambition as to look for or expect little more than an animal existence.

The free school, common in the Northern States, had little place in the South at this time. The slave holders had no interest in the education of the free colored people or of the poor whites. A very large proportion of the population could neither read nor

write, and many of the poor white people possessed but little money from one year's end to another.

So jealously was the system of slavery guarded that it became dangerous to have anything to say against it. For selling Hinton Rowen Helper's "Impending Crisis," a book written by a North Carolinian, showing from a financial standpoint the evil effects of slavery, Jesse Whalon of Guilford County, N. C., was banished, and Daniel Worth was imprisoned in Greensboro, N. C. A company of men took him from the jail and after getting out of the town it was proposed to hang him. To this proposal all were agreed except one John A. Gilmore, who, by his positive opposition and determination to save the life of the preacher, prevailed upon them to desist. An aged worthy citizen, remembering the facts, told the writer that with one exception all of these men had come to a violent death, and he was an outcast from society and the writer knows not his end. John Gilmore became an honorable Christian citizen, and died respected by all who knew him and honored by his country.

The evil effects of slavery became more and more apparent to the American people as time advanced. The corruptions and demoralizing effects upon white as well as black grew with the practice. The hardened condition and cruelty of many of the Southerners, as manifested during the war, was the result of having become accustomed to acts of "man's inhumanity to man," in the treatment of the African negro.

With a few exceptions the slaves were forbidden to

read, and many preachers taught that they had no soul. In spite of these facts the negroes acquired some knowledge of the Scripture. Of this they made good use, and there was much genuine piety among them. The Lord condescended in marked manner to teach them by His Holy Spirit. They believed that He "talked with them by the way" and helped them to bear their heavy burdens.

The more determined the Southern people became to extend the limits of the slave territory and shape the laws of the government to protect this Southern interest, the more rapidly grew the feeling of opposition and the more universal became the opinion that slavery was a national sin and ought not to be tolerated.

In 1851 the laws were so framed in the interest of the slaveholders that anywhere in the United States to harbor a fugitive slave, receive him into one's house, feed him, or in any way aid him, was to subject one's self to a heavy fine and imprisonment. No wonder that Thomas Jefferson said, when speaking of slavery, "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just." John Wesley, who had lived in Georgia, called it "the sum of all villainies."

Soon after the beginning of the war, Col. U. L. Utely, of the United States Army, while encamped with his regiment in Kentucky, was visited by Judge Robertson of the United States Court, who demanded of him a negro boy who had taken refuge within the camp. Colonel Utely promptly refused to surrender him, although ordered by his superior officer to do so.

He denied the jurisdiction of his superior in this case, and told the judge to go and get his boy if he could, but that he would not arrest or deliver him.

The Colonel was sued in the United States Court in Kentucky ; judgment was obtained against him for \$1500 and costs, which judgment was transferred from the court in Kentucky to the United States Court in Wisconsin. Colonel Utely's home and property were in Wisconsin, and a lien was created thereupon while he was serving the United States as a colonel in her army. Eventually, by special act of Congress, \$1000 was appropriated to partially pay this Southern slaveholder for a boy of color, worth in the slave market not more than \$500, for he had been so abused and overworked that he was but a dwarf. Colonel Utely paid the balance, about \$700, to be free from the judgment.

Such unrighteous laws many recognized as conflicting with the laws of God.

Long before the war, men and women whose hearts were touched and their interest aroused as they learned of the ill-treatment of this oppressed people began to agitate the question of liberty for the slaves. As early as 1816, Charles Osborne, a Friend, published the "Philanthropist," at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio. This was the first anti-slavery paper printed in America. From this office went Osborne's son and a journeyman printer named Benjamin Lundy, also a Friend, to East Tennessee, where they published the "Genius of Universal Emancipation." It was afterwards published by him in Baltimore.

The Greensboro "Patriot," started by William Swain in 1821, and still issued at Greensboro, N. C., advocated the gradual emancipation of the slave. He was greeted with a storm of abuse, but he boldly published his sentiments, and often gave the threatening letters which he received a conspicuous place in the "Patriot."

The first society ever formed to work for the gradual abolition of slavery, was organized in New York, January, 1785, with John Jay as its president. The next was in Pennsylvania, in 1787, with Franklin as its president. They gradually multiplied, and held conventions. In 1827 one was held in Baltimore, where ten different States were represented. North Carolina was represented by forty branch societies. The convention petitioned Congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and encouraged the education of the people of color.

The first real anti-slavery society in the United States was formed in Indiana, in 1833. Arnold Bufum and other Friends were among the twelve organizers. But seventeen years previous to this, early in the year 1816, a society was formed in North Carolina for the gradual manumission of the slaves. Its first meeting was held at Centre, a Friends' community, ten miles from Greensboro. Several well known slaveholders belonged to it. Meetings were held at New Garden, Guilford County, and other neighborhoods of Friends, where they could not have been held a few years later. One was held in Randolph County, at the home of General Gray, who was a large slave-

holder. The minutes of the first society have lately been discovered, and are now at Guilford College, N. C.

At a meeting held in General Gray's barn, Randolph County, N. C., the question of changing the name of the society from "Emancipation" to "Manumission and Colonization Society" was discussed and voted upon. The more pronounced abolitionists discovered that this change was intended, not only to send the manumitted slaves to Liberia, but to make that a condition of their freedom, and also to banish all free colored people from their midst, as they "were considered a dangerous class in a slaveholding district." The Friends and many others strongly opposed this. While they had no objection to allowing the freed people to go to Africa if they chose, they were not willing to compel them to do so. The opponents of the change were, however, outvoted by a small majority, and they withdrew from the society. The Friends reorganized at New Garden, where they continued to hold meetings until most of them removed to non-slaveholding States.

In 1816, the Legislature of Virginia passed a resolution requesting the governor to correspond with the President of the United States "for the purpose of obtaining a territory on the coast of Africa or at some other place not within the United States or territorial government of the United States, to serve as an asylum for such persons of color as are now free and may desire the same, and for those who may hereafter be emancipated within the commonwealth."

Within a few days there was held at Washington, D. C., a meeting of Southern men to take this subject into consideration. The "American Colonization Society" was organized, with Judge Washington as its president. There were seventeen vice-presidents, only five of whom were from free States; and a board of managers, every one of whom was a slaveholder.

The only articles of the constitution relating to its object are I. and II. The first says: "This society shall be called the American Society for Colonizing the Free People of Color of the United States." Article II.: "The object to which its attention is to be exclusively directed is to promote and execute a plan for the colonizing, with their consent, the free people of color residing in our country, in Africa or such other place as Congress shall deem most expedient; and the Society shall act to effect this object in coöperation with the general government and such of the States as may adopt regulations on this subject."

We will take note that it was earlier in this same year (1816) that our Friends in North Carolina who were interested in the manumission of slaves refused to become incorporated with the "Manumission and Colonization Society," because they discovered that the intent was really to banish the free colored people from the slaveholding States.

The organization grew rapidly in favor with the slaveholders, but they did not see fit to free any of their slaves. In fact, there were but few, if any, freed by the leaders of the society. The president of the society did sell, to be taken to the New Orleans market, fifty-four of his slaves at one time.

The hold which the society secured upon the confidence of the people, North and South, is a remarkable example of the willingness of mankind to believe what people tell them. Never, perhaps, has any voluntary society received in an equal degree the applause and patronage of both church and state. Men of all parties, all religions, and of no religion, officers of the government, without regard to politics, — all united in this so-called “religious movement.” Nor were its advocates confined to the United States. Churchmen and philanthopists of Europe joined with those of America in aiding 200,000 slaveholders to remove from their midst the free colored people, whom they considered a dangerous class of citizens.

There was undoubtedly a deep-rooted conviction in the minds of the people that slavery is a sin, and any measure which gave ever so remote a promise of freedom from the system was gladly received by all, if it did not arouse the opposition of the slaveholders or conflict with their will. This scheme of the American Colonization Society was acceptable to our Southern slaveholders, and gave promise of removing the blacks, who were so troublesome an element in America.

Few stopped to think of the magnitude of the undertaking. First, the free colored people, numbering nearly 320,000, must be made to consent to go; then about 2,500,000 slaves must be freed “by the consent of their masters,” and their consent must be obtained to be transported to Liberia. We must also take into account the rapid natural increase of these millions,

and the immense number smuggled into this country every year. According to a Mr. Middleton, on the floor of Congress, in 1819, there were 13,000 Africans smuggled into the United States annually; and a Virginia gentleman, a Mr. Wright, estimated the number at 15,000.

Our people had faith in the Colonization Society, and whatever it proposed to do, the people in general thought was to be accomplished at some time. To be sure, they were not promised that all this should be done at once; the society even admitted that it would probably be a generation, and it might be a century, before America would be free.

In the "African Repository," the official organ of the society, a Mr. Fitzhughes, a vice-president, states as follows: "We have never supposed that the society's plan could be accomplished in a few years; on the contrary, we have boasted that it will demand a century for its fulfillment." Yet the contributions of a confiding people were continued to this "missionary society," which reported a great work going on in Africa, in the civilizing and christianizing of that dark continent by these American-Africans, who in their own land were considered "a dangerous element," and not allowed to read the Bible; and where it was a crime for any one to furnish them with the Word, "the entrance of which giveth light," punishable in North Carolina by thirty-nine lashes, if the person was colored, and a fine of \$200 if he was white. In Georgia, if a white person taught a free negro or slave to read or write, the crime was punishable by a fine

of \$500 and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court. This law was enacted in 1829, during the palmy days of the "missionary society." Any meeting of the colored people, free or slave, was forbidden by law; yet it was claimed that they were doing a great work in Africa toward christianizing the people and abolishing the slave trade!

In an issue of the "African Repository," July, 1830, we find the following: "In fact, the Colonization Society proposes the only means by which this accursed trade can ever be stopped; and indeed this colony of Liberia, which this society has planted, has already freed about 250 miles of the coast from the ravages of these enemies of the human race."

Under date of September 10, 1830, a letter from A. D. Willcome, their agent, states: "I hope the board will adopt some more effectual measure for suppressing the slave trade within the territory of Liberia. Since the death of Don Miguel of Bassa, Peter Blanco, a Spanish slave-trader, for some years a resident in the Gallinas, has opened a slave-factory at Grand Cape Mount. Such a thing ought not to be, as it is only forty-five miles from here. I am sorry to remark that this abominable traffic is being carried on with the utmost activity all along the coast. Captain Parker, during his trading at the Gallinas of about three weeks, saw no less than nine hundred shipped."

In 1832, the British Parliament published the following facts: Chief Justice Jeffcott of Sierra Leone, in 1830, delivered a charge to the grand jury, in

which he declared that he had received creditable information that persons in the colony were engaged in aiding and abetting the slave-trade. He asserted that the colony, established for the express purpose of suppressing this vile traffic, was made the means for carrying it on. He also asserted that 22,000 Africans had been located within that colony within ten years, but now there could not be found more than 17,000 or 18,000 there.

The British government appointed a commission to inquire into the truth of the statement, and it reported on the 26th of October of the same year that they "could but conclude that the nefarious system of kidnapping had prevailed in the colony to a much greater extent than was even alluded to in the charge of the chief justice. The records of the colony show that eight, ten, or fifteen vessels have at the same time engaged in the odious traffic, almost within reach of the guns of Liberia; and as late as 1825 there were existing contracts for 8000 slaves, to be furnished within four months, within eight miles of Moravia."

In the English "Monthly Review" for May, 1833, we find stated: "One of the schoolmasters in Sierra Leone has been tried for selling some of his scholars. There were lately upwards of one hundred liberated Africans who were kidnapped from Sierra Leone and conveyed to a place near the banks of the river Pangos. Here they were detained until an opportunity occurred for reshipping them as slaves."

We quote the following from a letter from Rev. J. B. Pinney, March 7, 1834: "Let them, the friends of

the society in America, know that to extol knowledge and promote sound piety, a quire of paper is at present worth more than a Bible. Bibles and tracts have been sent here, and either used for waste paper or made food for worms. Why? Not because the people despise either, but because we have not a reading population."

Nine years before this, in 1825, the society states in its eighth official report: "The colony is already to the African tribes like a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid. A thousand barbarians who have long made merchandise of their brethren and been regarded themselves as the objects of a bloody and accursed traffic, come within its gates and are taught the doctrines of immortality, — the religion of the Son of God."

These statements were made to American citizens, doubtless for the purpose of keeping up the "missionary work" and deceiving many honest people, when in fact they had then sent but 242 of their "missionaries," wretched as they were, to take care of the "thousand barbarians." But such was the effect of these publications and speeches, and the confidence of the people in the American Colonization Society, that for the accomplishment of its purpose the Congress of the United States appropriated \$130,000; the State of Maryland, \$200,000 in 1832; and Virginia, \$18,000 yearly for five years. From 1820 to 1834, \$266,000 was expended in this work, according to their reports.

Auxiliary societies were formed in many of the

Northern States, and newspapers throughout the land advertised and praised its work. Many were the devices for increasing the resources of the society. When Maryland appropriated its \$200,000, it appealed to "the benevolence of the North." The appeal was founded upon two solemn declarations: first, that "it aimed at the extirpation of slavery in Maryland, by colonization;" and second, that it contemplated "founding a nation on the principles of temperance."

Yet Henry Clay, a vice-president of the society, declared in the South: "From its origin and throughout the whole period of its existence, it has constantly disclaimed all intention whatever of interfering in the smallest degree with the rights of property or the object of emancipation, gradual or immediate." It is undoubtedly a fact that the society had for its object, not the liberating of the slaves or the betterment of their condition, but the removal from their midst of what they called "a dangerous class of citizens."

While the law required that it must be with the person's consent that he was removed, it was very easy to find a way to *make* him consent if he objected, and evidences of torture, whipping and coercion are not wanting. Section XII. of the laws of Maryland provided as follows: "If any free negro or mulatto shall be convicted of any crime, committed after the passage of this act, which may not by the laws of this State be punished by hanging by the neck, such free negro or mulatto may, at the discretion of the court, be sentenced to the penalties and punishments provided by

law, or be banished from the State, or be transported into some foreign country." This could be done at the expense of the Colonization Society.

They confess to having sent 3162 persons of color to their colony in sixteen years. At their estimate of \$30 each, this would have cost \$94,860. We may note also that if the estimate of their statesman, Mr. Wright, is correct, during this time 240,000 slaves had been brought to Southern ports from Africa. More likely than not, many of the "dangerous class of colored people" had been converted by their sea voyage into first class slaves, worth a thousand dollars each.

How long would it have taken for the American Colonization Society to have removed from the shores of the sunny Southland its colored population!

Surely no one need make an apology for believing in the society, when Wilberforce could thus express himself, which he did in a letter to Mr. Cresson, one of their agents: "You have gladdened my heart by convincing me that, sanguine as had been my hopes of the happy effects to be produced by your institution, all my anticipations are scanty and cold compared to the reality."

But good men of America and England finally awoke to the real truth. After having avowed its cause, upon seeing its true nature, Wilberforce says: "Our objections to it are chiefly these: while we believe its pretexts to be delusive, we are convinced that its real effects are of the most dangerous nature. It takes its root from a cruel prejudice and alienation

in the whites of America against the colored people, slave or free. This being its source, the effects are what might be expected: that it fosters and increases the spirit of caste already so unhappily predominant; that it widens the breach between the two races; exposes the colored people to practical persecution in order to force them to emigrate; and finally, is calculated to swallow up and divert that feeling which America, as a Christian and free country, cannot but entertain, — that slavery is alike incompatible with the laws of God and man, whether of the enslaver or the enslaved. We must be understood to utterly repudiate the principles of the American Colonization Society.”

Having once lent its columns to this interest, the editor of the “*Christian Observer*” finally expressed himself thus: “The unchristian prejudice of color, which alone has given birth to the Colonization Society, though varnished over with other more pleasurable pretenses and veiled under a profession of Christian regard for the temporal interests of the negro, which is belied by the whole course of its reasonings and the spirit of its measures, is so detestable in itself that I think it ought not to be tolerated, but on the contrary ought to be denounced and opposed by all humane and especially by all pious people in this country.”

The following is an extract from a letter written by William Allen of London, known widely as a Quaker philanthropist: “Having heard thy exposition of the origin and main object of the American Colonization

Society, at the meeting on the 13th inst., at Exeter Hall, and having read their own printed documents, I hardly know how adequately to express my surprise and indignation that my correspondents in North America should not have informed me of the real principles of the society, and also that Elliott Cresson, knowing, as he must have known, the abominable sentiments that it has printed and published, should have condescended to become its agent."

In a letter dated 7/15, 1833, a Massachusetts clergyman says: "It is a scheme in which I was once deeply interested. I have spoken and written and preached and taken contributions in its behalf. I did not then understand the real nature of the scheme. I meant well in espousing it, but I now see my error and my sin; and though it was a sin of ignorance, I desire to repent of it."

The societies formed for the direct abolition of the slaves were the objects of censure by the American Colonization Society; and with the powerful influence it exerted both North and South, it was hard work for the smaller organizations to get a start. But the abominable work of this society was not to continue. The selfish motives of its managers were finally discovered, and the work of the society came to an end.

Abraham Lincoln was not the first to issue an emancipation proclamation, liberating the Southern slaves. Friends early began to see the sin of slavery. In 1711, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting condemned the importation of slaves. In 1740, North Carolina Yearly Meeting began the agitation of the question of

freeing them. In 1743, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting adopted a query asking if Friends were careful not to encourage the importation of slaves or buy them after they were imported, although in 1688 they had refused to consider the subject of the unchristian nature of slavery. In 1758, they appointed John Woolman and others to labor with Friends on this account, at the request of Germantown Friends under the leading of Francis Daniel Pastorius, who, with other Germans, had been induced by William Penn to come to Pennsylvania.

In 1776, the reports of one quarterly meeting show that they had manumitted 125 slaves, and then the yearly meeting concluded that those who refused to take the advice of Friends in this matter should be disowned.

In 1783, the minutes of the yearly meeting state: "There are no slaves among us, except a few cases difficultly circumstanced." The same year, at the recommendation of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, English Friends presented to the House of Commons a petition against the African slave-trade, which was signed by 273 English Friends.

Southern Friends moved cautiously in this matter, for much besides monetary interest was at stake. Care was needed that their members should be educated in regard to the sin of slavery lest, as was the case with most other churches, there might be a division among themselves and a separation from their brethren in the North upon this question. Many did not see with their leaders at once, but patience and

perseverance were needed on the part of the more advanced. Before any decided action could be taken, there must be a degree of unity.

In 1758, North Carolina Yearly Meeting issued a minute making provisions for negroes to hold meetings for worship, and in 1770 they issued another, in which the importation of slaves from Africa was declared iniquitous, and purchasing them from traders and dealers was disapproved, although they were allowed to purchase them from neighbors to prevent the separation of husbands from wives or children from parents.

In 1786, Friends became so united as to the sin of slavery that they adopted a clause of discipline formally condemning the entire system. The Yearly Meeting of Friends in Virginia had done this a few months before.

For years committees were under appointment to advise with Friends in relation to the subject of manumitting their slaves, to aid in preparing needed legal papers, and sometimes to furnish money for their removal. Laws had been passed which forbade the freeing of slaves within a slave State, so these committees gave legally prepared receipts for the blacks, and thus often became the masters of many persons and families. When a sufficient number was gathered, they went with them to a free State, or to Liberia. Friends Nicholson and White of Belvidere, N. C., made several journeys with such companies. As they were the legal owners, the law could not prevent their taking the slaves away, and when they

arrived at the place chosen, they did what they could to put the negroes in a way for self-support.

Edmund Peele, a prominent Friend of Rich Square, N. C., at one time liberated 125 of his own slaves, took them to Liberia, Africa, at his own expense, gave each \$25 with which to start in his new home, and began his changed life with such reduced resources as proved his action to have been a sacrifice for principle, which was really very great. Yet greater was the inheritance of Christian character which he left his worthy children. It was of far more value than all the slaves he could have given them.

So successful was the labor of the Friends in the education of their members on this subject, that very few were disowned, and in 1818 we find on their records this brief minute: "None held as slaves."

The Methodist and Moravian churches, who had formerly been non-slaveholding, gradually yielded to the influences around them, leaving the Friends alone in all the South to bear witness against the sin of slavery. This they did in various ways. The legislatures of North Carolina and Tennessee were memorialized almost yearly from 1787 until 1834. Their protest was sometimes given a second reading, and, though never acted upon, it could but have an influence which was not wholly lost. At least it was well understood that while ministers were pleading for slavery and church members were so generally practising it, there was one religious body in their midst which could not, for conscience' sake, participate in what the law, common custom, and even religious opinion so fully sanctioned.

Aside from the pecuniary loss to Friends in liberating so many slaves on whom they depended for labor, we may note the fact that to labor with one's own hands, through the blighting influence of slavery, was considered degrading; and he who thus labored was looked upon as being "no better than a nigger." So difficult was it to obtain free labor, either black or white, that Friends had to content themselves with less income, and also to take a lower social standing than they would otherwise have had.

While the Friends were considering what to do and how to act under their trying circumstances, the prophetic voice of their preachers was heard, telling them of the judgments of the Almighty that were coming upon the Southland because of the cry of her bondmen, and warning them to flee lest they be partakers of the chastisement. One minister in particular visited every meeting of Friends in Georgia, South Carolina, and lower North Carolina, preaching a day of vengeance and warning the Friends to escape. The result was that the entire body of Friends in that region, and many from the other parts of North Carolina and from Virginia and Maryland emigrated to Ohio, Indiana, and other Western States.

There were no vestibule trains for them then; no freight cars for their goods; no cattle cars for their stock. In the canvas-covered wagons, now so seldom seen, except in some parts of North Carolina, were closely packed the bedding, furniture, provisions, feed for the horses, and the few other absolute necessities for a long journey, most of the way through a wilderness

country. The pot for boiling the family food is tied under the axle-tree; the frying pan handle is thrust between an outside strip and the wagon bed; the axe is in its place on the wagon hounds; the feed box for the horses is fastened to the hind end of the wagon bed, where the canvas cover extends a little over the heads of the horses while they eat their well-earned grain, or stand during a storm, a little sheltered from its fury.

The old homestead has been sold; the hearthstone around which the children for generations have gathered is forsaken, and with a lingering look upon the familiar scenes of what has been their home, the women and children are helped into the wagon, the horses hitched up and the journey begun.

They often moved in bodies; whole meetings gathered at a place and time previously agreed upon, and then, as a caravan, together made their way west, cutting through forests or bridging streams in their wearisome journey from slavery's land to the land of freedom.

On the First day of the week they and their horses rested from their labors, and gathered within their corral of wagons for protection from wild beasts. Here they held their meetings to worship God, sitting around their camp-fires in the midst of the primeval forest; and God was as willing to manifest his presence and grant his blessing to those who worshipped Him, under the blue canopy of heaven, as when they were in their now forsaken homes. Here the minister's voice might be listened to, not only by his little flock,

but by the wild beasts without the enclosure, whose voices might in turn be heard during the silence of the meeting. We can imagine them gathering about their camp-fires each evening, after the supper had been cooked and eaten and the horses fed and curried, sometimes talking with grave faces of the uncertainty of the new life upon which they were entering, yet steadfast in their belief that the same Lord who led His people through the wilderness and gave them a good land would bless them and multiply them in the land to which they were going for conscience' sake.

Upon arrival at the neighborhood chosen for their settlement, they would sometimes form almost the same community of people, and name their town and meeting the same as that which they had left in the Southland, and with courageous heart begin the work of restoring their lost fortunes, with a spirit of freedom and happiness.

Many of the leading members of church and state of the Western country to-day are descendants of this worthy ancestry. The active membership of the Yearly Meetings of Ohio, Indiana, Western Iowa, Kansas, Wilmington, Oregon, and California is composed largely of native Southerners or their descendants.

At one time before the war it looked as though there would be none left of the 25,000 Friends in these Southern States; and North Carolina Yearly Meeting, considering the subject of the rapid diminution of her members, yet rejoicing in the prosperity of her children in their new homes, said: "We grate-

fully record our sense of the blessings which thus rewarded the faithfulness of one generation in the prosperity of the next, and overruled their straitened position in their own land for the spreading abroad of their tents, and we trust to the honor of Him who setteth the poor on high from his affliction, and maketh him families like a flock.”

CHAPTER IV.

What gives the wheat-field blades of steel ?

What points the rebel cannon ?

What sets the roaring rabble's heel

On the old star-spangled pennon ?

What breaks the oath of the men o' the South ?

What whets the knife for the Union's life ?

Hark to the answer, — Slavery.

WHITTIER.

As we have learned, many laws were enacted in the United States to suit the supposed interests of the slaveholders, and were framed with a special view to keep the slave "in the eye of the law," as property, with no more rights nor privileges than any other animal, — hardly as many.

The laws of South Carolina provided that a slave might be required to work fifteen hours per day. If a slave were killed in a "sudden heat or passion," or "by undue correction," the murderer had to pay a fine or be imprisoned for six months; but if a slave in any way resisted a white man when under punishment or otherwise, or should strike a white man, he must suffer such punishment as the justice might see fit, and in some States the second or third offense was punishable by death.

In Mississippi there were thirty-eight offenses, the violation of any one of which was punishable by

death ; in Virginia there were seventy-one. It was left for the magistrates to determine the penalty without the trouble or cost of further trial. Some of the States had more severe laws than others, but all slave States and many Northern ones had laws very prejudicial against the slave or free colored person. Most of these laws were in operation in the District of Columbia, under the direct control of the United States government.

Such was the slaveholders' power in Congress that the capital of this great nation was one of the greatest slave marts in this or any other country. Here any colored person might be cast into prison upon real or feigned suspicion of being a slave, and unless claimed by a white man as his slave, or able there to prove his freedom, he was sold for life as a slave to pay his jail fees. In many cases this law was carried into effect, and the United States became a party to the great sin of robbing an American citizen of his liberty for no crime or offence against her laws, but because in his ignorance and misfortune he was unable to prove that his mother was a free woman when he was born.

Within the ten miles square constituting the District of Columbia, there were six thousand human beings held as slaves in the year 1835, and this number rapidly increased. According to law, any of the jails in this district were to be opened to receive the slaves of the trader while he was waiting to gather his proposed number for sale there or to be shipped, and be they few or many, they were fed and cared for

until the owner called for them. County jails and prisons generally were practically the *free hotels* for lodging and feeding the slave as he was being moved around the country, except it may have been a small fee to the jailer. Thus the slaveholder was saved much of the expense for their food and lodging while he was in town, as well as the bother of keeping them and the danger of their escape.

We find that, in the city of Washington, for four hundred dollars men were licensed to deal in human flesh, and under the shadow of the Capitol of this free country, coffles were made up from her prisons and started on their long march South. The daily papers gave much space to such advertisements as this:

"Cash for two hundred negroes. We will give cash for two hundred likely young negroes of both sexes, families included. Persons wishing to dispose of their slaves will do well to give us a call, as we will give higher prices in cash than any other purchasers who are now in or may hereafter come to this market. All communications will meet attention. We can at all times be found at our residence on Seventh Street, immediately south of the Centre Market House. JOSEPH W. NEAL & CO.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 13, 1834."

Other firms advertised for slaves by the hundred, and if it is a question what they did with them, we will remind the reader that he might find in the same paper advertised as sailing regularly for New Orleans the packets Brig and Tribune, and the brig

Uncas, captains Smith and Bouse, leaving every thirty days during the shipping season. These were regular slavers, as much as any that sailed from the shores of Africa with their cargoes of human flesh. Perhaps it was a less dangerous business, but it was more expensive.

The following is from a letter written by a Mr. Leavitt, January 23, 1834, published in a New York newspaper: "I visited the slave-factory of Franklin and Armfield at Alexandria, and was informed by one of the principals of the firm that the number of slaves carried from the District of Columbia last year was about one thousand, but it would be much greater this year. He expected that their house alone would ship at least eleven or twelve hundred. They have two vessels of their own constantly employed carrying slaves to New Orleans."

Mr. Leavitt went on board the *Tribune* and was shown over her by the captain. He saw the arrangements for stowing away the slaves in the hold, which was divided into two apartments. The after hold, he says, would hold about eighty women; the other, about one hundred men. They were stowed away on platforms as close as they could well be.

In 1831, the *Big Comet*, a brig belonging to this company, was wrecked on Abaco, one of the Bahamas, with one hundred and sixty slaves on board.

Every effort made by the anti-slavery societies to rid the national capital of the sin of slavery and the slave-trade was promptly met by the counter influence of the American Colonization Society; and the inter-

ests of officers in the government were in so many cases allied with the system, that it seemed as impossible to accomplish what they wished to do, as it now does to the temperance workers to rid the government of its connection with the liquor interest, which is so closely guarded by the legal cloak.

But as "nothing was more certainly written in the book of fate than that this people should be free," as Jefferson said, so in some unlooked for manner, it may be, the strength of the people's voice will be felt, and we may have the bonds of another class of slaves broken, and the sons of America may continue to rise in the strength and grandeur of the nobler workmanship of God's hand, filling the place in the home, in the nation, that belongs to an enlightened Christian manhood.

Northern men were not all abolitionists before the war. Many who really wished the slaves free were unwilling to incur the displeasure of the slaveholders and their friends.

As late as 1835, Boston sentiment was such that George Thompson, an Englishman, was not permitted to plead the cause of the slave in that city. An incendiary hand-bill, offering a reward of one hundred dollars for his seizure, with a view to tarring and feathering him, was freely distributed, and but for his absence from the city, his life would probably have been taken by the violent mob which gathered in consequence. He had many narrow escapes in other places, being repeatedly mobbed, and was finally obliged to leave the country.

With great care he was secreted on board a British ship and sent to England. Returning in 1850, he did address large audiences in Boston and elsewhere, but still encountered mobocratic violence.

William Lloyd Garrison was awakened to the sin of slavery by Benjamin Lundy, and was inspired in his crusade for immediate emancipation by Elizabeth Heyrick, an English Friend who wrote a stirring pamphlet in favor of that doctrine. He was imprisoned in Baltimore, mobbed and dragged through the streets of Boston, and five thousand dollars was offered for his arrest and conviction by the State of Georgia.

Wendell Phillips, the gifted orator, was mobbed, pelted with rotten eggs, and threatened with hanging for taking up the cause of the oppressed slave.

In April, 1834, an anti-slavery society was organized in Haverhill, Mass., with John Greenleaf Whittier as its corresponding secretary. The opposition was as strong here as in Boston or any other part of New England. In 1835, John G. Whittier had arranged for Rev. Samuel J. May to lecture in the Christian chapel in Haverhill. Mr. May says: "I had spoken about fifteen minutes when the most hideous cries and yells from a crowd of men who had surrounded the house, startled us, and then came heavy missiles and stones against the doors and the blinds of the windows. I persisted in speaking for a few minutes, hoping that the blinds and doors were strong enough to stand the siege; but presently a heavy stone broke through one of the blinds, shat-

tered a pane of glass, and fell on the head of a lady sitting near the centre of the hall. She uttered a shriek, and fell bleeding into the arms of her sister. The panic-stricken audience arose en masse and made a rush for the doors."

Mr. May escaped by walking through the crowd between two ladies, one of them Mr. Whittier's sister. A loaded cannon was being drawn to the place by an infuriated mob, and would doubtless have been used to slay the people who had gathered to consider the question of freedom for the Southern slave.

This same evening, John G. Whittier was with George Thompson of England holding an anti-slavery meeting at Concord, N. H. They were mobbed and beaten. Whittier was obliged to seek refuge in the house of a friend named Kent, who, though not an abolitionist, told the mob that they could have Whittier only over his dead body. Whittier, becoming anxious for his friend George Thompson, who had sought refuge in another house, borrowed a hat and went in search of him. Cannon were brought and it looked as though they would be killed; but with the aid of a horse and buggy which were furnished them at a back way, they escaped to a distant inn, where they took breakfast. Little suspecting the identity of his guests, the landlord talked freely of the disturbance, and spoke of Whittier as "an ignorant sort of fellow," using many other expressions not very complimentary to either of them. He was much surprised to hear Whittier say, just before stepping into the buggy, after George Thompson was seated, "Well,

this is my friend George Thompson, and I am John G. Whittier." Stepping quickly into the buggy, he drove rapidly away, leaving the landlord to look and wonder. For two weeks he kept his friend hidden about the farm.

During the excitement in Boston, when William Lloyd Garrison was imprisoned in jail for a night, to save him from the fury of the mob, John G. Whittier went to see him. Such was the excitement and antipathy aroused against him as an abolitionist, that he said he would have felt safer that night in jail with William Lloyd Garrison.

In 1831 an attempt was made to establish a school in New Haven, Conn., for the education of the colored people; but it was promptly stopped by the mayor, aldermen, and common council, upon their own responsibility.

In 1832 a refined Christian lady, a Miss Crandall of Canterbury, Conn., as school teacher, was applied to by a pious colored woman for admission to the school, saying that she wanted to gain enough knowledge to teach the colored children. Miss Crandall admitted her, but was soon informed that the woman must be dismissed. She then determined to open a school for colored children. She was arrested, and a "town meeting" was held to consider the subject. The clerk of the meeting made a speech in which he said if the school went into operation their children would be ruined forever, and property no longer safe. He said that they had a law which should prevent that school from going into operation. The civil authori-

ties and selectmen of Canterbury appealed to the Colonization Society for their help, and Miss Crandall was sent to jail. William Lloyd Garrison said that this work was but one of the genuine flowers of the Colonization Society's garden.

In 1838 the office of the "Philanthropist," an abolition paper published by Achilles Pugh, a Friend, in Cincinnati, was ransacked by a mob. Much valuable property was destroyed. In 1844 another mob, stirred up by slaveholders and their sympathizers, was suffered by the authorities to enter the press rooms and office and destroy the presses and office furniture, and completely ruin his business, while the officials of the city looked on with apparent approval.

Abigail and Lydia Mott, sisters, and members of the Society of Friends, became interested in emancipation. Their home in Albany, N. Y., was opened to those engaged in active work. They made the subject a study and arranged for public speeches upon it, bearing much of the expense. Their counsel was often sought by William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy and many others. William Lloyd Garrison speaks of these sisters as "abolitionists, vigilant, uncompromising, well-balanced, clear in vision, sound in judgment, discerners of spirits, and many-sided reformers."

Josephine Griffin, lifting her voice for freedom, in Ohio and Michigan, faced mobs whose violent demonstrations would have alarmed less fearless advocates. At Ann Arbor, Michigan, on one occasion she stood for more than an hour before a howling, angry, threat-

ening mob, before she could get them sufficiently quiet to listen to her appeal for the oppressed slave.

These facts show a little of the public sentiment which reformers, even in the Northern States, were obliged to face.

Laura Haviland, now a minister among Friends in Chicago, rejoices in the distinction of having, with her husband, formed in 1839 the first school in America, except Oberlin, where colored and white could be received as students, upon equal terms. This school was situated at Raisin Valley, Michigan, where a settlement of colored people had been formed. Some of them were runaway slaves, who, after having lived there in peace and happiness for some time, were aroused one night from their slumber by the demands of a group of men from Kentucky, who had come to claim as their property and to return to bondage these citizens of a free State. Several of these poor colored people were captured after a hard fight, and taken hurriedly away; but the citizens of Raisin Valley were not ready to allow such a summary withdrawal of any of their number by an armed force. Warrants were quickly issued and a posse, led by an abolitionist officer, were soon in pursuit, and all the invaders were placed under arrest. Among them was a preacher who claimed as his share a black man in the company who had been wounded before his capture. At the coming of the invaders, the wife of the latter had hurriedly left her bed to arouse the neighbors. In the bed she had left her baby. The preacher, seeing the baby, claimed it as his property, — worth two or three

hundred dollars in the slave market, — and took it away with him. The officer in charge of the rescuing party made the preacher get off of the horse which he was riding and allow the wounded man to ride. Not satisfied with thus humiliating him, he aroused the people by the way, calling them to “Come and see the preacher negro-stealer,” who still carried the baby in his arms. So terribly did the officer taunt him and stir up the people to ridicule him, that the preacher actually cried in the street and begged to be relieved of the baby.

By law the child followed the condition of the colored mother, and as the mother of this child was unquestionably a free woman, it was a clear case of kidnapping on the part of the negro hunters.

They were put in jail and allowed to send for counsel, and while they were waiting for trial the colored people were consigned to the care of the Underground Railroad. The Kentuckians were very glad to be allowed to go home after paying costs; but they did not depart without expressing their opinion of “that woman abolitionist, Laura Haviland, the negro stealer,” whom they charged with being the cause of all their troubles. The sum of \$3000 was offered for her head by slaveholders, yet she has outlived many if not all of those who sought her life, and now, in her eighty-sixth year, is actively engaged in holding revival meetings and preaching the Gospel of Peace.

Thomas Garrett, a merchant of Wilmington, Delaware, was another friend of the slave, whose interest in and efforts for the freedom of the negro won for

him the curses of the slaveholders and an offer of \$2500 for his body, dead or alive. He was known by some as the "Fighting Quaker," and while he was not really a fighter, nor do we know of his ever having in this respect departed from the "views of Friends," yet fighting men had great respect for his physical powers, and were often made to think it most prudent to avoid an occasion for conflict.

On one occasion some slaveholders had secured a fugitive. He was in a room bound with ropes, and several men were guarding him. On learning of the case Thomas Garrett hastened to the room and started directly for the captive. Knives and pistols were at once drawn and his life was threatened; but looking calmly at the men he said, "Put these things away; none but cowards use such," and showing a little of his muscular power by pushing aside those in his way, he proceeded to cut the cords that bound the poor man, and actually led him away and sent him to Canada by the Underground Railroad.

Thomas Garrett's home was well known to be a station on this road to freedom. One day a woman closely pursued by policemen and slaveholders was seen by an Irishman running towards him as he stood in an alley near the gate of Thomas Garrett's back yard. While he did not profess to be an abolitionist, but rather the contrary, his warm Irish heart was touched with sympathy for this fleeing woman. Opening the gate he told her to enter, saying, "You find Thomas Garrett and you are safe sure." She was seen from the house and hurriedly taken upstairs, fed

and comforted. The slaveholders thought her as good as captured. Leaving a guard to watch the place, they went for a warrant to search the house. Thomas and his wife were entertaining a party of guests in the parlors. In order that those outside might see within, Thomas opened the blinds and stirred the fire in the grate, making a bright light. Mrs. Garrett then asked to be excused for a little while and went upstairs. Soon after Thomas also excused himself, and with hat in hand called loudly at the foot of the stairway, "Is thee ready, wife?" In answer to this call a woman appeared, clad in plain bonnet and cloak, veiled, and ready for a walk. She took his arm and they passed the policeman standing guard near the door. Thomas spoke pleasantly to him and jocosely to the boy watching by the gate; they walked several blocks, passing a number of his acquaintances and policemen who were looking for the slave. When the house of a certain negro was reached, they entered. Thomas soon after left by the back door, returned home by another way, and entering the rear of his own home met his wife waiting for him in her chamber, and together they returned to the parlor. In speaking of the matter afterwards, Thomas said he thought the police had a better night's sleep than if they had caught the poor creature, and she would be better off in Canada.

Finally Thomas Garrett was brought before the court. When returning from a business trip into lower Delaware, he had overtaken two colored men, who asked for a ride, and whose request was granted

cheerfully. They got out at a crossing in the city, but some one had seen them, and Thomas was indicted before the grand jury for "aiding and abetting runaway slaves." He was fined \$3000, and when the judge had finished his long charge, Friend Garrett said, "Is thee done?" The judge replied that he was, and then Thomas said, "I mean no disrespect to thee, for thee is doing the duty of thy office, according to thy idea of it, but I must say that I shall feel in conscience bound to do this same thing again when way opens." Thomas Garrett lived to rejoice in the Emancipation Proclamation, passing away in 1871, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

John Fairchild, who was brought up in Virginia amid the evil influences and luxuries of slavery, notwithstanding his personal interests, became firmly convinced that slavery was a sin against the colored man. As to sin against God, he seemed to think little, for he was a wicked man; but he boldly undertook the cause of the oppressed slave, and worked for many years with as little regard to sin against their owners as against God.

When quite young he decided to find a home in some place where there were no slaves, and accordingly went to Ohio. Wishing to take with him one of his uncle's colored boys, to whom he had become much attached, he advised the slave to steal one of his master's horses and start one night in advance of him. This was done, and with Bill traveling as his servant, he reached Ohio and went on to Canada. There John found so many colored people whose

wives, husbands, children, or friends were still in bondage, and whom they wished him to aid in their escape, that he listened to their pleading and agreed to undertake the work, in full knowledge of its danger.

To effect his purpose he went to the homes of slave-owners with a body-servant, sometimes as a dealer looking for purchases, abusing niggers and denouncing abolitionists in the presence of his host, but secretly carrying on his mission with the blacks. If horses were needed, the negroes took them; if pistols and knives were thought necessary, John furnished them. He said that the negroes had earned the horses, therefore it was no injustice to take them. Sometimes he was arrested, but in some manner he always managed to escape. At one time he suffered much from exposure and abuse, during a cold winter, in a prison in Kentucky, but by outside aid he escaped before his trial, which would doubtless have sent him to the penitentiary. He then went to Cincinnati, where he lay ill for a long time as a result of his imprisonment and exposure.

The president of the Underground Railroad, Levi Coffin, visited him during his sickness and endeavored to persuade him to give up his hazardous way of working, risking his life and the lives of others as he did, advising him very strongly to go to his home in Canada and never cross the Mason and Dixon line again. But Fairchild swore most positively that he would liberate a slave for every day he had lain in prison.

After resting a few weeks he disappeared. He was soon afterwards heard of crossing the Ohio River with

twenty-eight fugitives from Kentucky. Committing them to the care of the Underground Railroad, he returned to the South, and soon reported in Detroit, Michigan, with thirty more from Mississippi. Having the names of some in Baltimore and Washington whose friends were anxious to have him liberate them, he finally consented to undertake it. He visited Philadelphia and purchased wigs and powder, for which he expended \$80, and used them to convert the light colored slaves of Baltimore and Washington into respectable looking white citizens. One of them was so dark as to make it too much of a risk for the whole enterprise to take him along, and the man had to be left. Without being suspected, John Fairchild succeeded in shipping two companies west as first-class passengers. Some members of the third party which he started were missed by their owners, and information that they were on the train was somehow obtained. They were on a fast express to Pittsburg. An engine was attached to a single coach and chase was given by the owners. The express had a good start, however, and though the slave-owners were determined to succeed, they could not overtake the train until just before it arrived at Pittsburg. Finding themselves pursued, the passengers did not see fit to await the stopping of the train in the station, but all jumped off just before the train was stopped, and quickly scattered through the city to safe hiding-places. They were hotly pursued by their owners, but were not taken, and in due time made their way to Canada.

One moonlight night, with a large company of fugi-

tives, John Fairchild was crossing a bridge. Armed men were lying in ambush at each end of it, and together began firing at the negroes as they were about midway of the bridge. Fairchild promptly gave the order, "Charge to the front." And charge they did, firing as they went. The men in ambush "scattered like scared sheep." When asked by Levi Coffin, to whom he related the incident, if any one was hurt, he showed him several bullet holes in his clothing, a slight flesh wound on his arm, and another on a negro's leg. He said: "You see, we were in close quarters, but my men were plucky. We shot to kill, and we made the devils run."

Upon hearing him give this account, our peace-loving Friend, Levi Coffin, remonstrated with him for trying to kill people, telling him that it was better to suffer wrong than to do wrong; that we should love our enemies. "Love the devil!" was the characteristic reply; "slaveholders are all devils, and it is no harm to kill the devil. I do not intend to hurt people if they keep out of my way, but if they step between me and liberty, they must look out for the consequences. When I undertake to conduct slaves out of bondage, it is my duty to defend them, even to the last drop of my blood."

Levi Coffin says: "It was useless to preach peace to John Fairchild. He would fight for the fugitive as long as life lasted."

Getting his men together before starting, Fairchild would give them to understand that there was to be no turning back. It was "liberty or death." If

pursued, they must fight if needful. He exacted from each one promises of positive obedience to himself. No one must turn back, but be ready to fight till death; and if any one should turn coward, he would shoot him down. Fairchild, in turn, would promise to remain with them until they were free, or die in the attempt to free them.

John Fairchild followed this work for more than twelve years, liberating slaves from every slave State in the Union, making many happy in being freed from bondage and united with their loved ones, and finding his reward in their happiness, for he was often needy and in rags; but the colored people had unbounded confidence in him and love for him, and would readily do what they could to supply his necessities when they knew of them.

The best of fighters sometimes find themselves unable to "fight their way out," and the career of John Fairchild was undoubtedly ended by the bullet of some Southerner. In 1861 he closed up his business in Indiana, where he thought to settle down and give up his hazardous work, according to the advice of Levi Coffin, but the recollection of slaves under the lash, and the pleading of their friends for his help to release them, doubtless proved too much for him to withstand. The people of the neighborhood thought he had gone to Canada, until they saw printed in a Tennessee paper, an account of an "insurrection" on the Cumberland river. It was stated that a body of armed slaves was about to rise and destroy the white inhabitants. The neighborhood was alarmed, and

great excitement prevailed. A small army of men was gathered, and they went to hunting and hanging, or shooting down all slaves whom they found with weapons, or suspected of being in any way connected with the insurrection. A small company was met who undertook to defend themselves, but it was useless; they were shot down by the overwhelming majority of whites. The paper stated that "among the slain was found one white man, a stranger to all, name unknown, but supposed to be the instigator of the insurrection, and leader of the negroes." John Fairchild has never since been heard from. "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Some degree of respect was shown by slaveholders for public sentiment, when in the North. The horrors of the system were kept as much as possible out of sight; but "down South," where for many years the absolute control of the slaves was unquestioned, and public sentiment had become so hardened by the oft-repeated tale and scene of suffering and death, there was frequently no check to the cruelty of masters, except their moneyed interest in the slaves, and this was often sacrificed to gratify their angry passion. The slave had no rights before the law, but was as other chattels.

There was for years, before the civil war, constant fear on the part of the whites lest the negroes should attempt to free themselves. Slight reasons were often made excuses for the cry, "Negro insurrection," and then, without trial, and sometimes without provocation, the helpless negroes were whipped to death,

shot down, sawn asunder, or hung, according to the whim of the tyrant into whose hands they had fallen.

At Natchez, Mississippi, in 1860 and 1861, the half-grown colored lads, in imitation of the whites, amused themselves by forming companies and marching, with sticks for guns. This was not objected to, or much noticed until two colored men were heard conversing upon what their masters had said: "If Abraham Lincoln was elected, he would free all the slaves." They declared that if this was so, they would go to the Yankees and help do it. This was reported by the men who overheard it, and, coupled with the training of the boys, a story of insurrection was widely circulated. Negroes were said to be armed and training for the murdering of the whites. A meeting of citizens was called, and speeches of the wildest character were made, calculated to excite the people to enmity and fear of the blacks. A committee of one hundred men was appointed, — men mostly known for their recklessness and cruelty, — who eagerly undertook to put down the insurrection by whipping or hanging all those who expressed in their prayers or otherwise any desire for freedom, or any dissatisfaction with their lot.

Men were chosen to watch by night and listen at the cabins of the slaves for any word on this subject. At their meetings these men would report, and any slaves reported were seized, questioned as to any expression they might have heard of this kind, and freedom was promised them if they would give information against any; but after it was obtained, the

promise, having been made "only to a nigger," was never kept.

It was soon known that, once in the hands of the vigilance committee, whipping and hanging was their fate, if the whipping did not cause death before they could be gotten to the gallows, which was sometimes the case. For many weeks Saturday was hanging day at Natchez, and truly it was a "reign of terror."

First, the culprit was taken to a small two-roomed building. In each of these two rooms were two iron rings, fastened to the heavy oak floor, to which the slaves were securely bound. On each side stools were placed, on which the white men sat, and in turn applied the lash to the bare flesh. After this the victims were taken to a wagon, and sometimes as many as ten or a dozen were taken to the gallows and hung at the same time. No trial was considered necessary, no evidence required except the statement of the vigilance committee, that they had in some way complained of their lot. Valuable servants were sometimes arrested and large amounts of money offered for their release. It is reliably stated that Joseph Reynolds offered \$100,000 for the release of two valuable and favorite servants. Miss Mary Dunbar offered \$10,000 for the release of one of her three slaves, whom the committee had taken; but the victims were never released, and these servants were whipped and hung, as was also a child twelve years old.

Mrs. Haviland, in her "Woman's Life Work," is authority for the above, and she gives the names of the owners of two hundred and nine slaves who were

hung in Natchez during the "reign of terror," proof of which she obtained in that city. More than four hundred were said to have thus perished. Some of the owners and better class of citizens protested and tried to turn the tide, but the fear aroused was so great, and the brutal element had gained such control, that they seemed powerless to arrest the flow of blood until Natchez was occupied by government troops.

The full extent of the cruel practices of slavery is little considered by the majority of those who think it is an evil. The field hands, in their long, weary day's work, followed by the overseers and pressed to their utmost exertion by the fear of the terrible lash, have called forth our utmost sympathy; but there was a class of slaves whose sufferings were of a different and more acute character than that caused by the sting of the whip. A white woman, with enough of the colored blood in her veins to cause a tinge of the eye, or to give a tell-tale shade to the nail, was a slave to the passions of the most depraved, coarse, and brutal owners. She was placed upon the block for sale, her charms discussed by the vulgar, and her person sold to the highest bidder. This was the most costly class of slaves. They often brought from \$1500 to \$3000, and sometimes more. The girl was helpless to evade her doom, powerless to resist the will of her master, yet often hoping, longing, praying for a door of escape. What such a life was to many of them may be faintly seen from the following story of Margaret Garner.

In January, 1855, a company of slaves belonging to

one neighborhood had escaped to Cincinnati. On arrival there they separated, as a number of them wished to see a colored man with whom they were acquainted, and they made several inquiries for his house. This led to their being easily traced by their pursuers. Kite, the colored man, received them kindly; but the house was soon surrounded by a company of United States troops and slaveholders. Those within barred the doors and windows, and refused to admit the hunters, resolving to fight till death rather than be taken back to slavery.

The company was composed of an old man, his wife, and four children. Robert's wife was about half white, a bright, agreeable looking woman, twenty-two or twenty-three years old. The two older children were pretty, woolly-headed mulatto boys. The two younger were girls, — one a three-year-old, with fair white skin, the other a rosy-cheeked baby. All were now within this room, surrounded by men claiming them as their property, notwithstanding the fact that the claimant in the company outside was the reputed father of some, if not all, of these children.

The two colored men were armed and fought bravely for liberty. The window was battered down, and a deputy marshal, attempting to enter, was met with a pistol bullet that made a flesh wound in his arm, causing his hasty retreat. Within this cabin were represented several thousand dollars in human flesh, and the owner is claiming it by the law of the United States. What matters to him the wounding of her officers? He demands of the law, as slaves, his

children. The door is battered down, the officers rush in, and though several shots are fired and another United States officer is wounded, the colored men are soon overpowered and dragged out of the house.

Seeing her husband dragged away, and knowing too well the fate in store for herself and these little ones, should they be taken back to slavery, Margaret seized a kitchen knife and quickly killed the little daughter with one stroke, by cutting her throat. She then seized the babe to take its life also, loving her children too much to allow them to grow up, if by any means she could prevent it, to what she well knew would be their fate as white girl slaves. The men prevented her from carrying out her design, which was not only to kill the babe, but the other children and herself.

The whole party was taken to jail, and suit entered in the United States court for possession. The trial lasted two weeks, and created much excitement. It was proved that the fugitives had been allowed to visit the city before at various times, and by law were free. Margaret Garner had been there as nurse girl before the children were born, and, being a free woman, the children were also free; but it was ruled that, by returning to a slave State, they had become slaves, and were such at the time of their escape.

An effort was made by John J. Joliff, their counsel, to wrest them from the United States custody upon the charge of murder, under the law of Ohio. The warrants were issued, and the attorney for the fugitives pressed the serving of them, saying that,

strange as it might seem for *him* to be pressing such a charge, every one of his clients said they would "go singing to the gallows rather than to return to slavery."

The United States law provided that no warrant should in any event be served upon a fugitive when remanded to the custody of his former owner. Not even a warrant for murder could prevent his being returned to bondage. The attorney, Joliff, said the fugitive slave law was unconstitutional, and, as a part and parcel of his argument, he wished to show the effects of carrying it out. It had driven a frantic mother to murder her own child rather than see it carried back to the seething hell of American slavery. This law was of such an order that its execution required that human hearts should be wrung and human blood spilled. "It is for the court to decide whether the fugitive slave law overrides the law of Ohio to such an extent that a fugitive slave cannot be arrested, even for murder."

The fugitives were finally indicted for murder, but by provision of the slave law they could not be tried, and the United States court gave them back to their owners and allowed them to be taken to Kentucky. On board a steamer they started South; but not all of them returned, for the mother, still holding in her arms the rosy-cheeked baby girl, which had attracted much attention at the trial on account of its white skin and unusual brightness, watched for a favorable opportunity and sprang overboard. Immediate efforts were made to save them, but what the mother had

failed to do with the knife was accomplished otherwise, and the babe was dead. The mother was rescued from the longed-for death, and taken to that which seemed to her so much worse.

It is but just to say that the slaveholders generally were not of that inhuman type which is depicted in this recital of the horrors of slavery. There were a great many kind-hearted ones who were the victims of the system, who were born under its blighting influences, and knew no way to free themselves from it without making a greater effort or sacrifice than many of them were prepared to do. Many would not allow their slaves to be whipped, and treated them kindly. When this was the case, the slaves were in many instances better provided for than when obliged to care for themselves, and many preferred to remain with such masters after the Emancipation Proclamation was issued.

CHAPTER V.

Champion of those who groan beneath
Oppression's iron hand, —
In view of penury, hate, and death,
I see thee fearless stand.

.
Then onward with a martyr's zeal,
And wait thy sure reward
When man to man no more shall kneel,
And God alone be Lord.

WHITTIER.

WE will here introduce to our readers Levi Coffin, the President of the Underground Railroad.

He was born in Guilford County, N. C., of Quaker parents and Nantucket ancestry. His father's farm was on the Salisbury road, near the Friends' meeting-house at New Garden, six miles from Greensboro. In this vicinity was fought the battle of Guilford Court House, between General Greene and Lord Cornwallis, near the close of the war of the Revolution. Many of the soldiers slain in this battle were buried in the Friends' burying-ground, near their meeting-house, which was used as a hospital for the wounded. The houses of two Friends in the neighborhood, whose farms joined, were occupied by the officers of the opposing armies.

The road passing this meeting-house was traveled for many years by slave-traders going South with

their human merchandise. The slaves were driven in what were called "coffles," two slaves being fastened on each side of a heavy chain, thus making four abreast. A little behind these were four more, and so on until all were thus fastened together. They were followed by a white man on horseback, carrying a long whip, which he sometimes used with as little mercy as a cruel driver might now show in driving cattle. A wagon followed containing supplies. Day after day in this manner the journey was continued, until the destination was reached or a sale was made. These coffles were never seen going North.

The owners of the rice swamps and cane and cotton fields of the extreme Southern States required more slaves than they could raise, and they depended mostly upon Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Kentucky to supply the deficiency. The work of the more Southern States and often the greater cruelty in the treatment of the slaves shortened the years of labor, "as they toiled 'mid the cotton and the cane." Slaves from the upper States dreaded to be sold South more than anything else that could happen to them.

When about seven years of age, Levi Coffin was with his father by the roadside and saw a coffle of slaves pass. His father pleasantly addressed them with the words, "Well, boys! why do they chain you?" One of them replied: "They have taken us away from our wives and children, and they chain us lest we should make our escape and go back to them." The boy was much impressed with the de-

jected appearance of the company, and with the sad words that he heard, and asked his father many questions concerning them. His father explained as best he could the sad meaning of slavery, and thus Levi Coffin took his first lessons as an abolitionist.

A few years later he was at a corn husking, where the neighbors, white and colored, were assembled to "shuck the corn," which had been broken from the stalk in the field and piled in the yard. At several points surrounding the pile, posts were set in the ground with flat stones placed on the top, and here the resinous pine knots, or "light-wood," were burned, shedding a bright light all around. The white people began at one end of the pile, the colored at the other; and with much story-telling, song, joke, and laughter they worked until the golden ears were stowed away.

On this occasion, while the white people were at supper, Levi remained with the colored folks. Among them he found one named Stephen, who had been free born and apprenticed to a Friend named Lloyd, living near Philadelphia. He was engaged in helping drive a flock of sheep to Baltimore, and while asleep in the negro house of a tavern, he was seized, gagged, bound, hurriedly placed in a covered carriage, and taken to Virginia, where he was sold to a man named Holland.

Holland, who was now on his way South, had stopped over a few days at his home, which was in this neighborhood. Levi reported the case to a trusty negro, who agreed to take Stephen the next night to

the home of Levi's father, and give him an opportunity to hear Stephen's story. After listening to it, Friend Coffin wrote at once to Edward Lloyd concerning the matter. In about two weeks' time Lloyd arrived, having traveled many weary miles by stage-coach, but he found that Stephen had been taken further South.

The next day, Lloyd attended the meeting of Friends at New Garden and informed them of the circumstances. George Swain and Henry Macy agreed to accompany him in pursuit of the boy. Friends contributed money for the expenses, as well as a horse and saddle and other necessary equipments for the journey. They found Stephen in Georgia, where he had been sold. The purchaser gave bonds to deliver him when proof should be given that his mother was a free woman at the time of his birth, and in due time our friends returned and Stephen was ready to testify against his kidnapper, who had been arrested and given bonds to appear for trial; but rather than meet Stephen in court and abide the judgment, he forfeited the bond.

This was Levi Coffin's first experience in the liberation of slaves. In his father's woods he often met the hunted negro, and "many times," he says, "I sat in the thicket while they devoured my bounty, as I listened to their tales about hard masters and cruel treatment, or in language glowing with native eloquence, they spoke of the glorious hope of freedom which had animated their spirits in darkest hours and sustained them under the lash."

During his young manhood he was often engaged in some way for the benefit of the slaves. He organized a school for them, which was at first encouraged by some of the slaveholders, but was afterwards closed, as they considered it dangerous for the slaves to be educated. He often examined, in person or by proxy, coffles of slaves; and it is surprising how many he found among them who had been kidnapped, although kidnapping was said to be strongly opposed by slaveholders. Many were released as a result of his efforts.

He married the daughter of a neighboring Friend, and in September, 1826, moved to Indiana, where he began business as a merchant and manufacturer of linseed oil. There was quite a settlement of free colored people at the place, whose parents, if not they themselves, had been settled there by the committees of North Carolina Yearly Meeting. These colored people were often called upon to harbor and forward those who had escaped from their masters, but on account of their inability to manage properly, the owners sometimes regained possession of the fugitives.

Levi Coffin tried to interest his neighbors in this subject, but met with little encouragement at first. Even if they wished to help, they were afraid of the penalty of the law. Levi told them that when a boy in North Carolina he had read in the Bible that it is right to take in the stranger and administer to him in distress, and he believed that it is always safe to do right; that the Bible, in bidding us to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, said nothing about

color, and that he should try to follow out its teachings.

The colored people soon came to understand that in him they had a friend, and that a stranger knocking at his door would be admitted. Without advertising it in the newspapers, it soon became known by those interested in aiding the fugitive, that if his house could be reached safety was assured, and fugitive slaves began arriving before he had lived a year in his new home.

The Underground Railroad was not a deliberately organized institution, with capital stock publicly subscribed and officers annually elected at large salaries. Trains did not run from certain public places on schedule time, yet they made good connections. The collection of fares was no part of the conductor's business. It was his duty to receive all who came to him fleeing from the land of bondage, in pursuit of "liberty and happiness." If needful, they must be warmed, fed or clothed, then conveyed to the next most suitable station on the road to Canada, without charge. They were, with a degree of caution, passed from one friendly hand to another. Sometimes they were kept in schoolhouse lofts where, perhaps for days, they were the unobserved listeners to the children's recitations. Sometimes they were hidden in hay mows, straw ricks, or between feather beds in some good housewife's chamber, and in all sorts of ways kept from the eager eyes of their pursuers.

Levi Coffin's house soon became a Union station for those coming by various lines from the South, con-

verging at Newport, Indiana. Some of his friends became much concerned for him. They said that his business interests would suffer, that his very life was in danger, and that his duty toward his family and friends demanded that he should cease his connection with so hazardous and disreputable a business. Levi, and "Aunt Kate" had long before counted the cost. They knew all the dangers better than their advisers. They had deliberately and intelligently reached the conclusion that the pathway of duty was plain before them, and they steadfastly pursued the right, leaving business interests, personal safety, and all with Him who, they believed, had called them to this special work.

When his views and practices became generally known, his business interests did suffer for a time, for men declared that they would not patronize such a man; but others came to him, and his business prospered. He needed an increased income. Horses and wagons must be always at hand to convey guests ten, twenty, thirty, or forty miles on short notice, as they were likely to appear at any time for passage on the Underground Railroad.

At this station it sometimes occurred that several trains arrived in the course of one night. At no time on retiring were Levi Coffin and his wife sure of an uninterrupted rest. The gentle tap might be heard at any hour of the night, and when heard, Levi would silently open the door, give a whispered invitation to come in, and, leaving the sitting room door open, return to his wife and tell her of the hungry company

needing refreshments. After the passengers had entered, the doors were closed and the windows curtained, that no spy from the outside might see what was going on within. Lamps were lighted, fires built, and soon the smell of hot coffee and cooking would indicate that a satisfying portion was in preparation for the ragged, hungry, shivering travelers. When warmed and fed they were put away to rest as circumstances would permit.

Levi Coffin was often threatened with hanging, shooting, and the burning of his property, but he feared not, and often said, "Barking dogs never bite." On one occasion a letter was received from Kentucky which stated that on a certain night an armed body of men was coming to Newport to burn the town. Levi Coffin's store, porkhouse, and dwelling were to be the first fired, and if they were successful in getting him they intended that his life should pay for the crimes he had committed against Southern slaveholders. He was advised to leave town. Most of the inhabitants were Friends and non-combatants; they raised no resisting force to meet the invaders, placed no pickets outside the town, but retired to rest as usual. None showed any fear except one poor laboring man who had built a little cabin in the woods a mile and a half from town. Upon hearing the spring-time music of the frogs he thought that the Kentuckians were coming, and hastened to town to give the alarm.

Levi Coffin states that the largest company of fugitives ever seated at his table at one time was com-

posed of seventeen men, women and children, varying in color from the light mulatto to the coal black negro. They were from Kentucky, and the next night after reaching the Ohio side of the river, when near a road, they heard the sound of horses' feet, and soon saw their pursuers close upon them. Hurriedly entering a large cornfield across the road, they ran for liberty and life, closely pursued by fifteen or twenty armed men. The negroes scattered in the wilderness of tall, full-bladed, bottom-land Indian corn, which afforded a good shelter. The pursuers called to them to stop or they would be shot. Some recognized the voices of their master, but did not incline to obey. They had a taste and a hope of liberty, and these were already giving them a spirit of independence. Several shots were fired, which they heard cutting the friendly maize around them. They ran several miles before stopping to collect their company. All could not be easily found, but it was very important for them to leave the cornfield before day; it was now nearly morning.

They entered the woods near by and secreted themselves in the bushes. Soon they heard the sound of wood-chopping, which again alarmed them, but by careful observation they discovered that the chopper was a friendly negro. He conducted them to a safe hiding-place and furnished them with food, as the bundles of clothing and food with which they had started had been lost during their hurried flight. They were afterwards conducted to a station on the Underground Railroad, where their lost companions

soon appeared. Two of them were wounded, one with shot in his back, the other with a bullet wound several inches long, in his side. Two covered wagons were appropriated to their use, and early one morning "Aunt Kate," of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fame, was called to the door. Upon asking who was there, she was told, "All Kentucky." "Well, bring all Kentucky in," was the ready response. Breakfast was soon ready and they were told to eat all they wanted, for they were among friends and in no danger of being captured in that neighborhood of abolitionists. They were soon at their ease, and "did all eat and were filled."

In this case Levi Coffin called some of the neighbors in to see this valuable lot of property, the worth of which he estimated to be at least \$17,000. They remained for two days. The shot were taken out of the man's back, and the wounded side was dressed. Needed clothing was furnished, and all were sent on their way rejoicing to the house of John Bond, twenty miles away.

The next morning a messenger came from Richmond, Indiana, with word that fifteen Kentuckians were there hunting fugitives. Levi Coffin quickly sent this message to John Bond with word that the colored people better be scattered. Thinking it safe to travel in that country by day, John had sent them forward immediately upon their arrival. He now mounted a horse, pursued and overtook them, and had them secreted with different Friends, where they remained in hiding for several weeks, until the hunters

had given up the chase. They were then forwarded to Canada.

Meanwhile, the Kentuckians had hired a lot of roughs to aid them in finding their property, who formed parties and started out in different directions. The party searching the town of Newport entered one or two at a time to avoid suspicion, and inquired of the children in the streets if any fugitive slaves had been in town lately. They were told that a lot of them had been at Levi Coffin's, but had gone on to Canada. This information was given at the meeting of the company shortly afterward, and two divisions were sent to the lakes to watch for the crossing of the fleeing slaves into Canada. The slaveholders hired more men, with whom they proposed to search every Friends' community in that region. All their efforts proved futile, so that, discouraged and angry, they swore they would burn Levi Coffin out, shoot him at sight, or hang him to a limb, if it cost \$10,000.

A friend of Levi Coffin's who overheard the threats, and thought that they started for Newport, mounted a horse, and with pistols in his pockets hurriedly rode to give Levi warning and help him to fight. He called Levi out of bed and excitedly told his story. Levi replied that if they had really intended to do such a thing they would never have told of it; and added: "Now, thee put up thy pistols. We have no use for them here, as we do not depend upon firearms for protection." The well-meaning visitor was persuaded to retire, and Levi went to bed and to sleep.

Soon the hunters returned South, but before going they conferred an honorable and lasting title upon our friend. They said they could get no trace of their slaves on top of the ground, after they reached Levi Coffin's house; and declared that there must be an underground railroad of which he was president. This story they took pleasure in repeating several times in the city, as a good joke, and it became the talk about town, so that when Levi went to Richmond he was asked by his friends if he knew of his late promotion, and was told of the title given him. Levi said this was the first he had heard about an underground railroad, and it was doubtless the origin of the term.

Levi Coffin then expressed his willingness to act in any capacity to further the interests of the road, and by universal consent retained the title, often receiving letters so addressed. For thirty years he served faithfully, and no one complained of him for embezzlement of funds or for neglecting in any way the duties of his office.

But the Emancipation Proclamation ruined the business of the road. At a called meeting of interested parties, held at Cincinnati, amid speech-making and much rejoicing, the president resigned his high office, and the company disbanded with much good feeling, thinking the business of the road forever at an end. Of this we shall learn more later.

Although the threats to shoot and hang our friend and burn his property were never carried out, these hunters made arrangements with their landlord and sympathizer at Richmond to prosecute him, and he

was summoned before the court, charged with "aiding and abetting runaway slaves." He promptly confessed that a party of seventeen colored people had stopped at his home. They were hungry and he had fed them, as his Master had bidden him do. *They said* they were slaves fleeing from their masters, but the word of a slave was not accepted as evidence in that court. The testimony of other witnesses corresponded with that of Levi Coffin. The judge said: "Gentlemen, I think Mr. Coffin knows more about the fugitive slave law than you do. The case is dismissed."

On one occasion slave-hunters passed Levi Coffin's door, when fourteen slaves they were searching for were secreted in the house. He sent a man to ascertain which way they went, promptly forwarded his guests in another direction, and they safely reached Canada.

In this company was a man who had been over the road before, but had returned to his master in the South. One morning he appeared before him, hat in hand, and addressed him with the following words: "Good mornin', massa. I'se ready to go to work now; done had 'nough o' freedom. Th' ab'litionists is an awful set o' folks. Works a nigger mos' to deaff and never pays him nuffin. Canady's a awful cold country; not fit for a nigger to live in, nohow." His master was no less surprised than rejoiced to see Jim, and told him he hoped he would now make a good missionary among his people and the neighbors. This Jim promised to be. He obtained the perfect confi-

dence of his master, would amuse and gratify him by telling the colored people, in his presence, of the terrible things he met with while in the North; and the darkies appeared as though they would not for the world undertake to live in such a country and among such a people as Jim had described. Yet he did such faithful "missionary work" that this company of thirteen was willing to leave the "Sunny South" and the homes their masters had provided, and go with him to the cold Northland and trust themselves to those dreadful abolitionists. Jim said he hoped the dear Lord would forgive him for telling so many lies to his master.

Amherstburg, near the head of Lake Erie, in Canada, was the principal landing-place of fugitives for the western routes. It was estimated that as early as 1844 more than forty thousand of these refugees had reached Her Majesty's dominions. This number increased rapidly from that time until 1861. Many of them arrived in a most deplorable condition, with scarcely anything but the free air with which to begin their new life. At this place there was formed a settlement of colored people, but a home for new arrivals was needed. Isaac J. Rice, a noble, self-sacrificing Presbyterian minister, left the church of which he was pastor, in Ohio, where he had fine prospects, to obey what he believed to be the call of God; and here he fed, taught, and nursed those homeless, suffering people until homes could be provided for them. The colored people in Canada formed aid-societies, and did much for the relief of the new-comers.

The "Philanthropist," of Cincinnati, was the first paper published in the United States that advocated the propriety of abolitionists' using only free-labor goods. Soon afterwards the "Free Labor Advocate" appeared. It was published at Newport, Indiana, and edited by Benjamin Stanton, a Friend minister.

John Woolman, of New Jersey, was doubtless the first man to advocate the practice and carry it out. He was a devoted servant of God, and a minister in the Society of Friends. His Journal well repays careful reading now, as we look back upon this pure man, taught of God. In all his ways he was consistent with the truth which he advocated. He was many years in advance of his day, and held out the light for other generations to see. He took up the cause of the oppressed slave when almost none of his brethren could see with him. He visited the slaveholders in the South, and lovingly pleaded for their bondmen.

Read the "Life of John Woolman," and you will appreciate the remark of Spurgeon concerning it,— "A rare gem in English literature;" or that of Charles Kingsley,— "Read Woolman's Journal and love the Quakers."

Our friend Levi Coffin read this work at the time of the agitation of this subject, and became convinced that he could no longer be consistent with his work and words unless he, too, abstained from using and dealing in the products of slave labor. Accordingly he went to Philadelphia and New York to examine the market for free-labor goods. In Philadelphia he was satisfied by the character of such men as Enoch

Lewis, Abraham Pennock, Samuel Rhoades, George W. Taylor, and others, who were engaged in selling this class of merchandise, that the movement was founded upon principle. He found a cotton factory, managed by G. W. Taylor, that was manufacturing at a loss cotton grown by Friends in North Carolina. He bought as good an assortment of these goods as he could get, and then went to New York, where he found a grocery business conducted by Robert Lindley Murray, Lindley M. Hoag, and others. This was the outgrowth of the Free Labor Association of Friends of New York Yearly Meeting, which in 1851 had eighty-five members, who mostly belonged to that meeting. He purchased groceries at higher prices than the same grade of goods could be purchased for elsewhere, but men sometimes pay for principle.

The subject grew in the minds of Friends, and in 1846 a convention was held in Friends' meeting-house at Salem, Indiana, for all interested in the subject of free labor. For two days those in attendance discussed ways and means to carry out their conscientious convictions, and, realizing the necessity of dividing the burden, which would be too heavy for any one person to bear, they made up a capital stock of three thousand dollars, to be loaned to a suitable person for five years, without interest, to enable him to open, at Cincinnati, a wholesale depository of free-labor goods. They appointed a committee to secure some one to take charge of the business, and that committee promptly agreed upon Levi Coffin. At first he declined, but no other satisfactory person could be found

to take the place, and he finally yielded to the earnest appeals of various persons interested in the cause, sold out his business in Newport, Indiana, and moved to Cincinnati, Ohio.

He very soon found, in response to circulars issued, that orders were more abundant than were the goods to fill them. His acquaintance in the South enabled him to purchase free-labor cotton, which he arranged to have manufactured, and for ten years this business was kept up. He then retired from mercantile life.

As at Newport, so at Cincinnati, our Friend found that few white people were ready to harbor fugitives, and the colored citizens were often lacking in ability to evade the pursuing owners. Though he hoped to be relieved from this duty upon his removal to the city, he found himself, on the contrary, more than ever engaged in it. For more than twenty years in Newport, Indiana, and for about ten years in Cincinnati, Ohio, his home was the refuge of the fleeing slave. On an average for each of the twenty years, one hundred and six fugitives were received, cared for, and forwarded from this station; and more than three thousand in all were fed at his table. Many of them were clothed and shod, the sick were nursed, medical attendance was provided, and sometimes the stay of the slaves was prolonged to weeks and months. In all this time he never lost a passenger. It was generally known in the town in which he lived, as well as by many of the slaveholders, that he entertained the fugitives, and yet his house was never searched. He boldly declared that if they did search

it, the law must be strictly followed, or the penalty would be vigorously enforced.

His business relations gave him influence, and kept many in fear of his displeasure. For years a ladies' sewing society met weekly at his house, and made and repaired garments for men, women, and children. Often the fugitives arrived, after weeks of travel and exposure, while trying to make their way to freedom, led by the north star from some extreme Southern State, and losing their way on some dark nights when the friendly star was hidden. They dare not take a public highway, for fear of being seen by unfriendly white men, so that, with wornout shoes, — if, indeed, they had any, — and with clothing torn and ragged from contact with briars, perhaps wounded by shot or bullets from their pursuers, or torn by the bloodhounds, wretched, suffering, and miserable, they arrived at the home of the "Good Samaritan."

The Southern slaveholders had become too aggressive, in the pressure of their peculiar institution, upon the United States. The requirements made of Northern citizens were more than they were willing to meet, and the breach between the Northern and Southern sections grew wider. John C. Calhoun and other Southern politicians taught their people that secession from the United States government was the right of the individual States, and such was the influence brought to bear, that when election came, it was almost a "Solid South." When Abraham Lincoln was elected and the Southern candidate defeated, they were disappointed, and unwilling to abide the result; hence

the firing upon the United States flag at Fort Sumter.

Civil war and the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln followed, freeing nearly four million slaves, many of whom hardly knew their right hand from the left. They were a vast company of homeless children, for even the oldest were but children in understanding. Yet now they were no longer under the care of interested owners, who had at least a pecuniary interest in them, and they became the objects of the world's charity.

Societies for their relief sprang up all over the Northern States, and soon became organized for the distribution of the gifts of a sympathetic people. Everything that must be used by individuals, by households, and by schools, was needed; and it was wonderful how these things were supplied. Levi Coffin was a leader in this work, and visited the South a number of times to arrange for the free transportation of goods and the distribution of the gifts of the great West.

He went to England in the interest of this labor of love, bearing with him letters from many prominent men in church and state, and readily gained access to the wealthy and generous people of that dear old country. A "London Freedmen's Relief Society" was formed, with prominent men of England as its officers. He worked under its auspices, and told to many large congregations the story of the wrongs, sufferings, and needs of this people.

* He visited Scotland, France, and many other parts

of Europe in the interest of this cause, and most nobly did Europe respond to the appeal. Banks charged no commission, railroads no tariff, steamships no freight, and all seemed to do what they could to atone for the common sin toward this helpless people, who, no longer slaves, were in need of much training and education to fit them to become intelligent citizens, competent to cast a vote upon the affairs of the nation.

Although the United States government gave them the elective franchise long before they were prepared for it, very many of them have set themselves to work and are fast becoming competent for their new duties, notwithstanding adverse criticisms and unfavorable comments upon them. Certain it is that the colored schools and colleges of the Southern States, the rapid advancement of many of the freed people, the important positions some of them have filled and do now fill so well, and the steady acquisition of comparative wealth by many others, all go to show a wonderful development in a people who emerged from the barbarism of Africa, and then for generations were kept in bondage and ignorance.

That they are capable of mastering much and are worthy of a higher position than to be under the lash, the following facts, gathered from different sources (presumably correct) furnish abundant proof :

There is \$3,500,000 taxable property now held by them in the Southern States. Since their freedom a former slave of Jefferson Davis has translated the Bible into the Sweetzer tongue, which is spoken by

250,000 Africans. It was stated recently that there are 25,530 negro schools in the South, where 2,250,000 negroes have learned to read, and most of them to write. In these colored schools there are 238,000 pupils and 20,000 negro teachers. There are 150 schools for their advanced education, and seven colleges are administered by negro presidents and faculties; while of these presidents three were formerly slaves. There are 154 negro editors, 250 lawyers, 740 physicians, and 247 negroes from the South who have been and now are educating themselves in European universities. In addition to this, many churches have been formed among them, and thousands of colored men are engaged in the ministry.

Where in the history of mankind has such a rapid development and advance been shown by any people in the space of thirty years?

Levi Coffin believed in the education of the colored race, and spent nearly "threescore years and ten" in their service, working in every way he could for their freedom and enlightenment.

He has gone to his rest, having passed from works to rewards in the seventy-ninth year of his age, with his work well done. His funeral was attended by many of Cincinnati's best people, and the tears of both black and white indicated the place he held in the hearts of all classes.

Rev. Dr. Rust, Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, said: "It would take less bravery to go up to the cannon's mouth than to do the work he did. He walked through the streets hooted at and threat-

ened by mobs, and the battle-field has scarcely such illustrations of heroism as he exhibited every day."

The amount of work he accomplished without gun, pistol, or knife was much greater than that of John Fairchild, and greater than any one person could have done with weapons; and the ultimate good to those for whom he labored was far beyond that of any one who trusted in his own wisdom for guidance and in fire-arms for defense.

His life was the life of the righteous, his last days peaceful and happy, and his end triumphant.

CHAPTER VI.

The Quaker of the olden time! —
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

WHITTIER.

At the beginning of the war, most of the Friends in North Carolina were located in the central and northwestern parts of the State, in Iredell, York, Surry, Davie, Guilford, Randolph, Alamance, and Chatham counties. There were, however, six small churches in Wayne, Northampton, and Perquimans counties, in the eastern part of the State, but the meetings were all so connected by sending reports from one meeting to another, by the attendance of delegates and members generally upon the services of the superior meetings, that they were more or less personally acquainted with each other all over the State, and to a certain extent with Friends in other States.

It may not be out of place here to give our readers the order of church government of the Friends, that a clearer understanding may be had of the reason

why Friends from the South generally knew where to go after crossing Mason and Dixon's line, and so readily found homes, friends, and business in the North and West.

The Friends' business meetings of primary character are called "preparative meetings," and may be composed of one or more congregations or meetings for worship. These meetings are held on a week day, once a month. The business that pertains to the local meeting only may be settled here. Any business that may require the attention of a superior meeting is "prepared" and forwarded by the representatives, or delegates, appointed to attend the monthly meeting, which is usually held the following week.

This monthly meeting is composed of the members of one or more preparative meetings (usually of more than one), and is a meeting of record. In some cases, where the monthly meeting is composed of only one meeting, the preparative is not held. If the business of these meetings is of a nature to claim the attention of a superior one, it is forwarded by delegates or the clerk to the monthly or quarterly meeting. The monthly meeting is a legally constituted body, with power to hold property through trustees. It appoints officers in the church, but forwards some of its appointments to superior meetings for their information and approval.

The principal officers of the Friends' churches are elders and overseers, and both men and women are appointed to these stations. Men and women are



DR. NEREUS MENDENHALL

acknowledged as ministers when they have given evidence of having been called by the Great Head of the Church to preach the Gospel.

The ministers, elders, and overseers have the general oversight of the flock. Care is had that those appointed as elders shall be persons gifted with a discerning spirit and shall be so well versed in the Scriptures as to be able to judge wisely of the ministry and exercise a degree of care over the ministers.

The quarterly meetings are composed of two or more monthly meetings, and to it representatives are appointed by the monthly meetings. Answers to queries from the discipline of the society, pertaining to the life and conduct of the members of the monthly meetings represented, are read, and any other business which may have come from the monthly meetings, or has been otherwise properly introduced, is here considered.

These quarterly meetings are of general interest, and usually last two or three days. On the first day there is a meeting for ministers, elders, and usually for the overseers also; the next day a meeting for worship is held for all who will attend; and following this is the quarterly meeting for business.

All these meetings, except the first class, are open to all the members alike, with equal privileges of being heard upon any question. Instead of a president or chairman, the clerk serves as the officer of the meeting, and usually has an assistant to aid in reading or writing. He or she obtains the judgment of the meeting by the sentiment expressed; not

always by the majority of those who speak, but sometimes by taking into consideration the qualifications of the speaker, his degree of experience and ability to judge. Should there be a decided diversity of opinion upon any subject, and any doubt in the clerk's mind as to a satisfactory conclusion, the matter is left over for consideration in a subsequent meeting. It is not customary in Friends' meetings to arrive at conclusions by vote, although it occasionally is done in some parts of the country. Concessions are often made in order to promote harmony.

Should there be business that affects interests beyond those of the quarterly meeting, or of too great importance to decide, it is forwarded by delegates with minutes from the records to the yearly meeting. The quarterly meeting also forwards to the yearly meeting the preparative and monthly meetings' answers to the queries, in order that the yearly meeting may have an understanding of the general condition of the subordinate meetings.

These yearly meetings are of wide interest; they are usually composed of thousands of members, and are held for about one week. Their decisions upon all questions that come before them are final. Some yearly meetings meet altogether in joint session of men and women, the women being represented at the clerk's table and having equal rights with the brethren. Other yearly meetings have separate sessions of men and women, and these send their conclusions to each other by messengers; but the tendency of all the yearly meetings in America, except Philadelphia,

is toward the plan of having one meeting of men and women, in which there is no respect of sex.

Each yearly meeting has a standing representative committee composed of some of its most experienced members, to act for it during the recess of the yearly meeting. This committee meets five times in Philadelphia, twice a year at specified times in most of the yearly meetings and in some but once, but is subject to be called together by the clerk should any "suffering case" arise. Hence the name, "Meeting for Sufferings," applied to this meeting, though it is now called by most yearly meetings "the Representative Meeting." To this meeting is referred the care of real estate, trust funds, and other matters which may be more fully discussed and easily settled by the smaller body than in the large yearly meeting. The proceedings are recorded and read in the yearly meeting, whose approval, when given, confirms the acts of the representative meeting.

Occasionally conferences have been held, consisting of representatives, including both men and women, from every Orthodox yearly meeting in the world. For days they meet and discuss questions of importance to the church in general, and recommendations are agreed upon to be submitted to the different yearly meetings. The conclusions of this conference, however, are not binding upon any of the yearly meetings, except such as by their own actions choose to make them so. The deliberations of the conference are carefully recorded, and printed volumes of them are sent to the meetings and to

many of the active members, so that all may be informed of the subjects considered, of the addresses given, and the conclusions reached.

The yearly meetings (Orthodox) now number, with Philadelphia, thirteen in the United States, one in Canada, one in England, and one in Ireland, with half-yearly and quarterly meetings in Australia and many other parts of the world.

These meetings, except Philadelphia, are connected by a chain of correspondence in the form of annual epistles, addressed by each to all the others and to London Yearly Meeting. We see by this digression the relation of the members to each other, and also that a Friend is in touch with his brethren the world over. There has ever existed such a bond of union and sympathy between them that a member of the Friends' Church is at once recognized by his fellow-members as a person worthy of credit and of assistance if necessary.

Friends in the South were, during the Civil War, only divided from their Northern brethren by geographical lines and military law. Having crossed Mason and Dixon's line, they had only to find a community of Friends to find a home and all things needful. Especially welcome were they in the West, for many living there, or their ancestry, had moved from the South on account of slavery. In many cases they were related to those fleeing on account of war, and cordially welcomed them to their homes. South Carolina seceded from the Union December 20, 1860, and Virginia promptly followed on April 18, 1861. North

Carolina, though geographically situated between the two, was loyal to the Union by a large majority. One county, Randolph, which had within it a strong Quaker element, gave only forty-five votes for secession and 2570 against it.

At first the people freely expressed their opposition to secession, but speakers from South Carolina and elsewhere were sent through the State, from her mountains to seaboard, appealing to the people, "in view of their best interests," to secede. It was stated that her sister States, Virginia and South Carolina, had gone out, and that if North Carolina refused to do so they would make her soil their fighting ground and compel her to secede. In fact, they declared that there was no alternative, she *must* secede. Taken at so great a disadvantage, with uneasy slaveholders and politicians urgently pressing their demands, Governor Ellis finally declared North Carolina seceded from the Union, May 20, 1861, and the "Old North State," the first in a declaration of independence of British rule, was now almost compelled to join in a secession from the United States.

Among all her citizens not a Friend was found to vote for secession. They had already emancipated their slaves, they were loyal to the principles of peace, and they most firmly believed in "Union forever."

In the twelfth month of this year, 1861, there was presented to the legislature of North Carolina an act called "an ordinance concerning test oaths and sedition," by which every free male person in the State, above sixteen years of age, was required to appear

publicly and renounce all allegiance to the government of the United States, and also to agree to support, maintain and *defend* the independent government of the Confederate States. The alternative was banishment within thirty days.

The reader will at once see the peculiar bearing of this statute upon Friends within the State. They were opposed to slavery and war, they had been loyal to the United States, and had voted against secession, and they had no unity with a new government which they believed would perpetuate slavery. Allen U. Tomlinson and Isham Cox spent much time in laboring with the members of this legislature, showing them the effect of such a law upon their people. When the bill finally came to a hearing, the Honorable William A. Graham of Orange County, N. C., and Eugene Grissom of Raleigh, members of the legislature, took up their cause. They were acquainted with many Friends, and respected them, and they were informed of the principles of Friends on these subjects. When the bill came before the House, they made able speeches opposing its passage, in which Governor William Graham said: "It would amount to a decree of wholesale expatriation of the Quakers, and on the expulsion of such a people from our midst the whole civilized world would cry 'shame.'"

North Carolina Yearly Meeting records say that "The act fell to the ground, but not so the hostility that was capable of suggesting it. In the excitement that now prevailed throughout the State, in the effort

to promote volunteering, Friends were in various ways exposed to much anxiety. Many left the State, though every means was now used to prevent this, and several parties of emigrants were arrested and brought back. A few Friends were occasionally included in the military drafts, but obtained their release upon various grounds without much difficulty. It was not until the summer of 1862 that the great and general trial came.

“By the passage of a conscription act in the Confederate Congress, in the seventh month of this year, every man between eighteen and thirty-five years of age was required to enter the army. This act was amended as early as 1863, and made to include all between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. In 1864, all between seventeen and fifty were included. Finally all males from sixteen to sixty were enrolled; fourteen-year-old boys and men over sixty were sometimes used for home guards.

“In the fourth month, 1862, Friends petitioned both the State assembly and the Confederate Congress for relief. The State government first passed an act of exemption, releasing them from State military duty upon the payment of \$100 each; and on the eleventh of tenth month a similar bill was passed by the Congress at Richmond, which exempted all who were members with Friends at that time, upon the payment of \$500.

“Unlike our Friends in the Northern States, it was not on the few that the trial came, but on the many, and in another more important respect our position

differed widely from theirs. In our own case, the existing government and the officers who executed its will were far from having sympathy with us. We were still loyal at heart to the government of the United States, and though submitting passively to a temporary usurpation, this was little merit in a community that called for the utmost zeal in the new cause. We testified against slavery, and in the fresh effort to establish it firmly, this was no small offense. Above all, we could not fight, and with the spirit of war so rampant in our midst that the preaching of the Gospel of Peace gave way in almost every place of worship to a call to arms, the hatred and malice aroused fell with much violence upon us."

The members of the committee of Friends appointed to visit the Confederate Congress were Isham Cox, John B. Crenshaw, Nereus Mendenhall, John Carter, and Allen U. Tomlinson, men of ability and of good standing in their respective communities, and well known as Friends in all the country. John B. Crenshaw, a minister, living in Richmond, Va., was personally acquainted with many leading men of the Confederate government. Nereus Mendenhall was well known as one of the most learned men in North Carolina, and was a prominent educator. Isham Cox, a minister, and for many years a leader in the yearly meeting, was well known and esteemed in the church and country. John Carter was a prominent business man, as was Allen U. Tomlinson.

These five proceeded to the Confederate Congress as representatives of the Friends, to enter their protest



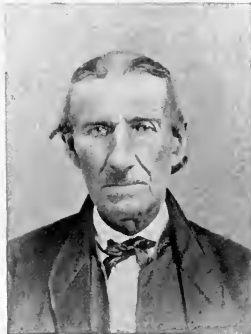
JOHN CARTER



ISHAM COX



JOHN B. CRENSHAW



ALLEN U. TOMLINSON



against these unrighteous laws, and to plead for the relief of their brethren.

Speaking of the occasion, John B. Crenshaw said: "It being a warm summer night, the meeting was arranged for the evening, and we were requested to have seats out on the Capitol grounds to avoid the heat from the lights inside the Capitol building. The committee was composed of some of the ablest men in the Confederate Congress, most of them men who had served in the Congress of the United States. Mr. Miles, of South Carolina, was chairman. It was the feeling of the delegates that Nereus Mendenhall was preëminently the man to present our case. It seemed impossible, almost, to secure his consent, owing to his natural reserve. Finally, Chairman Miles said: 'Gentlemen, the committee is ready. Please state your case.' A dead silence followed. In a few minutes, fearing the committee would not understand or appreciate our holding a silent Quaker meeting then and there, I reached over and gently touched Nereus. He arose slowly, and when fully aroused and warmed up to his subject I thought I never heard such an exposition of the doctrines of Friends on the subject of war. Other members of the delegation followed, but the ground had been covered so thoroughly that there was little left for us to say."

This same delegation visited Jefferson Davis, and while he received them with courtesy, he remarked that he regretted to learn that there was within the limits of the Southern Confederacy a body of people unwilling not only to fight, but if needful to die in defense of their country.

The result of the labors of this delegation was the passage of a law exempting Friends and Dunkards from service in the Confederate army upon the payment of \$500, or upon the performance of certain services in connection with hospitals, etc. To Nereus Mendenhall's argument, perhaps more than any other one thing, was due the passage of this law.

One of the committee said to this delegation of Friends: "Doubtless your people are in the Northern army fighting us, and why should you not join us in fighting them?" To this Isham Cox replied: "I am not afraid to agree to fight, single handed, every true Friend in the Northern army." Such was his confidence in the adherence of his Northern brethren to the principles of non-resistance, that he had no idea of a true Friend's being in the army, and he was careful to use the word *true*. Some members there were, however, whose education against slavery had been so much more thorough than their education against war, that they thought themselves justified in going to war for the abolition of slavery. These, as a rule, were promptly disowned by their meetings, in whose judgment, however desirable it might be to abolish slavery, war was contrary to the commands of Christ. They judged that we should not do evil that good may come, and that a man could not be a true Friend and go to war.

It may be well in this connection to take a look at the situation in which Friends in the Northern States were placed. In the government were many who were familiar with the views of Friends, and who knew

them to be unyielding in their testimony to the principles of "peace on earth, good-will to men."

Abraham Lincoln, himself a descendant of Friends and acquainted with their religious views, was always ready to receive them when they came to him on any account, saying: "I know *they* are not seeking an office." Secretary Stanton's mother was a minister among Friends, and lived in Ohio during the war. Attorney-General Bates and Salmon P. Chase were also said to have been connected with Friends; and H. W. Halleck, at one time General-in-chief of the armies, remained a member of the meeting at Newport, Rhode Island, during the war, by an oversight caused by his removal to the West. Lincoln's cabinet was called "the Quaker War Cabinet," and they were very lenient to Friends who were opposed to fighting on conscientious grounds.

Abraham Lincoln was visited by a delegation of Friends in the early days of the war. He and many members of the Cabinet so sympathized with them in their trying position that they were exempted from the first draft, but the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, judging it unjust to others, would not permit this to be continued, although memorialized on the subject by the Baltimore Friends.

Secretary Stanton advised the Friends, in view of the large draft of men anticipated, to hold a general conference of all their yearly meeting committees to consider a proposition from him which, he believed, would satisfy them and relieve him and the govern-

ment. He proposed to create a special fund for the benefit of the colored refugees, and to exempt drafted Friends from military service upon the payment of \$300 into this fund, said payment not to be, as in other cases, to the district provost-marshal, but to his fiscal agent at Washington, to be credited to the colored people, and that Friends should have the disbursement of it through their own agents and laborers. He expressed deep interest in the matter, and was willing to accept this as the only legal mode in his power for their relief.

This conference of the committees of the yearly meetings was held in Baltimore. They sent a delegation to Washington during the session of Congress. This delegation succeeded in having Congress engraft in the enrollment bill a clause very much like the proposition of Secretary Stanton, declaring Friends to be non-combatants, and assigning those who might be drafted to hospital or freedmen's service, or exempting them from all active military service upon the payment of \$300 into a fund for the relief of the sick and wounded. In the June following, the bill was materially amended and this clause was stricken out, but it was restored before the final passage of the bill. The Friends felt confident of the good feeling of Congress toward them, and that unconditional exemption would have been granted them, but for the fear of serious embarrassment to the government. Among the papers of Francis T. King the following account of this matter has been found, and is interesting in this connection :

“At a meeting of the committees of the representative meetings of New York, New England, Ohio, Indiana, Western, and Baltimore, in conference at Baltimore 12th month 7th, 1863, twenty-five persons were present. After a time of waiting upon the Lord, they organized and passed unanimously the following minute :

“We believe it right for us first to record our united sense and judgment that Friends continue to be solemnly bound unswervingly to maintain our ancient faith and belief that war is forbidden in the Gospel ; and that as followers of the Prince of Peace we cannot contribute to its support or in any way participate in its spirit ; that to render other service as an equivalent for, or in lieu of, requisitions for military purposes is a compromise of a vital principle which we feel conscientiously bound to support under all circumstances, and notwithstanding any trials to which we may be subjected.

“We greatly appreciate the kindness evidenced at all times by the President and the Secretary of War, when we have applied to them for relief from suffering for conscience' sake, and honor them for their clearly manifest regard for religious liberty.’”

After speaking of civil government as a divine ordinance, they close their minutes by saying : “Friends can discharge the duties of good citizenship without infringing upon their principles of peace, and we desire to impress upon them the duty of embracing every right opportunity for the exercise of Christian benevolence toward their suffering fellow-creatures.”

A committee of three Friends, one each from New England, Indiana, and Baltimore, was appointed to go to Washington without delay and confer with the Secretary of War upon his proposition to exempt Friends from military service. The interview was readily obtained, and the committee heard his proposition, to grant relief by the payment of a sum which would go to the aid of the freedmen. He stated his views ably and cogently, and while he showed great courtesy and kindness, he also manifested much firmness and decision.

Eliza P. Gurney of Burlington, N. J., the widow of Joseph John Gurney, was a Friend minister of deep spirituality, refined tastes, and much ability. Her sympathies were enlisted for Abraham Lincoln during the dark days of the war, and she felt constrained in the love of the Gospel to visit him. It was on a rainy morning of the first day of the week in 1862, that she and her friends were introduced into the private apartments of the President, who received them very cordially. John M. Whitall, of Philadelphia, one of the party says: "It was a time not soon to be forgotten. I cannot possibly describe the scene; the solemnity of the silence, and the impressive address of our friend, during which the tears ran down the cheeks of our honored President. During the earnest prayer for the nation and himself, he seemed much affected, and as we arose to go he retained the hand of Eliza P. Gurney and made a most beautiful response to what had been said. This response began and ended with the words, 'I am glad of this interview.'"

More than a year after, Abraham Lincoln sent Eliza P. Gurney a request to write him a letter, which she did, and so highly did he prize that letter, that it was found in his breast pocket at the time of the fatal shot of J. Wilkes Booth, nearly two years afterwards. Below is a copy of the letter :

“EARLHAM LODGE, 8/18, 1863.

“TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

“ESTEEMED FRIEND, ABRAHAM LINCOLN : Many times, since I was privileged to have an interview with thee nearly a year ago, my mind has turned toward thee with feelings of sincere and Christian interest ; and as our friend Isaac Newton offers to be the bearer of a paper messenger, I feel inclined to give thee the assurance of my continued hearty sympathy in all thy heavy burthens and responsibilities, and to express not only my own earnest prayer, but, I believe, the prayer of many thousands whose hearts thou hast gladdened by thy praiseworthy and successful efforts ‘to burst the bands of wickedness, and let the oppressed go free,’ that the Almighty Ruler of the universe may strengthen thee to accomplish all the blessed purposes which in the unerring council of His will and wisdom, I do assuredly believe He did design to make thee instrumental in accomplishing when He appointed thee thy present post of vast responsibility, as the Chief Magistrate of this great nation.

“Many are the trials incident to such positions, and I verily believe thy conflicts and anxieties have not been few. May the Lord ‘hear thee in this day of trouble, the name of the God of Jacob defend thee, send

thee help from his sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion.' The Lord fulfil thy petitions that are put up in the name of the Prince of Peace, of the increase of whose government and peace there shall never be an end.

"I can hardly refrain from expressing my cordial approval of thy late excellent proclamation appointing a day of thanksgiving for the sparing and preserving mercies, which in the tender loving-kindness of our God and Saviour have been so bountifully showered upon us; for though, as a religious people, we do not set apart especial seasons for returning thanks, either for spiritual or temporal blessings, yet, as I humbly trust, our hearts are filled with gratitude to our Almighty Father that His delivering arm of love and power has been so manifestly round about us; and I rejoice in the decided recognition of an all-wise and superintending Providence, which is so marked a feature in the aforesaid document, as well as the immediate influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit, which perhaps never in any previous state paper has been so fully recognized before.

"Especially did my inmost heart respond to thy desire 'that the angry feeling which has so long sustained this needless and cruel war may be subdued, and the hearts of the insurgents changed, and the whole nation be led through paths of repentance and submission to the divine will, back to the perfect enjoyment of union and fraternal peace.' May the Lord in his infinite compassion hasten the day.

"I will not occupy thy time unduly, but, in a feel-

ing of true Christian sympathy and Gospel love, commend thee and thy wife and your two dear children to the preserving care of the unslumbering Shepherd, who, in his matchless mercy, gave his life for the sheep, who is alone able to keep us from falling, and finally, when done with the unsatisfying things of mutability, to give us an everlasting inheritance among all them that are sanctified through the Eternal Spirit of God.

“Respectfully and sincerely, thy assured friend,
“ELIZA P. GURNEY.”

During the next year President Lincoln sent to Eliza P. Gurney the following acknowledgment of her visit and letter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
“WASHINGTON, September 4, 1864.

“TO ELIZA P. GURNEY.

“MY ESTEEMED FRIEND: I have not forgotten — probably never shall forget — the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me on a Sabbath afternoon two years ago. Nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, even been forgotten. In all it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance upon God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of the country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to no one of them more than to yourself.

“The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before

this, but God knows best and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom and our own error therein, and meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best light He gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great ends He ordains. Surely He intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make and no mortal could stay.

“Your people, the Friends, have had and are having a very great trial. On principle and faith, opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this dilemma some have chosen one horn of the dilemma, and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds I have done, and shall do, what I could and can, in my own conscience under my oath to the law. That you believe this I doubt not, and believing it, I shall still receive for our country and myself your earnest prayers to our Father in Heaven.

“Your sincere friend,

“A. LINCOLN.”

This promise Abraham Lincoln faithfully kept, and the Northern Friends had no just grounds for complaint. The three hundred dollars was accepted for hospital supplies, hospital service was furnished, and where any conscience was not free to accept either or it seemed inexpedient, they were “paroled until called for, and were never called for.” Many Friends, however, volunteered to nurse the sick and wounded, and some even went upon the battlefields

in this mission, and ministered to those of both armies, in Christ's name.

Many a poor soldier boy died the happier because of these loving ministrations. One instance may be inserted here, owing to the connection it has with "him whom the world delights to honor," showing as it does his true Christian spirit. Elizabeth L. Comstock, well known throughout this country and England as a minister among Friends, spent much time in the name of her Master in visiting the hospitals and army prisons during the war. It was a loving service, rendered without recompense from government, state, or church. Much liberty was granted her by the officers, as her visits were hailed by the suffering boys with delight. Even Mosby, the guerrilla chief, at one time gave her an escort of his men, when she was on an errand of love.

Some army chaplains, of more self-importance perhaps than piety, had refused to admit her to pray with the soldier boys in one of the army hospitals. Elizabeth was not accustomed to being thwarted in any mission she undertook in the name of her Lord, so she immediately proceeded to the White House. Abraham Lincoln was not a stranger to her, nor she to him. He heard her story, and immediately, seating himself at the desk near at hand, he wrote :

"Give Mrs. Comstock access to all hospitals, and to all inmates with whom she desires to hold religious services.

"A. LINCOLN."

Handing it to her he said: "Now, Mrs. Comstock, I want you to pray with me." They knelt together, and as, with folded hands and closed eyes, she looked up to the All-wise Father, she felt laid upon hers the hand of one of the greatest, and yet one of the most humble men who ever called God his Father.

As she fervently prayed for the country and its President, pouring out her whole soul to God for him, she felt his hand trembling like a leaf as it lay upon her own. As they rose from their knees he thanked her, saying: "I feel helped and strengthened by your prayers." She went her way to pray with the sick and dying soldiers.

Three days after, Abraham Lincoln's work for suffering humanity was over.

CHAPTER VII.

The levelled gun, the battle brand,
We may not take ;
But, calmly loyal, we can stand
And suffer with our suffering land
For conscience' sake.

WHITTIER.

WE have learned that the appeal to the Confederate Congress was so far considered by that body as to result in the passage of an act exempting Friends from military service, if they were at that time members of the Friends' church, upon the payment of five hundred dollars each. The following is a copy of the act :

“LAWS RELATING TO NON-COMBATANTS.”

“Orders from the Adjutant and Inspector General's office, 1862. Sec. VII. — Friends, Dunkards, Nazarenes, and Mennonites. — All persons of the above denominations, in regular membership therein on the 11th day of October, 1862, shall be exempt from enrollment on furnishing a substitute, or on presenting to the enrolling officer a receipt from a bonded quartermaster for the tax of five hundred dollars imposed by act of Congress, and an affidavit by the bishop, presiding elder or other officer whose duty it is to preserve the records of membership in the denomination

to which the party belongs, setting forth distinctly the fact that the party, on the 11th day of October, 1862, was in regular membership with such denomination. The affidavit must be taken and certified before a justice of the peace or other officer appointed by the law of his State to administer oaths, and his authority to administer oaths must be certified by the clerk of a court of record, under the seal of the court.

“All assistant-quartermasters to whom the said tax is tendered will receipt for it, and pay the same into the treasury of the Confederate States without unreasonable delay. The enrolling officer will receive the receipt and forward it to the commandant of conscripts, by whom it will be forwarded to the quarter-master-general, who will charge the assistant-quartermaster with the amount received by him.”

The first meeting of North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends, following the passage of this bill, was held at New Garden, Guilford County, in 1862. It took this subject into consideration and made the following minute expressing its united judgment:

“We have had the subject under serious consideration, and while in accordance with our last yearly meeting we do pay all taxes imposed on us as citizens and property-holders in common with other citizens, remembering the injunction, ‘tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom,’ yet we cannot conscientiously pay the specified tax, it being imposed upon us on account of our principles, as the price exacted of us for religious liberty. Yet we do appreciate the good intentions of those members of Con-

gress who had it in their hearts to do something for our relief ; and we recommend that those parents who have, moved by sympathy, or those young men who, dreading the evils of a military camp, availed themselves of this law, shall be treated in a tender manner by their monthly meetings."

Notwithstanding this declaration of the yearly meeting, many of the members did, sooner or later, pay the exemption tax ; and the yearly meeting, having officially cleared itself of responsibility, was not disposed to censure those who felt freedom of conscience so to do.

We may recognize how great a temptation it was thus to purchase freedom from prison and severe suffering, when we consider that, on account of the depreciation in the value of Confederate money, the tax demanded was finally not more than the price of a barrel of flour or even of a pair of boots. There were, however, many Friends who would not purchase their liberty, even at so small a cost. Their consciences were unyielding, and rather than disobey what they understood to be God's command to them, they chose to suffer persecution, yea, death itself.

Upon these, therefore, and upon those who joined Friends' meetings after the exemption act was passed the trial came most severely ; and the test to which the principles of Friends were put in this particular exceeded in severity any ever known, — even that of the great Irish rebellion in 1684, during which the lives of only two Friends were taken, and they had sacrificed their principles and resorted to arms.

When the news of the first conscription act passed by the North Carolina legislature reached the Friends, there was not a little anxiety among them, for they knew that a trial of their faith was at hand, and it is no wonder if there was much questioning as to what it was really best to do. Many who could do so immediately left their homes for the West. They crossed the mountains in small parties, or in some instances alone. But the authorities soon discovered this migration, and instead of banishing the Friends who stood steadfast to their principles, as had before been threatened, they took prompt measures to prevent them from leaving home and sent soldiers in pursuit of those who had already gone. Several parties were thus arrested and brought back. Many hardships were undergone by those who endeavored to make their way westward across mountains and streams and through forests. They avoided as much as possible the sight of unfriendly man, and lived for days, weeks, and even months in caves near some good Samaritan's, who brought food for their sustenance and informed them when it was safe to proceed on their way. The writer has listened to many thrilling accounts of such journeys, as he has sat by the large open fire in the homes of some of these people, in days of peace, when the dark war cloud had rolled away and there was no more fear of the face of man. But the recollections of those sad days are so unpleasant that it is with difficulty that these people can be induced to write or tell of their experiences. They say they wish to forget them, and it is an evidence of a Christian spirit

that they never speak with feelings of bitterness or hatred toward those who hunted and persecuted them.

As has been said, the Friends hardly knew at first what to do. In its records, North Carolina Yearly Meeting says: "There was naturally for a time some unsettlement and much uncertainty; but very soon, we believe, there was experienced a deeper 'rooting for the storm,' and those whose faith was really overthrown were few indeed."

It was not only Friends but many others who were hiding in the woods and caves of the earth, who, from loyalty to the United States government or other causes, were unwilling to go into the Southern army. This fact very soon led to the formation of companies of "home guards," whose business it was to search for, arrest and send to the army all men of legal age who could not produce exemption papers; so that wherever such men went it was necessary to have the papers with them, and Friends were often arrested and caused much inconvenience by neglecting to secure exemption papers and carry them with them.

Many very good people have said that the spirit of the martyrs no longer exists in the Christian church; but the spirit of our early days and a willingness to suffer for Christ's sake do still live and only need a suitable occasion to be drawn out. The occasion was offered in those days and the proof was abundant, not only that men and women were willing to suffer even unto death, for their principles, but that "Our God is faithful." In the experience of those Friends, and of others who were conscientious in their position in

favor of peace, not only did He support them by his presence and power, but not one of all those who steadily refused to bear arms was permitted to come to a violent death.

Before entering upon the record of individual cases of suffering for the principles of peace, it is best to remind the reader that the other Christian bodies referred to in the foregoing act of the Confederate Congress were each very few in number. As we have learned, the Friends had become much reduced in numbers by emigration, and those who were left were largely residents of rural districts, and took little part in public affairs; consequently the people in general and the officers of the Government and of the army knew very little of the grounds of their faith or of the cause of their unwillingness to fight for their country. Being ignorant of this, the people were unprepared to enter into sympathy with them, and often misjudging their motives, were more severe in their treatment of the Friends than they otherwise would have been.

In recording these facts the writer wishes to be understood as doing simply the duty of a historian, without prejudice or coloring of facts. He knows well that there were many good men in the South who did not approve of the severe treatment of non-combatants, but were often powerless to prevent it. As an instance of this, we gladly give place to the following letter from the governor of North Carolina, who was of Nantucket Quaker descent:

“RALEIGH, November 3, 1864.

“JOHN B. CRENSHAW, — YOURS of the 29th ult. was received by yesterday’s mail, but the numbers of the ‘Southern Friend,’ which you said you would mail to me, containing the law touching such cases as those in relation to which I wrote you, have not come to hand. I regret it, as I would gladly excuse from war all whom I may believe conscientious in their scruples against bearing arms; and my duties, public and private, have been so pressing that I have neglected to keep properly posted.

“I learn since I wrote you that Ahijah Macon died in or near Richmond, and that his body was sent home for interment a few days ago. From what I know of his father and mother, I do not doubt that the young man was sincere in his religious professions, and that he died adhering to them. I pray that harsh treatment may not have accelerated his death.

“Since I wrote you, I accidentally saw the report of the county enrolling officer, recommending the revocation of Charles Macon’s certificate. I have no doubt it has been forwarded ere this to the Secretary of War, or arbitrarily revoked by some unfeeling subordinate. I believe him to be a good young man, and hope, from the fact stated in your letter (that there is no power to revoke certificates granted prior to the law of 1864), that he may be relieved. He has other brothers in the same situation. I would willingly aid him if I knew how to act; and in this or in any other meritorious case will gladly coöperate with you in what I believe to be your truly Christian efforts

to relieve the oppressed. Those from whom you have derived your information in relation to my views and feelings on this subject, have not misconceived them.

“The report of the enrolling officer to which I refer rests entirely upon hearsay from persons entertaining malignant feelings; and not even this hearsay imputes to the young man any conduct, since the date of his certificate, inconsistent with his religious profession. It rests solely upon the ground that he left the county, or concealed himself, to evade the draft, before he joined the Quakers, and the general declaration that his whole family is ‘disloyal.’

“Yours very respectfully,

“JONATHAN WORTH.”

Jesse Buckner, of Chatham County, N. C., is said by Himelius Hockett to have been “a man of zeal and earnest, good motives.” At the beginning of the war he was a Baptist, and a colonel in the militia. He had never given the principles of peace much consideration, and, like many others, thoughtlessly partook of the spirit around him. The position which he occupied was one of prominence, and gave him an opportunity to do much for the promotion of the war. He began very early to raise volunteer companies, and was surprised to find that no Friends would volunteer or join in any military parade. Their refusal to do so led him to examine the doctrines which they held, and he was brought to sympathize with them so far as to hesitate to order the captains of his different companies to enroll Friends. This doubtless stirred up a

feeling of dissatisfaction on the part of others, and in the fall of 1861 he was superseded in office by an ambitious and less scrupulous neighbor. The conviction grew upon him that war is contrary to the Gospel, and that to slay one's fellowman is a sin.

One dark night as he was going to attend a political meeting, he lost his way, for that district of the country is heavily covered with forests, and in some parts the road passes for miles through woods, with no house in sight. The position of the Friends, and the unrighteousness of war, were the subjects of his thoughts, and much of the time pressed upon him. He came to a "big road," and crossed it to the steps of a building, which he soon discovered was the Friends' meeting-house at Spring. He seated himself to rest, and he states that there, alone in the darkness of the night, meditating upon Friends' principles, the serious condition of the country, and the awfulness of war, he became satisfied that it was his duty to unite himself with the people who worshiped in that house. This he resolved to do, but delayed for a time.

On the 6th of March, 1862, he was drafted, but resolved that he would not fight; he "bushwhacked," that is, he left his home and lived as best he could in caves, woods, and bushes. After "lying out" in this manner for five months, principally in an adjoining county, longing for knowledge of home and the loved ones there, he ventured to return, and was for some time unmolested. He applied to be admitted into membership with Spring meeting. He was received, and, as the law had been passed exempting Friends

from service upon payment of \$500, he thought that by paying this sum he would be relieved from any further demands for military service. The money was accepted, and he received his exemption papers; but his decided course had aroused the enmity of some of his neighbors, who thought that he should no more be excused than they. His presence in their midst was a continual cause of jealousy, and it resulted in a strong determination to have him conscripted.

Early in the next year his exemption papers were declared void by a sub-officer, he was arrested and sent to Camp Holmes, near Raleigh, and then on to Wilmington, where he suffered much abuse. But the spirit of the Lord Jesus had been given him, and he had learned to obey the injunction, "I say unto you, resist not evil." Meekly he endured persecution, and as on one occasion a man struck him, he actually turned the other cheek to be struck also; but the soldier's heart was not equal to giving a second blow.

Friends did all they could to have him released. Petitions were sent to the authorities on his behalf, but without avail, and when he found that this course was hopeless he concluded that if an opportunity occurred he would avail himself of it and make his escape. This he soon did, and started on a journey of a hundred and seventy-five miles to his home, which, after much suffering from exposure, hunger, weariness and anxiety, he finally reached, foot-sore and exhausted. He was welcomed by his family, but with fear and trembling. He was allowed only one night of rest and rejoicing with them, for the vigilant eye

of the "home guard" had seen him, and early in the morning he was captured and taken back to Wilmington, where his treatment was more severe than before.

Under the conviction that he had made a mistake in endeavoring to escape, he became even more humble and resigned to his fate, whatever it might be, and submitted with wonderful meekness to the indignities and abuse of the soldiers. Before long he was taken very sick, and the officer, fearing he would not live, and wishing to be rid of him, procured his discharge and sent him home.

But Jesse Buckner was not to be freed, either by sickness or death, from bearing his testimony to the Prince of Peace. Others were watching for his recovery besides the anxious Friends around his bedside. A deep-seated enmity and determination to let nothing but death rob them of their full satisfaction seemed to have possessed the minds of some of his neighbors, who had resolved that he should be kept in the army. As soon as he was able to walk, he was again conscripted and taken to jail, where he was kept a week, and then taken from camp to camp as a prisoner. At each new place the trying experiences were repeated, from the attempt to force him to bear arms; but amid sneers and taunts and cruel treatment, he persevered. When the officers and men came to understand the grounds of his objections, many treated him kindly.

For nearly three long years,—the last the most severe,—Jesse Buckner endured privations, peril and hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, being

driven from place to place, from camp to camp, often at the point of the bayonet, because he had acknowledged himself to be a soldier whose weapons were not carnal. Putting his trust in the Captain of his Salvation, he held out faithfully until Sherman demanded the surrender of Johnston's army and he was no longer under the command of Johnston's subordinates.

J. G. of — County, N. C., was a Methodist, who was much afraid of being taken to the army. He concluded to escape by crossing the mountains, and if possible to make his way to the West. After nearly two months he reached Tennessee on his way to Indiana, but he felt that his course was not the right one as it did not bring peace of mind. He therefore returned home to await whatever might befall him. He had not long to wait, for in about two weeks the officers arrested him and took him to Camp Holmes, near Raleigh.

In a few days, with other conscripts, he was summoned before the officers, and all were offered bounty money if they would volunteer. All but three of the company accepted the money. These three now became the objects of the officers' attention. They were presented with a paper which they were asked to sign, and were assured that they could have no money or clothing unless they signed it. This they refused to do, and were adroitly told that they would soon have need of both, and that if they did not come to want they could do much good by giving to those who did. They refused all these offers and met all arguments with the assertion that "All war is opposed to the

spirit and teachings of the Gospel and to the mission of the Christian." They said that his weapons were not carnal but spiritual.

After a time, bundles of clothing were tossed to them, with many offensive epithets. They were now plainly told that they must either fight or be shot, and that the men behind them were ordered to shoot them if they did not fire in battle. J. G. replied: "You have me in your power, and may inflict on me any punishment you will. I cannot do more than submit to what you inflict. My hands are clean of the blood of all men, and I intend to keep them so, cost what it may."

In vain the officers attempted to force the bounty money upon them; but failing, one of them came forward and said: "Boys, I want to give you some good advice. Take your clothing and money and go along; obey your officers and do right; or else you will be put under the sharp officers of Colonel S——, who will have you shot into strings if you do not obey. Just put away your Quaker notions and do right. What regiment will you be sent to?" They refused to make any choice, and J. G. was ordered to Richmond, Virginia.

But Friends' attention had been called to this Quaker-Methodist, whose loyalty to his Master's commands had been so conspicuously manifested. A committee from the meeting for sufferings proceeded to Richmond to see what they could do for his release, and before his arrival at that city he was met with the good news that he was a free man. The efforts of the

committee had in some way induced the officials to recognize him as a Friend, "within the meaning of the law," and he proceeded to make it so in fact by soon after attaching himself to that church.

In this connection it may be well to insert an extract from a pamphlet published by North Carolina Yearly Meeting in 1868.

"It was in the midst of such commotions that many were led to very serious thoughts upon the inconsistency of war and fighting with the loving and quiet spirit of a disciple of Jesus. Decided first upon this point and then led on to the consideration of others, many sought admission to our Society. The whole number of these, including those members of their families who were often received with them, was about six hundred.

"There were many other grounds upon which the more quiet citizens of our State were opposed to the war, but such motives could rarely have been the inducement for them to unite with us, nor did such a step allow of much hope of escape from suffering. Only those who were actually members at the time the exemption act was passed were allowed the benefit of it. It is, however, true that through the leniency of some officers in the Confederate War Department, this act was sometimes so construed as to cover other cases. But for this, special application had to be made, and such influences brought to bear as few could hope to secure, while the release was actually obtained only after a lengthened period of trial had tested the reality of their convictions.

“Thus it fell out that the storm burst with the greatest violence upon some who were in many ways the least prepared to meet it. By their old associates those who adopted such views were regarded as lacking the excuse of early training, and in their family circles the suffering they endured had often to be shared more or less by those who did not partake of the convictions that occasioned it. But He whose strength is given according to our need prepared many of these faithful men to suffer cheerfully for his name’s sake and to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

“In the great multitude that swelled the two vast armies arrayed against each other, there could not have been found instances of more lofty heroism, of calmer courage, and of more fearless, unshrinking endurance of death, and of agonies beyond those of death, than were exhibited by that little band who made up another army and followed, as their only captain, the Prince of Peace.

“No hope of higher honors lured them on, no exulting nation gave them its gratitude. Reviled and persecuted, their Heavenly Leader sustained them with one sure promise, ‘Great is your reward in Heaven.’”

CHAPTER VIII.

“O wild birds flying from the South,
What saw and heard ye, gazing down?”

“We saw the mortar’s up-turned mouth,
The sickened camp, the blazing town!

.
We heard the starving prisoner’s sighs,
And saw, from line and trench, your sons
Follow our flight with homesick eyes
Beyond the battery’s smoking guns.”

WHITTIER.

MANY of the peace-loving people who were unwilling to bear arms were thrust into Southern prisons prepared for United States soldiers, and there treated as prisoners of war by the Confederate officials. As we shall have occasion to follow a number of our Friends to these prisons, it will be well to give our readers some account of the management and condition of them,—not with any feeling of prejudice against the Southern people, among whom the writer has lived for about twenty years, identified with them and interested in the rapid development of the resources of the South and in her recovery from the terrible devastation of the war. Those who were directly responsible for the condition of things in connection with these prisons have nearly all passed away, and most if not all of the managers of them came to a violent death. We have no wish to reflect

unkindly upon any, but honestly to record the facts pertaining to the subject before us, and in some degree to give the reader an impartial account of the work and results of the war.

The principal prisons for the Yankee soldiers during the war were Libby and Danville in Virginia, Salisbury in North Carolina, Florence in South Carolina, Millen and Andersonville in Georgia. The last named was the farthest from the seat of war and usually had the largest number of prisoners.

T. H. Mann, the author of "That Yankee in Andersonville," states in a private letter to the writer that "Brigadier-General J. H. Winder, as Commissary-General of the Confederacy, had full charge and control of all prisoners of war. The lack of provisions, shelter, medicine, and all was believed to be the direct result of orders from him. There is no evidence that he acted under the orders or advice, or even sought the advice, of any authority higher than his own; nor was he ever made to answer for his treatment of prisoners until he was suddenly called to judgment. The hundreds of complaints of General Winder's inhumanity that were made on all sides to the Confederate authorities at Richmond were simply referred to Winder without comment or advice from them. Wirz and Barret were his willing tools, who even added to Winder's orders cruelties of their own invention. The commanders of other stockades were under the necessity of doing badly, if they were not in full sympathy with Winder's policy; but the fact remains that to Winder belongs the disgrace of Belle

Isle, Andersonville, Florence, and Salisbury, with all their horrors."

J. H. Winder is said to have declared that he killed more Yankees in prisons than the army killed in battle. On January 1, 1865, he dropped dead at Florence, S. C., as he was about to enter a tent for a dinner prepared with great care for himself and officers. He was "struck dead by the hand of God," as the soldier boys in blue believed, because of his inhuman treatment of those under his care. Davis was sentenced to be hung, but died in prison. Barret is said to have been shot by a cavalryman who had been his prisoner. Captain Wirz was tried by a United States military commission and executed in August, 1865.

On the 27th of November, 1863, W. S. Winder, the son of J. H. Winder, selected the site for Andersonville "prison pen." On February 15, 1864, the first company of prisoners was sent there, and he took charge of them in April. He had been in charge of the prisons at Richmond, Va., and his treatment of the poor unfortunates at that place had been so cruel that Burroughs, the editor of the "Richmond Examiner," upon noticing in the paper that he had gone to Andersonville, said: "Thank God that Richmond is at last rid of old Winder. May God have mercy upon those to whom he has been sent."

Captain Henry Wirz commanded the stockade. He was a native of Switzerland, a physician, and a resident of Louisiana before the war. He was a desperate character and seemed to study to increase

rather than to relieve the sufferings of those under his charge. So reckless was he of human life that he hesitated not to kill prisoners outright upon the slightest provocation, sometimes without provocation.

T. H. Mann, who was an eye-witness, says: "On one occasion he rode into the stockade accompanied by two or three attendants, who were also on horseback. The object of his visit was to demand that the chief of the 'Union League' be delivered up to him. Of the crowd that collected about him probably not one in fifty knew that such a league existed, and of the actual members of the league but few knew who the chief was. Wirz was very soon informed to this effect, and the statement seemed to arouse the demon in him, for he swore fearfully at the crowd that gathered about him. He soon turned to retire from the prison yard, and when nearly within the gateway drew his heavy revolver and fired the contents, six bullets, into the crowd of emaciated, starving men who had collected about him. Without stopping to discover the effect of his shooting he put spurs to his horse, sprang through the gate and galloped away. Two men were killed outright by his shots, and several others were wounded."

G. M. Gidney of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., states that he was imprisoned in Salisbury for two months; in Florence, S. C., for many weeks; and he spent four months in Andersonville prison, Georgia, under Captain Wirz. He says that the descriptions and statements given in this chapter in regard to these prisons, the prisoners, and their keepers, are correct; that the

condition was past description, and that in no particular is this account exaggerated. Mr. Gidney states that it was not only once but many times that Wirz came within the stockade and deliberately shot the prisoners. Sometimes, if they were too weak to get from before his horse, he would shoot them, telling them he would "help them to move on."

Mr. Gidney asserts that fresh beef was issued to the prisoners only once during the four months that he was there. He escaped from the prison three times by different means, and each time he was overtaken by the bloodhounds sent after him and obliged to climb trees for safety, as the hounds would have torn him to pieces could they have reached him. The third time he made his escape with his companions, after two months' hard work tunneling their way beyond the pickets, and they found themselves breathing the air of freedom; but the next day a cow, attempting to cross the line of the tunnel, broke through the thin crust of earth above it and fell in, thus revealing to the authorities the escape of the prisoners. The dogs were at once sent in pursuit, followed by men as eager as for a fox-chase. For four days Gidney was hidden under a dead hollow tree, where he was fed by the colored people, who passed food through an opening in the trunk.

On the eleventh day after his escape he heard the cry of the bloodhounds near him, and was obliged to climb a tree for preservation. He was captured and returned to Wirz, who said he was glad to see him, — would rather see him than any other prisoner who

had escaped. "Well! I am here," was the reply. "You cannot treat me any worse than you have done, unless you starve or shoot me." "Oh, no!" said Wirz, "I'll not shoot you; I'll punish you." Calling his aids, he ordered them to put Gidney and two other men in close confinement and allow them no food until he said so. After Gidney had been left in the small enclosure with his fellow-prisoners, he told them that it was doubtless Wirz's intention to starve them to death, but still it was their duty to live as long as they could. "There are signs of rats here, and we must catch them to eat." This his companions said they could not do.

On the fifth day of their confinement, one of his companions died. On the seventh day, the other was so weak as to be unable to turn himself or to speak, and was almost gone, when Gidney was unexpectedly called out of his prison. He had been exchanged for some Confederate prisoner of war, and an officer outranking Wirz was to be obeyed by him. Weighing only sixty-two pounds of the usual one hundred and forty, Gidney staggered to the light and thus escaped the death Wirz had intended for him. He had eaten raw five rats during the seven days of his confinement, which his companions were unwilling to do and therefore perished.

As the writer listened to this tale of horror he could not but notice that tears filled the eye of the narrator as he recalled those days of suffering, though thirty long years had intervened.

Lest we be charged with partiality in presenting

from one side only witnesses as to the condition of these military prisons,— the side of the sufferers,— we will quote from a report of one of the officials of the Southern Confederacy whose duty it was to inspect the state of affairs at Andersonville. He was Lieut.-Col. D. T. Chandler, and his report was made August 5, 1864. When we have read this report we have not only the case of Andersonville before us, but of all the others. The writer mingled for nearly twenty years with the people of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, and Kentucky, and this intercourse has given him a knowledge of the general facts concerning these prisons, as they were narrated to him by citizens and by the prisoners themselves; and the stories concerning those imprisoned in different places all agree.

Captain Bennett, in immediate charge at Florence, George Clark in charge at Salisbury, and Wirz at Andersonville, were all under the inhuman orders of Winder, and were his aids in the terrible purpose to reduce, by exposure and starvation, the number of their prisoners.

In the summer of 1864, Lieut.-Col. D. T. Chandler officially inspected Andersonville prison, and in his report to the Confederate Government he says: "Send no more prisoners to that pen. Remove all prisoners above 15,000,— that is, 20,000 to 25,000 prisoners ought to be provided for elsewhere." He further says: "There is no medical attendance provided within the stockade. Small quantities of medicine are placed in the hands of certain prisoners of each squad or

division, and the sick are brought out by sergeants at 'sick call,' to the medical officers who attend at the gate. The crowd at these times is so great that only the strongest can get access to the doctors, the weaker ones being unable to force their way through the press; and the hospital accommodations are so limited that the beds (so-called) have all, or nearly all, two occupants each. Large numbers who would otherwise be received are necessarily sent back to the stockade. Many (twenty yesterday) are carted out daily who have died from unknown causes, and whom the medical officers have never seen. The dead are hauled out daily by the wagon load, and are buried without coffins, their hands in many instances being first mutilated with an axe in the removal of any finger rings they may have.

"The sanitary condition of the prisoners is as wretched as can be, the principal causes of mortality being scurvy and chronic diarrhœa. Nothing seems to have been done and but little effort made, if any, to arrest it by procuring proper food. The ration is one third of a pound of bacon and one and one fourth pounds of unbolted corn meal, with fresh beef at rare intervals and occasionally rice. When to be obtained (very seldom), a small quantity of molasses is substituted for the meat ration. A little weak vinegar, unfit for use, has sometimes been issued.

"The arrangements for cooking and baking have been wholly inadequate, and though additions are now being completed, it will still be impossible to cook for the whole number of prisoners. Raw rations have to

be issued to a very large proportion, who are entirely unprovided with proper utensils and furnished with so limited a supply of fuel that they are compelled to dig with their hands in the filthy marsh before-mentioned for roots, etc. No soap or clothing has ever been issued.

“The present hospital arrangements are only intended for the accommodation of the sick of ten thousand men, and are totally insufficient both in character and extent for the present needs, — the number of prisoners being now more than three times as great. The number of cases requiring treatment is in an increased ratio.

“My duty requires me to recommend a change in the officer in command of the post, Brigadier-General J. H. Winder, and the substitution in his place of some one who unites both energy and good judgment with some feeling of humanity and consideration for the welfare and comfort (so far as is consistent with their safe-keeping) of the vast number of unfortunates placed under his control; some one who at least will not advocate deliberately and in cold blood the propriety of leaving them in their present condition until their number has been sufficiently reduced by death to make the present arrangement sufficient for their accommodation; who will not consider it a matter of self-laudation and boasting that he has never been inside the stockade, — a place the horror of which it is difficult to describe and which is a disgrace to civilization, the condition of which might, by the exercise of a little energy and judgment, even with

the limited means at his command, be considerably improved."

As in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be confirmed, we will venture to introduce one other report, also on file at Washington.

There was in the South a volume called "A Report on the Treatment of Prisoners of War." In this were recorded several reports of Confederate surgeons and inspectors to the Confederate authorities, on the condition of hospitals and prisons. It is impossible on account of the horrible nature of the details to quote generally from them. The following, which is the report of J. Crews Pelot, Assistant-Surgeon, C. S. A., September 5, 1864, inasmuch as it does not refer to the appearance and sufferings of the prisoners nor to the worst features of their surroundings, may properly be quoted without omission. It gives an idea of the destitution in the hospital, where it would be supposed special efforts would have been made to alleviate hunger and distress.

"SIR, — As officer of the day, for the past twenty-four hours I have inspected the hospital and found it in as good condition as the nature of the circumstances will allow. A majority of the bunks are still unsupplied with bedding, while in a portion of the division the tents are entirely destitute of either bunks, bedding, or straw, the patients being compelled to lie upon the bare ground.

"I would earnestly call attention to the article of diet. The cornbread from the bakery, being made

up without sifting, is wholly unfit for the sick, and often (in the last twenty-four hours) upon examination the inner part is found to be perfectly raw. The meat (beef) received by the patients does not amount to over two ounces a day, and for the past three or four days no flour has been issued. The cornbread cannot be eaten by many, for to do so would be to increase the disease of the bowels from which a large majority are suffering, and it is therefore thrown away. All the rations received by way of sustenance is two ounces of beef and half a pint of rice soup per day. Under these circumstances all the skill that can be brought to bear upon their cases by the medical officer will avail nothing.

“Another point to which I feel it my duty to call your attention is the deficiency of medicines. We have little more than indigenous barks and roots with which to treat the numerous forms of disease to which our attention is called. For the treatment of wounds, ulcers, etc., we have literally nothing except water. Our wards, some of them, are filled with gangrene, and we are compelled to fold our arms and look quietly upon its ravages, not even having stimulants to support the system under its depressing influences, — this article being so limited in supply that it can be issued only for cases under the knife.

“I would respectfully call your attention to the above facts, hoping that something may be done to alleviate the sufferings of the sick.

J. CREWS PELOT,
Assistant-Surgeon, C. S. A.”

No wonder that T. H. Mann, who has been quoted above, states that "between February, 1864, and November of the same year nearly every other man who entered the gates of Andersonville left his bones there." And reliable authority states that between July 1st and November 1st, 1864, 12,000 men died there. Of one company of sixty men captured together, thirteen only lived to escape the prison. The ordinary men averaged only three months of this terrible treatment. Three out of every four taken to hospital died. In September, 1864, one man of every three in the prison died.

Salisbury, N. C., is situated in Roanoke County, on the line of the North Carolina Railroad from Richmond to Charlotte, where the Western North Carolina Railway, from Tennessee and Asheville, connects with the former. We may be more explicit in our description of the prison at this place, as here more of the Friends were confined than at the other prisons. A number of native Southern men, property holders, intelligent citizens, whose only offense was their testimony to the principles of "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men," were confined as prisoners of war in these military prisons, and treated in such an inhuman manner as has caused the civilized world to cry "Shame!" Perhaps so-called civilized warfare has never produced an exposition of greater disregard for the life and bodily necessities of helpless prisoners, unless it was when Napoleon ordered all his own sick and wounded soldiers at Acre to be killed with opium. War is indeed cruel, and you cannot refine it; de-

moralizing man until the better nature is crushed, and he, becoming hardened by contact with suffering and death, pays little heed to the means he might use for the relief and life of his fellowmen.

The reader should again be reminded that, in recording these sorrowful facts, it is with no party or sectional spirit that it is done, and with no wish to stir up ill feeling in any on account of those things which so many wish to forget. These things are the outgrowth of slavery and war, which bring the bad passions of men, and too often bad men, to the front, without reference to nationality or section. With no wish to cast unjust reflections upon any, but for truth's sake, and to present from the standpoint of one opposed to all war the truth as it is revealed in the light of history, the writer ventures to recite that only for which he has undoubted authority. This is done with the hope that many readers may be convinced, if they are not already so, that wars and fightings are contrary to the precepts and spirit of the Gospel, and that the day may be hastened when "nations shall not learn war any more." Were the young men of our day to learn more of the horrors of war and its results, and had they less before them of its tinsel and so-called glory, they would be less ready to undertake the fearful calling.

In 1861 Salisbury had about two thousand inhabitants, — colored and white, — six churches, one bank, two newspapers, two iron foundries, a gas-works, and several cotton mills. Here is now located the famous colored college, the fruit of the work of Dr. Price, the

“colored orator;” and largely owing to his labors, no town of its size has more colored schools or better facilities for the education of the colored people than has the Salisbury of to-day.

Just a little southwest of the railway station once stood a large brick building designed for a cotton factory. Near by it were three smaller ones, and surrounding the group were about three acres of clear ground. Here the Confederate authorities placed what has since been known as Salisbury prison for Union prisoners of war. The grounds around the buildings were enclosed by a stockade of pine logs twenty feet long, hewn flat on two sides and placed endwise in the earth ten feet deep close against one another. It was needful to sink them deep, not only to insure firmness to the wall thus made but also to prevent the prisoners from digging under them.

Planks two and a half inches thick were fastened against the stockade on the outside, so as to form a smooth surface seven feet high. Here the rampart for the guards was built, three feet wide, with sheltered stands at intervals of about one hundred feet. Thirty men at once were required to stand guard over these walls, night and day.

About three feet from the inside of this wall there was a ditch three or four feet deep and four feet wide, except where the wagons crossed it at the two gates. Connected with this ditch was one from the outside, and these served to carry off the filth from the prison yard; but very insufficient indeed they were for that purpose.

The lower part of this ditch was often lined with starving men, who sifted through their fingers the filth coming from above, seeking in it some bit of food that might possibly be found. Pieces of wood that were sometimes obtained by digging in the earth were often chewed by the prisoners for the nourishment they contained, and were then carefully saved for fuel to aid in cooking the raw rations that might be issued.

This ditch also served as a dead-line. In some other prisons a rope was used for this purpose, and in some a slight rail or a ploughed furrow was employed. The prisoner who laid his hand on the rope, attempted to cross the line, or in any way encroached upon the dead-line, was immediately shot; and many a poor prisoner, tired of life under such circumstances, sick, suffering and discouraged, seeing no other hope of relief from his terrible situation, deliberately went to his death by this means. It was well understood by the guards that if they shot a prisoner they would be given a month's furlough, and the circumstances of the shooting would not be inquired into. They were under positive orders to shoot those who in any way encroached upon the dead-line.

The guard was composed largely of boys from twelve to sixteen years of age, with a few men too old for field service. The prisoners complained mostly of these boys, who seemed very careless of human life, and often shot prisoners ten or fifteen feet from the dead-line.

General Winder issued orders to keep cannon trained upon the prison yards, ready for instant use. On the 27th of July, before the fall of Atlanta, he issued the following order: "The officers on duty and in charge of the battery of Florida artillery at the time, will, upon receiving notice that the enemy have approached within seven miles of this post, open fire upon the stockade with grape-shot, without reference to the situation beyond their lines of defense. It is better that the last Federal be exterminated than be permitted to burn and plunder the property of loyal citizens, as they will do, if allowed to escape from prison." There were at this time 34,000 helpless prisoners at Andersonville, whom Wirz would have thus deliberately murdered.

The old cotton factory at Salisbury was used as a hospital and cook-house, two of the smaller buildings as lodging rooms for some special cases, and the third as a dead-house. In the latter the poor men were often placed before they were dead. Reduced as they were by starvation and exposure, they were sometimes easily overcome by the cold nights, and, in the morning, because motionless and helpless, were taken for dead. Their clothing was taken off, though sometimes the under garments were left, any valuables about them were appropriated, and the body was put in the dead-house, to be taken away when the dead-wagon should come for its load of corpses, — which was every morning.

One case in which a man was thus placed in the dead-house, while still alive, has come to the know-

ledge of the writer through the account of an eye-witness of undoubted reliability, and, shocking as it is, it is only one evidence of the many barbarities of war, which degrades mankind and causes men to forget that they all are brethren.

On one occasion a gentleman of fine appearance and well dressed was brought to Salisbury prison. He was evidently used to the comforts of life, and unaccustomed to exposure and hardship. He was soon overcome by the treatment he received. One morning, soon after his arrival, he was taken for dead, stripped of most of his clothing, the buttons were cut from the remainder, and he was placed in the dead-house. As they put him into the wagon a Yankee doctor, who was among the prisoners, discerned signs of life in him, and requested the men in charge to put him back, which they refused to do. The doctor explained the matter to the guard, and called upon him to leave the still living prisoner. They then rudely threw him upon the ground, but were finally compelled by the guards to put him in the house. The Yankee doctor gave him such attendance as he could, and called upon a prison physician for assistance. The man finally recovered and lived to escape from the prison.

The custom of handling the bodies was rude in the extreme, and is only another illustration of the demoralizing and brutalizing effects of the war system. As the dead-wagon was driven into the yard each morning, the driver called loudly: "Bring out your dead." Two men grasped each a hand and

a foot of the supposed corpse, often swinging it, to obtain united force, and then threw it, as we have seen dressed hogs thrown into a wagon; and precisely as we have seen men handle these with a hook, if occasion required, the driver or assistant would hook the body under the jaw and drag it into place in the wagon. The load was taken to the trench, a quarter of a mile away on the hillside. Here a ditch had been dug, six to seven feet wide, and the emaciated bodies, with no tender hands, no casket or winding sheet, were placed crosswise in the ditch side by side. Others were placed upon top of these, and thus tier upon tier was formed until the ditch was nearly filled, and then they were rudely covered from the sight of men.

On his arrival at the prison camp the prisoner was searched for any valuables he might have, and unless he managed to secrete them in some way from the eager eyes of the searchers, they were taken from him. Any extra blanket or clothing he might have was taken away, and he was turned loose within the stockade, as cattle might be, to find shelter and make his bed as best he could. Few of the nine thousand men in the prison could do better than lie upon the bare ground, of which there was only about three acres. Some did dig caves and cover themselves with sticks and the earth which they dug out. Some made bricks of the dirt and built what they thought were quite comfortable houses; but the bricks were only sun-dried, and when the rains came the houses fell, in some instances burying the inmates.

Sometimes two, three, or four prisoners would join their blankets and coats, and make of these a shelter from the chilling dews and rains. Frequent attempts to dig a way out of the prison-pen were made by the men, but they were seldom successful.

The food of the prisoners was usually Indian corn-bread and soup. The meal was made of maize, ground with the cob and unsifted. The soup sometimes contained vegetables, and the beef, if any was issued, was of the poorest possible kind. On some occasions the prisoners were not given a particle of food for three or four days together. At other times one pint of this meal and two ounces of bacon (if there was any) per man were dispensed daily. The men had no means of cooking it. Occasionally a pint of unground corn was given to each man. The younger men could grind it in small quantities with their teeth, but some whose teeth were poor were hardly bestead. Those whose teeth were loosened by scurvy would often swallow them with the bread, and their gums would frequently be broken and bleeding. A small amount of poor water could be obtained from wells in the prison yard, and some was also secured by the prisoners being allowed to go outside the yard and carry it within in barrels.

Meat was an object of importance, and became the subject of many bitter disputes and sometimes of quarrels. Often after the death of a man, those in the squad would keep him secreted for several days before notifying the officials, in order to draw his rations, which would then be divided among those in the

secret. When meat was issued, it became the custom for one in each squad to place the pieces in a row, and then one of the men would place his finger upon a piece, and another man, standing with his back to the man who touched the meat, would call the number of the man who was to receive it; thus a difficult question of choice was settled. There was plenty of meat in the vicinity. At Andersonville, it is stated by a prisoner, that, for three months, no meat whatever was issued, and the last six months it was issued not more than six times.

The opportunities for cleanliness were so insufficient that many became reckless of the care of their own persons. Vermin were so numerous as actually to cover the ground, and anywhere within the prison they could be seen crawling, if one stood and looked for them.

In his testimony before the Congressional committee, Thomas A. Pillsbury, of the 16th Connecticut, stated that rations were withheld for three days because Lieut. Bennett of Florence was unable to find out which one of the prisoners had been digging a certain tunnel. "The man who dug the tunnel," T. A. Pillsbury says, "went out and told him, and then we received our rations." At all these prisons some excuse was often found for neglecting to issue any rations for two or three days at a time, and this was always followed by a largely increased mortality.

Restless and suffering, it is no wonder that many of the prisoners tried to escape. Patiently, night after

night, would some of them work, with perhaps the remains of a case knife, a part of a tin canteen or any such article, digging, digging, little by little, the small number in the secret taking turns, in the almost hopeless task of tunneling a way to freedom. Sometimes they succeeded in keeping their secret from the spies that were sent among them and from the prisoners outside the circle, and by this or other means effected their escape from the confines of the prison. With silent step and silent rejoicings they would start for the land of freedom. But Southern men had learned that bloodhounds could track the colored man in his attempts to escape to the land of the free, and so if successful in passing the guards the escaped prisoners generally found themselves pursued by the terrible beasts, were often caught and taken back to the prison.

In an official report of Wirz, of Andersonville, for the month of August, 1864, he says: "The prisoners numbered 31,678, of whom 1699 were in hospital during the month, 2993 died, 23 were sent to other places, 21 were exchanged, 30 escaped, four of whom were recaptured; but the depletion from death and other causes was more than made good by the receipt of 3078 new prisoners, so that on August 30 there were 31,693 in the prison, 2220 of whom were in the hospital." He further says: "Perhaps twenty-five more prisoners escaped during the month, but were taken by the dogs before the daily return was made up, and for that reason were not in the list of escaped or recaptured."

It would appear from this report that fifty-five men escaped from Andersonville during that month, twenty-nine of whom were captured by the dogs. Seven men were placed in stocks within sight of the prisoners, and never released from their painful position until relieved by death, and it was nearly two weeks before the last one died.

As there were so many men in so small a space — the average was 33 2-10 square feet per man in August, 1864, including swamp and entire yard, much of which could not be used, — many of them the most depraved and wicked, it was necessary to organize a police force and a court within the prison, for the officials gave themselves no concern as to what rascality went on among the prisoners. A man known to have a few dollars was the object of the envious wicked men, and human life was actually so cheap in their eyes as to tempt some to murder for a dollar or two. Two men were known to have been murdered and thrown into a well, that the murderers might secure about three dollars that had belonged to their victims. This police and detective force arrested a large number of culprits, who were tried before a court, and six men were convicted of their crimes and hung within the prison yard. One of the condemned men escaped from his captors as they were about to mount the scaffold, causing some commotion, and being afraid of an assault upon the stockade, Wirz, through fear and lack of judgment, ordered the cannon, which were already charged with grape and canister, fired upon the thronging prisoners.

Had the captain in charge, who could see the cause of the commotion, been obedient to the order, thousands must have been killed. As it was, Wirz's command caused such a stampede that the arms and legs of many were broken, and some were said to have been killed.

The visitor now finds at the entrance of the United States cemetery at Salisbury a neat brick cottage, where once lived, and may yet live, a one-armed veteran, employed by the United States government to care for this city of the dead; and faithfully did he care for the graves of those who suffered in the Salisbury prison. Long rows of white-painted headboards, upon which, in black lettering, are the words "unknown," "unknown," "unknown," with a little slab opposite, now mark the ditch where were rudely laid away forever the bodies of the soldiers from Northern homes. There are besides many stones with names and dates; and on the hill the United States has placed a monument to the memory of her sons.

Never will the writer forget one clear spring morning, a few years after the surrender, when he had traveled much in the South without a sight of the dear old Stars and Stripes. Weeks and months he had passed without seeing the "red, white, and blue;" but this morning on looking out of a hotel window in Salisbury, he saw waving in the morning sunlight a large United States flag, the sight of which filled his soul with feelings of patriotism such as a peace-loving Friend might safely indulge. There, in the heart of

the land which had been so recently under the Confederate government and so long the land of slavery, the writer bowed before the God of all grace and thanked Him that the terrible struggle was ended; that slavery, the curse of the South and of all our land, was a thing of the past; and that the dear old flag could once more be unfurled in the balmy breezes of the Southland, and be recognized as the flag of "Our Country."

CHAPTER IX.

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day ;
The evil cannot brook delay ;
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime ;
Ye have the future, grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to time.

WHITTIER.

“ He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”

“ A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee.” — PSALM xci. 1 and 7.

TEN miles east of Ashboro, the county seat of Randolph County, N. C., there is a settlement known in all that region as “Holly Spring neighborhood.” The name “Holly Spring” was given to the Friends' meeting there which was established in the early history of the country. The name was suggested by the remarkably fine spring, now near the meeting-house, where all comers have found a generous pool of excellent water, under the shadow of evergreen, prickly-leaved holly - bushes. The residents were mostly Friends, — farmers from generation to generation, living their quiet lives with little to interfere with the daily routine of duty.

At the time of which we write, the Friends' meeting-house was the only place of worship for miles around.

It was built with a low ceiling, and with raised seats along the front of the room for the ministers and elders. Through the centre of the building were shutters, which, when closed, formed a partition, separating the men's and women's meetings. A plain meeting-house it was, with no cushioned seats or easy chairs. Ancient as it was (for a new one has now taken its place), it was the successor of one built of logs within the same "clearing."

Near by, directly in front of the house, is a large burial-ground, where the whole community for generations past has been permitted to bury its dead. In the old part only the mound shows the place where some loved one was laid away a century and more ago. Other graves are marked by the never-decaying pine-knot, standing upright in the red earth, washed by the rains of decades past, but still marking the head of the grave of some former resident of Holly Spring neighborhood. Of later time (and some of them dated a century ago), we find the low slate, perhaps from Wales, or the common field stone, with initial and date rudely cut upon it. Some of the graves are covered by shingled roofs large enough to prevent the rain from falling upon them. Near the meeting-house the graves are marked by the modern marble slab.

Many of those whose bodies had been laid away in this silent resting place had, by their faithful lives and teaching, done much toward moulding the character of those who were living in this neighborhood when the war broke out. Generation after generation had been taught that the Prince of Peace was their law-

giver. Not only did the members of this little church partake of the views of Friends, but many in the community around, having all their lives attended this meeting and mingled with them, were Friends except in membership.

Soon after Governor Early declared that North Carolina was seceded from the Union, orders were sent here for every man between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five to appear before the officers at Ashboro and be enrolled. Many of these people did not feel willing to appear; some went the other way; some answered the call and explained to the officers the grounds of their objections to war. One officer told them that the army was no place for religion; that the military authorities had nothing to do with that question. They wanted men to fight the Yankees, and men they must have.

The first draft in North Carolina was made in 1861. The Friends generally kept about their usual occupations, although expecting to be called for, and when the soldiers came, many of them were pursuing their peaceful callings.

Levi Cox, Thomas Hinshaw, Amos Hinshaw, Calvin Cox, Michael Cox, J. J. Allen, Hezekiah Allen, and his three brothers, William, Clarkson, and Franklin, were drafted.

Levi Cox and his father owned a grist-mill. Levi was miller, and on this account he was liberated. The difficulty of procuring supplies of various kinds, on account of the early blockade of the Southern ports, made it needful for the Confederate government to

manufacture many articles. Among these was salt, and for this purpose works were established near Wilmington, N. C. Here Michael Cox, Thomas and Amos Hinshaw and Clarkson Allen were assigned to duty. This they recognized as a legitimate business, but, claiming that their time was of more value at home, they each paid fifteen dollars for others to take their places for one month, and were allowed to return home.

Clarkson Allen and Amos Hinshaw immediately started for the West, and after eighty-five days of privation, exposure and danger they succeeded in crossing the mountains and reaching Indiana. On one occasion their colored guide was captured and shot. Amos Hinshaw saw it done from his hiding-place, but knowing that any attempt to save his noble guide would result in the loss of two more lives, he could do nothing better than to remain quiet.

Calvin Cox's father was not a Friend, but as he was unwilling to have his son taken to the war, if there was any way to prevent it, he hired a substitute for him. Allen was released on account of his poor health.

In 1862 this quiet neighborhood was again invaded by soldiers searching for men. The conscript act was being rigorously enforced, and they took away Isaac and Enoch Cox; Thomas Hinshaw the second time; his other brother, Jacob; also their cousins, Cyrus and Nathaniel Barker, who were brothers; Nathaniel Cox, Jeremiah Pickett and his brother Simon; John and Milton Cox; three brothers, Charles J., Adonijah

and William Stout; Anson and Solomon Cox; J. Allen the second time; John Allen, Jeremiah Littler, John Barker and Nathan Allen.

In March, 1863, the homes of this peaceful people were again visited by the home guard, seeking for more men to go to the front. William and John C. Willis, Charles and Ahijah Macon, Newton J. Silar and three brothers, Gideon, Isaiah and A. M. Macon, were taken.

The age limit for enrollment having been again extended, the soldiers once more came to Holly Spring in June, 1863, and at this time Eli Macon, Neri and Seth Cox, Eli Cox and his brother Harmon, Yancey Cox, and others whose names have not been secured, were arrested and taken to the army.

We have now given the names of forty-three men from this neighborhood, and mostly members of this little country church. It would involve too much repetition to follow each of them through their varied experiences, but they were all of one mind. They had long lived in peace at their homes, endeavoring with humility to serve the Prince of Peace, and they were forbidden by religious conviction to serve a cause that seemed to them unrighteous, or to quarrel with a people against whom they had no grievance. Two of the brothers Stout and John Allen secreted themselves for a time, then made their escape, and went West. Calvin Cox, we may remember, had been represented in the army for some months by a substitute, and according to the usual laws of nations could not be taken meanwhile as a soldier. But, as we have

learned, the Confederate government wanted men, and decided to have them, to fight the Yankees; so they were not scrupulous as to the laws of other nations, or their own, if men could be obtained by violating them. Hence, after vainly pressing his claim, Calvin Cox paid the tax and received his exemption papers the second time. This was not an isolated case. About thirty of these Friends paid the tax at one time or another.

Yancey Cox, who was only seventeen years old and weighed but eighty-four pounds, was taken from his widowed mother, but the officers tried in vain to make a soldier of this boy. He refused to take a gun or to wear military clothing. To bring him to subordination he was made to march until the blood ran from his feet through the toes of his wornout shoes. He was pierced in the thigh with a bayonet, and to this day carries the scar of the wound thus made. An opportunity having occurred for him to escape in company with twenty-seven others, Yancey seized it. When approaching their old homes this group of neighbors waded the Haw river and entered the dense forest for a hiding-place. Wet and shivering with the cold, they buried themselves in the leaves for warmth. Yancey aided the others to cover themselves until he alone was left, and then he too buried himself in a leafy mound. For a year these men remained in hiding, getting food as best they could, and many were the friendly hands extended for their relief. Knowing that there were men in the neighborhood who were "lying out," the home guard undertook in

vain to extort from their friends a confession of their hiding-place.

Just across Deep river from the settlement, and not far from the Friends' meeting-house, was what the people of the neighborhood called the "Bull-Pen," a rendezvous for the home guard. An old school-house was used as a prison for the parents of these men of legal age, whom the guards could not find. By confinement, punishment and torture they endeavored to extort from these aged people information as to the hiding-places of their sons. Oftentimes the poor father and mother were as ignorant of this as the soldiers were, but the sons, after learning of the punishment of their parents, would sometimes voluntarily come forward to relieve them from imprisonment and suffering, and allow themselves to be taken to the front, where they would escape at the first opportunity.

Levi Cox, who lives near there, says the soldiers placed the hands or fingers of the aged men and women between the lower rails of the fence, and with its crushing weight upon them would wait to be told what they wished. In order to increase the pressure upon the fingers or hands, the cruel soldiers would climb upon the fence and seat themselves. Failing thus to secure the desired information, they would sometimes tie a rope around the waist of the women and hang them to a tree. One mother who would ere-long have given birth to another child was so hung in order to make her reveal the hiding-place of her boy, and she died as a result of this cruelty.

The mother and sister of Yancey Cox were taken to this place and severely punished in order to induce them to tell where he was, but in vain, and the boy kept himself secreted until after the surrender of Richmond.

Men able to work were so scarce that many crops of wheat were lost for want of hands to save them. Levi Cox worked thirty-two days cutting grain and securing food for women whose husbands were in the army or were "lying out," though he was warned repeatedly that he would be shot as a deserter for leaving his post at the mill; and he was finally compelled to remain there.

At the breaking out of the civil war, Levi Cox was a United States postmaster, and had about three dollars of United States money in his possession. On going one day to pay his taxes he was asked if he had said, as reported, that he would not pay that money into the Confederate treasury. He replied that he had not said so. "Well, if you had, I would shoot you right here," was the reply.

Gideon Macon was taken from home as a conscript by the soldiers. He was passed from one guard-house to another as a prisoner, was scoffed at and jeered on the way, and told of the dreadful things that would happen to him if he would not fight. He was finally sent to Lee's army, and was immediately called upon to take a gun, which was handed to him; but he declined to do so. Upon ascertaining his determination not to receive the weapon, he was ordered to the rear to take a soldier's place as cook. He explained that

he could not for conscience' sake take a soldier's place; that cooking of itself was needful, and he would not object to doing his own; but to take this man's place would be doing a soldier's work, and he might as well do the fighting as the cooking. He could take no part in any duties of a soldier.

The law of force is the law of war, and the officers, knowing perhaps no better way, thought that by punishing him they could compel this man of peace to do their bidding; but sometimes human power fails, and although they punished him all they knew how without killing him, he was, through silent suffering, the heroic conquerer.

A severe punishment called "bucking-down" was practiced in the army, and in Gideon's case this was first resorted to. As we shall have occasion to use this term repeatedly, it is best here to describe the manner of doing it, that the reader may form some idea of the terrible punishment thus meted to innocent men. The man who is condemned to this trying ordeal is made to sit down on the ground; his wrists are firmly bound together by strong cord or withes; drawing up the knees his arms are pressed over them until a stout stick can be thrust over the elbows, under the knees, and thus the man's feet and hands are rendered useless for the time being. He can neither crawl nor creep. For hours Gideon Macon thus suffered, enduring not only the pain of body but the taunts of men who thought to ridicule and shame him into a surrender of his principles.

The next day General Lee was so closely pressed by

the Northern army that he was obliged to fall back. As they were retreating, the officers tried to make Gideon take a gun, but he was no more willing to take it when retreating than when advancing, and refused to touch it, at which the general in command of the division was very angry. His orders were not only disregarded, but openly disobeyed before his subordinates, and this must not be permitted in an army whose success depends upon complete obedience. With fearful oaths the officer informed him that he would be immediately hung if he did not take the gun.

Gideon could not be frightened. Death had no terror for him then, and fearing to disobey God more than men, he chose to keep a good conscience, and looking calmly at the general, he told him that he was in his power so far as God permitted that power to be exercised. He was not afraid to die, but would not disobey God's command. The general then peremptorily ordered men to hang him to a certain tree. He was not aware of the close proximity of the Northern army, and before the order could be obeyed the men detailed were compelled to rush on for their own safety, and Gideon was hurried along with them.

Refusing to accept any occupation of a military character, even to carry the officers' baggage, they abused him, kicked and beat him cruelly, but the man of peace could no more retaliate than he could fight the Yankees, and he meekly endured all for Jesus' sake. Having arrived at Petersburg he was put in the jail, where he underwent great hardships.

Not only was personal abuse inflicted upon him, but the necessities of comfort and cleanliness were refused him. Even water to wash with he was deprived of for three weeks.

Upon the disbanding of General Lee's army, after the surrender at Appomattox, our suffering prisoner was liberated, having endured months of cruel torture and imprisonment. He returned to the quiet of his home at Holly Spring to enjoy its blessings and a conscience void of offense toward God and man.

J. J. Allen was first drafted and then conscripted, but he managed to evade his captors, and for twenty-two months hid in the woods. Much of this time Levi Cox placed a pan with provisions in it by a certain post in his fence each night at a certain hour. It was emptied and another man was fed in the same way at another hour; and for over a year these two men came regularly to the same place at different hours of the night, ignorant of each other's coming. They were finally much surprised upon seeing each other accidentally, as they were going the same way, one having been delayed owing to fear of detection.

The father and mother of our friend Allen were arrested by the home guard, taken to the "Bull-Pen," and severely punished to make them reveal the whereabouts of their son. He finally surrendered in order to secure their release, was taken to Ashboro and required to stand guard as a soldier. This he refused to do, and was sent to Raleigh with Gideon Macon. He there refused any military employment, money, or equipments. At length, seeing a way to

escape, he succeeded in doing so and made his way to Indiana.

William Stout paid the tax, but securing his release on the ground of his profession as a practising physician, he claimed that the five hundred dollars that he had paid as a tax should be returned, and entered suit for the same against the Confederate government. After much litigation, his lawyer succeeded in obtaining the money, saying that it was the most difficult case he had ever had to prosecute, and that his share, one half the amount, paid him but poorly for his trouble. This is the only case of which we have ever heard in which the Confederate States of America was sued at law.

During the exciting times incident to the beginning of the war, Southern ministers used their pulpits to fire the hearts of their hearers with the spirit of war. They encouraged the men to enter the army at once, and to drive from the Southern homes and country the invading Yankee. Many speakers declared that the Yankee could not fight; that one Southern man was well known to be worth ten Northern ones, and could easily whip that many; that the Northerners would not stand before them; and that the blood spilled in gaining Southern independence could easily be wiped up with a pocket-handkerchief.

Ahijah Macon, a young man of Holly Spring neighborhood, and a brother of Gideon Macon, was conscripted, and by these arguments was persuaded to accept a gun as a volunteer. He had not then become a member of the Friends' church, and really

knew no way of escaping military service; but he soon saw his mistake. Serving out the time for which he had enlisted, he obtained an honorable discharge, as he supposed, for the war. While in the army he had improved the opportunity to consider the teachings of the Friends and compare them with the New Testament, so that he had become fully convinced by careful study and the scenes through which he had passed that they were right. On his return home he sought admission to the meeting at Holly Spring and became a member, thinking that now, without fear of draft or conscription, he would be permitted to enjoy the privilege of living peaceably with all men and worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience. But the Confederate government needed men to take the place of those who had fallen in battle, and he was available. His discharge from the army was disregarded, also his exemption papers, which he had received by paying the tax of five hundred dollars, and a sergeant was ordered to arrest him. This sergeant had been his schoolmate and lifelong friend, and loved Macon so much that he would gladly have been relieved from this service or have done something to aid him to escape the army. But the laws of war take no notice of personal friendships when in conflict with the stern commands of superior officers, and the sergeant must obey, or the penalty sure and dreadful be suffered. So he took his friend prisoner, and then set to work at once to secure his release. His efforts were futile, but if not able to secure his freedom, he was in a position to protect

him from abuse, and faithfully did, so long as they were together.

Soon after his arrest, our friend became convinced that he would be released by death. He had a strong impression that his days were now numbered, and while in good health he told his father of his convictions and fully informed him of his wishes. He gave his last messages to his brothers and sisters, and also directions as to his own burial. He was hurried on to Richmond and immediately required to take a gun and fight. But he was in no mood for fighting, so they put him under guard, and for food gave him only cane-seed meal. This was followed by severe illness, and he was removed to a hospital in Richmond, where he soon passed away, having laid down his life for the Gospel of Peace. He was a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and was early permitted a discharge and a reward more glorious than ever comes on account of victories won in battle.

The third of the Macon brothers, Isaiah, had been a remarkably sensitive lad. Surrounded always by the peaceful and quiet influences of this rural district, he was very much shocked by any tale of horror, and the sight of blood so affected him that he would rather be excused from killing the fowls needed for his dinner. Averse by nature as well as by principle to the barbarities of war, he had entertained hopes that he would be exempted, because he was engaged in the manufacture of iron. He was received into membership with Holly Spring Friends soon after the war began, but after the passage of the exemption law,

and the government officials would not overlook such a chance to make a soldier. One day, when away from home, he was arrested. The tender feelings of the home guard had long since been seared as with a hot iron, or entirely crushed by the many sad scenes incident to this cruel and soul-destroying business. They paid no heed to his earnest pleas to be allowed to go once more and see his wife and little ones, to bid them farewell before he should be taken from them forever. The loved ones at home were left to learn what had become of him as best they could, and he was hurried to Raleigh, N. C., and thence in a few days to the army in the Valley of Virginia. The battle of Winchester occurred immediately after his arrival, and the officers said: "If Macon will not fight, put him in the front to stop bullets for those who will."

Taken almost directly from his quiet country home, this soldier of Jesus Christ, without sword or gun, was compelled to move immediately into that dreadful scene of carnage from which his sensitive nature so recoiled, and to listen to the fierce shouts and fearful oaths of the combatants around him; then to the dreadful groans of wounded men and horses; to see the gaping wounds made by shell, shot and sword; to see the flowing blood and paling cheek. The necessity of seeing and hearing all this, while taking no part in it, made him the more impressible. Hemmed in by the soldiers of his regiment, he could not escape if he would. His comrades were falling all around him from the leaden hail poured into their ranks by

the Northern soldiers. He moved about as best he could, and others fell in the places which he had just left. But he stopped no bullets. He had nothing to do but to trust in God and await the end of the terrible scene. He seemed to possess a charmed life. His comrades fell all around him, their places being filled by others, who wondered at the strange sight, — a man with plain citizen's dress, having neither pistol, sword, nor gun, and no military cap nor coat, calmly filling his place in battle line, but taking no part in battle.

There was no time for questioning or consideration. Action was required of every man. The enemy was pressing too closely; the line wavered at the terrible onslaught; they could not hold their ground; the order was given, "Retreat."

Our friend Macon knew no enemies, nor was he disposed to run from the Yankees; and as his company turned to flee, he calmly lay down upon the ground, preferring, doubtless, to fall in the hands of the Northern men rather than continue his connections with those who had so harshly treated him. He had not long to wait. The Northern soldiers soon discovered him, and were surprised indeed to find a man attired like a citizen under such circumstances.

Peaceful amid it all, no shot had he fired, no part had he taken. He was not an enemy, and yet the laws of war required that he should be captured as a prisoner, and he was soon in Point Lookout prison, where in a few days he died, doubtless from mental

suffering caused by his being taken from his loved ones, and by the terrible scenes of battle.

No violent death was his; but a calm, peaceful passing away from scenes of strife and the noise of battle to the place prepared for him by the Prince of Peace in "His Father's House."

CHAPTER X.

Let us not weakly weep
Nor rashly threaten. Give us grace to keep
Our faith and patience; wherefore should we leap
On one hand into fratricidal fight,
Or, on the other, yield eternal right?

WHITTIER.

Two brothers, Thomas and Amos Hinshaw, and two Barker brothers, Cyrus and Nathan, their cousins, were conscripted at the same time and together taken to High Point, N. C., then the nearest railroad station to their home, thirty-two miles away. These men were obliged to make a hurried march before the gun and bayonet. Thomas Hinshaw's wife knew that he would need food and clothing, so she quickly prepared them and started on foot to overtake the company, which she did near her father's home, two miles distant, where she took leave of her husband and returned to her home and little ones, who were now dependent on her efforts for support. Faithfully she ploughed the fields, hoed the crops, and cared for the home.

Our Friends with many other conscripts were hurried away to Camp French, near Black Water, Va. At Weldon more men were taken on board, and they were so packed, like cattle in freight cars, that they could only rest themselves by sitting on one another's knees. They were not furnished with food or water

for nearly twenty-four hours. The food which was brought by Thomas Hinshaw's wife was generously shared with his friends, and was a great help to them.

Our four Friends refused to make choice of any part of the service, and were consigned to the 52d North Carolina regiment, General Pettigrew's brigade. They were at once offered equipments and required to drill, but were unanimous in declaring their peaceful principles. The officers, really desirous of favoring them, entreated them to pay the commutation tax, and told them their money should be used for civil purposes only; but they plead that religious liberty was one of the principles of their forefathers, that freedom of conscience was the inherent right of men, that war and fighting are contrary to the commands of Christ, and that liberty of conscience and freedom to obey Christ should not be purchased with money. They would therefore suffer cheerfully the penalty of the law, which they could not, for conscience' sake, obey.

The colonel, knowing that argument with such men was useless, turned them over to Captain James M. Kincade, who hardly knew what to do with them, and for some time did nothing. Their quiet and consistent course won his esteem, and many of the men also learned to love them and respect their scruples. But the lieutenant under whose immediate charge they were placed was determined that they should obey his orders, and he thought he could "break them in." It became necessary to clear a space of ground for camping, and the lieutenant ordered his men to compel these men to assist in the work. They were accustomed

to clearing ground, and had done much of it for themselves and neighbors, but it was for growing corn and wheat and not for military purposes; and while the work itself would have been a relief, they could not conscientiously do it; and, besides, it was on a Sabbath morning.

The lieutenant was very harsh and ordered his men to compel them with guns and bayonets to assist in the work, and to run their bayonets through them if they did not obey. The men really respected the Friends and were slow to move. Some said that they had no guns, others that they had no bayonets. Finally the lieutenant called two men out and sharply ordered them to place their bayonets against the Friends and press steadily until they moved; but these men did not have the heart to thrust a bayonet into unarmed, peaceable men, so they evaded the order, though they made a show of obedience, and wounded the Friends, though slightly.

The captain then appeared, took the lieutenant aside and reproached him for such cruelty, and told the Friends that they might remain quiet for a time. These Friends said that as they trusted in the Lord He often turned the hearts of their commanders, and even this lieutenant became very kind and considerate of their feelings.

All sorts of work were offered them, and although they had no objection to doing work of almost any kind, they would not do it as military service. On one occasion they were ordered to help bring in some corn fodder. There were two objections to this; it

was not only military work, but they had to steal the fodder, and of course they declined to obey. They were first tied together and then tied to the back of a cart, to force them to run or be dragged three or four miles on a very cold day. Orders were given to "pitch them into the river" if they would not assist in loading the fodder. Such orders were more easily given than executed.

The wagon-master was at first very fierce and angry, but as he watched them meekly following the cart through mud and water, he relented, sympathized with and admired them. He was heard to remark: "I declare I cannot help respecting men who stand up for their principles in that way." No one attempted to "pitch them into the river," although they had no hand in loading the fodder, but walked back as they had come, behind the cart.

They found upon returning to camp that they had a warm welcome by the men of their company, who refused to have any further hand in their punishment; and such a feeling was apparent among the men that no further attempt was ever made to punish them, nor to make them do any military service. They were required to accompany the regiment for eight months, but were not required to drill.

Their presence in the army was a continual testimony against war; their Christian spirit a wonderful evidence of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ; their meekness and gentleness under the most trying circumstances a practical illustration of the grace of God; and their evident readiness to die in keeping

his commandments was an evidence of the highest possible faith and obedience.

It became more and more a question what to do with the Quakers, and the wish was repeatedly expressed in their hearing, that they would run away. They were given to understand that no one would pursue them ; but they would not run away from home to evade the officers of the army, neither would they run away from the army to go home. They were not of the runaway kind.

After four months, they received furloughs for fifteen days, and on the back of these was written: "These men are of no manner of use in the army." While at home the attempt was made to persuade them to pay the tax, but it was unavailing. Thomas Hinshaw says: "It was a great temptation for us, dreading as we did to return to the camp. On the second of third month, 1863, we again took leave of our dear families and friends at home, which, I think, was as hard a trial as we have ever had to experience. The officers and men all seemed glad to see us and gave us a cordial welcome. No military duty was required of us, not even to answer to roll-call."

Wearied by the continued inactivity of camp life, they longed for some honorable relief. The battle of Gettysburg, which saved Philadelphia and perhaps the Union, bringing though it did suffering and death to so many, brought release to our little army of peace men.

Thomas Hinshaw says: "In the beginning of the engagement we were ordered to the front, but we had

no business there. The second morning orders came for all who could walk to go to the battle-field. So many had been killed the day before that they needed every man. The colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major, sergeant-major and all the captains of the regiment having been either killed or wounded, our lieutenant was in command, and we were taken before him. He said he knew we would not fight, but he thought we would have to go to the regiment, which was then in line of battle. He said he could not blame us so much for not fighting, and that we might go just where we pleased, so far as he was concerned; but afterwards said that part of the company was wounded and we might go to the hospital and stay with them until the fight was over. The wounded had been moved and he told us to follow them. We came to a bridge, but were not allowed to cross without passes." While at the bridge the guards came to take every man to the front, and they were taken among several hundred others that were trying to cross the bridge and get farther from the line of battle. Having concluded not to go to the front unless under guard, our Friends dropped back and the guard closed up just in front of them. They were arrested again, but the second time they escaped. Again orders were given that *all* men, except cooks and those detailed, should be taken to the front. The officer commanded them to move on at once, but privately told the guard that they need not take them. Adhering to their resolution not to go unless guarded, they were again spared.

As the end of this day approached, our Friends

began to look about for a place to spend the night. They sought the camping-place of the night before, and on reaching it they found a number of soldiers who, like themselves, thought to spend the night there. News soon came that the regiment to which they belonged was retreating. The men they found at the camp hurriedly departed to follow, "but we did not feel bound to follow them," says Thomas, "or think it our duty to do so. We therefore turned to the right and traveled some distance. The next morning, which was the Sabbath, we went to a house and inquired if any of the Society of Friends lived in that neighborhood; and being informed that there were some, we went to a house, as directed, and found a family of Friends, who were very kind to us. We found that we were between the two picket lines, and not feeling very well satisfied to run to or from either of them, we stayed at the Friend's house nearly a week. The Union cavalry then took us as prisoners of war. We were taken to Harrisburg on the 11th, to Philadelphia on the 13th, and on the 15th of ninth month we were placed in Fort Delaware." Here we will leave them until we take up the story of William Hockett, with whom they were released.

Solomon Frazier lived in Randolph County, N. C. His farm was on Deep river, a little beyond Col-traine's mill, from Centre meeting-house. All his life he had been associated with the Friends and accepted their views concerning war. He did not, however, become a member until after the passage of the exemption act. He had paid \$100 to be ex-

empted from the duty of home guard, yet when the call came to enroll all men between forty-five and fifty years of age, he received several written orders to appear at the court-house, but laid them aside and went on with his work. One evening in December, 1864, ten armed men came to his house, arrested him, and marched him to Archdale (then Bush Hill), where they left him under guard to spend the night with his brother. He was then taken to Salisbury and required to act as guard for the prisoners; but he would not serve, so he was made prisoner in Salisbury prison.

He was a large, strong man, and they thought he might do effective work fighting the Yankees, but how to get him to do it was the question. First, the bucking-down was resorted to for two hours; then they made him carry a heavy pole for three hours; at night they tied him up as they would a horse or a mule. Next morning he was suspended by his hands, instead of his thumbs, whether on account of his weight or not we cannot say. In this painful position he was kept for three hours. They tied a gun to his right arm and a heavy piece of wood to his neck. Unable to stand longer under the weight of the wood, he sat down, resting one end of it upon the ground. A soldier immediately pierced him with a bayonet. They then bucked him down again, and while in this painful position, he says that they proceeded to gag him with a bayonet. This was done by throwing his head back and putting the bayonet in his mouth, the sharp edge pressing the lips as it was tied tightly to the

back of his head. In this doubly trying position, bucked and gagged, they kept him for the remainder of the day.

As if determined to exhaust every means of punishment, they tied his arms to a beam fastened to a post, like a cross, and raised him upon it in imitation of the Christ for whom he suffered. They then put upon him what they called a barrel-shirt. They put a barrel over his head, and the barrel, not being large enough to slip down to the ground, rested in such a way as to fasten both arms and legs; and there he was left to stand for hours.

Solomon Frazier was so meek, and endured all their persecutions with such patience, that the captain under whose charge he was, got very angry, swore at him with most terrible oaths, and told him it was useless to contend further; he must now take a gun or die. While the officer was tying a gun to his arm, Solomon remarked to him: "If it is thy duty to inflict this punishment upon me, do it cheerfully; don't get angry about it." The captain then left him, saying to his men: "If any of you can make him fight, do it; I cannot." *

Two young men now volunteered to make a soldier of this Quaker, little knowing the nature of the material which they had to work upon. Coming up to him with their guns, they told him that they were going to take him off and shoot him. He replied: "It is the Sabbath and as good a day to die as any." They took him before Colonel Brooks, who inclined to be merciful, and was also disposed to get clear of

so troublesome a case. He advised him to consult a lawyer, and if possible to procure exemption; but assured him positively that he must take a gun or die. Two days' respite from persecution were given him, when he was called up and required to take a gun. Upon refusing, the gun was tied to his arm and a strap fastened around his neck, by which he was dragged around all day. He was made to run around in a circle, much as we have seen horsemen train horses. The next day they again resorted to the bucking, with no better success.

Isham Cox, a prominent minister among the Friends, visited the prison at this time, remonstrated with the officials for practicing such cruelty, and explained more fully to their understanding the grounds of Solomon's faith. Hearing this they concluded that it was useless to try to make a soldier of him, and ceased to persecute him, though he was retained as a prisoner until the surrender of Salisbury, four months afterwards. He was then restored to his family, and he still lives on the same farm from which he went at the time of his conscription, on the banks of Deep river, where he rejoices in the peaceful condition of the Sunny Southland, and in the fact that he did what he could to hasten the day when the sword shall be beaten into the plowshare and the spear into the pruning-hook.

Jesse Milton Blair lived not far from Solomon Frazier's home. He was arrested about Christmas, 1864, and taken to Richmond, Va.; thence to the army near Petersburg. He was put in an old tobacco-

factory, where were many rude men, boisterously drinking and carousing. For food he was furnished with coarse corn bread and molasses, made from sorghum grown in the neighborhood.

The next morning he was told that he must take a gun and drill. This he declined to do. Upon ascertaining his position, the officer sternly ordered the men to knock him down with the gun. As the soldier moved to obey, the officer said: "Hold; you might kill him the first blow. Knock him down with your fist." This the soldier did. When he got up the soldier said: "Now I reckon you are willing to take a gun." He replied: "No; I have conscientious scruples against bearing arms."

A gun was strapped to his wrists and he was ordered to march, and on refusing to do so was cruelly pierced with a bayonet. They then took the straps with which the gun had been tied to his arms and fastened his thumbs so that he could move his hands about two feet apart. They then cut off the limb of a tree near by and, lifting him up, put the strap over the stump of this limb, thus hanging him by the thumbs. He was suspended so that his feet just touched the ground. It was a cold day in December; it was snowing and sleeting; yet for two hours they allowed this man to suffer in this way. Meantime the officer walked around smoking a cigar, occasionally asking Jesse Blair if he would fight. Finally a stone was placed under his feet and he was allowed to stand upon it long enough to answer whether or not he would now obey orders. But Jesse was still

faithful, so the officer said to the men around him: "Well, we will give him a whipping." With the gun still tied to him, he was led to the place chosen for the terrible castigation. The officer ordered away all the men but one, and then commanded Jesse to remove his clothes. He says: "I was slow about taking off my clothes; I reckon you would have been." The officer hurriedly and rudely bared his back to the waist and then said: "Now you must take one hundred lashes on your bare back or fight." "I reckon I shall have to take them," was the reply. One hundred good-sized hickory switches were gathered and laid in bundles of ten each. Jesse was made to reach around a tree and his hands were fastened together, thus tightening the muscles of the shoulders; and the cruel work of trying to whip him into a soldier began. One switch was used for each stroke and then tossed aside, another being handed the officer, who paused frequently to ask if Jesse would obey his captain. But our Friend replied that he recognized the authority of no other captain save Jesus Christ, and his orders were, "Thou shalt not kill;" and that he should do nothing to advance the interests of the war. Jesse tried to keep account of the strokes as they fell heavily on his back; but the suffering became so severe that he was unable to do so. All the switches were used, and as he was untied Jesse reached his hand behind him, finding the flesh badly cut and the blood flowing freely down his body. Still our heroic, suffering Friend refused to take the gun offered him. The enraged officer said: "I am just going to hang

you and be done with it, and then they will not send any more of the d—d Quakers here unless they mean to fight.”

Jesse had enlisted under the banner of the Prince of Peace, and would not turn traitor nor renounce his Master's cause, — no, not for his life; and so he meekly went with his persecutor to the tree selected upon which to hang him. One end of that same leather strap was now fastened around the neck of our unresisting soldier of the Cross, and the other end thrown over a large limb, which was bent down and the strap fastened to it. As the limb was released it gradually resumed nearly its normal position, raising Jesse with it clear of the ground. He was now suspended by the neck, his body turning in the air and the strap twisting, reminding him, as he afterwards said, of the twisting of strings he had seen cats hung by when he was a boy.

He soon became too weak to answer their questions, and could only respond to their demands to take a gun by a slight negative movement of the head. Finally the officer and his men pulled down the limb, unfastened the strap, and Jesse fell helpless upon the ground. When the officer found that he could not stand he called for camphor, and Jesse heard him say: “He may die and we cannot get to punish him any more.” He was carried to the barracks and laid upon some straw. A doctor was called, who on the second day told him that he was about to be very sick. He was soon taken in an ambulance to the camp near Petersburg, then by steamer to Richmond,

where he was for a long time unable to turn himself in bed or help himself in any way.

One day he thought he heard a familiar voice, and upon listening heard his own name called. Then he heard clearly the words: "Is there any one here by the name of J. M. Blair?" Summoning all his strength he succeeded in turning himself enough to see across the room the familiar face of his friend Joseph Hockett, a Friend minister from his own meeting at Springfield. He feebly answered the call and the eager searcher was soon by the side of his rude hospital couch. Touched as only loving hearts can be by the bond of suffering and sympathy, the two brothers, so united in Christian faith and love, wept together.

Thirty years and more have passed since their tears mingled upon that couch of suffering. The minister's fountain of tears is forever dried, and only rejoicing is known by him, for he has been gathered from the earthly to the heavenly home; yet at the memory of that visit and expression of Christian love under such circumstances of trial and suffering, when there had been "no eye to pity and no hand to save," — except the Omnipotent One, — Jesse's heart was moved with deep emotion as he told the story of that manifestation of brotherly love, and his eye was filled with tears and his heart with gratitude.

Three long months he lay in that hospital, and was then sent, in March, 1865, to the camp. But the Confederacy was weakening; the army was moving southward; and Jesse, emaciated, weak and feeble,

walked with it toward his home. For three days and nights he was entirely without food. On arriving at a farmhouse they found a quantity of corn locked in a crib. While the soldiers rested on their arms, the farmer was asked for the key. He knew that he would receive nothing for his corn, and was naturally slow to give it to them. He was told that they would have the corn if they had to tear down the building to get it, and finally he threw the key to them. Three ears of corn were given to each man. Jesse M. Blair picked off a few kernels and ate them raw. He said afterwards that they "tasted mighty sweet." As the men were parching their corn, the Yankee soldiers rushed upon them, and all who could rushed away. Jesse saved his corn and ate it as he went. The next day Lee surrendered to Grant, but Jesse kept on his way homeward, wearily tramping day after day, living as best he could from the scanty provisions kindly furnished him by those along the way.

Finally the long journey was completed, and he rested with the loved ones whom he had not seen for so long, recounting to them his experiences and the trials he had undergone for the testimony of peace.

Now, more than threescore and ten years of age, he sits in the chimney-corner of his Southern home, and with the buffetings and trials of his life in the background and the bright rays of the setting sun already lighting the pathway to the land beyond, he is able to say, as he rests in the blessed hope of the Gospel of Jesus Christ: "The hand of my God is good upon me."

Marlboro meeting of Friends is in the western part of Randolph County, N. C. It was organized many years ago, a church in the wilderness, but the principles of peace had been firmly planted and carefully cultivated. The people listened regularly to the query from their discipline, from quarter to quarter, from year to year, generation after generation: "Are Friends clear of bearing arms or other military matters?" It was important to have this, as well as other subjects queried after, answered "clear." When the time came that many of the members were taken to the army by force of arms, these queries were still read, and the overseers were expected to produce answers for absent members as well as for those at home.

Jesse Hill, William Hill, D. W. Milliken, Clark Milliken, William F. Ball, John R. Beckerdike, Seth W. Loffin, and others of their members were taken for soldiers; but they could not in duty to their Lord be soldiers in this sense. As soldiers of Jesus Christ they expected to be loyal, and had accepted the Bible teaching, "Ye cannot serve two masters." The following letter, written to their meeting at home, is of interest:

"9th month, 6th day, 1864.

"TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS OF MARLBORO AND SPRINGFIELD MEETINGS: You are no doubt wondering where we are and what we are doing. We are in the intrenchments near Petersburg, in Company F, 27th regiment. We have thus far refused to take any part in military duty, for which we are

receiving severe punishment; such as being tied up by the thumbs, deprived of sleep, etc. They say we must suffer until we drill. We still expect, by the grace of God and the help of your prayers, to be faithful to our profession.

“We are sorry to have to ask Friends to be at so much trouble for us, but our condition is a sad one. We think that if some one could come and give a little more explanation, something could be done for us. We want the authorities of the meeting or some one to write to the Secretary of War immediately.

“We still have our certificates and other papers that we brought from home.

“Yours in bonds of love,

S. W. LOFLIN,
J. A. HILL.”

Others of the members of this meeting suffered severely for their principles, but we will now follow our friend Seth W. Loffin in his time of trial.

He had been a member with the Friends but a short time, when he was arrested as a conscript and sent to camp near Petersburg, Va. He was at once ordered to take up arms, which he refused to do, saying that the weapons of the Christian were not carnal, and that he was a Christian and forbidden to fight. The officers evidently thought that by prompt and severe measures he could be made to yield his conscientious scruples, but they knew not of what spirit he was.

First they kept him without sleep for thirty-six

hours, a soldier standing by with a bayonet to pierce him, should he fall asleep. Finding that this did not overcome his scruples, they proceeded for three hours each day to buck him down. He was then suspended by his thumbs for an hour and a half. This terrible ordeal was passed through with each day for a week. Then, thinking him conquered, they offered him a gun; but he was unwilling to use the weapon. Threats, abuse and persecution were alike unavailing, and in desperate anger the Colonel ordered him court-martialed. After being tried for insubordination he was ordered shot. Preparations were accordingly made for the execution of this terrible sentence. The army was summoned to witness the scene, and soldiers were detailed. Guns, six loaded with bullets and six without, were handed to twelve chosen men. Seth Loflin, as calm as any man of the immense number surrounding him, asked time for prayer, which, of course, could not be denied him. The supposition was natural that he wished to pray for himself. But he was ready to meet his Lord; and so he prayed not for himself but for them: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Strange was the effect of this familiar prayer upon men used to taking human life and under strict military orders. Each man, however, lowered his gun, and they resolutely declared that they would not shoot such a man, thereby braving the result of disobeying military orders. But the chosen twelve were not the only ones whose hearts were touched. He who holdeth our lives in his hand melted the hearts of the

officers as well, and the sentence was revoked. He was led away to prison, where for weeks he suffered uncomplainingly from his severe punishments.

He was finally sent to Windsor Hospital at Richmond, Va., where he was taken very sick, and after a long, severe illness, during which his Christian spirit and patience won the hearts of all around him, he quietly passed away, leaving a wife and seven children. A letter was written to his wife by one of the officers, an extract from which may be a fitting close to the account of this worthy man's suffering.

"It is my painful duty to inform you that Seth W. Loflin died at Windsor Hospital, at Richmond, on the 8th of December, 1864. He died as he had lived, a true, humble and devoted Christian; true to his faith and religion. . . . We pitied and sympathized with him. . . . He is rewarded for his fidelity, and is at rest."

CHAPTER XI.

For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken ?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If He its part has taken ?
Though wild and loud
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow !

WHITTIER.

MEN are so constituted that those of similar tastes, habits, callings and religious beliefs are very sure, as a rule, to form themselves into lodges, leagues, guilds, societies and even communities. The Friends are apt to gather into rather distinctive neighborhoods ; not absolutely so, as do the Shakers, neither do they have all things in common as does that body, but for privileges of fellowship and convenience of meeting to worship God, they naturally gather in neighborhoods.

The Friends make it the habit of their lives to go up to the house of the Lord at least twice a week. They care for the education of their children, and in the South, where the public school system had been very deficient and general education much neglected, they had a schoolhouse near every meeting-house.

We have already learned of Holly Spring and



A FRIENDS' MEETING
"Of the olden time"

Marlboro neighborhoods. West of Ashboro and south of Marlboro is a community called Back Creek neighborhood. The zealous home guard, anxious for others to go to the front, were hunting here for conscripts and endeavoring to secure every man who could possibly be made to serve the Confederacy.

We have the names of twenty-nine of the Friends gathered by these hunters at different times, from this little country church. For one of them a relative sent a substitute; some were assigned to the salt-works; some paid for substitutes to work there; but sooner or later twenty-two paid the tax. Much suffering was experienced by exposure from "lying out" and persecutions of various kinds, before relief could be obtained. Much property was taken from William Low and other Friends, — horses, cattle and provisions, without recompense.

Deep River neighborhood is situated about thirty-five miles north of Back Creek, and here, since about 1695, the Friends have met regularly twice a week. First there was a log house; then a frame building with weather-boards fastened on with wrought nails, each hammered out by the blacksmith's hand. The floor was fastened down with oak pins. This house was used as a hospital for wounded soldiers during the Revolution, and blood-marks were said to have been visible on its walls when it gave place to a more modern brick structure.

The large house had at one time been too small for the congregation assembling there, and wing-like sheds had been added to each end of the building,

with doors from the outside. Three logs were cut from the end walls of the main building to make an opening and connection with the large audience room. When not needed, these openings were closed by board shutters hung from the top with large wooden hinges. The seats were so arranged that the congregation would be mainly at the preacher's right and left.

There had been no provision made for heating, as it was thought at that time to be unnecessary; but of later times the more aggressive Friends wanted a fire "during meeting-time." The objections of the conservative Friends were so far overcome that a stove was placed in the main meeting-room. Stovepipe was not abundant in those early days, and as little as possible must be used; so a hole was cut through the thin wooden ceiling and the pipe extended through that into the loft. At each end of the gable a clapboard was removed, and a draft thus created. There seemed to be no fear of sparks igniting the roof. This was the only means ever provided for heating the house.

An amusing story is told of the experience of one person on the first meeting-day after the objectionable stove had been introduced. An elderly Friend who had been opposed to the innovation was manifestly uncomfortable during meeting-time. So warm was he that he perspired freely. When meeting was over he complained of the heat from that stove having been so oppressive, and said that he had never suffered so much from the cold in meeting as he had that day from the heat. He was much surprised when told

that there had been no fire in the stove. No further complaint was heard concerning the innovation.

But, primitive or progressive, they were of one mind concerning war, and the teachings of Mahlon Hockett, Jeremiah Hubbard and many others there had ever been that the friends of Jesus must keep his commandments, and that He told them to love their enemies.

At the time of which we write there was no need of the wooden shutters being opened into the added wings of the meeting-house, for by death and emigration most of the members had been removed. Still there were too many left to be overlooked by the Confederate authorities. Thirteen men were arrested, seven of whom were exempted upon payment of the five hundred dollar tax, and three for other reasons. There were three brothers named Jones who had been all their lives under the Friends' teaching, but had not been received into membership until after the passage of the exemption act. In 1863 they were all conscripted. Still they remained quietly at home, not even hiding in the woods. Their protest against bearing arms was of course unheeded, and they were sent to Orange Court House, Va., where they were ordered into the ranks, but refused to obey. The officer, thinking to make short work of it, immediately clubbed the gun offered to J. M. Jones, and knocked him down, cutting a long gash in his head, from which the blood flowed freely. Upon attempting to rise he was struck again, a terrible blow cutting his ear nearly off. But still friend Jones had no

inclination to fight, nor would he take the gun in his hand. Persisting in his refusal, he was again knocked down, and for some time lay bleeding. Becoming convinced that he would sooner be killed than bear arms, the officer sent him to prison and began to try to conquer the second hero, A. Jones, who had witnessed the abuse and the blood of his brother. They took the bayonet in his case, and pressing it into the flesh an inch or more, concluded that though they run it through him he would never surrender; so they sent him to prison also and tried the third. Their success with the other two had not been very flattering, and they began less resolutely, evidently with less hope of conquering. Although they punished him severely, they did not wound him as they had his brothers.

Soon after this the three brothers were sent to the Rapidan, under General Scales's command, where new trials awaited them. Here the American officers exhausted their means of punishment and turned their victims over to a cruel German, who made his boast that he "could make soldiers of them Quakers." Various kinds of abuse and threats of death were alike unavailing, and the scruples of our soldiers of the Army of Peace could not be overcome. They could suffer or die, but by no means be conquered.

The starving process was then begun, and they were ordered to be kept in close confinement for three days and nights, without food or water. It was made a court-martial offense for any one to give them relief. There was a Kentucky soldier, how-

ever, whose sympathy for them was so great that he nobly risked punishment in order to furnish them with water. The three days being ended, they were of the same opinion still, and the bucking-down was resorted to. Weakened by starvation and other trials, they were in no condition, physically, to endure the terrible ordeal of this, and the added strain of three to four hours in the heat of the Southern sun. The mind of the youngest gave way, and he became quite delirious. He was sent to the hospital for treatment, and on recovering was sent again to camp.

The committee from the meeting for sufferings, being informed of the arrest of these brothers, undertook to secure their release; but the wheels of official authority revolve slowly. Sometimes, however, they can be made to move, and after a long time the committee succeeded in obtaining an order for their discharge. The following are copies of the original papers issued:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, VA., January 19, 1864.

MR. JOHN B. CRENSHAW, Richmond, Va.

SIR,— You are respectfully informed that the Adjutant and Inspector-General has been directed to authorize the discharge of J. M., A. W., & D. H. Jones, members of the "Society of Friends," as recommended, and on the conditions prescribed.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES A. SEDDON,
Secretary of War.

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, January 22, 1864.

(Extract)

SPECIAL ORDERS, }
No. 18. }

XXVII. The following - named privates being members of the Society of Friends, and each having paid into the treasury the sum of five hundred dollars as required by law, will be discharged the service of the Confederate States.

Jackson M. Jones, Co. —, 13th N. C. Vols.

By command of the Secretary of War,

JNO. WITHERS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

PRIVATE JACKSON M. JONES,
Through MR. CRENSHAW.

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, January 22, 1864.

(Extract)

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Anderson W. Jones, Co. —, 13th N. C. Vols.

By command of the Secretary of War,

JNO. WITHERS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

PRIVATE ANDERSON W. JONES,
Through MR. CRENSHAW.

About forty miles west of the Deep River neighborhood is Deep Creek meeting-house, in Yadkin County, N. C. The Friends here could more easily cross the lines than those who lived in the lower counties, and make their way west over the mountains. Many did so, and there were few left who were liable to be conscripted. By diligent searching the officers found sixteen members of these three little churches, — Forbush and Deep Creek in Yadkin County and Hunting Creek in Iredell County, — who were liable to military duty.

Stephen Hobson was in the iron business. The supply from Pennsylvania and other places was cut off from the South, and home production must be encouraged; so nine of the Friends were detailed to work in the mines. James Hutchinson paid the tax without leaving home. Thomas A. Benbow was taken to Raleigh and kept in camp for about three months. Refusing to do any military duty, he was allowed to pay the tax and go home. Enoch Crisco, who had been received after the passage of the law, was released upon the payment of the tax. In a letter to John B. Crenshaw, dated 6th month 23d, 1864, Isham Cox says:

“I went to Statesville some time ago to see the enrolling officer in behalf of fourteen young men who had, since the passage of the exemption act, joined our society at Deep Creek, in Yadkin County, but failed to get his approval, though he referred them to Colonel Mallett, who refused to notice them until the local officers had passed upon them. I anticipate

going up next week to give the enrolling officer another trial, and if I fail again, the parties are anxious that I should appeal to the Bureau of Conscription, if, by it, there would be any hope of success. Please give me thy views relating thereto.

ISHAM COX."

These young men were taken from home and endured much suffering. One of them, Lewis Caudle, was taken to the front, terribly persecuted, and with a gun tied to him, he was made to enter battle and stand amid the contending forces; but he would take no part in the terrible conflict. No bullet reached him, although many around him were slain. The Southern forces were obliged to retreat, but Lewis did not care to go with them, so he lay down upon the battlefield, with the wounded, dying and dead around him. Falling asleep, he lay there until morning. His comrades being gone, he saw no reason why he should remain in the army, and so began his long and lonesome march to his mountain home. He reached it in due time, and was not obliged to return; nor was he further molested. Isham Cox and John B. Crenshaw induced the officers to accept the \$500 tax for him.

At New Garden, six miles west of Greensboro, Guilford County, a Friends' meeting had been held, and for more than a century the yearly meeting annually held its seven days' session there. The membership of the local church had become much reduced by emigration, and there were really very few Friends

to claim the attention of the home guard or anybody else. Nine men of legal age for the war were found among them. For two of them substitutes were furnished by their friends, who were not members; but, notwithstanding this, they were required to pay the tax or go to war, so they paid the tax. One, Isaac Harvey, after having been for some weeks in camp, enduring the hardships and trial of his faith and loyally bearing his testimony, became discouraged and began to doubt his Lord's care and faithfulness. He yielded to the demands made by the authorities, accepted the bounty money and military equipments, and, trusting in carnal weapons rather than in the mighty weapons of the soldier of Jesus Christ, he entered the ranks of the Confederate army. He was promptly disowned by his meeting at home as soon as it became known. Soon afterwards he entered a battle. He was one of the first, if not the first, to be killed.

This was the only instance that has come to our knowledge of a Southern Friend abandoning his principles, and we believe there was no other. The result of this one case makes even more striking the remarkable preservation from violent death of *all* those who, under such trying circumstances, maintained their allegiance to the Prince of Peace, and for whom He so remarkably cared.

In Chatham County, N. C., there were a number of Friends' meetings. Spring meeting we have already alluded to, in giving the experiences of Jesse Buckner. The neighbors at whom he wondered,

when he was a military colonel, because they would not train in the company, did not entirely escape persecution. Nathaniel Woody, an elder, sitting at the head of Spring meeting, was drafted early in the war. When ordered to appear at Graham, the county seat of Chatham County, he answered to his name, and then told the officer that he could not bear arms, giving his reasons. Being very near the age limit, he was released.

James Lindley, of South Fork meeting, was drafted, and his friends, not members, hired a substitute for him. Jesse Osborn was conscripted and taken to the army, but he would take no part in the military service. He became sick and was taken to the hospital in Richmond, where he soon died.

John Newlin was a cotton manufacturer, owning factories at Saxapahaw. As he had six sons of legal age for conscription, he paid the government \$3000 for their exemption. It was soon discovered that the law exempted Friends between the ages of seventeen and eighteen and forty-five and fifty, and not as Friends had petitioned, and understood the War Department to grant, from seventeen to fifty. Friends were very sure that they had made the matter clear, and that the Secretary of War understood it; but however that may have been, the army officers claimed as soldiers all between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, and Friends were put to much trouble on that account. Many were taken into the army and abused severely after they had paid the tax in good faith, and had received exemption papers from the War Department.

Two sons of our friend Newlin were taken. He entered his protest, and with the assistance of John B. Crenshaw and others the department was finally induced to correct the papers. Thus the original agreement was carried out, much to the relief of many who had been conscripted and were suffering for their testimony.

Zeno Woody was conscripted, but was taken very sick, and was sent to the hospital at Raleigh. He was kept here for several weeks and then sent home on sick furlough. James and Mahlon Woody were conscripted and taken to Richmond, where they were required to choose what part of the Confederate service they would enter. They did not choose any part, and were imprisoned. Prison fare did not agree with these men, accustomed as they were to outdoor life and plenty to eat, and they were taken sick. They were sent to the hospital, and their father went there to wait upon them. After some weeks they were also given a furlough.

William Woody was taken to the army, where he promptly accepted the gun offered him, and went with it to the Yankees. He gave the gun to them and went on to Indiana, without performing any military service. James Newlin went to the salt-works. Zeno and James Woody were again arrested, but their father paid the tax for them and his two other sons, amounting to \$2000.

Three brothers from this county, Miles, William and Stephen Hobson, concluded, soon after the beginning of the war, to make their way, with their fam-

ilies, by wagon, to Indiana. They had disposed of their effects, and one bright morning they left their homes, sacred to them from lifetime associations, but where they could no longer live in undisturbed possession. At night they had made a good day's journey toward the West; preparations had been made to sleep in the wagon by the roadside; supper had been cooked, and they were enjoying it as only wagoners can, when the sheriff of the county and a posse of men surrounded them, claiming to have orders for the arrest of the whole party on account of some remarks Stephen had made against the Southern Confederacy. They were all taken back and Stephen was bound over to appear at court when called to answer the charge; but we do not learn that he was ever called for. Joseph John Hobson and James Woody, who were of the party, were also bound to appear at court on a certain day, but not being summoned, Joseph started west again, with other Friends, and they all succeeded in reaching their destination.

Stephen Hobson, who had been arrested while on his way west, was conscripted and sent to the army, although he had paid his \$500 for exemption. He was sent to camp near Drury's Bluff, Va., from which place he was released, after months of trial, presumably on account of having had a broken arm and thigh.

Mahlon Thompson and Joshua Kemp thought to make their way across the mountains, and after avoiding as much as possible contact with mankind and enduring much from exposure, they were just about

crossing the Tennessee line, where they thought they would be safe, when they were surprised by the appearance of army officers. They were arrested and sent directly to the army, and marched at once into the battle of Fredericksburg. They would not take guns or do any military work, but seeing the need of helping the wounded, they voluntarily engaged in carrying them from the battlefield, risking their own lives; but neither of them was wounded. Being found "of no manner of use" as soldiers, they were finally released upon the payment of \$500 each.

In the neighborhood of Cane Creek, Chatham County, lived Joseph Dixon, a man too old to be conscripted, well known in the county, and of good estate. He owned a grist mill, and one day while he was at work there about forty mounted men came up who professed to be searching for disloyal men. The miller, Alexander Russell, had two sons who were fearing conscription, and "lying out." The men at once seized Russell, tied a rope round his neck and rode off to the woods, pulling him after them. Hearing the screams of the miller's wife and children, Joseph Dixon walked out of the mill to remonstrate with the men. They immediately put him under guard and marched him to an old barn about a mile away. They asked him if he knew where Russell's boys were, and, upon receiving a negative reply, they swore they would make him know. Four of the men took him inside the barn, tied a rope around his neck, made him step on a box, threw the rope over a beam and proceeded to draw him up, saying: "You are a d—d

Quaker anyway, and by your people refusing to fight and keeping so many out of the war you are the cause of the defeat of the South." As they tightened the rope they said to him: "Now, you have only five minutes to live; if you have any prayers to offer, be quick about it." The good old man told them that he was innocent and could adopt the language of his Saviour: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." They then searched his pockets and found about thirty dollars in bank bills, which they took away. They told him they would not hang him just then, but they compelled him to get under the horse-trough in the stable, and threatened to shoot him if he looked up. They then brought in the miller and hung him three times. Joseph could plainly hear him strangling the third time. He then promised to try to get his boys to come from their hiding-place, and was released.

After the miller was gone Joseph Dixon was told that they were going to bring some more "Tories" and hang them, and declared that they would shoot him if he left the stable. They went directly to Micajah McPherson's, a good Methodist man, and hung him by the neck until he was unconscious. They left him for dead, but some one cut him down in time to save his life. The next night, having found one of the miller's sons, John Burgess, they hung him and remained near until they were sure he was dead, and then told his friends that they might take the body to bury it.

Such was the condition of things in many parts of

the South near the close of the war. Human life was easily taken because men had become accustomed and hardened to bloodshed. Many such instances as the above could be cited, but care is needed not to multiply cases of the same nature, lest we become monotonous and the reader wearied of the recital.

We will consider the last days of our friend Joseph Dixon, as the closing scene of this chapter. He lived not far from the creek before named, near the Friends' meeting-house of the same name, Cane Creek. His children settled around him, taking their share of church and public responsibilities, while he and his loving wife, Rebecca, looked after their own home and needs and did what they could for the interests of the church. Their house was the home of the ministers visiting the neighborhood. Many Friends from the North were led to visit their brethren in the South, bearing not only good tidings of peace but "metallic sympathy" for the building up of the ruined homes and schools, and aiding the unfortunate in various ways.

None welcomed more cordially those who came in the name of the Lord than did Joseph and Rebecca Dixon, and none aided them in their mission of love more readily than they did. For several years Joseph was permitted to see prosperity attending the once persecuted and impoverished company of Friends at Cane Creek. But he was growing old; his work was done, and well done. The time had come for him to go to the Father whom he had served in his day and generation, for whom he had not refused to die, and

whom he was now ready to meet face to face. One morning he arose, stirred the coals in the old fireplace, removed the ashes, and putting on dry wood soon had a cheerful fire for Rebecca to dress by. She soon came and sat down beside him, and turning calmly and lovingly to her he said: "Rebecca, my time has come to go home. My work on earth is done, and the Lord has called for me. To-night I shall be with him in glory."

In telling the writer of it afterwards, Rebecca said: "That day was the happiest we ever spent, and it was spent in the full belief that it was our last on earth together."

During the day he performed his regular tasks, and in the afternoon he shaved, dressed, and lay down to die. His two sons soon came in, but he had calmly resigned his spirit to God who gave it.

At the funeral a large concourse of people gathered, and many were ready to tell of the Christian character and good works of Uncle Joseph, whom God loved and took unto himself, as a shock of corn fully ripe.

CHAPTER XII.

“O brother! if thine eye can see,
Tell how and when the end shall be,
What hope remains for thee and me.”

Then Freedom sternly said: “I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won.”

WHITTIER.

“Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.”

ABOUT twelve miles from Greensboro, Guilford County, N. C., on his farm near the Friends' meeting-house, lived, with his wife and little ones, a man named William B. Hockett. He had never known any other dwelling-place but this and his boyhood home, almost in sight, where his father then lived. His devoted wife and their two children were the joy of his heart. He was at peace with God and man, and had made it the rule of his life to meet with his friends twice each week for public worship, crossing for this purpose the little stream between his home and the old log meeting-house upon the hill. He was thirty-six years old at the time of which we write, and on the 28th day of 2d month, 1863, he wrote in his journal kept at that time, and now by his kindness in the hands of the writer: “This is my birthday. May this day be spent more to the glory of God and the

spreading of His truth than my former years have been, is the prayer of my heart."

The condition of the country was a cause of sorrow to him. In one place he has written: "When I review the past year and see that the rulers of the land have plunged us into a war with all its horrors, my heart is troubled and my prayers are put up for the deliverance of my people. The rulers have turned aside and set a stumbling-block in the way of the innocent. Our opposers mock and scoff at us, but we look to Thee, O Lord, and to Thee alone for help! Thou art our shepherd and shield, our comfort and stay!"

William Hockett was first conscripted 9th month 27th, 1862, and taken to Greensboro, the county-seat of his county. He was furloughed home until the first of the next month, when he presented himself to the authorities, according to promise. A second time he was allowed to return home, and then he went again to Greensboro, and from there was sent to Raleigh. Through the influence of Colonel Coble he was furloughed home from here until called for.

As we have seen, he was concerned for the welfare of his country. He was trusting in God, and although he was as yet permitted to remain at home, he was aware of his liability to be arrested upon any day. Several times he had answered the summons of the military authorities to appear at Greensboro and Raleigh, but was allowed to return home, probably on account of his being hard of hearing. He has recorded in his journal that some time before the time



WILLIAM B. HOCKETT

came for him to go to the army "I was shown a vision that I would be carried off to the war and have to suffer many things. The thought of leaving my wife with a babe in her arms and family unprovided for distressed me very much, and I plead that the way might be made for me to stay with them." But he adds: "I was clearly shown that it was the will of the Lord that I should leave all, and that he would be a husband to my wife and a father to my children, and that they should lack nothing in my absence; that if I was obedient to manifest duty, I should return with the reward of peace and find all well. This made me cry: 'Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done!' My dear partner strengthened me, saying: 'Be faithful, William, for I would rather hear of thy dying a martyr for Christ's sake than that thou should sin against him by staying with me.' So on the eighth day of sixth month, 1863, we bade each other farewell."

Before he was taken away a neighbor said to him: "You have no hope now of escaping the war unless you pay out. You have a young horse there for which I will give you \$500. I will turn the horse over to the government and get my money back, and you can give the money to the officers and remain quietly at home." But William's conscience would not allow him to do this.

On the 30th of May he was conscripted by the Raleigh guard and taken to a Methodist meeting-house called the "Tabernacle," which was used as a rendezvous for conscripted men. Here he was fur-

loughed until June 8th, 1863, when he reported at Greensboro according to orders. He was offered the privilege of "paying out," which he told the officers he could not conscientiously do, as the money was to be used to carry on war, and the servant of God should not fight nor uphold fighting. He said: "I believe true Christianity and war as far apart as Heaven and Hell."

He was promptly sent to Camp Holmes, Raleigh, where he was offered clothing, which he refused. He was assigned to the 21st N. C. regiment, supposed to be stationed then in the northern part of Virginia. Starting the next morning he arrived at Petersburg the following day just before daylight and was hurried on to Richmond. In company with thirty other conscripts he was marched over to the North Carolina Soldiers' Home. "Here," he says, "I found time to write to my wife," and he makes this record in his diary: "I have been closely tried to-day, but the Lord has spoken peace to my soul this evening, which fills my heart with joy unspeakable. Praise to His excellent name, henceforth and forever!"

William Hockett and his companions, none of whom he knew except A. C. Swain, were now hurried on to join the great division of the Southern army that had invaded Pennsylvania under General Lee. They had left Culpepper Court House on their way to join their regiment, and in his diary is the brief entry: "My companion, A. C. Swain, and some others left us, stepped into the bushes, and I have not seen them since." Long afterwards he learned that they escaped to Indiana, and there they remained.

On Second-day, the fifteenth, he wrote: "On the march before sunrise. We are conducted by Major Wharton. Arrived at Springville. Here I gave a watch for a pint of milk."

"Third-day, the 16th of 6th month. Went about six or eight miles and met some wounded soldiers, who said the Southern troops had taken Winchester and the Yankees were fleeing."

"Fourth-day, the 17th. I ate the last bread I brought from home and bought three small loaves for 15 cents. Afternoon. Went on to Winchester and camped in an orchard. It is said that last First-day was a terrible time here, as the fight began at seven o'clock and lasted all day. The Federalists were overpowered and the South holds the place. Our regiment is said to be five or six miles from here."

"6th month 18th. They took us before the authorities and assigned us to companies. Mine is company M, 21st North Carolina regiment, Early's division, Ewell's corps. Here they armed all the rest of the men and attempted to arm me, but I steadily refused to take any weapons; so after threatening me to no purpose they let me off, only requiring me to go with them."

"Sixth month 19th. My company is mostly made up of men from Guilford County, N. C. Eli Coble is in my squad. He and I tent together and he is very obliging to me. The army is a very trying place for a Christian to be in, because there are so many things that we cannot for conscience' sake do that must be done if the war goes on. So we are con-

stantly beset on every side. Nothing but the all-supporting arm of God can hold us or save us from falling by temptation. My company is very kind to me. I spent the day in reading my Bible, mostly. There were others that had their Testaments out to-day. I hope the Lord has a remnant even here that may be saved. O the love I have for these poor conscript soldiers! Many of them would give all they have in the world to get out of the war, but the fear of man is greater than the fear of God. It seems as though they cannot believe that God will protect them."

"Second-day, the 23d of 6th month. This evening I was before Colonel Kirkland. He asked me what I wanted. I told him that I desired a discharge or release from the army that I might go home. He wanted to know how much money I would give him to let me off. I told him I could not give him any, but if he saw proper to release me I would give him goodwill. He asked me if I was not worth \$500. I told him that my property was worth that or more. He said the authorities of North Carolina had sent me out there as a man capable of making a soldier, and that I would have to comply with orders or he would order me shot, and said I might take a gun and go into the ranks, or he would order me shot that evening or the next morning, and I might take my choice. I told him that I would not take a gun nor march in the drill, so he said: 'Which will you choose, to be shot evening or morning?' I told him I should choose neither, but if my God whom I served permitted him to take my life I would submit to it; I

would die a martyr for Christ's sake. He said he had full power, without permission, to kill me if I did not comply. I told him I did not deny that he had, so far as the power of man extended, but there was a power above man's, and he could not remove a hair of my head without my Heavenly Father's notice, etc. He wanted to know if I was a good workman. I told him that I was counted a passable hand. He said I was the very man for him and he had the very place to put me; it was to go to the wagon-yard and work there. It would not be hard work, and he wanted to hear a good report from Captain Vogler. I told him that I would receive no appointment to work at anything that was to carry on war. He ordered me to say no more but to go to the wagons, and sent a man to take me to Captain Vogler of the wagon train. He told me to go and mow grass for the horses, but I refused on conscientious grounds. They said that I should be shot. I said that my God told me not to do so, and that I feared Him more than what they could do. So when they found that I would not comply they sent me back to camp, saying that they had no use for such a fellow. They then reported me to the colonel, who said that he would have me shot that night or the next morning."

Recorded in the journal on the eve of the 23d is the following prayer, which evinces his resignation to God's will even under the most trying circumstances, and when it looked to him that he was likely to lay down his life for his testimony to the Prince of Peace :

“O Lord, my Heavenly Father, my prayer is that Thy name may be glorified and not my will be done. But if it be Thy will that I should lay down my life, be Thou pleased to pardon all my sins, for Thy dear Son’s sake, and take away the fear of man, and leave me not in the hour of trial, but support me by Thy arm of power; for my hope is in Thee, that Thou wilt control the raging of men as Thou didst in the days of old when Thou protectedst Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the midst of the fiery furnace, or the prophet Daniel in the lion’s den. If it be Thy will, O Lord, Thou canst deliver me from those who seek my life, and enable me to proclaim thy wonderful works to the sons and daughters of men. All praise is due to Thee and to Thee alone!

“Be pleased to be near and comfort and protect my dear wife and children in their lonely condition, that they may be enabled to press forward and not faint by the way, but put their trust in Thee, who alone can save. O Lord, comfort my aged father, whose heart yearns for his dear son.

“O God, here am I. My heart is resigned. Come life, come death, Thy will be done, not mine.”

Here the journal states: “I requested my tent-mate that if my life was taken from me he would let my dear wife know what had become of me. He agreed to do so.”

“6th month 24th. I was ordered out and required to fall in line with the company and drill, but I refused. They tried to make me, and I sat down on the ground. They reminded me of the orders to shoot

me, but I told them my God said to fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul ; but rather to fear Him that is able to destroy both soul and body in Hell. The company was then ordered to fall back eight paces, leaving me in front of them. They were then ordered by Colonel Kirkland to 'Load ; Present arms ; Aim,' and their guns were pointed directly at my breast. I raised my arms and prayed : 'Father, forgive them ; they know not what they do.' Not a gun was fired. They lowered them without orders, and some of the men were heard to say that they 'could not shoot such a man.' The order was then given, 'Ground arms.'

"The officers having consulted together, the captain soon came to me with two men, bringing a gun and a cartridge-box with thirty rounds of ammunition. The captain said : 'Now take these and join ranks.' Refusing to do so, the soldiers tied them on me and strapped the gun to my back, and the captain ordered me to rise and walk in drill ; but I refused.

"An officer then swore he would ride over me, and made many efforts to do so, but failed, for his horse could not be made to step on me. At one time he carefully placed his foot between my arm and my side, without in the least injuring me. The captain struck me on the back of the head with the heavy end of a gun, and although I was stunned by the blow I soon got over it and never felt it afterwards. The captain ordered two men to take me to the ranks forty or fifty yards away, but I did not feel free to walk in that direction."

They dragged him to the end of the line and let him go, and he sat down again. The captain called two men and declared that he must walk in the drill or they would kill him. Then William Hockett kneeled and prayed that the Lord would not lay this sin to their charge, but grant him strength to bear all these afflictions for His Name's sake. The captain ordered the men to fix bayonets. One replied that he had no bayonet. The other obeyed and was ordered to run him through if he would not get up and go into the drill. This man put the bayonet against William Hockett's back and began to push. Others took his arms and tried to persuade him to go forward. They said they did not wish to hurt him but they must obey orders or be shot themselves.

The captain then ordered the man with a gun to "blow a ball through him." The muzzle of the gun was placed against him, and the soldier pressed but did not shoot. Finally the man with a bayonet pretended to run it through him, but the bayonet only passed through his clothing and by his side without injuring him.

The captain then left, saying he was not yet done with him, and the men took him half a mile to Waynesboro, where he was left. The army and wagon trains all passed him, but the rear guards were under orders to pass none, and upon coming to our friend told him that they did not wish to hurt him, but they were under orders to take all on to camp and were obliged to do so. Considering that he had been faithful in bearing his testimony, and that

he was not required to walk in the drill, he walked on to camp with the gun still tied upon his back. When the gun was removed he would not take care of it, whereupon the soldiers made some threats, but did not punish him. They tried instead to induce him to run away. He told them to give him papers to show that he had his liberty and he would willingly leave them.

The second morning the soldiers again attempted to make him carry the gun. He told them he would not do it, and they threw it into a wagon. When they camped at noon the captain of the wagon train found out that William had not been carrying it and told the man who threw it into the wagon to go and make him carry it; that he would not have it in the wagon. The man attempted to compel William to carry the weapon, but he said he would not walk one step with it on; that the soldier knew it was wrong to try to make him carry it. The soldier said yes, he knew it was wrong, and then added: "Well, come along then; I will carry it." William was never again asked to carry a gun.

On the 28th of 6th month he wrote: "Oh! how I wish I was at home to go with my dear wife to Centre meeting to-day to worship the Lord in spirit and in truth. But the Lord's will, not mine, be done." In the evening he writes: "I have spent the day in reading my Bible, and in silent waiting upon the Lord. My heart is sick, seeing the roguery our men are up to; taking horses, cattle and provisions of all kinds. Nothing that they see escapes their grasp. An abundance of things is taken, and they are thrown

away because the men cannot carry them. I have nothing to do but cook my own rations and keep up with the wagon train."

On the second of July orders were given that he should go to cooking. The battle of Gettysburg was being fought, and the captain told him he would buck him down if he did not help. William Hockett was reading his Bible, and paid no attention to the orders. The captain then left him, but sent orders that he must carry water or he would have him sent to the front ranks in the battle where the fighting was being done. But William declined this service also, as it would release a man to fight. The captain now told him he would release him from both services if he would carry two buckets of water, but William would do no military service.

A short time after he had refused to obey the order to cook, a wagon arrived in which was a sick man, whom the captain referred to William for care, as he sat on his blanket reading his Bible. The poor, suffering, emaciated passenger said he was from Forsythe County, N. C., and was kept with the wagon train because he refused to fight, on conscientious grounds. He was probably a Dunkard. His health was broken down, and he was hungry and thirsty; he was in a pitiable condition, and William at once made way for him to lie down on his blanket.

The captain was watching him as he so kindly received and provided for the stranger. The man asked him to go to the camp and get him some water. William declined to go thither for it, but took his

canteen and cup, went to the spring and filled them. The stranger then asked him to go to the camp and get him some food ; but William declined to do this also, giving as a reason that he had refused to cook for the camp, and the soldiers might not be willing to allow him cooked food. He willingly gave him what food he had, however, and after some hesitation the hungry man ate it, upon being told that more rations would be issued that night. When the wagon moved on he went with it, cheered and refreshed, and William never saw him again.

Rations were issued that night, but not to William. They told him that as he would not cook he should not eat. He replied : " Well, I shall be fed in some way." The soldiers were under orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. The order came just as one man had his cake spread on the pan over the coals to bake for his supper, and he was unable to wait for it to be baked. William got the cake as he passed, and though it was a little too well baked on one side it served very well for his supper.

In the morning, as the troops were marching to another camp, they passed a small house near the road. It was getting well along in the day and William was beginning to feel the need of his breakfast and to wonder where it would come from, when he came opposite this house. Suddenly the window was opened and a woman threw a large loaf of bread directly at him. He caught it in his hands. She hurriedly closed the window and neither of them spoke. Was it an *accident* that he, the only one of all that

marching host that needed bread, should be provided for in this strange manner? William thought of the Lord feeding Elijah by the use of a raven, and concluded that He had used this woman, perhaps unconsciously to her, as a means of supplying his need. This bread lasted him until he was captured and fed by the Union soldiers.

On the second of July he writes : " We have heard the roaring of cannon all day. They have been fighting two days at Gettysburg. I have not heard the particulars." Next day he says : " The cannon are still to be heard. About noon they began fighting in earnest. There is a constant roaring of cannon almost like thunder. What an awful thing it is ! Lord, have mercy on me ; my mind is stayed on Thee. The fight continued until about midnight, and it is said to have been the hardest fight they have yet had." William Hockett seems to have been on some account at the hospital, and concerning what he saw he says :

" July 3d. It is a sight I never wish to behold again. Hundreds of people wounded in nearly every part of the body ; calling for friends to come and soothe their afflictions. Some dying, some already dead and lying out in the yard until holes can be dug to put them in. This is only one of the many horrible pictures of war. There were cases of whom hopes of recovery were entertained. Those of whom there were no hopes were left on the battlefield to pine away and die. There has been a heavy loss on both sides in killed and wounded."

How heavy it was our friend then had no knowledge. Much as he saw, he had no idea that on the Northern side the loss was 23,216 men, and on the Southern side 36,000, making, during this terrible three days' battle, a loss of over 59,000 men, bleeding and dying because "the rulers of the land had plunged us into a war with all its horrors."

"Seventh month 4th. Orders came for the wagon train to start for Virginia. Got to within six and a half miles of Hagerstown, and I told the captain that I was not able to walk; that he could draw me or leave me as he chose. He chose the latter, so I went to a man's house and stayed all night and was kindly treated."

"Seventh month 5th. Packed up to start, and the Union cavalry came along and took me prisoner."

He was marched around with others all day and most of the night, and then on to a camp at Boonsboro, and the next day to Frederick City, where about two thousand prisoners were gathered. In the evening they were put into cars and taken to Baltimore, where they were placed in Fort McHenry.

Here he writes on the eighth of July: "This is a trying place for a civil man. Both Northern and Southern men contend that they are right, when, in my opinion, they are both wrong. The bitter oaths that are continually sounding in my ears are disgusting to me."

From Baltimore, William Hockett was taken to Fort Delaware, of which he says: "It is a solid-looking place, but has too much the appearance of

war to be attractive to me. Here there are some ten thousand prisoners from all parts of the Southern Confederacy, and the place is anything but desirable. O Lord, be Thou pleased to keep me from the evils they are plunging into. I have not seen a man here whom I know."

"Seventh-day, 11th. I have been very sick for a day or two. I have read the New Testament through since I left home about a month since."

"Thirteenth. My health seems to be improving. I met to-day Carney Bollen, who told me that the four Holly Spring boys were in his regiment and company, and were well when he left."

"Fifteenth. Have been quite sick, but walked out in the open ground to get fresh air. While there another company of prisoners was brought in. The four Holly Spring boys were among them. I stepped up and spoke to them, which surprised them very much, as they thought I was at home. We were glad to see each other."

We can imagine these five men meeting so far from home and under such strange circumstances, as lifetime acquaintances and personal friends, of the same faith and having had similar experiences in bearing their testimony. As they recounted to each other their trials and sufferings, they must have rejoiced and praised the Lord together for His marvelous care of them, and the grace given them to hold out faithful.

The next day they were visited by two Friends from Wilmington, Delaware, Samuel Hilles and Wil-

liam Corse. These Friends brought them presents of oranges, lemons and bread, which were gladly received. These had only a few hours before heard that some of their Southern brethren were "sick and in prison," and they visited them as soon as possible.

The day following, Robert Pearsall Smith, of Philadelphia, who was connected with the Christian Commission, heard of them at the hospital, and at once went to see if he could do anything for them. The journal refers to these visits. According to R. P. Smith's advice, they prepared a paper to be laid before the authorities, in which they set forth the circumstances and their convictions, and asked to be discharged from the place. William Hockett had just had his pocket book and all his money stolen. He says: "Robert Pearsall Smith gave us some money and blankets furnished by Friends at the city. He said his mother was a Friend, and that he 'held somewhat that way,' and could sympathize with us."

"Seventh month 21st. Had just sent out and bought some bread and molasses when a basket of provisions and medicine was sent in from our friend, T. W. Beasley, who was not allowed to come in to see us. We now have something to eat and to distribute among the needy."

"Seventh month 23d. My companions and I have all things in common as one family. Have bought some *butter*, bread and molasses to-day."

"Seventh month 24th. Last night we were robbed of nearly everything except what we had on."

"Seventh month 25th. My companions are very

much out of heart. Some of them are sick. We are told that the general at the fort says we shall not be discharged unless we will join some Union company; that we can't send for any money from our friends, neither shall they come to see us; so our case does look gloomy.

"I told my comrades that I was reminded of what David Frazier said in his preaching at Centre meeting just before I left home. When speaking of trials that some one there would soon have to undergo, he said: 'Then recollect that the darkest time of night is just before the break of day.' I told them for all we knew this was the time, and just then an officer came walking along inquiring for the Quakers. Being pointed out to him, he read from a paper in his hand: 'Thomas Hinshaw, Jacob Hinshaw, Nathan Barker, Cyrus Barker, William B. Hockett. Are you here?' 'All here except Thomas Hinshaw.' 'Where is he?' 'Gone to the boat after water.' He turned around and said: 'Follow me.' Immediately we obeyed, and as we came to the gate Thomas was there, and ordered through with us. Our guide stepped in the office and got the order from the quartermaster to the general at the fort to discharge us and send us to Philadelphia. He then brought us in before the general, who read the order and then took down five 'oaths of allegiance to the Union,' and presented each with one to sign; but for conscience' sake we could not take them in their full form. The general told us we might take them as they were or remain there until the war ended, for we would not

be discharged. He said we professed to be a law-abiding people. We told him that we were, and when we, for conscience' sake, could not comply with the law, we submitted to the penalty, and that we were willing to be bound in that respect; but if the law required things of us that came into conflict with our religious feelings, we peaceably submitted to the penalty, if it was death, rather than wound our conscience.

“After consulting some officers he altered the oaths to ‘affirmations,’ striking out such parts as we objected to, but leaving us bound not to go into or correspond with the disloyal States without liberty from the Secretary of War. We then signed and qualified to them. He then gave us a passport to the boat at Newcastle and a transport to Philadelphia on the cars. Tenderly bidding us farewell, he said: ‘Don’t be too late for the cars.’ We were on time.”

Ascertaining that these papers permitted it, our friends accepted an invitation to stop at Samuel Hilles’s home in Wilmington, Delaware, who, with other Friends, was gone to Washington on their behalf, but returned next day.

These released prisoners made no small stir in the city of Wilmington as they appeared on the streets the day after their arrival. It was the day when the Friends held their mid-week meeting, and the North Carolina conscripts went joyfully to the worship of God in company with them. After the meeting was over, numbers of Friends were anxious to entertain the strangers and to listen to their remarkable stories.

The visitors finally separated, and as guests went to different houses.

For a few days they continued their visits among Friends, and the journal of William Hockett says: "Went to Joseph Tatnall's. He gave me five dollars, which I divided with my companions. Then we went to Samuel and Margaret Hilles's, who are like a father and mother to us."

They were taken by Samuel Hilles to Philadelphia, where they were entertained by Thomas Evans. Here they learned that the Philadelphia Meeting for Sufferings had appointed Thomas Evans, Samuel Hilles, and James R. Graves to visit the President and Secretary of War on their account. The journal continues: "They, under God's help, have effected our release, for which we feel truly thankful. We praise and adore Almighty God for His mercies so bountifully bestowed upon us poor unworthy creatures. Let all honor and praise be ascribed to the Lord, and none to us, for we are unprofitable servants; we have only done our duty, and it was through and by the ability which God gave that we were enabled to do this."

The Philadelphia Friends kindly furnished each of these five men with a trunk full of clothing and fifty dollars in cash, and with a ticket to their friends in Indiana. The wives and children of Thomas and Jacob Hinshaw made their way to them, in the course of the year, and the account of their journeyings in those troublesome times was an interesting story, as recently given to the writer by Thomas Hinshaw's wife. After the surrender, William Hockett and his

friends returned to their Southern homes, and on the farm where his wife so faithfully toiled for herself and the little ones, in his absence, they still live, enjoying the goodness and mercy of the Lord and the blessed hope of that eternal rest, into which some of their companions in trial, and their little ones, so faithfully cared for, have already entered.

On the fifth of June, 1865, under the shade of a big oak tree, in front of his house, where he had bidden his wife and children good-by two years before, to answer the call of the Raleigh guards, William B. Hockett was privileged again to clasp in his arms his wife and little ones. With joyful hearts thanksgiving was offered to Almighty God for His faithfulness in keeping them amid the scenes and privations of those years of separation; for William was not the only one to suffer trial. To his wife those years had been a time of earnest toil, care and anxiety. Not only had she labored for the support of herself and her little children, but solicitude for her husband had daily weighed upon her heart. Tidings came from him but seldom, and she could only leave him in the hands of her Heavenly Father while she carried on the farm, spun and wove, working by day and night, anxiously waiting and wondering how and when the end would come.

Johnston's army had spent many weeks in the neighborhood of her home, and had on two occasions filled her yard from morning until evening; but not a chicken had been taken without leave. Whilst the wagons and cattle of the army were passing, her own

cattle got loose and started away with the army herds. The colored boy whom she employed went after them, and when the captain of the train was told the circumstances, he ordered his men to help turn the straying cattle. A neighbor told the trusting wife that her horse was in too good condition; that the army was needing horses, and hers would surely be taken. The army was all day passing her house, and the excited horse was racing back and forth between the barn and the road in full view, but he was not taken. Although the neighborhood had been ransacked for miles around for horses, and scarcely one of any value had been left, this fine young horse, for which William Hockett had refused the five hundred dollars to purchase his freedom, had been spared through the providence of God and the care of the neighbors, who on some occasions had hid it in the woods and bushes. Says the journal: "The Lord knew the corn that was planted would have to be ploughed, or it would not grow, and the promise was that my wife should not want during my absence."

William Hockett quietly took up once more the duties of home life, and happily have he and his wife lived on the old home-place. Their little children of the war time, and others whom God has given them, are grown to manhood and womanhood, and some of them are settled in homes of their own. The baby who was so tenderly cared for in those trying years has gone on to the home above, leaving three of her own children to battle with life.

In their declining years, William and his wife,

under the shade of the old oak tree that casts a little longer shadow now, often recount the memories of those times and the blessings they have received from God. As regularly as in those earlier days before the war, they cross the stream still flowing between their home and the new meeting-house on the hill, to "worship God in spirit and in truth."

William has been recorded a minister of the gospel among the Friends, and in the evening of life is doing what his hands find to do, to hasten the day when righteousness shall reign in the earth, and the sound of battle shall no more be heard in any land.

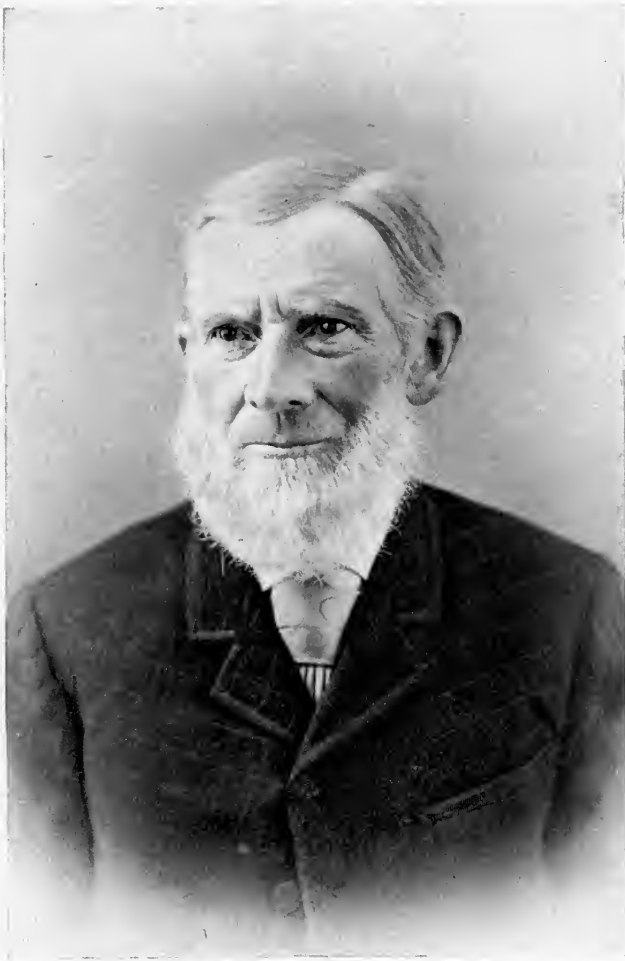
CHAPTER XIII.

God bless ye, brothers! — in the fight
Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail,
For better is your sense of right
Than kingcraft's triple mail.

WHITTIER.

~~III~~ HIMELIUS and Jesse Hockett were brothers of William B. Hockett. They were settled near the old homestead at Centre, always attended the same meeting, and had accepted the doctrines of Friends. On the fourth of April, 1862, they were drafted, sent to Raleigh, and thence to Weldon, N. C. They were assigned to Capt. Kirkman's company, but for some days were not required to perform any military duty. ✓

Himelius Hockett says: "The captain well understood our principles. He was a very kind man, disposed to favor us, and it was by his kindness that we were thus far excused from service." The conduct of the brothers excited the curiosity of the soldiers, and they had opportunity to explain their religious principles, which were well received by many. The colonel soon sent orders, however, that every man able for duty should be drilled. This brought the brothers before him, and he gave them the choice of one of three things, to take a gun, accept work, or be shot. But they said they must upon conscientious grounds decline



H. M. HOCKETT



to do any work that aided in carrying on war. The colonel replied that it was no time for religious scruples; that they were in the war and must fight out of it; that it was the duty of every man alike to aid in the defense of his country and property; that it would be time enough for people to embrace such a religion as they pleased when the war was over. He told them that they were liable to be shot for disobedience, and if they did not obey him he would report them to the highest authority. They replied that they were commanded to fear God, who is able to destroy both soul and body, rather than man who, when he hath destroyed the body, hath no more that he can do.

They were then taken to prison and told to make up their minds what part of the service they would enter. Much interest, from various motives, was shown by the men concerning the grounds of their objections and as to what would be the fate of the Christian prisoners. After coming to understand their position, many of the soldiers spoke words of encouragement to the Friends. One Baptist brother took up their defense, and argued that the Friends were right and where his own church ought to be upon the subject.

The colonel was informed by the brothers that they could not accept any of his propositions, and that, as was their Christian privilege, they would suffer the penalty, whatever it might be. They were then kept in prison for several days, expecting hourly to be called out for trial; but with others they were discharged, it having been proved that the number of men required from their township had been made up

by volunteers. They were accordingly sent home, only to be conscripted soon after. We will now let Himelius M. Hockett tell their story in his own words, as he has kindly sent it to the writer.

“We were notified of our conscription and ordered to camp, but we did not choose to go, and remained quietly about our own affairs. Soon, however, the militia colonel appeared and took us from our work in the fields to the camp at Raleigh. We stated our reasons for not answering the summons, and told the officers we went as prisoners and not as soldiers.

“Arriving in Raleigh April 4th, 1863, we, with a neighbor named Reynolds, were ordered to go at once to get wood for the use of the camp. This we declined to do, for we considered that by so doing we would commit ourselves to further military requirements. The officers then ordered soldiers to drive us into the service with bayonets, swearing that they would make examples of such men before they would have their orders disobeyed. We told them we meant no disrespect to them as men or officers, but that it was in obedience to a higher authority that we felt that we must refuse to obey orders that conflicted with the laws of God.

“We were left in camp over night, and the next morning were ordered to similar work, but declining, were told that they would soon bring us out of our religious notions. The enrolling officer of the company told us that over \$20,000 had been paid to him for Quaker taxes by Orthodox Quakers, and they would subdue us before they had donè with us.

“I then told my brother that they were in no condition to hear truth, and it would be like casting pearls before swine to reply to them. We meekly let them go on with their tirades of abuse until they pretty well exhausted themselves. Noticing our composure, one said: ‘I reckon you think you are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, don’t you?’ Every man was then ordered into line to march to the adjutant-general’s office to be assigned to his place in the army. We declined to march in line, and for this the soldiers were ordered to run us through with their bayonets. They ran the glittering steel through our clothing without inflicting the least damage to our persons, in a way that seemed strange to us. We told them we would go to the office as prisoners, but not in military drill. This we were allowed to do, and we did it with such coolness that one of the officers was heard to remark: ‘That fellow is no coward and might make a splendid field officer if he only had the right disposition in him.’

“We were assigned with Wenlock Reynolds and another Friend to a battery of artillery. Military clothing was given us but we declined it. We were sent at once to Kinston and placed in a battery of horse-artillery. Next day we were all three ordered to drill with the rest, but refusing to take arms, we were told by the lieutenant to consider ourselves under arrest for disobeying orders. Much curiosity was aroused among the men, many of whom could not seem to realize that religion had anything in it to justify exemption from military duty, in a case of neces-

sity like this; and one said: 'He that protecteth not his house hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.' To this I replied that the Scripture did not read in that way. He insisted that he had quoted it correctly, but, taking a New Testament from my pocket, I soon proved him wrong. He said that 'provide' meant the same as 'protect,' anyway. I told him to apply to the dictionary and he would find the meaning very different; that we believed it our duty to 'provide things honest in the sight of all men,' but when called upon to protect, in the sense in which he used the word, it was contrary to the precepts of Christ, who with his disciples taught that we should 'resist not evil,' 'do violence to no man,' 'they that take the sword shall perish with the sword,' 'be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good,' etc. One man called out: 'That man is right; it is as he says,' and thereupon they grew divided among themselves, and the officers became angry and ordered us up to the general's headquarters.

"General Ransom had been informed of our position, and meeting us at the gate of his office said that he was a man of decision and would have 'no equivocations nor prevarications' from us; as to our religion, we should not bring that up, for he knew as much about that as he cared to know. His decision was already made. We could go on duty under arms, pay the tax settled upon, or go to the salt-works, and he would give us as much time as we wanted to make our decision, but under the following circumstances: to be shut up in prison under guard, without one mor-

sel of anything to eat or drink, or any communication with any one until we complied with his orders.

“We were then taken to the provost-marshal’s office to receive the execution of our sentence. He advised us to pay the tax, as it was a great privilege which thousands would gladly avail themselves of. We told him that to us it was not a matter of dollars and cents; that this had no bearing with us; it was a matter of principle, in which our religious liberty was interfered with. Wenlock Reynolds concluded, however, to pay the tax and was discharged. But my brother and I could not feel free to do so and went to the prison to share alike our fate.

“The captain of the guard seemed at first harsh and rough in his manner, but a little incident, small though it may seem, took hold of his feelings. After committing us to the room and charging the guard in our presence to keep us with all diligence, he told them not to allow any communication between us and any one else, nor to allow us to have a morsel of anything to eat or drink, as the general had ordered. We were impressed that it would be right to make a full surrender and to trust wholly to a kind Providence, so we told him we had some cakes and cheese in our valises, that had been furnished us by our wives at home. We then opened the valises and showed him before the guards what we had, and told him if it was right to execute such a sentence, he could take them. ‘O!’ he said, ‘I guess you might keep that,’ and he seemed very tender, but looking at the guards who were looking at him, there seemed no way for him to

evade the command he had received and given, and so they took the food away. This circumstance undoubtedly had its effect in opening the way for future results.

“The captain did all he could for us, and thought we had better yield a little, even at some compromise of principle. He said that Ransom was a hard general and would see us perish before he would reverse his decision.

“Numbers became interested, and Walter Dunn, the provost-marshal, came in to see us; he labored hard to persuade us that we were in error in trying to keep to principles that our own church did not contend for; that he had taken pains to inform himself and we were about all who were giving the authorities trouble because of religion; he said Wenlock Reynolds had paid the tax, and why couldn't we; that we were not subordinate to the decisions of our church at large. I then took from my pocket a copy of the last yearly meeting's minutes and showed him the recorded decisions of that body. He paused for a while, and then said that we could not see alike, and it was better to compromise these little prejudices, or opinions, especially when calamities were upon us. I told him we had no right to compromise with wrong; we ought to obey God rather than man; and we should not do violence to an enlightened conscience. All his arguments were answered in a way that was interesting, if not satisfactory to him, and he then began to inquire into our condition as prisoners, concerning which he manifestly felt anxious. He asked if we had not

partaken of food or drink since we were put in jail, and we were able to answer him that we had not, which he seemed to wonder at, asking over and over particularly. It may be that he suspected the guards had been feeding us, for we had now been over four days without food or water, and there was a growing feeling of anxiety concerning us.

“The evening before the visit of the marshal, while we were feeling somewhat thirsty, copious showers of rain fell, and we could have caught water from the windows as it fell from the eaves of the building. My first thought was, ‘that water is providentially sent,’ but I felt restrained from taking any of it. Arousing my brother, who had fallen asleep, I asked him about it, and he said he thought we had better not. So we went to sleep again. Had we kept the cakes and cheese or caught the water, we could not have given the answers we did to the officer’s questions, and this fact seemed more to impress him in our favor than anything else.

“One day a sergeant came in, saying we were the worst men on earth; that we were committing suicide by willfully starving ourselves to death, and we would go to hell for it. I told him that he could make no such thing appear unless he could make it appear that we refused to eat, and that it was martyrdom we were suffering instead of committing suicide. At this he hung his head and went away.

“The chaplains and others were admitted to convince us of our supposed error and induce us to change our position. We seldom, if ever, had the

second disagreeable interview with the same person. Their abuse was received with meekness, and they afterwards rewarded us with kindness.

“ We felt remarkably preserved during this isolation from human aid, and felt but little the need of any earthly thing.

“ The night before our release, Colonel Eaton came to our prison with half a pint of water and one spoonful of sugar in it, saying: ‘ I have come to relieve you from this punishment. I have a little water and sugar which I am happy to furnish you.’ I told him if given in a Christian spirit he would be blessed in the deed. He seemed much affected and very tender, and said he hoped ever to live in the spirit of doing to others as he would be done by.

“ The next morning, fully five days after our confinement, a small amount of food was given us with the statement that the doctors said they must allow us but little, as much food would endanger our lives. It seemed singular that after passing such a sentence they should be so anxious to save our lives, but we soon ascertained that there was more anxiety than we supposed, and while we were favored to possess our souls in patience, the officers were much troubled on our account. We found, too, that the citizens were becoming so aroused that a plot was on foot to release us by a mob if we were not soon relieved.

“ A Baptist minister by the name of Thorne was admitted to our room soon after the sentence of starvation had been revoked. He seemed to be in the last stages of consumption, and said he did not expect

to live long, but wanted to encourage us to be faithful; that he had sympathized with us during our harsh treatment, and appreciated and endorsed our peace principles; that their church originally advocated peace principles and ought to to-day, but by giving away gradually to some disaffected members, they had drifted into a form of discipline which left their members at liberty. (Cabot Powell, the Baptist before alluded to, corroborated this statement, and so did Charles Spurgeon in his lecture on George Fox.) Our friend then told us that he had become so interested in our case that he had sent a letter by private messenger to Governor Vance, and had instructed the messenger to wait in person for a reply and return with it the same night. The governor, by executive authority, had revoked and set aside the sentence of General Ransom."

The following letter written by Himelius M. Hockett at the time of his imprisonment has been found by the writer among a package of papers, and will doubtless interest the reader :

KINSTON, N. C., 4/10, 1863.

"DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN: Having the chance to send home a few lines, rather unexpectedly, I have concluded to write, though under circumstances which I fear will prove trying to you. I am in good health and have been quite well, for me, nearly ever since I left home. Jesse is not quite so well. He has taken cold and has a troublesome cough, though we hope it will prove nothing serious.

“ We are assigned to Captain Bunting’s Wilmington horse-artillery company, stationed at Kinston. We were brought here last Fourth-day and remained in camp until this morning. On being required to drill we refused, and were sent up to the town one mile this side of the battery to appear before General Ransom. He told us he would hear no plea about religion, as the laws had made provisions and he was bound to execute them ; that he should put us in a room upstairs and we should not have one drop of water nor one morsel of food ; neither should we communicate with any one except authorities until we agreed to go on duty or pay the five hundred dollar tax.

“ Second-day, the 13th. We missed the opportunity of sending letters home and are still in prison, having been three days and nights without one morsel of sustenance, either bread or water, and the captain, who visits us daily, says that we will find General Ransom’s orders carried out, for he will see us dead and buried before he will give way one particle. We, however, do not think it safe to give way to his demands, having a Master, even Christ, to whom it is our duty to yield ourselves servants to obey.

“ Now read the tenth, eleventh and twelfth chapters of Hebrews, and they will set forth our faith and whereunto we must come, to become servants of the living and eternal God, who has bought us with a price and is able to redeem us from all suffering and bondage in his own time and pleasure, when he is pleased to say it is enough.

“ Whatever may be our fate, we feel perfectly resigned to God’s blessed will, which is a duty all Christians must come unto, and we have felt that we could give up all things in the earth for His sake, near and dear as they seem to us. Such has been our comfort after three days of starving that we have rested many times, perfectly at ease, not knowing the need of anything; yea, have felt that the bread from heaven had not been withheld from us. We sometimes feel the River of Life to be flowing so near that we can hardly desire to return to such freedom as the world can give.

“ Third-day, the 21st. Having been prevented from sending you a letter by the last mail, we now embrace the opportunity. We went four and a half days without a morsel of food or drink. By this time it pleased the Lord to touch the hearts of the people, and we were given one half pint of sugar and water the first night, and the next morning we received bread and other victuals, as we were able to bear it, it having been five days since we had eaten anything at all. We are now recruited and feel quite well. We have been quite well with very little exception ever since we left home. We were placed in the care of Captain Baxter of the ninth regiment, Company H, who is detailed at this place with his company to keep the prisoners, and who merits our grateful thanks for his kindness to us. He kept us under guard for some days and then told us he should take the guard away only when we had occasion to walk out of doors, also that we might walk where we

pleased over the house. In short, we are treated with a great deal of sympathy by all the soldiers in Baxter's company.

“Do not be discouraged, but look forward with an eye of faith, my dearest ones, and I humbly trust that better days will soon arise. Bless and kiss the children for me, and tell them, — oh, how much I love them !

“Direct your letter to Kinston, Lenoir Co., N. C.

“H. M. HOCKETT.”

To RACHEL HOCKETT.

Following their release from starvation, General Ransom on recovering from his illness returned to his command, and our Friends were again severely tried as the following letter, written to their father, will show :

KINSTON, N. C., Fifth mo., 25th, 1863.

“DEAR FATHER : We have not received any account from you since we wrote you last, which we expected to have done this evening ; neither have we received any account of the box which you proposed to send us. We suggest that you send no such thing without a pilot, which, perhaps, would not pay at present, as you could afford us but little relief in all probability by coming.

“We must inform you that our sufferings have been greatly increased since we last addressed you. General Ransom has returned. Last Fifth-day we were taken out with the other prisoners and required to clean up the streets about his quarters, which we re-

fused to do ; and we were harassed about the streets with logs of wood tied on our shoulders for about two hours, and then ordered to the guard-house with about forty others in the same house. Next day we were taken out and required to do some service, which we declined, and we were treated in the same way again amid the scoffs of many spectators. Then they ordered us separated. Jesse was taken down to the old jail and I to the guard-house, which is a large old store-room, full of vermin and almost every offensive thing, with one open door and two windows in the east. Owing to the crowded and filthy condition of the room it is a noisome and unhealthy place. The weather being dry and hot it is difficult to breathe in here of an evening. The prisoners are all falling away owing to the scant fare and confinement.

“I have not seen Jesse since Sixth-day morning, nor heard from him since Seventh-day morning. The jail is said to be a worse room for hot weather than this, and desperate for filth.

“I do not think it is so much the general's orders as the ambitions of a few young officers under him that cause us to be used as we are. They all insist that we should pay out. We are told that the two generals, Hill and Ransom, declare their intention of keeping us till the war ends, at all events, and we have little hope of getting off short of that. We can only rely upon the mercy and power of God to sustain us, though I do not see that we can do much for the credit of our Society in such a place of confusion as this, as there is continual rioting, fiddling, dancing,

swearing and drinking, — frequently among the officers.

“But enough of this! I have written in great confusion, but hope to be able to write to better satisfaction next time.

“H. M. HOCKETT.”

Returning to the journal we find the following:

“While we were enjoying comparative quiet within our prison, horrible tragedies were going on without. Two men were sentenced by court-martial to be shot for desertion. As we sat by the window we saw the doomed men march down the street to the place of execution, surrounded by a seemingly thoughtless multitude. The infantry and cavalry were there to witness the awful spectacle, that the lesson of obedience to military authority might be impressed upon the soldiers.

“On the fifteenth of Fifth month our old guard was removed and we were placed under the care of General Daniel, who ordered us before him and sternly demanded whether we were ready to comply with his requisitions. We answered in the negative, and told him if it was wrong at first it was wrong now. He said he was a man of few words and wished to know no more about our creed than he already knew, but as we were so conscientious he would respect our scruples thus far; he would not arm us nor require us to take any one’s life, but would put us in a position to save the lives of those who were loyal to our cause by placing us in the front of the next battle, where we

would serve as breastworks to stop bullets. We told him that we would prefer to suffer wrong rather than to do wrong and the responsibility would not be on us, after which he thoughtfully replied: 'No, I suppose the responsibility will not be on you.'

"At this moment I looked upon him with pity rather than with feelings of resentment for any treatment we had received, realizing that the time for 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' was passed away.

"General Daniel was soon ordered to assist General Lee, and before the time came for us to act as 'breastworks to stop bullets' he was killed in battle.

"On the 21st we were ordered to clear up the yard and cultivate flowers for the preservation of health, as the officers told us, and they said that this could in no way interfere with our scruples. We at once saw their motive, which was to have us commit ourselves to their authority. We told them that they had no right to demand of us, who were prisoners, such service as would lead directly to military requirements. The under-officer was much enraged, and after a time told us that he had reported us to headquarters, and that we were ordered to be shot that day at two o'clock; that until that time we were to 'pack logs.' The soldiers then brought some logs and required us to take them up and carry them, which was a punishment frequently imposed for various offenses. We told them that we felt under no obligations to impose self-punishment, and could not do so. The soldiers

tied them to us and marched us up and down the street.

“There was with us at that time a man named Blackmore, a Baptist, who refused to bear arms for the same reason as ourselves. He was soon after removed, and we understood that he died in camp.

“As we were marched up and down the street an army-officer stepped up to us and asked why our consciences did not extend into our legs, saying: ‘I see you carry the logs, and it would be much easier to carry a musket.’ I replied that we compromised no principle; that we went up and down the street as prisoners, not as soldiers; that there was no example in Scripture where the apostles or disciples of Christ refused to go when taken as prisoners by the ruling authorities; on all occasions they endured the penalty where they could not conscientiously submit to the laws, but that they always asserted the duty and right to obey God rather than men. His countenance changed and he walked away, and I never saw him again.

“At our first appearance many wicked expressions were heard, such as ‘wearing the yoke’, ‘bearing the cross of Christ,’ etc., but this was soon changed, and when the logs were removed it was done with tender hands. Our pardon was asked by some who had been the most unkind. So these punishments intended as scourges seemed more like jewels. No more was said of the shooting, which was to have taken place at two o’clock.

“Amid all, the Lord favored us to possess our souls

in patience, and our feeling of kindness caused every one to wonder, and we believe was the means of convincing many, both soldiers and citizens.

“Soon after this, the officers separated us. My brother, Jesse D. Hockett, was sent to the old city jail, where he was kept for some time in the dungeon, a dark and doleful place for a man. I was kept among other prisoners. On one occasion I was allowed to visit Jesse, after which he was returned to the guard-house. Our health was now very poor.

“On the eleventh of Sixth month, 1863, I was summoned to appear for trial by court-martial. I appeared on the thirteenth. The charges read were: ‘Positive disobedience to orders when required to take arms and drill.’

“The judge-advocate asked me if I wished a lawyer to plead my case. I told him I did not wish it. He said my case was a grave one, and I had better have a lawyer. One could be had for \$100. I told him if allowed to speak for myself that was all the defense I asked. He said I could have that privilege. I then asked if that was the only charge there was against me. They said it was. I then asked if I gave no reason for refusing to drill. The lieutenant had been called to prove that I refused to drill. He was now called again to answer my question, and he said that I did; that it was on account of religious scruples. I then told them that was no more than I had a constitutional right to do. They replied that the military code made no such provision. I said that was very likely, but the constitution was potent over

all laws of government, and no law could be rightfully enacted inconsistent therewith. The constitution as it then was secured to every man the right to liberty of conscience. I then asked if it was not known that I came into camp as a prisoner on account of religious scruples; if ever there was a charge against me for not answering at roll-call except when reported on the sick list, or if I had ever attempted in any way to escape the custody of the authorities that held me. To this he replied: 'I never knew of any cause of complaint outside of the charges preferred against you.'

"Among the many intriguing, ironical questions asked me was this: 'How was it that William Penn, one of the most distinguished men of your sect, so successfully fought the Indians in defense of his rights, if you cannot fight on the defensive?' It had been his understanding that Penn won great victories over the Indians. I told him if such was the case, he had been grossly misinformed; that neither William Penn nor any of his religious adherents had ever been responsible for one drop of Indian blood; that he resorted to no carnal weapons, but overcame his enemies by the spirit that overcomes evil with good. I further told them that the State of North Carolina was first largely settled by Friends; that the Indians regarded them as the peaceable sons of Penn and there was no war with them. After an extended interview, which seemed to interest all parties, I was returned to my prison-quarters to await the decision of the court-martial. This tribunal was composed of officers selected from a Georgia brigade who were very

little acquainted with Friends or their principles. But they seemed more ready to hear and learn than many of larger acquaintance with them, but whose jealousy and prejudice in war times ran higher. During the trial I felt that there was much sympathy on their part with me, and all the courtesy was extended to me that could be shown toward a prisoner, although frequent allusions were made by the members of the court to the stringency of the laws they were under and the oath they had taken.

“On the 22d inst. we were kindly visited by our dear friends, William Cox (a Friend minister) and Lazarus Pearson, by whom we sent letters home. Hitherto we had been denied the privilege of receiving or sending letters unless they were examined by military officers.

“On the 26th our dear friend, Needham Perkins (a Friend minister), also visited us and furnished us with a good supply of tracts, which we distributed among the soldiers. They seemed to appreciate them and gladly read them, while those sent from Charleston teaching that war was right were carelessly thrown away or used in lighting their pipes.

“On the 3d of Seventh month, 1863, we fell into the hands of a new provost-guard, and had a repetition of former experiences. We received this day an acceptable and cheering letter from W. T. Cox. I was taken sick on the 7th, and for several days remained very ill, during which time my brother was badly abused and punished severely for refusing to do military service.

“ On the 3d of Eighth month I was called out on dress-parade to receive with others the sentence of the court-martial. For desertion some were to have the letter D branded indelibly on their bodies, three inches broad. This was done in my presence with a hot iron, accompanied by the screams of the unhappy victims. There were similar punishments for other offenses. At last my turn came. I was sentenced to six months' hard labor in one of the military forts, bound with heavy ball and chain. Some of the soldiers who had a high regard for and deep sympathy with me said they believed the sentence of the court-martial was in my case grossly perverted. They had overheard a conversation of the officers, from which they gathered that no sentence had been passed on me, and that clemency had been recommended. I was informed that all the officers accorded with this until it reached Jefferson Davis, who refused to sign the decision and recommended that examples be made of all offenders, by adequate punishment.

“ A prisoner who was tried by the same court-martial, the next day after my trial, told me on his return to prison that they were going to clear me. I asked why, and he replied: ‘ The first question they asked me was, “ Are you a Quaker ? ” I told them I was not, to which one of them said: “ I am glad of that, for I never want anything more to do with them on this account. ” ’

“ They claimed to have charges against my brother, but he was never summoned before this tribunal.

“ On the 6th of Eighth month a new guard was

appointed, and on the 7th we were ordered to assist in unloading ordnance cars for the government, and the officers' ordered that we should be pierced four inches deep with bayonets if we refused. On declining to do this service my brother was pierced cruelly with bayonets, while I was hung up by the thumbs almost clear of the ground. After I had remained in this suffering position for some time, the corporal was told that he had no orders to tie up either of us, but to pierce us with bayonets, and that he had better obey orders. So I was untied and pierced with a bayonet, though slightly, perhaps on account of having already suffered unauthorized punishment.

“On the 9th I took leave of my brother in the prison at Kinston, N. C., where we had together endured much suffering, and was taken to Fort Caswell to receive the sentence of the court-martial. That night we were lodged in prison at Wilmington, and the next day took a boat to Fort Caswell. On the morning after my arrival I felt that it would be right to ask an interview with the commanding colonel, from a conviction of duty. My request was kindly granted and we had a pleasant interview, and I have always thought it a beneficial one. Colonel Jones seemed to be a man of more reason and discretion than many of his class, and his memory I shall ever cherish.

“I told him I sought the interview in order to explain to him the reasons why I could not comply with the demands upon me. He said that he had received a long communication from headquarters concerning my case, and thought he well understood the situa-

tion, but was instructed to carry out the sentence. He asked why we Friends could not furnish substitutes or do other government work if we were conscientious about bearing arms. I answered: 'Suppose I had an antipathy against thee and it was in my heart to take thy life, but not being desperate enough to do it myself, I, for one hundred or one thousand dollars, hired some ruffian to do it. Who would be responsible for thy blood?' To this he replied that I would be, of course, if I were the sole instigator of his death.

"I then told him it was for this reason that we could not hire substitutes, who pledged themselves to shed blood, as the common duty of a soldier. Again, as fortifications are needful in time of war, should we take the place of soldiers to build them? They would be placed in the ranks in our stead and sent to kill men. We, knowing these results, do not feel free to do a soldier's work.

"We had much discussion following this, upon the subject of war, and admirably different was the colonel's conduct toward me from that of most of the officers before whom I had been, who refused to hear any excuses on account of religion, saying they knew as much as they wanted to know on that subject.

"Colonel Jones said the reasons I gave were sincere, and he felt disposed to favor me all he could. But he was not there to make laws, but to execute such orders as he received from higher authority, and he had taken an oath to that effect.

"I told him I was not requiring him to take any

undue responsibility on himself. If it was right for him to take his high office and to perform the attendant acts of office, with any of which I could not comply, I was there to suffer the penalty; but it was the privilege and duty of Christians to give a reason for their faith and the hope that is within them.

“To all this he listened meditatively, but said he would have to send me to the prison. After a few hours the police came to take me to the smith-shop outside the fort, with orders to have me manacled with a chain to my leg, attached to a heavy ball. This was done with more apparent emotion on the part of the workman than on mine. The interview with the colonel had been overheard by outsiders, and word seemed to have run through the entire camp that there was a Christian prisoner brought in on account of his religion.

“At first the place seemed to me to be the worst I had ever seen, and the colonel had told me at the first of our interview that they had outlaws from the army and others of the worst class of men, yet I found more sympathy and kind treatment than at any other place. For several days I was not called for by the officer of the day, whose business it was to assign men work.

“Plenty of opportunity was offered me for the discussion of the war question. One man asked what would become of a nation if it should be invaded by another and none were ready to defend it. I answered that if the people were right on both sides there would be no need of defense, and if one side

were wrong the Lord would protect the right, if they trusted in Him, for 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' But when we sought to defend ourselves, we had no right to depend upon Divine protection. The Hebrews under Pharaoh were not responsible for one drop of blood that was shed in the exit from Egypt. The Lord delivered them, for they trusted in Him.

"He replied that we could not get nations to think alike, so we must take things as we find them. I told him the question should be whether the thing were right or wrong; if wrong, we should not do evil, that good might come, but overcome evil with good. He replied that these arguments would do in time of peace, but the nations would have to be wonderfully reformed before these plans would work; it would be an impossibility to change the minds of the people at once. I replied that individuals must begin the work of enlightening the people on the impolicies, injustice, and folly of war, as well as upon the conflict between its spirit and the precepts of the gospel. Being a little stirred, he said that the Bible sanctions war; that David was a man after God's own heart, and he was a great warrior, for while Saul slew his thousands, David slew his tens of thousands, and destroyed his enemies by force of arms. I told him that the Bible was full of prophecies pointing to the advent of Christ as the Prince of Peace, upon whose shoulders should be the government; that we were now in the gospel days when swords are to be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruninghooks; that Christ in his

teaching clearly corroborated the prophecies, saying: 'It was said by them of old time, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but I say unto you, resist not evil.' Saint Paul, the chiefest of the apostles, with truly inspired knowledge of the Gospel, testifies: 'The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds,' while the effects of carnal warfare are continually demoralizing instead of christianizing men.

"These and similar interviews were repeated for days, as new officers came in, and I seemed favored with ready answers, sometimes to my own astonishment, for it was not of me, but of Him in whom I trusted, and to Him be all the glory.

"After the arguments of the people about me for war were exhausted, they manifested an increased interest to learn more of the history and views of the Friends from the Christian prisoner, as I was called. There seemed manifest on the part of the guards a desire to have the opportunity of guarding me in and out of the fort, and no opportunity was lost for earnest inquiry after truth.

"The orderly-sergeant seemed to be a man of tender regard, who treated me with respect, and often went with me instead of sending a man. When I was released from the fort and sent back to Wilmington, he went with me to the boat instead of sending a police guard, and remained with me several hours in pleasant conversation until the boat started. He then bade me an affectionate adieu, with best wishes for my welfare and safety.

“The fort was surrounded by a wall of sand and turf, perhaps thirty feet high or more, with huge cannon mounted on its parapets. Within were gloomy prisons filled with guilty culprits behind ponderous iron doors, and an array of soldiers without. Yet, notwithstanding its gloomy appearance, it seemed to me as a secret hiding-place, and my chains as jewels, for they were taken as an evidence of my suffering for Christ’s sake.

“After having remained here about a week, which was spent in writing letters for the soldiers and conversing about religion with many inquirers, I was informed by the sergeant that if I had any preparations to make before leaving the fort, I had better be doing it, as the colonel had decided to send me back to Wilmington. I was soon called for and taken to the shop. As the smith was absent at roll-call, a crowd soon gathered, anxiously questioning as to what the results would be. Only words of kindness and sympathy were heard. When told of the order to remove my chain, the smith said: ‘In the first place, it ought never to have been put on such a man, and I consider it a burning shame to humanity.’ He hastily cut the chain and dashed it away with seeming contempt. His words and actions caused me to feel some anxiety on his account, for at Kinston, where I had been so long, they would have been regarded as treasonable.

“I was satisfied that I had the sympathy of the colonel, and that he had the chain put on me as the lightest form of punishment to which he could resort

under the circumstances, and no work was at any time required of me. I had been sent to Fort Caswell under the custody of three armed soldiers, but Colonel Jones sent me back to Wilmington in care of a single guard.

“On arriving in Wilmington, at ten o'clock at night, Major Sparrow, the provost-marshal at that time, refused to admit me that night, saying there was so much sickness, and so many were off duty in consequence, he could not furnish a guard. So my escort said we would have to return to the boat, which was fastened to the wharf. He remarked that he would have to guard me all night, not that he had any fear of me, but that it might not be well for him to be found off duty or asleep. I answered that I was aware of his responsibility as a soldier, and did not wish in any way to subject him to punishment, but I had a couple of blankets with me and felt like sleeping, so if he cared to sleep with me all would be well. He replied that he thought he would risk it, so placing his gun in one corner, he slept with me, more like friend with friend than prisoner and guard. In the morning I procured water and shaved and washed. I asked him if he would like to shave, and he gladly accepted the invitation, saying it was not often that the opportunity was offered him.

“He asked me many questions concerning the principles and doctrines of Friends, and I answered them as best I could. He inquired why they were not more generally known, and said he had only heard of the Quakers or Friends in rather a disparaging way,

and knew but little about them. He said he would like to learn more about them, and asked me to send him some books setting forth their doctrine, if we ever got through this war. I had with me a good supply of tracts, expressing their views and Christian doctrines, and he received them gladly. At the proper time he delivered me to Major Sparrow and bade me an affectionate farewell.

“Major Sparrow was one of the pleasantest men I ever met. I conversed with him concerning the troubles of the times, and he said many things that surprised me. He placed me behind the iron doors, as I felt, not from his own choice, but from the necessity of the occasion.

“The next day, 8/17, 1863, my brother Jesse was very unexpectedly brought to my prison. I had left him at Kinston. He knew of no reason for his being sent to Major Sparrow. He was received kindly, the guards were dismissed, and Major Sparrow told him to sit down and wait until he had time to talk to him. He had many questions to ask concerning our history, and said: ‘I think it would have been best if we had all been Quakers, so far as to have averted these calamities that are upon us.’

“Behind the ponderous iron doors we heard little of the disturbances without, except from prisoners of either army who were brought into the prison.

“For some unknown reason we were next sent to Goldsboro and placed in the guard-house there, but in a few days we were called out to the camp of the artillery company, in which we were placed

at Kinston, it having been removed to a place near Goldsboro.

“The first lieutenant required us to take arms and drill at once, and if we refused, he said we should be transferred to another general who had expressed a desire to have some Quakers to ‘show that he could bring us into subjugation,’ and who ‘would tie a rock to our necks and pitch us into the river the first time his orders were disobeyed.’ We kindly dissented from his orders, and he sent us back to the guard-house, after which we were kindly treated as prisoners by all with whom we had to do. Colonel Pool was even more kind than the duties of his office strictly allowed.

“When my wife and little son came to the city to visit me, he, without any solicitation, sent for me to report at his office, and kindly offered me a furlough, good for twenty-four hours, to pass anywhere in the city of Goldsboro to procure comfortable quarters for them, the furlough to be renewed each evening at nine o’clock, as long as my wife had a mind to stay in the city. On thanking him for his courtesy and kindness to me, only a Christian prisoner, he replied: ‘No occasion. It is my duty to do as I would be done by, and your captain has told me that you were a man worthy of full confidence.’

“From time to time during our stay here we were visited by our friend William Cox, the minister before alluded to, who lived sixteen miles away, and by numbers of other Friends. They brought us provisions, etc.

“Such was the opportunity for discourse with prisoners of both armies, as they were being passed back and forth, that it seemed more like opening a mission-field than being in a military prison. Our time was often occupied with such interesting religious service as to leave us the assurance that it had not all been spent for naught.”

“On the tenth of Eleventh month, 1863, we were discharged by the authorities, having remained in this prison since the twenty-first of Eighth month. As we were now set at full liberty, we repaired to our homes, where we found our families well, thankful for the protection and many favors we had received from the Father of all our sure mercies during the many trying ordeals through which we had passed.”

Himelius and Jesse Hockett had been kept from their homes one year, seven months and six days. During this time their wives had ploughed the fields and raised crops to support their families, and had manufactured their clothing from cotton and wool grown upon their little farms. H. M. Hockett's wife's health was impaired, and she has never been as well as before, but still these sisters speak with pride of their husbands' loyalty to their principles, and rejoice that they were enabled to do that which fell to their lot, though hardship and trial were theirs. They have since been favored to see their children grow up around them, have families of their own and become successful citizens, while upon their old homestead they quietly enjoy their declining years, rejoicing in the peaceful days that have come to their South-

land. They know that the day will soon come when they will be summoned to a higher tribunal than that of any military court. As they continue to put their trust in the same Almighty Friend who sustained them in the dark days of privation and suffering, they humbly believe that by grace, through faith in the Prince of Peace, they will be presented faultless before the Father with exceeding great joy.

CHAPTER XIV.

Prayer-strengthened for the trial, come together,
Put on the harness for the moral fight,
And with the blessing of your Heavenly Father
Maintain the right.

WHITTIER.

WE have now followed the three Hockett brothers of Centre meeting through their trying experiences. There were other members of that meeting, who had been with them at school and had met with them from week to week since boyhood in the old log meeting-house on the hill. They were of the same blood and faith, and were as willing as the brothers to sacrifice their lives for their faith. They were genuine disciples of George Fox, of whom the soldiers said: "He is as pure as a bell; as stiff as a tree." Many were pressed into the army, but none of them could be made to fight.

Simon Kemp was taken to Drury's Bluff and attached to the 5th North Carolina regiment. As he refused to receive the bounty money, equipments or clothing, after weeks of trial and imprisonment, he was allowed to pay the tax.

Solomon and Kelby Hodgkin hid in the woods for a long time, but finally paid the \$500. Job Leonard, Lewis and Joshua Reynolds paid the tax. Abner Lamb went to the salt-works.

Elihu and Isaiah Cox, David Chamness, Nathan Watkins, Simeon Barker and David Wilson were sent to cut wood for the railroad. The State, owning the road, had given out a large contract for wood to be prepared for the engines, and men needed to do the work were detailed under State authority.

Springfield meeting was about eight miles from Centre, and this neighborhood, too, was visited by the soldiers, searching for those who did not intend to go to war unless compelled to do so.

The first Bible school ever held in the State of North Carolina was held here in 1822 by Allen U. Tomlinson. He was a prominent Friend when the war began, interested in every good word and work. He had been the superintendent of this school since its beginning, and it was said to have been the only one held in that part of the country during the war. After the war closed he held a Bible school celebration. It was attended by Governor Worth, who made an address, during which, in contrasting the influences of peace and war, he said: "This is the only green spot in North Carolina."

The school enrolled three hundred, and was very largely attended. Many persons, both old and young, here learned to read and study the Bible. "Uncle Allen," as all the country about called him, was becoming too old to act as superintendent. After more than forty years' service he was succeeded by his son Sidney, but so long as he was able to go he attended the school. For about sixty successive years this father and son served the school, the son dying at his

post just as he had finished a blackboard exercise illustrating the day's lesson. Stepping back to look at it, he was taken with severe heart trouble. He seated himself on a form near by and passed away before any one could realize his condition or do anything for him. "Uncle Allen" had gone to his home above some years before.

During the war Allen U. Tomlinson and sons carried on a large tannery and shoe-factory, and by this means kept a great many out of the war by having them detailed to do their work.

This shoe-factory worked up their own manufacture of leather into shoes, and also most of the leather brought into the port of Wilmington, N. C., by the steamer *Advance*, which successfully ran the blockade below Wilmington for a long time. Some Friends belonging to Springfield meeting declined to pay the tax, and were carried to the army or taken to guard prisoners at Salisbury, but they stood firm to their faith, and became a burden to the officers and the army rather than a help. During the last two years of the war, Allen U. Tomlinson spent most of his time in visiting the authorities and in securing the release of Friends.

Enos A. Blair, a member of Springfield meeting, was arrested, but finally succeeded in obtaining exemption papers. His son, Frank S. Blair, only seventeen years old, was conscripted while at school, and his father paid the tax for him also.

One day while Sidney Tomlinson and other Friends were riding home from meeting on horseback, a

number of men belonging to Wheeler's Texas cavalry rode up and compelled them to dismount. The men took their horses, which were extra good ones, and left our friends to walk home. General Johnston's army was encamped for days in this neighborhood, and Uncle Allen Tomlinson's house was headquarters for the officers all the time the army was there.

Not only were the movements of men closely watched, but their words were as carefully noticed. One was liable to arrest and punishment for any unguarded utterance against the Confederacy. It may be well to insert here an instance of this kind, as an illustration of the punishment meted out to those who were not sufficiently careful in this respect to satisfy the military authorities.

A young man who had once been a Friend was forced into the army and entered upon military duties, though reluctantly, for he was at heart not only opposed to the war but also loyal to the Union. On one occasion, amid his supposed friends, he remarked that he wished all the men, North and South, would go home and leave the rulers who brought on the war to fight it out. This speech, possibly in an exaggerated form, was reported to the officers; the man was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot at noon that day. He wrote a few words of farewell to his wife and mother, which were endorsed by the chaplain of the regiment, and according to the sentence of the court-martial he was shot. But he was not the only one who suffered; the sad tidings caused the death of his mother and the overthrow of his wife's reason.

In this connection we will give the account of Rufus P. King, a man now well known among Friends throughout the world, but who was not in those days aware of such a people as the Friends or known by them. He was taught of God the principles of peace, and has been teaching them so faithfully since the dark days of his youth, in different lands, that those who know him would be disappointed if these pages contained no account of the Lord's gracious care of and dealings with him. The facts here given were obtained from him for publication in this work, though he gave them reluctantly, and consented only with the thought that some good might be done by way of encouraging others to faithfulness.

He was born near Chapel Hill, N. C., April 15, 1843. Early in life he was obliged to earn his own living and had poor opportunities.

He was one of the first to be drafted early in the year 1862, before he was nineteen years old. He was thus called to fight a people of whom he knew nothing, and against whom he had no complaint; and to battle for the continuation of a system with which he had no unity. Indeed, he says, he had often noticed that the slaves produced the wealth of the whites, yet while they lived in luxury, the slave was obliged to put up with the coarsest of food, and oftentimes with miserable accommodations.

He was attached to the eleventh North Carolina regiment, then stationed on the coast near Wilmington, with Pettigrew's brigade. In the early autumn his captain was taken sick, and as Rufus was of a



RUFUS P. KING



sympathetic nature, ever ready to help in sickness, the captain chose him to serve as his nurse. It was soon discovered that the captain had the yellow fever, and he was sent to the hospital. From there he was taken to his home at Chapel Hill, N. C., and Rufus accompanied him thither. At Goldsboro it became known that the captain had the dreaded disease, and it was with difficulty that they could get on the train for Durham. The car which they finally entered was given up to them entirely, except by an old colored man who crouched in the far corner.

On the journey Captain Jennings died with all the horrors of a death by yellow fever. Arriving at Durham early in the day, the trainmen were obliged to assist Rufus in removing the heavy body of the captain from the car to the warehouse. There Rufus proceeded to prepare the body for burial. The cause of the officer's death soon became known in Durham also, and Rufus was left alone in the prosecution of his solemn duties. He succeeded in securing a wagon to convey the remains to the home of the widow and her daughter, about twelve miles away, and remained with them until after the burial.

His captain being dead, Rufus seems to have known no other authority and went home. The death of Captain Jennings under such circumstances had made a very serious impression upon him. His own deliverance from taking the fever seemed a Divine favor, and he was in a condition to listen to the "old, old story." A Methodist protracted meeting was being held near his home, and he attended it. He was

deeply convicted on account of his past sins, and for three days and nights he wept over them. Then "casting himself at the foot of the cross," through faith in the precious blood of Jesus, which was shed for the remission of sins, he was favored to accept Christ as his personal Saviour. He was soon after received into the Methodist church.

Nearly three months passed away before the officers of his regiment sent for him, and then his position as a soldier, whose business it was to slay his fellow-men, became a serious thing to him. He was deeply troubled on account of it, and from Thursday night until Saturday morning for successive weeks he fasted, and prayed that the dear Lord would preserve him from taking the life of another. So convinced did he sometimes become of the sinfulness of such an act that he would have chosen that his own life should be taken rather than that he should take the life of any one else. After these seasons of prayer and fasting his heart was filled with gratitude to God and joys unspeakable. The fifth chapter of Matthew was read to him by the third lieutenant of his company, who was his friend, and so clearly did it answer the convictions of right in his own heart that it comforted him greatly.

We must bear in mind that Rufus was surrounded by a military régime; that his whole life had been spent among those who believed in war and who practiced slavery; that he had never known such a people as the Friends, and that before his conversion he had no teaching upon the principles of peace.

After giving his heart to Jesus, his teaching had been by the Spirit of the Lord and what he had heard read from the Bible.

Having thus seen the wrong of both war and slavery he had little faith in secession, and frequently told the soldiers that the Northern army would be victorious.

When the army started for Gettysburg, he was much rejoiced at the direct answer to his prayers by being released from military duty and assigned to the ambulance corps. The officers had discovered his qualifications as a nurse and concluded that he would be of more use in that capacity than with a gun. His duty was to care for the wounded, and on the first day of the terrible fight at Gettysburg he followed the line of battle until men began to fall around him. He then assisted them to the rear, constantly returning for more.

At the time the Union line gave way and the Southern men charged on through Gettysburg, his regiment was nine hundred strong; when the three days were ended, only three hundred all told could be found. Nearly all the officers had been killed. The third lieutenant, Rufus's friend, was mortally wounded. As Rufus stood by him on the battle-field wishing to know what he could do for him, the lieutenant said: "O Rufus, pray for me!" Kneeling by his side, with the bullets still flying around them, for only the second time in his life in the hearing of men, he raised his voice in prayer for his much loved friend who was bleeding and dying by his side. There were other poor soldier boys lying about, wounded and dying, to

whom the voice of prayer was much more sweet than the sound of battle, and many of them crept up where they could hear. Rufus was surprised upon concluding his prayer to find so many around him. He took up his friend and bore him to Willowby's Run, a brook near by, and laid him down in the shade of a tree. Rufus did all he could for his wounded friend, but death soon ended his suffering.

The shades of night fell upon the field of Gettysburg, and a dreadful night it was to him as well as to many others. He busied himself all night, carrying water to the sufferers around him.

The next day his regiment was not engaged, but General Longstreet's force which was near them was in battle, and as he heard the bands playing "My Maryland," "Dixie," and other merry tunes, he thought it sadly out of harmony with other scenes and sounds of the battle-field. There was the roaring of cannon as they sent iron balls and bombs on their errand of death; the noise of musketry, as men were engaged in pouring leaden hail into the ranks of other men; the clashing of small arms in the more close and deadly combat of men who fought each other as wild beasts, although they had no real cause of enmity against each other.

The effect upon Rufus was such that he has never liked to hear a band since that time. Though he knew little then of the prophets or their utterances, he realized the truth of the prophet's saying: "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood." Much more agreeable to him

than the noise of battle or the playing of bands is the recitation of poetry like this :

“Hasten, great Father, the bless'd consummation
When nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
When war is no longer the Christian's vocation,
When the spear shall be shivered, and broken the bow ;”

or like this from Longfellow :

“Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, ‘Peace !’
Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies ;
But beautiful as the songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.”

In the third day's fight his regiment was engaged, and he describes the scene as being terrible indeed ; but other pens have described the battle of Gettysburg, and we will not undertake it. It is stated that for a mile upon that field one could have walked upon the bodies of the slain. As Lee's army retreated, the road was for a mile strewn on each side with wounded and dying Southern men. Touching indeed were their appeals for help, and that some message might be sent to their loved ones at home. But the retreating soldiers had no time to hear the message, or to soothe and comfort the dying, as they rushed past seeking their own safety.

Little do we realize, as we listen to or read the accounts of “the glories of war,” of that hidden picture, that terrible scene of carnage, suffering and death so largely kept in the background, where, overlooked

and unrecorded, are the details of individual suffering and death. One sentence, giving the number of "killed and wounded," indicates more than can be compensated for by all the glories that can be gained by any military achievements. Too few think of the dying soldier, suffering from wounds and thirst, with no hand to give even the cup of cold water so much needed; no pillow upon which to rest his aching head; only the ground to lie upon, in dew or rain or scorching sun; no ear into which he may pour his dying message.

Young men, think of this side of the picture and consider well before entering upon the life of a soldier! The uniform soon becomes soiled; the street parade changed to long, weary marches; instead of the smiling faces of friends are the stern ones of an enemy. May the rising generation so consider and act as to hasten the day when war with all its horrors may be forever done away from this land, wherein shall dwell righteousness and peace.

Rufus was captured by the Union troops at Falling Water, Gettysburg, and taken to Point Lookout, where he remained for more than a year, nursing the sick prisoners, and here he closed the eyes of many a dying Southern boy.

In 1864 he was taken with a shipload of exchanged prisoners to Savannah, Georgia, from which place he soon found his way home, where he thought he might remain, but was not allowed to do so. He said he felt that he would not take human life for the world, and he prayed earnestly that a way might be made for his escape.

Soon after his return to camp, the pickets near him acquainted him with their intention to cross over that night to the Union army. The pickets being gone and all obstructions removed, he concluded that this was the door opened for his escape, and he too walked over and reported to the Union officers. They were favorably impressed with his simplicity and candor, but required him to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. He told them that, while he was not afraid to call on God to witness to the truth of what he might say, yet he could not take an oath on account of what James said in the Bible. They kindly accepted his statements and passed him outside the army.

He now traveled with a companion to Indianapolis, where for three days he sought unsuccessfully for work. He then started on West, seeking employment on the way. At night he crept into a straw rick for shelter and sleep. There he sought the guiding hand of the Lord, and prayed for a home, that he might find a place in the hearts of the people, none of whom he knew.

He says that that night was one of blessed communion with the Lord. In the morning he traveled ten miles, and then called at a house for food and work. Here he found a home, where for two years he was kindly cared for as an own son. The good woman, he says, was a mother to him. Here he first became acquainted with the people called Quakers, and at Mill Creek, Ind., for the first time in his life he attended a Friends' meeting.

Such kindness and sympathy were manifested toward him that his heart was quite won. The young people became interested in him and took him into the Bible school, and there he learned to read. From the fullness of his heart he soon began to speak in their meeting for worship. In broken sentences and in much simplicity of manner he told of the wondrous love of God as he had experienced it in his own soul, through faith in the blood of Jesus. He applied for membership with the Friends, and was received by Mill Creek meeting in 1856.

2 1866
He then removed to Walnut Ridge, Ind., where he attended school for a short time. From there he moved to Farmers' Institute, where he was recorded as a minister. Since then he has devoted his time almost wholly to the preaching of the gospel, and has visited, in the service of the Master, not only the Friends of America, but those in Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, France, Denmark, Norway, Australia, New Zealand, Syria, and Palestine, — everywhere preaching the simple gospel of salvation to lost sinners, through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ shed for the remission of sins.

He is now making his home with his wife and little ones in the Old North State, at Archedale, before mentioned.

CHAPTER XV.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.

WHITTIER.

AT the beginning of the war there were but few Friends left in Tennessee. It was easier for them to go to the Western States than for those who lived over the mountains in North Carolina, and most of them did go before hostilities began.

The few remaining were favored to escape any special notice from the government until the passage of the conscription act, November 1st, 1862, whereby all male citizens in the State between the ages of eighteen and forty-five were ordered to appear at their respective courthouses and be enrolled. The order was given by the State authorities, and made it the duty of militia officers to arrest as deserters all who failed to appear, and to treat them as such after they were captured. East Tennessee as a whole was loyal to the United States. The appeals of Andrew Johnson, Thomas A. R. Nelson, John Baxter and Parson Brownlow had been heeded by these honest-hearted

mountaineers, and with small exception they maintained their loyalty.

In Blount County, Tenn., where many Friends had lived, the people were not in sympathy with secession, and were not willing to be enrolled. As an evidence of their loyalty, notwithstanding the terrible penalty for failing to present themselves for enrollment, only about twenty of the one thousand men in that county who were required to appear did so. Our informer tells us that the others "stampeded to Kentucky."

In Green County was New Hope meeting, eighty-five miles east of Knoxville. About twenty Friends were left here who were liable to conscription. These were not ready to leave their homes. They could not fight, and therefore tarried about home until the soldiers began the search for deserters. Five of these Friends met the officers with gold, and these five men each gave three hundred dollars in place of the five hundred dollars in Confederate money, required by law, and thus secured exemption papers.

One of these twenty Friends was James F. Beals, a young schoolteacher, who, when a student at Friendsville, had been converted to the principles of the Gospel as held by the Friends. As the work of secession progressed, he watched anxiously the movements of those around him, and the neighboring secessionists watched him. He was of legal age for a soldier, and in these days no man could long escape being counted either for or against the cause of the Confederacy; there was no neutral ground. Our school-

teacher was soon "reckoned against them." He was enrolled as a member of one of the companies of conscripts, and was ordered to appear and muster. Instead of complying, he accepted the challenge of a graduate from a Virginia college to discuss publicly the question, "Resolved, that a Christian should not engage in war." Instead of mustering as a soldier, he made a speech for "The King." For this he was court-martialed and fined. Soon after, while occupied in his school-room, he was visited by a company of soldiers, who ordered him to appear at their headquarters. He was detained but a short time, and then allowed to return to his duties. The law at first exempted schoolteachers and ministers of the Gospel, and under this law they had no right to detain him. It was not long, however, before the schoolhouse was again visited and surrounded by soldiers. Officers entered and arrested the unresisting teacher, and all day they kept him with them as they marched from house to house, searching for men who might be conscripted. Out-buildings, cellars, lofts, and every other conceivable place, were searched, as they sought for men to take up arms in support of their cause.

At night the prisoners were kept in camp under guard, and in the morning they were taken to the enrolling officer, to be assigned to their companies. When James F. Beals was presented, he found present the wife of the officer, who was the daughter of a prominent Union man, and she interceded with her husband for the release of the schoolteacher, and was successful in her plea for him. But he had become a

marked man, and was looked upon as an enemy in their midst. He had heard of others similarly situated being shot, hung, sent to prison, or forced to the front. Knowing that he could not much longer teach school at New Hope, he determined to cross the borders of the Confederacy the first opportunity.

A large company of Union men were collected near by at the foot of Bay's Mountain, and he, with a number of other young men, decided to join them in their march westward. The company numbered fifteen hundred men, and they hoped by night-marching to reach Cumberland Gap, which was then held by the Union forces. One morning they were informed that a regiment of Confederate cavalry was in pursuit of them. They were in no condition to fight, though the will of many of them was good for it; so they took the wiser course. Entering the forest they hurried on, weary, footsore and hungry, for thirty consecutive hours without stopping for rest or food. Wading streams, climbing heights, forcing their way through thickets, they evaded their pursuers, and reached the Federal camp at Cumberland Gap. Here they rested, received all necessary attention, and nearly the entire company enlisted as United States soldiers. They offered to elect James Beals a captain if he would join them, but he was not aspiring to military honors, and with two other young men he obtained a Federal pass and started on his way to Indiana. But Federal passes were not recognized by Confederate soldiers, and meeting with Reynolds's brigade, trying to make its way to Knoxville, Tenn., they were captured as

spies and taken to headquarters. Being unable to prove the charges, they kept them as prisoners, after having most rigidly searched them, and then started them back to Tennessee.

Our friend was in no condition for this return march, but there was no help for it. Day after day he accompanied the soldiers, enduring much suffering from their persecution. One drunken officer frequently threatened to kill him, and would approach him with a bayonet, thrusting it as near his throat or breast as possible without wounding him, and seeming to care but little if he killed him.

Their food was mainly green corn, gathered by the way and roasted in the shuck. This he could not eat, and for three days and nights he ate nothing. One of these days he was denied any water. Their water was taken from muddy streams or ponds. Sometimes there were dead bodies of mules half concealed in the water from which their supply was taken. The weather was very hot (August, 1862), and the roads were dry and dusty. They traveled continually in a cloud of dust, a part of which would settle in an uncomfortable coating upon them. For eight hundred miles our friend was made to march, the last three hundred miles of the way barefooted, with blistered and wounded feet, his shoes having been utterly worn out.

Arriving in Knoxville, he was liberated, but was soon prostrated with fever. Upon his recovery he was granted a permit to go on with his teaching for another year. General Burnside reached East

Tennessee about the time the year expired, and as the Southern soldiers were fleeing before him, they sent for the teacher; but he escaped and made his way to General Burnside's headquarters at Knoxville. He then went to Blount County, where he was commissioned by the Friends to visit Philadelphia and other cities to solicit aid, in order that they might make a crop, as their food and grain had been so entirely consumed that they had no seed.

Armed with proper credentials from church and state, he went to the North and West. The meeting for sufferings of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting at once ordered a check for \$1500 to be given him. In Cincinnati and other places he procured carloads of corn, hominy, beans, meat, etc., which, with the aid of the Christian Commission, was transported free of charge to Tennessee, and from there distributed in season to serve the people in making their crops.

Our friend Beals became active in the service of church and State, serving in various offices his church, county, State, and the United States government in Washington, D. C. He still lives among his native hills, doing the work which comes to him as a Christian citizen.

John Beals, a leading Friend of New Hope meeting, in Green County, was much troubled concerning the situation of the members of his little church. He fully realized the danger they were in, and was desirous of finding some way to relieve them. While walking in his orchard one day, wondering what could be done, and praying for wisdom and guidance, he

discovered in the bushes an opening in the ground amid the rocks. Upon investigation, he found it to be the entrance to a cave, the existence of which neither he nor any of his people had ever known. Vines so covered its entrance and a tree had fallen before it in such a way as to completely hide it from the view of a passer-by. The passage was so low and narrow that one could only creep along it, and it abruptly opened into a large cave, the floor of which was slightly lower than the passage. In one corner was a spring of excellent water, and quite surprising was the fact that the air was remarkably dry and pure for such a place.

Our friend at once began preparations to make the cave a place of abode. It served also as a hiding-place for provisions, which would otherwise have been taken by the soldiers. There were fourteen Friends in this neighborhood, any one of whom was liable to be shot if found by the men who were searching for them. Soon all of these were hidden in "Providence Cave." One of them said: "I do believe it was the Lord who guided John Beals to it just when it was needed." Hence the name.

In a recess of the cave the men built rough bedsteads, and bedding was furnished by the good housewives. When able to work, the men made shoes and did many other such things as could be done under the trying circumstances. When it was too cold to work, they betook themselves to bed.

John Beals and the women watched constantly for the approach of strangers, and every precaution was

taken to keep the hiding-place a secret. Those who were hidden never ventured out without approving messages from their faithful guardians. Whenever strangers or soldiers approached, John Beals was usually found hewing a gate-post from the tree which had fallen near the cave. He would leave his work and come to greet the strangers, who could easily see the nature of his occupation from the fallen tree and the chips he had made. The noise made by the little hewing he had done served to inform the hunted men of the approach of the strangers. It took friend Beals many months to hew out those gate-posts, but he was getting along in years, was too old for conscription into the army, and he was not in urgent need of the gate-posts.

For nearly a year these men lived in this way. At last, becoming wearied of voluntary imprisonment and such a confined life, they determined to make an effort to escape by crossing the woods, hills and streams between them and the free West. When an opportunity occurred, they accordingly left their home in the cave and the friends who had ministered to their needs so long, and at great risk attempted to leave the land where they could not breathe the air of freedom. Some of this company passed the picket lines and reached Iowa in safety. Others were not so successful, but were captured after reaching Kentucky and sent to the front, where they suffered much persecution and trial before their liberty was secured.

A boy of nineteen years, the son of a widowed mother, whose father had been conscripted and had

died in prison from starvation and cruelty, determined that he would not aid in the war. He had been received into membership with the Friends after the exemption law was passed.

There was a heavy growth of forest near his home, into which he entered and began secretly to dig for himself an under-ground home. The earth he removed was carefully carried to a pond near by, where it was hidden from sight by the friendly waters. The entrance to his proposed home he covered with planks, and over these he spread earth and leaves, and thus nicely arranged a mode of entrance and egress. Here he took up his abode and quietly remained through the day. At night he came out for exercise and to get from a place agreed upon the food supplied by his mother. For eight long months this was his home.

The widow had been left with thirteen children, the youngest a year and a half old. This eldest son was the only one really able to do farm work, yet he was obliged to hide away and leave the girls to plough and do all the field work. Of the scanty crops which they succeeded in raising, the tithing-men took one-tenth for the support of the cause which had cost the family the life of the father and husband.

Of these twenty Friends who were liable to conscription, five paid the tax, fourteen were at one time hidden in the cave discovered by John Beals, and the other one in the cave of his own making; so that the Confederate government got no soldiers from the ranks of this little peace-army. Not a Friend was

found in Tennessee who sympathized with slavery or secession.

Providence Cave was not the only one in which men who would not answer the call to war were secreted. About one hundred and fifty miles east of Chatham is the beautiful valley of East Tennessee, in Blount County. In this valley is the village of Friendsville, twenty-one miles southwest of Knoxville, and here is a Friends' meeting of the same name. At this place the celebrated philanthropist, William Forster of England, died January 27, 1854. He had been engaged for some time in the South as a minister, visiting the slaveholders and pleading with them in the name of his Master for the slaves, as well as holding meetings and preaching the gospel of peace to white and colored, as opportunity offered. In the well-kept graveyard here, surrounded by a neat iron fence, erected by his son, William Edward Forster, a member of Parliament, who visited the spot since the war, is the grave of William Forster.

At the time of which we write, William J. Hackney was one of the leading Friends of Friendsville. He was a Friend not only in his church relations, but to humanity and to the United States. He did not believe in secession; neither did he believe that men, whether Friends or not, should be forced into the army to fight against their will and for a cause which they disapproved. As he was too old to be a conscript, he freely moved about among men, though he was fully aware that freedom of speech was not at all times as wise as was taking observations without comment.

Near where he dwelt, and just across the creek from the meeting-house, is a large cave, the existence of which few then knew. Into this cave William J. Hackney carried provisions and bedding, and made necessary preparations to secrete men for days or months as might become needful.

The entrance of the cave was by the side of a road not very much traveled, among boulders and surrounded by a thicket, and it was so small that a passer-by would not notice it. A man could barely crawl into it, and a tree had been felled or blown down so that the branches covered the spot and hid it entirely from view. This cave would comfortably accommodate fifty men at one time, and that number were soon hidden in it. The echo of their footsteps could be heard to its remotest depths, and the smallest sound produced a startling effect within the cave. Whenever a light was made, the glistening stalactites produced a picture of marvelous beauty.

William Hackney's wife was in full sympathy with her husband in his loyalty to the Union and in the work which he proposed to do for the relief of those who did not wish to enter the army. She assisted him by cooking and otherwise providing for the wants of those who came to them in need. He did not at first intend to extend his care beyond his brethren in the church, but others sought his assistance and pressed their need upon him, so that he soon found the work to require much of his time. He became so interested in its prosecution that upon one pretext or another he visited the soldiers when camped near, and in some

way he would learn who among them were anxious to escape from the Southern army. To these he would give directions, and soon they were secreted with others in "Cudjo's Cave."

When the provisions grown upon friend Hackney's farm were exhausted, the family bought more, and actually impoverished themselves by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and caring for the stranger, very few of whom were able to recompense them in any way. William Hackney did not require that a man should be of his opinion in all things in order to receive any assistance in his power to give. If a man was in need of help to get away from the South, and was able to satisfy William that he was not in sympathy with the Confederacy and wished to quit her borders, William considered it his duty and privilege to do what he could to aid the man on his way. When a company had been gathered and there seemed no obstruction, on a favorable night he would lead his willing prisoners out of their prison, get some of them on his own beasts and silently take up the line of march westward. He acted as conductor to the next station on the Underground Railroad, where he consigned them to the care of some friend, "tried and true." Here they rested in the woods, a barn, or an outhouse during the day, and at night were conducted farther on their way. William Hackney would then return to his home, again fill his cave and feed the hungry refugees.

He was under suspicion, and the Confederate officers as well as his neighbors believed that he was in

some way working against them, but just how and to what extent they were unable to find out; nor did they see the way to complain against him, for he had always been a peaceable and industrious farmer. Some suspected a secret hiding-place, but could not find it, although in their search they sometimes came so near the cave that the men inside heard their muttered oaths as they talked at the very entrance, and with feelings of relief listened to the sound of their horses' feet as they rode away over the stones.

On several occasions William Hackney came near being discovered during his work, but native shrewdness and a kind Providence favored him throughout the war, so that more than two thousand people were received in that cave and helped on their way. Many of them entered at once into the Northern army. William did not consider this any of his affair. The men came to him as strangers, and he took them in and fed them as his Master bade him do.

When the Northern troops entered East Tennessee, and the faithful service rendered by William Hackney in various ways was reported to General Burnside, he sent for him and wished in some way to recompense him for his services, for besides assisting the refugees he had given valuable information to the Northern officers. But our friend was not working for money, and he declined all offers of reward. In his eagerness to do something for him, General Burnside offered him a position as one of his staff-officers, and pressed him to accept; but being a Friend, William did not aspire to military honors. He had a comfortable

home and some land left, and by tilling the soil he could manage to live and support his family. He did, however, spend considerable time in camp at Knoxville, Tenn., the army-headquarters, as the guest of General Burnside, and while there he furnished Mr. J. T. Trowbridge with the material from which he wrote the interesting book, "Cudjo's Cave," connecting in his story the two caves here mentioned, which are really one hundred miles apart.

When the troublesome times were over, our friend took up the old-time work of ploughing and sowing his fields. He was obliged to live simply, but his tastes and habits of life were not such as to demand large expenditures. He and his true helpmeet lacked no good thing, and have since gone down to their graves in a good old age, loved by all who knew them.

This part of Tennessee was for many months the scene of almost continual fighting. The armies drove each other back and forth across the country, in which had stood the peaceful homes of prosperous farmers. The fences were entirely destroyed; every rail was burned. There was scarcely a house that was not searched by soldiers of one or both armies, and nearly everything was carried away or destroyed. Provisions especially were required, and the soldiers seemed not to think of or care for the wants of the citizens, many of whom were left destitute of food for themselves and helpless little ones.

It was "legal" to confiscate the property of men who had left their homes on account of Union sentiments. Suspected persons were sometimes compelled

to leave their homes to save their lives, and occasion was thus afforded for the confiscation of property, either for the government or for personal advantage. One William Morgan, a Friend minister of this region, was in danger of his life, and was obliged to make his way on the Underground Railroad to the West. His property at New Market was immediately confiscated and sold at auction for \$14,365 in gold.

The man to whom William Morgan had entrusted the keeping of his household goods, and who had promised to send them to him as soon as he could, was the auctioneer. The daughter Catherine's personal effects were included in this sale, and no returns were ever made of the property or proceeds to the owners, except the Family Bible and the walking-stick of William Morgan, purchased by kind neighbors and sent West.

One day T. Riley Lee of Friendsville, a nephew of William Hackney, was with other men passing the house of a Friend, when the woman of the family called them. They went in and found her in great distress. A squad of cavalry had just been searching for her husband, and not finding him, had shot her only cow, a fine animal then lying dead in the yard. The soldiers had broken up her furniture, clock and crockery, destroyed the cooking utensils, opened the beds and scattered the straw and feathers all around. The poor woman was in great trouble. As they talked with her a horseman appeared, evidently looking for something. He rode immediately up to T. Riley Lee and drawing his revolver told him he was a d—d

Quaker and they intended to clean them all out. Riley told him he had not harmed him or any one else and he would go with him to any Confederate neighbor and let him decide; but the soldier said he had no time to lose and would finish his work then and there. Just then one of Riley's companions called out that he had found a riding-glove. This attracted the attention of the man, and he at once claimed it. The woman then charged him with shooting her cow, and Riley thought it time for him to move away, which he did. The woman pressed her charge, but the man hurriedly rode after his companions.

There were many scenes like this. Human life and the rights of property were very little respected by many who went about the country with absolutely no law to govern them save that of the might of a superior armed force.

Lost Creek meeting was a few miles from Friendsville, but had been much reduced by emigration to the West, so that only five men subject to military requirements could be found there. These paid the tax and were exempted. When the soldiers came to the neighborhood for men, they were angered and disappointed. They went to the little church-building of the Friends, destroyed the library, broke up the seats and the floor and made the house wholly unsuitable for use. So few of the members were left that they were unable to repair it, and the meeting was discontinued until the war was over.

From the few remaining Friends the soldiers took much money and property. They compelled the

women to cook for them. Oftimes from early morning until night they had to cook for the hungry soldiers their own poultry, pigs and cattle, which the soldiers killed. Thousands were thus fed, and \$3000 in gold, \$15,000 worth of provisions, 63 horses, 17 cattle, 21 sheep and 33 hogs were taken from this little company of defenseless citizens, without recompense. "While we had any to spare," said one of the Friends, "we were willing to share it, for we remembered that it is written, 'if thine enemy hunger, feed him,' but it was hard when they tried to take everything from us."

The little church at Friendsville lost by confiscation \$165,000 in gold value; 76 out of the 96 horses they had owned were taken, besides 2853 bushels of corn, 1586 of oats, etc., etc.

After the war, numbers of Friends who had left returned to their homes in the South, and began the work of restoring the fences and buildings and restocking their plantations. Many who had despised and persecuted them learned to love them and joined in church-fellowship with them. A good new meeting-house was built at Lost Creek and the meeting has since been maintained. East Tennessee has learned more of the principles of peace, and many of her citizens have joined this army.

CHAPTER XVI.

“Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine,” said Ury’s lord ;
“Put it up, I pray thee ;
Passive to his holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though he slay me.”

WHITTIER.

LIVING near Columbia, Tenn., was one Tilghman Ross Vestal, who had been educated by Friends and had accepted their principles concerning the peaceable reign of the Lord Jesus. Southern rulers were anxious to swell the number of men who were required to “drive the invading Yankees from Southern soil” and establish the Confederate States as an independent government.

Tilghman Vestal had no sympathy with this movement, and was unwilling either to shed blood or to aid in having it done. But as he was of legal age he must meet the requirements of the law or suffer its penalties. He was conscripted and sent first to General Bragg’s army, but as he could not be made to fight, he was sent home again. A second time he was conscripted and sent to the conscript camp at Knoxville, Tenn. From thence he was ordered to Orange Court House, Va., and assigned to the 14th Tennessee regiment, Company I.

Among his relatives were prominent Friends in North Carolina, who were interested for him and enlisted John B. Crenshaw's influence on his behalf; so that every effort was made to obtain his release without the payment of the \$500 tax, which he was unwilling to pay or to have paid for him. A letter was written by Nereus Mendenhall to C. S. Venable in behalf of Tilghman Vestal, who was the nephew of the former, and in response C. S. Venable wrote :

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, VIRGINIA,
September 24th, 1863.

NEREUS MENDENHALL, New Garden, Guilford County, N. C. :

Your letter of September 15, in behalf of your nephew, Tilghman Vestal, a private in the 14th Tennessee regiment, has been received. The general commanding has caused an investigation in his case to be made by the proper officer. This officer reports that on his refusal to do any duty whatever or to make arrangements to pay the fine imposed under the law for a discharge, compulsory means were used on the occasion referred to in your letter, and he was pricked with bayonets, but not to an extent to unfit him for duty. This proceeding was probably irregular, and as such not approved by the commanding general. But he knows but one proper mode of proceeding under the law, and that is to bring private Vestal before a court-martial for conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline, in refusing to do duty as a soldier.

The law makes but one distinction in the case of

the Friends, which allows them all to escape military service by the payment of the fine imposed. This not being complied with by Tilghman Vestal, and he being sent by the authorities as a soldier to the army, the general commanding is compelled to act in this case as he would in that of any other delinquent soldier.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

C. S. VENABLE, Major and Acting Colonel.

A letter from T. R. Vestal to J. B. Crenshaw, dated Orange Court House, 16th of Eleventh month, '63, says : " I have been ordered to do duty again, but have refused. Charges were then preferred against me, and I have been court-martialed. I suppose something definite will be done now. I have not heard what it is to be, neither do I have any idea. When I was court-martialed, I had three men by whom my character was attested, or at least that part of it that the men have seen since I have been in the regiment. They also stated that I had been punished, etc. My papers from the West came with a letter from General Maney or his adjutant, stating that I had been assigned to a regiment in that brigade, that he had become satisfied that I ought to be discharged, and had written to the Secretary of War about me, but did not receive any answer, and that I had been sent from that place to the conscript camp at Knoxville. These papers were filed with the charges.

Affectionately,

T. R. VESTAL.

At Orange Court House, before the above court-martial, he was sentenced to be punished until he would bear arms. The officer began promptly to use severe means, but Tilghman calmly told him that he was a Christian and could not fight. The officer knocked him down repeatedly and otherwise abused him, but as he utterly failed to induce Vestal to obey orders, he gave up and turned him over to his second officer, telling him perhaps he could make him fight. After unsuccessful attempts to overcome Vestal by knocking him down, the second officer pierced him with a bayonet, and threatened to run him through if he would not take a gun. He ran the murderous steel into Vestal's side, and then stopped to ask if he would consent to serve as a soldier. Meeting with a calm but positive refusal, he continued to wound him in other places. Seventeen times the resolute soldiers of the army pierced the unresisting soldier of Jesus Christ, and each time they met with a refusal to accede to their demands. Some of the wounds were deep, but the heroic sufferer was the victor.

Finding it impossible to make a soldier of him, they sent Vestal to Richmond, Va., where he was placed in Castle Thunder. Little attention was at first paid to his suffering condition, but some of the prisoners, having learned of his sad state and the cause of it, were touched with sympathy for him, and did what their limited means would allow for his relief. They sent petitions one after another to the authorities imploring clemency in his case. But the relief of unfortunate and suffering prisoners seemed to be no part

of the business of the keepers of Southern military prisons, and they paid no heed to these petitions. Instead, they decided to be rid of Vestal by sending him farther south to Salisbury prison in North Carolina, where the prospect was that he would be speedily relieved from his suffering by death.

Tilghman Vestal, with the marks of eighteen wounds upon him, weakened and suffering by a wearisome journey, was introduced into Salisbury prison. As he was naturally a tidy person, the filthiness of the place was shocking to him. No opportunity to preserve cleanliness was allowed to the prisoners, and the more filthy and covered with vermin a prisoner became, the sooner could he be taken away to help fill the long trenches dug one after another on the hillside.

On one occasion, as Vestal was endeavoring to remove the vermin from his person, which, as we have learned, it would be impossible to prevent from crawling upon him, the inhuman keeper of the prison discovered him thus employed, and with fearful oaths began to abuse him. Growing angry as he talked, the officer beat Vestal over the head until the blood ran down his shoulders upon his already wounded and sore body.

After having been confined for six weeks in this terrible place, T. R. Vestal was liberated through the instrumentality of Friends, whose strenuous efforts had hitherto been unsuccessful, and he was placed in the Friends' school at New Garden, N. C.

An account of T. R. Vestal's experiences was given

in the "Banner" of Nashville, Tenn., and copied in the "Informer" of Elgin, Ill., for May, 1876. It throws some further light upon his case, and may be of interest, coming as it does from a Southern officer, who was an acquaintance and an eye-witness of at least a part of his experiences. The article is headed "Vestal's Grit; the Tennessee Quaker who refused to fight in the late war."

"The following account of a young Quaker who could not be induced to fight in the late war, although he was conscripted, is from the pen of a prominent citizen of Tennessee. It is a faithful narration of one of the most interesting and curious events of the war. I have just read in the Nashville 'Banner,' of the 16th inst., a fragment of Governor Foote's reminiscences, headed, 'How a Quaker refused to fight.' As I am familiar with the facts and circumstances alluded to, and as the case greatly interested me at the time, I have thought it might be of some interest to your readers to go into details more than is done in Governor Foote's brief allusion to the case.

"The young Quaker alluded to is Tilghman R. Vestal, who lived near Columbia, Tenn. When General Bragg's army was at Shelbyville, Tenn., young Vestal was conscripted and sent to that place. He was assigned to duty in the Fourth Tennessee regiment, commanded by Colonel Murray of Nashville. He reported to the regiment as required to do, but utterly refused to perform military duty of any character or description. Neither by threats nor persuasions could he be induced to alter his determination. The

officers of the regiment were as humane as they were true and gallant, and after every effort had failed to induce Vestal to perform the duties of a soldier, they gave the matter up in despair and told him to leave and go home, which he did. But shortly thereafter another conscript officer came along, and Vestal was again duly enrolled as a conscript, and ordered to report at Bragg's headquarters. All alone and on foot Vestal went to Chattanooga and reported. By a most singular coincidence he was again assigned to the Fourth Tennessee regiment. Colonel Murray knew from his Shelbyville experience that he had a tough customer to deal with. He concluded to try the power of moral suasion, so one day he sent for Vestal to come to his quarters, and undertook to convince him from the Scriptures that he was wholly wrong in his ideas and position. But the young Quaker was rather too much for the gallant colonel in the Scripture argument, and the colonel sent for his chaplain to talk to him and convince him that he was altogether wrong in his refusal to fight or perform military duty. The chaplain came and opened the argument after this wise: 'I would n't give a cent for a religion that is opposed to my country.' Said Vestal: 'I would n't give a cent for a country that is opposed to my religion.' The argument lasted for some time, but left the young Quaker unconvinced and determined to do no military duty of any kind.

"He refused to police the camp or to do the least thing that could be tortured or construed into military duty. At last Colonel Murray, wholly unable to do

anything with Vestal, sent him to brigade headquarters. Here he was reasoned with, and every effort was made to induce him to go and perform the duties of a soldier, but he was firm and as inflexible as the everlasting hills. He was told that if he persisted in his course he would be subjected to severe punishment, and would finally be shot for disobedience to orders. He replied that they had power to kill him, but neither the Federal nor the Confederate army possessed the power to force him to abandon his principles or prove false to his religion.

“Everything that could be construed either directly or indirectly into military duty he refused most emphatically to engage in. He was only about eighteen years old. I soon became satisfied that he acted from principle, and would go to the stake or meet death in any shape it could assume, rather than swerve one particle from what he conceived to be his duty. It was the sublimest exhibition of moral courage I had ever witnessed, and it was all the more remarkable from being found in a boy of only eighteen, away from his family and friends.

“I asked him one day if he had no sympathy with the contest; if he had no preference as to which side should be successful. ‘Oh, yes,’ he said, ‘I would prefer to see the South victorious, as I live in the South and among Southern people.’

“I heard a gentleman say to him: ‘Vestal, did you ever exhibit any emotion in your life? Did you ever cry in your life?’ ‘Oh, yes,’ he said, ‘I have cried in my life.’ ‘Well,’ said the gentlemen, ‘I would

like to know what were the circumstances that caused you to cry.' 'Well, sir,' he said, 'when I left home to come here my mother cried when she told me good-by, and I cried then.' 'Yes,' said the gentleman, 'and if your mother were here now and could see how you are situated, she would tell you to take your gun and go out and do your duty as a soldier.' 'No, sir,' he quickly replied, 'the last thing my mother said to me was to be true to my religion, and I mean to do it.'

"It was during his stay at Colonel Murray's headquarters that Vestal had his interview with Governor Foote. Governor Foote was at that time a member of the Confederate Congress, representing the Nashville district, and was a candidate for reelection. The soldiers from Tennessee in the army were allowed to vote, and he was out electioneering among the soldiers. While at Colonel Murray's headquarters some one pointed out Vestal to Mr. Foote, or introduced Vestal to him as a Quaker who would not fight, when the following conversation took place between them:

"Foote: 'What! young man, won't you fight? You are a stout, good-looking young man. Is it true that you refuse to fight?' Vestal: 'Yes, sir.' Foote: 'Why! you are all wrong about that. Suppose you were to marry a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and some ruffian were to come into your house and grossly insult her. Would n't you kill him?' Vestal: 'No, sir.' Foote, jumping from his seat in a very excited manner: 'Why! I'd kill him in a

minute.' He then resumed his seat, and after surveying him a few minutes again commenced the conversation. Foote: 'Young man, you are all wrong about this matter, even from a Scriptural standpoint. When Christ was upon the earth he directed his disciples to pay tribute to Caesar. The money thus paid went into the Roman treasury and was used to carry on the wars of the Roman people.' Vestal: 'No, sir, you are mistaken about that. The temple of Janus was closed at that time, and there were no wars going on.' Foote: 'I believe he knows more about that than I do. I don't know whether the temple of Janus was closed then or not.'

"Such was substantially the interview between this remarkable boy and this remarkable man. Perhaps two more opposite characters, in many particulars, never came into contact.

"Vestal was ordered to Knoxville, and from there he found his way to the Virginia army, and was assigned to one of the Tennessee regiments. Here he was ordered to military duty, but firmly refused as he had done before. The brigadier in command, knowing his history, or incidents of it, ordered him to be bayoneted for disobedience to orders, and the bayonet was applied to him repeatedly. He bore it with the spirit of a martyr, and the soldiers, seeing that he would willingly die in preference to sacrificing his principles, refused to punish him further. No punishments or threats could shake the settled purpose of his soul for a moment. He was under arrest all the while. Frequently on retreats his guard would

lose sight of him, but in a day or two Vestal would march up alone into camp.

“He was afterwards detained in Castle Thunder for awhile, at Richmond, but was finally permitted by the Secretary of War to go down to North Carolina to school, and was there when the war closed.”

The writer of the above, Brigadier-General Maney, of Nashville, Tenn., was doubtless unacquainted with the imprisonment of our friend at Salisbury. Through all his trying experiences he maintained his allegiance to Christ and his principles of peace on earth and good-will to men. Soon after the war closed, Vestal took up his abode in Fall River, Mass., where he still lives in the enjoyment of his family and his religion.

CHAPTER XVII.

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.

WHITTIER.

VIRGINIA was first settled by the English, May 13, 1607. Under the preaching of an English woman, Elizabeth Harris, in 1656, the first Friends' meetings were established. Friends were no more welcome here than among their brother Englishmen in Massachusetts. The current extravagant stories concerning them were believed, and they were evidently thought to be a very dangerous class of people. In 1660, Virginia enacted the following law concerning them: "Whereas, there is an unreasonable and turbulent sort of people commonly called Quakers, who, contrary to law, daily gather unto themselves unlawful assemblies and congregations of the people. . . . It is enacted that no master or commander of a ship or other vessel do bring into this colony any person or persons called Quakers, under the penalty of one hundred pounds sterling, to be levied upon him and

his estates by order of the governor and council or the commissions in the several counties where such ships shall arrive ; that all such Quakers as have been questioned, or shall hereafter arrive, shall be apprehended wherever they shall be found, and they be imprisoned, without bail or mainprise, till they do abjure this country, or put in security with all speed to depart this colony and not return again. And if any should dare to presume to return hither after such departure, to be proceeded against as contemners of the laws and magistracy, and punished accordingly and caused again to depart the country, and if they should the third time be so audacious and impudent, they are to be proceeded against as follows : That no person shall entertain any of the Quakers who have heretofore been questioned by the governor and council, or which shall hereafter be questioned, nor permit in or near his house any assembly of the Quakers, under penalty of one hundred pounds sterling ; that commissioners and officers are hereby required and authorized, as they will answer the contrary at their peril, to take notice of this act, to see it fully effected and executed, and that no person do presume on their peril to dispose of or publish their books, pamphlets, or libels bearing the title of their tenets and opinions."

But neither the laws of Virginia nor the hangings in Massachusetts could prevent a Quaker Englishman from coming to this country when he believed it was the will of the Lord that he should do so. The enemies of the Friends were many, but by

patient suffering and perseverance they conquered these unrighteous laws, and their principles, having become better understood, have in a good degree been adopted by many of their opposers. The churches are generally accepting, to a greater or less extent, the spiritual teachings of this once-despised people. The sect itself is no longer despised by any, but is respected and accorded an honorable position among her sister churches, and is still endeavoring to do her little part in spreading abroad the truth of God. The present similarity of Friends to other churches is not so much on account of their departure from their "ancient principles" as because others have embraced these.

In the early settlement of Virginia, Friends as well as others took up large tracts of land, and many of them settled near where Richmond, Winchester and Norfolk now are. Tradition tells us of one who took up 40,000 acres of land, another 4000. We hear of one Pleasants, who owned many slaves, and was determined to have one thousand. At one time he held nine hundred and ninety-nine, but he failed to reach the full thousand before the Friends of Virginia decided that it was unrighteous to hold their fellow-men in bondage. By this decision he was very much annoyed. A committee went to visit him on account of his slave-owning, but he would not leave his field to meet them, so they waited patiently until he came to dinner. He then had their horses put in the stable and invited them to dine with him with true Friendly hospitality. But when dinner was over, he

wished to hasten back to the field with his sable farm hands. The committee finally induced him to tarry for a season of waiting before the Lord. For some time they sat in silence, and then arose, saying if he would have their horses brought they would now proceed on their way. They departed without once mentioning the object of their visit; but he knew for what they came and was obliged to think about it. When upon his bed that night he said he dreamed that he died and was about to pass through the gateway of heaven, when a little darkey lad closed the gate, and he was not allowed to enter. He said he did not intend to be kept out of heaven by the darkeys, so the next morning he summoned the blacks and told them they were all free from that day. He arranged for those who wished to remain with him to work for wages, and said that with about half the number of servants his business was more profitable than before.

By the year 1817, all Friends in Virginia had freed their slaves. As in North Carolina, so in Virginia, the principles of Friends, for some time before the late Civil War, were so at variance with the prevailing sentiment around them that most of them moved West, so that at the time the war began, there were in the State only a few small remnants of meetings that met to worship God after the manner of Friends. One of these small meetings was in the vicinity of Winchester, which city has been made famous as the centre of important military operations during the Revolution as well as during the Civil War.

Winchester is seventy-four miles from Washington,

D. C. Here General Washington for a long time made his headquarters, and here, through Governor Dinwiddie's orders, he procured horses for his journey to Ohio, in the French and Indian war. Here government stores in large quantities were deposited for the then frontier settlements. To Winchester Washington then retreated after the disastrous defeat of Braddock, in 1745; and there in 1758 he built a fort, the remains of which are still apparent. The inhabitants still point to the place where his residence stood, and to the well which his soldiers sank through a hundred and three feet of solid rock. It is now filled with excellent water, and the present inhabitants draw freely from it. It may have been at Winchester that George Washington said, in relation to exempting Friends from the army: "Let them alone, for you cannot induce them to fight for or against us. They are a harmless, peaceable and industrious people, who will produce bread and meat, and if they will not sell it to us we can take it if we need it. We need bread and meat as much as we need soldiers." It was to Winchester that Philadelphia Friends, who were suspected of being royalists, were exiled during the Revolution, and here some of them died and were buried. Congress finally acknowledged its error, but never made good the great loss to Friends. It was at Winchester that General Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, lived during his last days. Although he was called the "Thunderbolt of War," he said that men's opinions of him were erroneous. He was generally spoken of as "the brave Morgan who never knew

fear," but when the pride of youth and the so-called glory of war had faded from his mind, he said: "People think that Daniel Morgan never prayed. People say that old Morgan never was afraid. People do not know that old Morgan was often miserably afraid." He then proceeds to tell of times of fear when he retired behind gun carriages and in thickets before battle and prayed. If "the brave Morgan" was afraid in times of battle, must we not believe that it is pride, and a false pride, which prompts men often to say that on entering battle and engaging in such a terrible conflict they know no fear? Thomas Hinshaw tells us that at Gettysburg he watched the faces of men closely as they came out of battle, and on them could be plainly seen the marks of fear, and the paleness of every face evinced the terrible strain of anxiety through which they had passed. It is not dishonorable in a soldier to confess: "I was afraid." A certain veteran major once said, with emphasis: "When a soldier tells you that he was never scared in battle, you make up your mind that he is taking liberties with the truth or else he was never under fire."

Winchester is said to have been taken and retaken by the contending forces, during the Civil War, seventy-six times, twelve of which were in one day. It is stated by the citizens that all the men in the city between the ages of sixteen and sixty joined with the Confederate army in what they believed to be the needful work of defending their homes. Old men, women and children were frequently obliged to take

refuge in their homes and cellars from the storm of shot and shell, and many of these were the innocent victims of the deadly missiles.

Around this famous little city and within its borders were the homes of peace-loving Quakers. They were well known as such, and many were the arguments held with them upon the subject of the consistency of war with Christianity.

Two weeks before the ordinances of secession were passed, Robert Griffith, in conversation with one Halliday, a Virginia gentleman, who afterwards became governor, was told by him: "We will make Virginia the Lowell of America, crown cotton king, and revive the slave-trade." To this our friend replied: "If you will use the money you purpose spending in this work in building up our commerce and manufacturing interests it will be creditable to you, but so surely as you persist in your evil designs to destroy this Union, so surely will it become a desolation and a wilderness; King Cotton will be dethroned, and your idol, slavery, will fall. With secession comes emancipation." To this Halliday replied: "You cannot say these things two weeks hence."

Just after this Aaron Griffith, Robert's brother, wrote a letter to his wife, who was visiting relatives in the West. The post-office was taken possession of and the letter seized. In it was found the statement: "We are getting on very well but for the hangers-on, who annoy us very much, and there seems no security against them." Some tried to sell this letter back to him, saying it would be used against him as

expressing treasonable sentiments. He was finally arrested on this charge, and gave a lawyer \$50 to secure his release. The lawyer kept the money but failed to make good his promise, and Aaron was sent to jail. He was finally liberated by the interference of a personal friend, an officer in the government, whom he had in time past befriended. While he was in prison his horses, harness and much property were taken and confiscated to government or personal use. His mill was robbed of over \$20,000 worth of cloth, and the machinery was taken away and placed in the mill of a neighbor, who still retains it, but has not prospered in its use.

Friends in this vicinity were generally known as Union men, and were the especial objects of attention by bands of marauders, who went about seizing whatever they could to further their own interests, or the interests of the Confederacy. Aaron Griffith finally barred his doors to prevent them from entering his house at will. One night as the family was gathered in the sitting-room, after a chapter in the Bible had been read, and followed by a season of devotion, as was their custom, a rap was heard at the door, and the plain language of a Friend requesting admission. But the peculiar form of expression was defective, and the suspicions of our friends were aroused that the visitors were impostors. Aaron Griffith parleyed with them a little, and after becoming satisfied that his convictions were correct, declined to open the door. They then tried to open it themselves, but without avail. They did not maintain the patience of Friends, and in the

heat of their anger used many expressions not commonly used by pious people. After a time they began to shoot through the doors and windows into the room where our good people sat "under the shadow of the Almighty." They finally made their departure with threats and loud curses that accorded poorly with the language with which they had first made their presence known.

On a hill overlooking the broad and fertile valley of the Shenandoah is a large old-fashioned meeting-house built upon a ten-acre lot which was deeded to Friends in 1728, at which time a small log-house was built upon it. But in 1750 this gave place to a larger and more pretentious building. Since the completion of the latter, twice each week with the exception to which we shall refer, it has afforded a meeting-place for the Friends to worship God. They have been the leading people of that neighborhood, but the pressure of outside influences and internal disturbances have tended to reduce the membership until now only a few meet in the old meeting-house.

During the civil strife the army of each government was anxious to possess the fertile Shenandoah valley. From its rich soil came much of the support of the Southern army, and the Northern men were anxious to deprive them of its supplies. Hence the terrible struggle around Winchester as a centre and the possession of the Friends' meeting-house by soldiers for some time, so that the Friends had to meet for worship in the private houses of some of their members.

Perhaps the last assembly held before the breaking of this long chain of meetings was a quarterly meeting held in the 6th month, 1863, for Friends of Baltimore and of the country around Winchester. It was a large gathering and the house was filled with people. Francis T. King, Thomas R. Mathews and John Scott of Baltimore were present. They knew of the close proximity of the armies, but on leaving home they did not anticipate a conflict between them so soon. Shortly after the meeting became settled, and while John Scott, the veteran soldier of the cross, was preaching with unusual power the Gospel of Peace, the noise of battle was heard without, sometimes so loud as to almost drown the voice of the preacher. The terrible shock caused by the discharge of cannon shook to its very foundations the stone structure in which they sat. But the gospel message flowed on without interruption and the congregation remained quiet until the end. Francis T. King said it was one of the best and most solemn meetings he ever attended, and "the ministry of our friend John Scott was in harmony with our feelings."

When the meeting was over our friends were anxious to return to Baltimore, but they were on the Southern side of the army lines, and between them and "My Maryland" was an impassible barrier. After having had dinner and his horse well fed, Robert Griffith, a Friend of the meeting to which we have referred, took the Baltimore Friends in his carriage and started to drive beyond the army lines so as to start them on their way toward Baltimore. They journeyed for two

days before they could find an open way, which was at Mt. Union on the Pennsylvania Central Railway, where they arrived just as the last train was passing to Baltimore before the road was seized. As they neared the State-line and Francis T. King saw the train approaching and his way clear to his beloved home, he clapped his hands and nearly shouted for joy.

The army lines had been extended and our friend Griffith was cut off from his home. It was more than three months before he could return to his family, who, in the meantime, had been told that the Friends had been captured and the horses and carriage confiscated. As all communication was stopped, he found a home with Friends near Bellefonte until Winchester was retaken by the Pennsylvania Federal forces and the way thus made for his return home. He found that four good horses he had left had been confiscated by the Southerners. At one time an officer was about to take his sister's horse, but she refused to let go of the bridle-rein. With drawn revolver he commanded her to loose it or he would shoot. She replied: "I cannot be robbed of many years. Shoot if that is the way with you Southern gentlemen, who so boast of your chivalry. I do not propose to give up my horse." The officer rode on, leaving the horse in her possession.

As the war progressed Friends were naturally made to feel the displeasure of their neighbors in many annoying ways, and most of those subject to military requirements made their way to the North or West.

The home of Jesse Wright was for a long time between the picket lines of the opposing forces, and his house was frequently shot over by both armies. Bullets sometimes entered the rooms, but none of the inmates were struck. It was not unfrequent for men and officers of one army to call while those of the other were in the house. Our friend, who was a peace-man and disposed to show hospitality to all, would cheerfully greet the last comers and escort them to another part of the house, set before them the best he had, and entertain them as well as he had entertained their enemies. In another part of his spacious farmhouse there would sometimes be under his care those who did not belong to either army and who were not disposed to join a military force. Each party, save the last arrived, would then remain quiet lest their presence should become known and trouble arise.

The son of our friend was liable to conscription by the Southern army, and he was warned a number of times that soldiers were to take him. He evaded them for a time, but finally concluded that his home was no longer a safe place for him, so taking leave of his father, mother and sisters, he started on foot over the hills, to pass the pickets if possible, and find a place where he might not be molested. As he reached the hill-top overlooking the home of his childhood, he stopped to take what he supposed was his last look upon the dear old place. But he saw more than he expected, for the soldiers were in the yard and some were entering the house in search of him, so that he hastily proceeded on his way.

Often the family fed soldiers until they did not know where bread was to come from for their own sustenance. For three weeks a wounded Union soldier was kept secreted, and nursed and fed. The oft-visiting Confederates were not apprised of his presence under the same roof. At one time twenty refugees were sheltered and cared for by Jesse Wright until they could escape.

On the occasion of the death of a neighbor there was such a scarcity of men who dared to show themselves as the friends of the deceased, that it became necessary for Jesse Wright to assist in preparing the body for burial. He passed the pickets in safety, and after performing the kind office to the comfort of the mourning household he mounted his horse to return home. But the pickets had been changed and the new ones would listen to no explanation, and promptly arrested him. He was sent to Winchester jail, where for three days he saw no one whom he knew. A Southern general whom he had befriended then discovered him and said: "Why, Mr. Wright, what are you doing here?" "Some of your men have captured me, and I know not for what I am detained," was the reply. The general said he would look into the matter, and in less than twenty minutes a pass and an order for his horse were brought him. Upon receiving the thanks of our friend the general said: "We all know there is no harm in you, Mr. Wright. We know what your principles are."

Colonel Mosby's command had captured a supply train near what was called "the yellow house," not

far from the Jesse Wright home. They were closely pressed by the Federal cavalry, and two young men, seeing their danger and knowing that Jesse was a friend to everybody, sought shelter under his roof. The cavalry men found the horses, but not the men. Although they searched about the house they did not enter it, and the boys breathed more freely, as from the window they watched their pursuers ride away. The house was never searched except when the officers came to seek for John Wright, the son of the house.

Joseph N. Jolliffe was another one of the Friends in this locality. He was a staunch Union man and a prominent citizen. It was his brother, John Jolliffe, to whom we have alluded as counsel for Eliza Garner, the fugitive slave-mother who murdered her child in Cincinnati rather than go with it back into slavery. Joseph had remained in Virginia, but he had no more sympathy with slavery than had his brother John. Neither did he believe in secession. It is positively asserted that his vote was the only one cast and counted in Frederick County for Abraham Lincoln. This fact was remembered by his neighbors, who endeavored to make use of it when surrounded by Southern soldiers, but Joseph Jolliffe was undaunted and outspoken in his allegiance to the United States. When the Union general, Banks, retreated from Winchester on account of pressure by Stonewall Jackson, our friend Jolliffe thought it most prudent for him to leave his home, and for some time he remained in Maryland. One day the members of his family

were told that the Confederates were coming, killing women and children as they came. The mother considered it best to flee; so the horses were harnessed by his little boy, Johnnie, who with his mother and sister started to flee away from the approaching army, without any definite idea as to where they should go. The road was filled with the fleeing Union troops and wagon trains, and with wearied, broken-down horses doing their best to drag their heavy loads through the mud. The tired and frightened men hurried on, often leaving a wagon or horse by the wayside. Such confusion and terror are perhaps never seen elsewhere as are shown by a routed and fleeing army.

One wretched man especially impressed the boy-driver. In his left hand he carried a chicken and a frying-pan, and was seeking a place to cook the fowl. The right hand hung helpless by his side, and through the coat-sleeve protruded the bone of his arm, which had been broken by a ball. In the poor man's flight, the bone had cut through not only the flesh but the clothing over it. When our friends reached the house of a man some miles away, they were told that they had been misinformed, and said that they would be as safe at home as anywhere. They dined with him and toward evening returned to their home.

On the nineteenth of Ninth month occurred a pitched battle, and for over half an hour the contending armies fought around their house, which was used as a shelter by soldiers of both sides. The family sought safety upstairs and seventeen bullets were afterwards found in the rooms below. The chimney was

struck by a cannon-ball and came tumbling down upon the roof over their heads, but neither Union nor Confederate bullets touched the little band of God's trusting children. Many of the combatants, however, were shot about the place, and John Jolliffe, now living on the old homestead, states that he saw a Union lieutenant shot by a Southern soldier, who immediately robbed him, took his clothing and left him where he fell. The dead officer was afterwards buried by the family, who never knew who he was, for there was no means of ascertaining. John Jolliffe told the writer that this stripping of the dead was a common occurrence. Clothing was scarce among the Confederates, and the soldiers could not be well supplied by the government, so that many of them were dressed in Northern uniform, and this often led to great confusion, sometimes even to loss of life.

While the fight was going on around the house, Susan Jolliffe, now Hoge, impulsively seized a United States flag and running to the attic eagerly displayed it from the window. The Union soldiers saw it and were so filled with delight that they cheered her loudly.

Once the Confederate general, Early, sent officers to arrest our friend Jolliffe. He had been complained of as a Union man, and his enemies now sincerely hoped to see him punished for his sentiments. Upon being presented to the general, Joseph Jolliffe asked what was required of him. General Early replied that he wished Jolliffe to show him the roads about that part of the country. "Now, friend Early, you

know the roads around this part of the country as well as I do, and you know I would not show them to you anyway," was the prompt reply. He was then asked to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, and on declining to do this, the general asked him if he had taken the oath to the United States. He replied that he had promised allegiance, and the general told him to now take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate government. He replied: "When you get it established I will, and not before." An officer standing by said: "Mr. Jolliffe, you are the first Quaker I ever saw who says *you* instead of *thee*." General Early promptly said: "That makes no difference. He has the principles." The general sent him home with an admonition to pray for the Confederacy.

At one period General Breckinridge made his headquarters at the house of our friend Jolliffe for some weeks, and his staff camped upon the beautiful lawn in front; but when Sheridan began to get the better of his forces, Breckinridge took sudden leave, not even stopping to thank the members of the household for their courtesy and care of him during his unwelcome stay among them.

After the battle of Winchester, October 19, 1864, Elizabeth Comstock with five women Friends of that neighborhood, proceeded under the escort of Aaron Griffith to call on General Sheridan for permission to visit the hospitals and minister to the bodily and spiritual necessities of the wounded and suffering soldier-boys. Seeing these women approaching in their old-fashioned long bonnets, and having no idea of the

object of their mission, Sheridan became troubled, and as Aaron Griffith reached him he took him aside and asked excitedly: "What do those women want? Have they come here to lecture me?" When he was informed of their mission he replied: "Well, I am relieved, for their appearance frightened me more than all the enemy in front, for I knew what to do with them, but this army of Quaker women I did not know how to meet."

CHAPTER XVIII.

By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and shame ;
By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets came ;
By the future which awaits us ; by all the hopes which cast
Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the past ;
And by the blessed thought of Him who for earth's freedom died,
O my people ! O my brothers ! let us choose the righteous side.

WHITTIER.

VIRGINIA Friends had become so reduced by emigration that the yearly meeting was laid down in 1844. At the close of the war there were only four small meetings left, viz., Black Creek, Somerton, Cedar Creek and Richmond. These formed what was then and is now known as Virginia Half Year's Meeting. It belongs to Baltimore Yearly Meeting as does Hopewell meeting, near Winchester. Each of these meetings had its trying experiences, and the few men of legal age belonging to them were claimed by the strong hand of military law.

At Richmond meeting, John B. Crenshaw was the minister. He was born May 2, 1820, at the home occupied by him during the war. In 1860 he married his second wife, Judith Willets, who survives him. His father, Nathaniel B. Crenshaw, had been a soldier in the war of 1812, but becoming convinced of the principles of peace and the sinfulness of slavery, he

joined the Society of Friends and became a minister. His life was several times threatened on account of his pronounced and freely expressed opinions. He was unwilling to receive slaves by inheritance, and suffered much on that account. It was said that he was the means of freeing more than three hundred slaves, and he lived to see all the colored people in this country free. He died in 1866 at a good old age.

John B. Crenshaw was much interested in church matters, and was a strong peace man. Five miles north of the city he had a pleasant home, and kept open house for all Friends traveling in the ministry or on other church service. Owing to his acquaintance and influence with men of authority, he was often called upon to aid Friends and Dunkards who were drafted or conscripted into the Southern army.

His widow has kindly given access to many letters and papers which show plainly how these unfortunate people depended upon his assistance, and looked to him to secure their release from prison or from the army. In many cases they did not look in vain. It is very apparent that they had great love for him and confidence in him. She states that he finally gave up his time almost exclusively to looking after the interests of these people. He labored by day and by night, often making long journeys, sometimes on foot, to visit the Friends who were sick, in prison, or in the army. Looking carefully into the merits of individual cases, and usually being able to present a clear

case, the officials came to have great confidence in him, and for this reason and because of their regard for him as a Christian minister, they usually granted his requests. Besides the service thus rendered, his house was frequently for weeks the home of those whom he was serving.

For about two years he edited and published the "Southern Friend," which became a necessity, as the people were unable to secure the publications of their Northern brethren, and they were so often misunderstood and maligned in the public press that some means of being correctly represented before the people was quite important.

The committee that came from North Carolina in the interest of their members came to John B. Crenshaw's house and worked with his advice and assistance. Friends of North Carolina appreciated his services. He was cut off from Baltimore Friends, with whom he really belonged, and for the time being he was identified with North Carolina Yearly Meeting, and the Friends learned to esteem him very highly "for his works' sake," as well as on account of his genial nature. He kept a diary, at least a part of the time, during his busy life in these trying times. Having liberty to quote therefrom, we make a few extracts, which will serve to give the reader some idea of his continued activity in the cause of peace and good will to men.

Under date of Fourth month 18th, 1861, he writes: "Attending the sittings of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. There is great excitement. Mobs going

about forcing suspected persons to hoist the United States flag. It is indeed a very trying time, both in church and state."

"19th. Left Philadelphia about eleven P. M. We reached Baltimore on the 20th. Found the railroad bridge was burning. The cars we came in were promptly filled with soldiers, who went back and burned the bridges we had just crossed. We were left outside the city. Hired a carriage to the Washington depot. In Washington we found the Potomac boats in the hands of the government. We went to Alexandria, Va., by a boat which, on arrival, was seized by Governor Letcher of Virginia. Reached home safely, for which I trust we are truly thankful."

"28th. No heart to write, feeling too depressed with the condition of my beloved country. O Virginia! That thy counselors may in faith look to the only true God for guidance, is the prayer of my heart."

"5th month 29th. Father Crenshaw came down to try to get to Baltimore to the meeting for sufferings. We felt called to petition the powers that be, on behalf of peace."

"6th month 2d. Our poor little meeting nearly broken up."

"7th month 30th. I rode around the neighborhood to see if I could raise anything for the sick in Richmond. All that I saw promised to send something."

"7th month 31st. Visited four hospitals for the sick and wounded soldiers. Most of them comfort-

ably situated, but many of them wounded and suffering much."

"8th month 14th. Again made collections for and visited the sick."

"10th month 7th. A long and interesting meeting, during which a document was issued setting forth the condition of Friends in the present distressed condition of the country."

"12th month 11th. Father asked permission of the meeting to visit the Federal prisoners in the city; I to accompany him, should we get the permit from the proper authorities."

"12th month 22d. Father and I had a satisfactory meeting with the Federal officers, then with some of their men, — prisoners in Richmond. On last Seventh-day I went to meet an appointment with the Massachusetts men. Had a very satisfactory meeting, and was urged to come again."

"1st month 23d, 1862. Went with father to visit Federal prisoners, with some of whom we had a meeting. Some seemed serious, but others careless and noisy. Distributed Testaments and other books, which were gratefully received."

"1st month 30th. Again, with father, had some very interesting meetings with Federal prisoners. Distributed more Testaments. The men seemed grateful, and some manifested a very tender spirit."

"4th month 4th. Went with Isham Cox and others to attend meeting for sufferings held at Deep River. An exceedingly interesting occasion. The situation of young Friends subject to military call

claimed most serious attention, and a memorial was prepared and a committee appointed to present it to their State Convention, now in session."

"4th month 16th. On reaching Richmond found Dr. Nicholson and Joseph Elliott awaiting me, and on the 18th father and I went with them to see the President. After waiting for hours we were informed that we could not see him before nine P. M., at his residence, whither we repaired at that hour. Were politely received, but he positively refused to accede to the petition which we presented, requesting him to send a message to Congress recommending that Friends be released from military duty on account of religious scruples. He said he refused on the ground that it would be special legislation and open the door against us for further persecution in a future day."

"4th month 23d. Several balloons in sight, supposed to have in them Federals reconnoitering. About six A. M. we heard what seemed to be heavy firing at or near the head of Mechanicsville turnpike. There is a picket this afternoon at my bridge. Oh, that we may be able to maintain our principles as followers of the Prince of Peace!"

"4th month 24th. Went to Aunt Crenshaw's. They were expecting the Federal army about noon. We learn that several were killed in the skirmish this morning. A large number of Confederate soldiers camped on and around my farm, expecting to fight to-morrow."

"4th month 25th. Sent my wife and children to father's; so many soldiers coming in and out."

“4th month 26th. Quiet in this neighborhood to-day.”

“4th month 28th. Went to meeting. The few Friends seemed glad indeed to see me. Hurried home on account of the soldiers. They are constantly wanting something, milk or something to eat, and I supply them freely.”

“4th month 29th. A large division of the army on the road. Gen. D. H. Hill has selected my house as his headquarters. The Crenshaw and Johnson batteries are camped in the woods back of my barn, and from there all across the country the woods are full of soldiers.”

“4th month 30th. Busy all day waiting on the soldiers, who are constantly calling for something.”

“5th month 31st. General Hill moved his headquarters to Vass, and General Gregg took up his at the house, having previously been below the hill.”

“6th month 1st. Went to our little meeting. Saw many wounded brought from the battlefields of yesterday and to-day, in which it is supposed that more than two thousand Confederate soldiers were killed.”

“6th month 4th. Continual crowd and care. A very stormy night. The poor soldiers must have suffered. My porches were full, and some of the sick were in the dwelling-house. Three houses in the woods full, and many lie in the barn and shelters. Many quite sick.”

“6th month 4th. Many sick soldiers left in my house and out-buildings, some with measles and some with pneumonia.”

“6th month 9th. Two of the sick dead.”

“6th month 13th. Pressed my wagon to-day to carry off the sick. All gone from the house but one. One poor man buried to-day, making three here.”

“6th month 23d. We hear much cannon firing here to-day, some so near we can see the smoke from the guns and see the shells burst.”

“6th month 28th. Fighting continues. Many lives lost on both sides.”

“6th month 29th. We hear that the Federals have been cut off from York river and driven across the Chickahominy.”

“7th month 9th. Father and I at meeting at Jane Whitlock's house, our meeting-house having been taken possession of by the government.” (The meeting-house was at that time at Nineteenth and Cary streets, one square distant from Libby prison.)

“8th month 8th. Whiting's division of the Confederate army encamped on our farm. Left next day, having taken some potatoes and fruit and stripped plank from many panels of the fence, etc. Upon the whole I think we have cause to be thankful that we are not more injured. The officers placed a guard over the orchard, potatoes and houses.”

“8th month 27th. John Carter and Nereus Mendenhall here, to present a memorial from North Carolina Meeting for Sufferings to the Congress of the United States. A copy is placed on the desk of each member.”

“8th month 28th. Went with Friends to see if we could get Thomas Elliott out of prison, but General

Winder had received no reply from Petersburg, where he had sent for information. By appointment we met Miles, the chairman, and other members of the military committee of the House, to explain, as well as we could, our principles on war. They asked us many close questions, which I trust we were led to answer to their satisfaction, as they expressed themselves so at the close, and I feel that we have cause for gratitude for help received on that interesting occasion. We hear that the committee of the House has already united in recommending that Friends and Dunkards be exempted from military duty, etc."

"8th month 29th. General Winder released Thomas Elliott on condition that I would give receipt for him and have him forthcoming when called for. On the 31st he was called for, and I had to give bond for \$500 for his return whenever called."

"10th month 1st. Letters from Dr. Mendenhall, asking my attention to the cases of several young men."

"10th month 15th. I failed to find the young men, but met at camp here a number of other young Friends."

"10th month 17th. Went to look up some young men. Jonathan Harris here for same purpose."

"10th month 18th. Went with J. Harris. We paid the tax for five Friends and three Dunkards, \$4000. Put in a petition for Jesse Gordon, who professes to be a Friend in principle. The Secretary of War agreed to pass him as a Friend, much to our relief."

“10th month 19th. The Friends and Dunkards from Camp Lee came to our little meeting to-day.”

“10th month 20th. Jonathan Harris and I got off young Gordon at the war office. Met some of the Virginia Dunkards brought here as conscripts, some of whom had paid the \$500 tax into the State treasury. At their request I drew up a petition to the Secretary of War, asking that those who had paid the tax might be allowed to return home until the legislature meets, when they hope to be allowed to draw the money from the State treasury to pay the Confederate treasury.”

“10th month 22d. At Camp Lee found that the Friends had gone home, except young Gordon, who was too sick to go; also the North Carolina Dunkards. The Virginia Dunkards are not yet through with their cases.”

“10th month 25th. We attended the meeting for sufferings of North Carolina Yearly Meeting. An interesting occasion. Committee appointed to consider the exemption law, and report. Friends seem very sweetly united in this time of trial and affliction. Friends cannot accept the provisions of the law as just, or as what they had a right to expect. A number have placed money in my hands for exemption.”

“I have been engaged several days assisting our friends Isham Cox and Allen U. Tomlinson in trying to get off some young Friends from military duty. Isham Cox stopped at a camp between Richmond and Petersburg to see his son-in-law Woody, whom, with

his brother, we succeeding in getting off. Isham Cox had very acceptable service in our meeting, and left next day for home, taking the Woody boys with him."

"12th month 10th. Took my wife in the buggy to camp near Drury's Bluff, where General Daniel is in command, to visit the young Friends. They have been kindly treated, and not required to perform military duty. Thompson is expecting exemption on account of poor health; Stephen Hobson, hoping for release on the ground of being a miller; and General Daniel tells us that an order has been issued for the release of J. Harvey and S. Hobson."

"1st month 3d, 1863. Went to General Daniel's camp. The young Friends have left. Called at Drury's Bluff, but found no Friends there."

"1st month 16th. Isham Cox here to get Friends released from army and prison."

"1st month 17th. Engaged all day arranging for the release of six young Friends, for whom Isham Cox paid \$3000."

"1st month 18th. Isham Cox gave us what seemed food convenient for us at meeting to-day. He takes cars to-morrow for camp near Fredericksburg."

"2d month 7th. Interceded for M. H. Bradshaw, not a Friend. Secretary of War agreed to pass him as a Friend. I paid the tax and brought him home with me."

"2d month 9th. Got Bradshaw a passport home. Petitioned Secretary of War in behalf of Calvin Perkins."

"2d month 19th. General Pickett's division of the army quartered here. A large portion in our woods. Colonel Brocton and aids stayed with us. All left at noon. Have burned a lot of wood and fencing."

"3d month 2d. Successful in having the Secretary of War pass as a Friend William A. Wells. Paid the tax for him and arranged for his discharge."

"3d month 5th. Went with Matthew Osborne to see about removing the remains of his son Jesse, who died at Oakwood in Eighth month last. The superintendent showed us what he said he was sure was the grave. Sent the coffin to Raper and Murray's to be packed for removal to North Carolina. On opening it, there was found only a skeleton, a little hair, and some pieces of cloth."

"3d month 19th. Letter from Thomas Kennedy's wife saying that he was sent to Richmond."

"3d month 21st. Went to Richmond to see about Thomas Kennedy. Learned that he had been sent North under a flag of truce."

"3d month 31st. Went to meet Christian Robertson and his son-in-law (Dunkards), to help them to get the former out of the army."

"4th month 1st. Isham Cox here to try to get some young men exempted."

"4th month 2d. Went with Isham Cox, and we succeeded in getting all these cases exempted from military duty, for which we are truly thankful."

"4th month 6th. I was favored to get the release of O. Gordon, and paid the tax for him."

"4th month 12th. Nathan Hunt, Jr., at our meet-

ing to-day. Came home with me. I got a passport for him to Fredericksburg to-morrow."

"4th month 18th. Got a release for William P. Osborne. Learned that Christian Robertson's application was refused; but they offered him a detail to hospital work. Procured a furlough for C. Robertson (Dunkard) to go home for ten days. He has not applied for transfer to hospital duty."

"5th month 1st. C. Robertson has returned, true to his promise. Called at the war office, but found no decision in his case."

"5th month 2d. Took C. R. to get his furlough extended eight days. He went to Chimborazo hospital. His uncle came home with me."

"5th month 6th. Coming from meeting with J. Harris we learned that the Federals had been in strong force around father's, and taken all his horses. Got passport for J. Harris to go home."

"5th month 9th. Got an order to send Joseph Fell North; also a discharge for Eli Bird, who came home with me much rejoiced."

"5th month 14th. Went with Isham Cox to see Assistant Secretary of War on account of several persons who desire exemption by paying the tax imposed upon non-combatants."

"6th month 9th. Took C. Robertson to Richmond to the war office to see about his case. Got two Friends through, and paid the tax for them."

"9th month 4th. Went with John Pretlow and William Bradshaw to make an effort for Bradshaw's release. Hope we have succeeded, though it has to pass through a long routine yet."

“10th month 1st. Isham Cox and J. Harris came in about night from Orange Court House. Found the grave of John Hobson. His father much distressed.”

“11th month 2d. Engaged with father preparing memorial to present to the legislature, on exempting Friends from military duty.”

“11th month 5th. The memorial was presented to the half-year's meeting, which adopted it with great unanimity, and directed 300 copies printed for distribution among the members of the legislature. Friends parted in much love and unity, feeling that trials await us.”

“11th month 14th. Detained until late before the military committee of House of Delegates, who treated me respectfully, but declined to do anything for Friends.”

“11th month 15th. Went to see Judge Campbell, who wished to see me about the Hockett boys. He offers to send them North. Wrote to their father for advice.”

“11th month 21st. A defense which I wrote in reply to an attack on non-combatants appeared in the ‘Whig’ to-day.”

“12th month 7th. The Secretary of War decided against T. R. Vestal. I asked for a special interview in regard to his case. T. R. Vestal is poorly.”

“12th month 11th. William Cox here to get me to assist him in the case of William Overman.”

“12th month 12th. Received orders for the release of C. Robertson and John Reynolds.”

"12th month 21st. Went to Camp Lee and paid \$500 to Captain Maynard as exemption tax for my son, Nathaniel B. Crenshaw."

"12th month 26th. Procured an order to send A. G. Fell North, and an order to discharge A. G. Rush from the army. I paid tax for him in 6th month last, but he did not get his discharge."

"12th month 28th. Lazarus Pearson came to see about Overman."

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John B. Crenshaw's diary for the year 1864 is missing, but the year was spent in a continuation of the same arduous work as the extracts given indicate. A few quotations from the diary of 1865 may here be given.

"1st month 4th. At the enrolling office I was handed an exemption as a minister."

"2d month 1st. Went with David Moffitt before the Secretary of the Navy, and succeeded in securing the release of his son from the Confederate States navy."

"2d month 3d. Went to see about the cases of several Friends who were suffering for the non-performance of military duties."

"2d month 14th. Got an early start to see the Advocate-General and several other officers. Saw W. T. Haley, H. Ford and Milliken. Obtained a recommendation from Hale's officers for his discharge. Returned to Petersburg very weary, having walked nearly twenty miles."

"2d month 16th. On my way to Richmond met

James Hockett, Nathan Spencer and N. Farlow going toward my home. They came by appointment of their monthly meeting to look after Friends in the army."

"2d month 17th. Waiting on Friends, he found Seth Laughlin died on the eighteenth of last month. Blair still sick."

"2d month 20th. Went to father's. Found them more cheerful than expected from all that we had heard. The Federals took all of his horses and most of his provisions. Father is trying to use some of the broken-down horses and mules the Federals left on his place."

On the first of Fourth month John B. Crenshaw and his daughter, now the wife of Josiah Leeds of Philadelphia, went to his father's, sixteen miles away, to attend meeting for worship at Cedar Creek on the Sabbath, where occasional appointments were made after the meeting ceased to be regularly held. The next day, April 2d, Jefferson Davis and his cabinet, and many prominent citizens of Richmond, left the capital of the fast-waning Confederacy. With the few troops remaining in the city, they hurriedly took their departure for a more southern point, for safety from the approaching Northern troops. While John B. Crenshaw had been attending meeting with the little company in the country, a Friend minister from England was attending the city meeting, and on arriving home that evening they found him as a guest. The diary continues:

"J. J. Neave, a minister from England, at my home.

Early in the morning we heard heavy explosions, the blowing up of the magazines, and we learn that the Federals are in the city. J. J. Neave and I drove to the city and called on our Friends, whom we were glad to find composed. On coming out we were stopped by colored pickets, but they let us pass home. Warwick's mills and a large space around destroyed by the Confederates burning the tobacco-warehouses."

"4th month 5th. Called on a number of Friends, among them Judge Campbell, with whom I had a most interesting interview. I rejoice that he remained in the city, believing that he will be very useful in restoring order. Went to see some of my neighbors. Servants everywhere very unsettled. One of my neighbors, Colonel J. B. Young, grossly insulted by the colored troops. His silver, etc., stolen, but was soon restored by an officer. Lawless men are taking horses, etc."

"4th month 8th. J. J. Neave and I were not allowed to go into the city. A number of the neighbors called to ask advice. The fright and harassment from robbers continues. At the request of the neighbors I drew up a statement of the manner in which the soldiers are robbing and insulting the people, and presented it to General Wirtzel, to whom I was introduced by Judge Campbell. The general promised to issue orders to repress the disorders."

"4th month 12th. Had to get a pass to go home. Colored pickets at our toll-gate. We all renewed our allegiance to the United States."

"4th month 14th. Colored troops sent off and

arrangements made to protect this section with white troops."

"4th month 18th. Went with numbers to get their passes."

"4th month 26th. Went with Allen U. Tomlinson to affirm his allegiance to the United States. Got a pass to go to my home."

"6th month 2d. Had a long interview with Judge Campbell's wife with reference to his present condition as a prisoner."

"6th month 3d. Writing a memorial to President Johnson on behalf of Judge Campbell."

"6th month 5th. Father and I had a consultation with Judge Campbell's wife. Met F. Ruffin and Colonel Ray in reference to memorial certificate, etc. Judge Lyons introduced us to Governor Pierpont, who received us courteously and gave father Willets a permit to visit the penitentiary and jails of the State, with request that he would report the result."

"6th month 25th. After meeting, read to our Friends the memorial in behalf of Judge Campbell. I was unanimously requested to sign it in behalf of Friends in Virginia."

"6th month 29th. Father Crenshaw started this morning for Washington with the memorial in behalf of Judge Campbell."

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Here ends the diary, but we know that John B. Crenshaw continued in good works until the tenth of Sixth month, 1869, when he passed from works to rewards.

We find upon the minute-book of Hopewell monthly meeting, and upon that of the meeting for sufferings for Baltimore Yearly Meeting the following account (the estimated loss as here given is said to be far below the actual amount) :

“It is deemed proper that we should place upon our records a brief statement of some of the trials and losses sustained by our members, mostly living in Virginia, on account of the fearful scourge of the Civil War, which, during four years of deadly strife between opposing armies, so devastated our beloved country; and though we can give but an imperfect idea of the sore trials experienced, the constant apprehensions both to persons and estate to which we were exposed, yet this may serve to show some of the horrors of civil war, in the disregard of the peace, rights and liberty of the individual citizens, consequent upon such an unhappy state of affairs.

“The war began in 1861, and from that time until its suppression in 1865 we were, with brief intervals, not clear of one or the other of the armies in our midst. Property was constantly in jeopardy, either from impressment or from depredations of independent bands of soldiers.

“The first summer of the war, a few of our young men were forced out in the militia and placed to work on fortifications, but through the favor of a kind Providence they were soon enabled to obtain their enlargement and escape as refugees into the loyal States.

“Some of our members not subject to conscription were arrested by military order on account of their

known Union sentiments, and held under guard in a loathsome guard-house or in the camp, without a charge against them, until they were released through the interposition of personal friends. All were subject to taunts, threats and reproaches, by a vindictive and unscrupulous soldiery, countenanced and encouraged by sympathizing citizens, purely on account of their conscientious sentiments in opposing the rebellion and the mad ambition of its leaders.

“Searching houses under feigned pretenses was often repeated, merely, as it seemed, to annoy, or under the exercise of arbitrary power to offer indignity and insult to the unresisting inmates.

“Freedom of speech and transit from place to place were greatly abridged, and as a consequence our regular religious meetings were interfered with, and social intercourse nearly destroyed. In many cases the last horse was taken, thus depriving the family of its accustomed use on the farm, or even in going to mill, or procuring wood for fuel.

“Stock, grain, and in fact provisions of all kinds were regarded by the insurgents as their property and were openly appropriated by them to their own use at their pleasure. Civil law was entirely inoperative and disregarded, and a military despotism reigned supreme.

“Schools along the pathway of the army were generally suspended, and school and meeting-houses, if not destroyed, were appropriated to hospital or other military purposes. The condition of morals and religion very much declined, and a general demoraliza-

tion in every grade of society was abundantly apparent. In consequence of the loss and destruction of their property and the serious invalidation of their currency, many were reduced to near the verge of bankruptcy, the savings of years of toil being swept away in the general wreck. But it is difficult, after the lapse of time and the trying things through which we had to pass during the war, to sum up all the losses, evils and troubles connected with the dark catalogue of the times. We might add incidents of attempts to break into houses, shooting at the inmates, throwing stones through the windows, and other outrages ; but we forbear. It is now under feelings of unfeigned thankfulness that we hail the return of peace and the establishment of law and order through the land, bringing with it the abolition of slavery and the ultimate enfranchisement of the negro race, a consummation for which our society has long faithfully labored.

“In conclusion, we desire gratefully to acknowledge and commemorate the preserving care and over-ruling providence of our Father in Heaven for shielding us whilst His fearful judgments were in the land, staying our minds in confidence and trust in his mercy, and giving us to experience that ‘His compassions fail not’ in the most trying emergencies.

“In the following summary are many articles of convenience or comfort which were taken or destroyed, of which it would not be easy to estimate the actual loss. We therefore give an approximate aggregate of each as severally repeated :

"BALTIMORE QUARTER, HOPEWELL (VA.) MONTHLY MEETING.

John Griffith, horses, hay and grain . . .	\$950.00
Jesse Wright, timber, stock and grain . . .	900.00
A. H. Griffith, horses, hay and harness . . .	1,200.00
" " wood and fencing	1,000.00
" " cotton warps burned	1,000.00
" " cloth impressed and stolen . . .	20,000.00
James Janney, stock, grain and hay	835.00
James Griffith, stock and goods	1,100.00
Joseph M. Jolliffe, stock and goods.	11,100.00
William Barrett (no account).	
Rachel N. Hoge (no account).	

\$38,085.00

"In Dunning's Creek Quarterly Meeting, Henry Hare, William P. Hare, Joseph J. Hare and Benjamin F. Hare were taken to Confederate camp at Suffolk on the 24th of Second month, 1862, and were there placed under guard for two weeks. They were then called upon to work in the commissary house and to make some bunks for the sick, which they did. They were permitted to have provisions sent from home, and when Joseph J. and William P. Hare were taken sick they were permitted to go home. About this time the State of Virginia passed a law enjoining a tax of \$500 and two per cent on the property of all non-combatants who were of military age. Under this law our Friends were released, paying as follows: J. Hare, \$522.25; William Hare, \$562.21; B. F. Hare, \$510. Henry Hare was at home on the reserve list. Congress passed a law requiring only \$500, which he paid.

"There was taken from our friend William Hare \$515 in United States money and about \$800 worth

of property. He was cruelly treated, being shot in the head and left for dead, but he has measurably recovered.

“On the twenty-ninth of Third month John Britton; James, Edward, Tilman and William Harris, and Oswin White were taken to the entrenched camp below Norfolk. After twelve days’ steadily refusing to perform military service they were put in a dungeon where they remained nine days. They were released on payment of the State tax of \$500 and two per cent on the value of their property. Edward Harris was taken sick in the dungeon and died seven days after being released, we believe, from the effects of his imprisonment. Joel Cook, Joseph Johnston, James J. Harris, B. F. Wilson, Walter Pleasants, E. S. Ricks, Walter Ricks, and Nathaniel B. Crenshaw were released on payment of the tax.

“John Pretlow lost about \$400 in property, and Joel Cook about \$175. In addition to what we have mentioned, we know that others of our members sustained considerable losses, of which no report can be made; but we can all unite in saying that the preservations and deliverances experienced at the hands of our merciful God were so great and manifest as to call forth only adoration, love and praise, and to cause us to testify as we desire in humility to do, that God is faithful in all His promises, ‘a very present help in every time of need.’

“Signed on behalf of the committee,

JOHN B. CRENSHAW.”

The shooting of William Hare was one of the most unprovoked cases of cruelty that could be imagined. An eye-witness states that he had been paid a \$500 greenback shortly after the surrender. Soon afterward two men came to the house and called to him. They wore military clothing and had guns. He was required to give them his money, which he did without a word of protest and turned to walk away. He had gone but a few yards when one of the men took deliberate aim and shot him in the back of the head. He fell as though dead, and they went their way. Albert Peele, who saw the act, called for William Hare's wife and they took him into the house. After much careful nursing he was restored, and he still lives, occasionally meeting those men on the streets of a neighboring town; but he declines to tell who they are, and says he tries to forgive them.

CHAPTER XIX.

We fast and plead, we weep and pray,
From morning until even ;
We feel to find the holy way,
We knock at the gate of Heaven !
And when in silent awe we wait,
And word and sign forbear,
The hinges of the golden gate
Move, soundless, to our prayer !
Who hears the eternal harmonies
Can heed no outward word ;
Blind to all else is he who sees
The vision of the Lord !

WHITTIER.

IN Wayne County, N. C., of which Goldsboro is the county seat, there lived about sixty families of Friends. The Neuse river divided them about equally. On the north side was Nahunta meeting ; on the southern side, Neuse meeting. These two monthly meetings formed Contentnea Quarterly Meeting. The membership was made up largely of those who had good cotton plantations and were substantial citizens, but were much ostracized by their slaveholding neighbors, and were thoroughly disliked by them, though they commanded the respect of the slaveholders because of moral worth and financial prosperity.

In the early part of the war they were generally suspected of holding Union sentiments. For a long

time there had been little opportunity of manifesting their opinions, except by personal interchange of thought by those who could trust each other. The elective franchise in every place was very much restricted. In many ways the Friends were made to feel the displeasure of their slaveholding neighbors, and every effort was made to induce them to assist in the support of the Confederacy. Our Friends kept to their own counsel and to their own work. They had braved the displeasure and suffered the suspicions of neighbors too long to turn from their principles now; so instead of willingly aiding in the support of a cause with which they had no sympathy, they hesitated not to do what seemed to them right to aid any who might be suffering on account of the war.

On one occasion as a train loaded with Union soldiers was passing slowly through the city and suburbs of Goldsboro, on the way to one of those terrible Southern prison pens, forty men jumped from the cars. Friends were probably known by some of them, and the soldiers were soon secreted about their different homes. Food was not abundant with all, but they assisted one another and kept them for weeks, making way as fast as was prudent for their passage to Yankee land by way of the Underground Railroad.

The secessionists managed to secure quite a number of men who did not believe in fighting, and of these they tried to make soldiers. Stephen B. Hollowell, Thomas S. Hollowell, Nathan B. Cox, William T. Cox, William T. Genett and Nathan Genett paid the tax. Robert Edgerton was taken to Newbern, where

he was threatened and abused to no purpose. They told him that he would be put in front of the next battle, but when there was prospect of a battle he was left to be taken prisoner, while they hurriedly retreated. For months his family did not know whether he was dead or alive, until he unexpectedly appeared at home, having been exchanged as a prisoner of war.

Calvin G. Perkins went from his home in Goldsboro on a business trip to Newbern, about the time General Butler was besieging that city. He was known as a Quaker, and that of itself was ground for suspicion that he was a Union sympathizer. He was very reticent about expressing his opinions, as became any one who could not "hurrah for the Confederacy." Some pretended to believe that Calvin had gone to give information to General Butler, and on his return home he was arrested. His property, amounting to several thousands of dollars, was confiscated, and he was sent to Salisbury prison. Here he was visited by his brother, Needham Perkins, who writes the following letter to a friend :

"PIKEVILLE, N. C., 11th month, 1863.

"I suppose thou hast heard the cause of Thomas Kennedy's imprisonment. I saw his wife yesterday, and she says she does not look for his release before the end of the war, if he should live that long. I accompanied her to Salisbury to see Thomas, about three weeks ago. The old man seems cheerful as though he were at home. He has the privilege of going anywhere at will within the enclosure.

“ Brother Calvin is still there. He was brought to the gate of the garrison, and I was allowed to speak about ten words to him. We were then separated. I have been there three times during his nine months’ imprisonment, and each time my interview has been equally as short as the last. Calvin had the promise of being exchanged several months ago, but they refuse to carry out this promise. In the Sixth month last I sued out a writ of habeas corpus in his favor. They confessed on trial that they had no charge against him, yet the judge put off the trial for about ten days, pretending that they might find something against him. During this time the President declared martial law, and then the judge said that put a stop to it.

“ Some months ago the President was petitioned for his release. There was nothing found against him then. The Secretary of War ordered his release more than two months ago, but the commander of the prison required a bond of five thousand dollars for his good behavior, and that he should take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy before he released him. Calvin says he will stay there until the end of the war before he will do either.

“ When I was there, more than one hundred and forty Southern men were in prison at Salisbury, and only two Federalists. N. T. PERKINS.”

For more than two years Calvin Perkins was kept in this terrible prison with no charge against him, according to their own testimony. Finally he was sent North as an exchanged prisoner. None of his

estate was allowed him, but he was assisted to business by Friends, and all things needful were provided. When the war closed he returned to Goldsboro, N. C., where he still lives, and is a respected and prominent citizen.

Silas and Levi Hollowell, Thomas Cox, Samuel Perkins, and James and David Grantham were sent to camp at Raleigh. Although they were abused and punished severely, they were loyal to their principles and were finally liberated.

William Overman, a member from Neuse meeting, was also severely tried, and made to walk around the camp followed by a soldier with gun and bayonet. The soldier was frequently relieved, but he was required to tramp, tramp, tramp. If he stopped from weariness, the bayonet was thrust into him, and several times he was cruelly wounded. Although it was severe winter weather, he was not allowed to go to the fire. His only sustenance was bread and water. He suffered much, but kept the faith. William Cox, an aged minister to whom we have before referred, learned of his condition and took him some provisions. He sought an interview with the officer in charge, and remonstrated with him for treating an innocent man so. He said: "Unless you relieve him he will die." The answer was: "He ought to die; any one who will not fight for his country ought to die." "But after death is the judgment," said the preacher; "we all have to die, and will be rewarded according to our deeds." The officer seemed to be impressed by the visit and the words of the preacher,

and William Overman was then allowed to go to the fire and receive the provisions brought to him. The authorities at Richmond were visited by Friends on his account, and his liberty was secured.

Jonathan Pearson, not then a member with Friends, but sharing in the testimony they held against slavery, inherited a family of negroes, whom in 1854 he proposed to set free and send to Ohio. But they were so well satisfied where they were that they chose to remain with him, and refused to go. Jonathan's brother Lazarus told him that those slaves would yet bring trouble into the family, and he ought not to hold them ; but Jonathan could hardly see any better way to do. He was perhaps more pronounced against secession than against slavery, and shared very fully the feelings and anxiety of his brother and of the Friends, concerning the course the South had taken. He was not, however, molested by the authorities until the second conscription act, which called for all able-bodied men under forty years of age who had not already been taken. Not willing to be captured, Jonathan went to the Friends' neighborhood called Rich Square, in Northampton County. Learning during the summer that his twin children had the typhoid fever, he could not be satisfied to remain away longer. Fully conscious of his danger, he sought their bedside, with great care that none of the neighbors should see him. He watched with his little ones while their life lasted, doing what he could for them, but did not dare to expose himself by attending their funeral.

He continued in hiding until late in November, but was then betrayed by one of the colored men who had some time before refused to leave the family. The neighbors suspected that Jonathan was around the place, and tried to induce the servant to disclose the hiding-place of his master, promising great rewards if he did so, and threatening severe punishment if he did not do as they wished. The negro, in whom Jonathan Pearson had had implicit confidence, disclosed his hiding-place, and our friend was found and sent immediately to Raleigh, N. C.; thence to the army on the Rappahannock river in Virginia.

His brother Lazarus soon followed, resolved to secure his release if possible. He took for him two suits of homespun clothing, and a new pair of shoes. In due time he found him in camp on the Rappahannock. Pickets of the Southern army were sometimes willing to allow persons to pass them going North, and while in camp Lazarus arranged for Jonathan to pass the lines.

On the bitter cold night that ushered in the year 1864, he passed the Confederate pickets and started across the river, which he supposed to be sufficiently shallow for wading. But the current was so strong he was borne down to deeper water. He had on the new shoes and two suits of clothes. He was an expert swimmer, but it was with great difficulty that he reached the opposite bank. Having escaped drowning, he was now in danger of freezing, and found it necessary to "run for his life." He did run, toward the Northern lines, where he was readily received and

sent to camp, and soon after to prison at Washington, D. C.

For more than three months he was unable to communicate with his friends. Finally his uncle in Iowa, William Pearson, a minister well known among Friends, secured his liberty through the Congressman from that district. About a year after he left home his family joined him, having escaped from the South by way of the Underground Railroad. After the surrender they all returned to their Carolina plantation, and did effective service in the meeting which they joined.

W. T. Hales, one of Lazarus Pearson's neighbors, a poor man who was the only support of his widowed mother and sister, was convinced of the unlawfulness of war for the Christian, and was received into membership with Friends after the passage of the exemption act. He was conscripted about a year later and taken to the 24th North Carolina regiment, near Petersburg, Va., where he underwent great hardships. His friends were willing to pay the tax required, and he did not object, but there seemed no way of inducing the officials to accept the money and release him. He was court-martialed, with sentence to be put at hard labor and to forfeit three months' pay, which latter part did not matter much to him, as he would receive no pay. The order that he should do hard work they tried to enforce by attempting to make him shovel dirt. This he would not do. He told them that his conscience would not allow it. Times were appointed to hang and shoot him, but still he would

not bear arms. One day an officer came and said: "The matter is now settled. You are ordered to be shot immediately, and allowed only time to write to your mother." Our new member kept to his faith and the officers failed to carry out the order.

From a package of his letters written while in camp, we select the following one to John B. Crenshaw:

5TH ALABAMA BAT., 3D CORPS,
NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., 12/14, 1864.

"MOST HIGHLY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

"JOHN B. CRENSHAW: I received thy kind letter a few days ago, and was very much pleased to know you were doing all you could for me; but am sorry to inform you that the adjutant has just told me that I am to be bucked day and night, continually, from now until the end of the war, unless I perform the duty put upon me by the court; and to-morrow he will commence feeding me on bread and water alone for fourteen days at a time.

"It seems that the bucking is very severe, but I trust I may be enabled to bear it with patience. He said that such were General Hill's orders, and it looks at present as though there is no chance for me except to suffer until death, which I do not mind much, trusting that I may be counted worthy to suffer death for Christ's sake.

"This leaves me with a very bad cold, and I have been afflicted with fever for several days.

"I would be well pleased to see some Friend, but do hate to be so much trouble. I hope thee will

inform me soon what Congress decided upon. If we never meet again on earth, may we find peace in heaven. I remain as ever,

W. T. HALES."

The Confederate Congress had been petitioned in vain for the discharge of this peace man. The following is from a letter written by him to John Hollowell, a Friend who lived in Wayne County, N. C., who was interested for him. The letter was written 1st month 8th, 1865 :

"The general has my feet tied together and my hands together from daylight to dark, which he says will be continued till the end of the war."

He writes to J. B. Crenshaw, 3d month 4th, 1865 :
 "I've been upon bread and water ever since the fifteenth of Second month last. They are keeping me on it all the time now. Tying is continued yet. I have been somewhat sick with cold." Third month 20th, he writes: "Be thou assured I am most carefully awaiting for patience to have its full course in all my trials. Having full confidence, I can boldly say, the Lord is my helper and I will not fear what men shall do unto me. I shall most assuredly continue in the faith of our profession, undergoing anything, even to death. I have several times witnessed present help from the Lord. I remain in Christian love thy friend and brother,

As ever,

W. T. HALES."

Our friend was indeed a source of trouble to the Southern officers, and how to make a fighting man of

him they did not know. Becoming discouraged, they were disposed to get rid of him in some way, so night after night they forced him as near the Union pickets as they dared, and then bucked him down. They sometimes fastened him to a tree, and left him there for the night, hoping that he might be shot. But no bullet reached him; no device for taking his life was successful; no punishment was sufficient to conquer our hero. He would cheerfully suffer and die, but deny his Lord, never!

At the fall of Richmond the fleeing Confederates took him with them on their hurried retreat southward. Their flight was in the direction of his home, and when they came in sight of the dwelling-place of his mother and sister, a little north of Goldsboro, he managed in some way to escape and go to them. Rejoicing in the goodness of the Lord, with grateful heart he took up the old routine of farm-life. Thinking that he did no more than his reasonable duty, our hero seldom has anything to say of the sufferings he underwent for the principles of peace.

North of Goldsboro, in Northampton and Perquimans counties, there were other settlements of Friends. They were of the same faith and heroic courage as those in other parts. The Underground Railroad passed this way, and at the home of Henry Copeland, Rich Square meeting, in Northampton County, more than three hundred travelers were cared for while making their way amid the perils of a closely guarded country, to the land where they could be free.

If Henry took them in, it was very uncertain when they could get out, for dangers abounded and he must know that "the track was clear" before he allowed them to depart, if he could prevent them from starting. Sometimes he kept them for weeks, and even months. Only one man (not a Friend) of all those who stopped with him failed to escape, and that one positively would not heed the earnest pleading of Henry Copeland and Aunt Dolly, who knew the danger of his leaving his hiding-place. He foolishly turned a deaf ear to their pleadings and went to his death.

Other dwellings in the vicinity were open to this class of travelers, so if three hundred were entertained at Henry Copeland's, there must have been many others who, in this manner, found deliverance from the rule of the secessionists.

The neighbors suspected Henry Copeland and wife of holding Union principles and harboring deserters, as they called them. On one occasion a company of men was seen coming toward the house, and by their appearance Aunt Dolly suspected that they meant mischief. In the chamber of her house were men whom she knew they would send into the army or kill if they should be seen.

The L part of the house was not as high as the main building, and in the chamber of the main part were seven men waiting for a way to open for them to escape Southern military service. A hole had been cut through the wall of this room, near the floor, into the dark loft of the L part, and guests were instructed

when taken to this chamber that in case of alarm they were to enter this dark place and pull the box of bedding against the opening to cover it from the view of those who might search the house. Stepping under the window of the room where the men were, Aunt Dolly called loudly: "Who are all those men coming up the road?" They had seen her and it would be imprudent to go in and give warning, yet they should be warned. Her friends readily understood her meaning, and hastily retreated to their hiding-place, the last one pulling the box close to the wall. All appearances of occupants were removed from the room.

The soldiers rode up to the gate and entered into conversation about the object of their visit. Aunt Dolly was very free with them, and seemed much surprised when they hinted that it was suspected there were deserters in the house. She told them they might search for themselves. They answered that that was just what they came for, and proceeded to dismount and enter the house.

Aunt Dolly's freedom and apparent willingness had partly disarmed them of their suspicion, but they went through the house and into the chamber where the box of bedding stood against the wall. The quiet seven could hear them talking, some of them declaring that they knew Aunt Dolly was all right, and they always said Henry Copeland was no enemy of his country, etc., etc. The secreted men were not inclined to dispute any of their statements, and were left with their friends until the road was clear, and they could make their way to a place where they could

earn their bread for themselves by some honest employment, instead of accepting it as the bounty of others.

Aunt Dolly was one of those good, motherly, Christian women we love to speak of as a "mother in Israel." She took into account the practical necessities of a case, and was ready to help any neighbor in time of trouble. She was sent for from far and near in cases of sickness, and often not only cared for the invalid, but fed the hungry household. Her husband was many times threatened with hanging, and doubtless would have been hung but for the fact that so many depended upon him and his wife for aid in sickness and trouble. No doctors dared ride in that vicinity after dark, but Aunt Dolly feared nothing, and many a dark night on her white mule she went to or from the home of some suffering one.

One evening as she passed Rich Square after dark, a group of soldiers observed her as they stood talking by the roadside. As she stopped to speak to some one on the other side of the way, she heard one of the soldiers say: "There's Aunt Dolly. Let's hang her. They are all Union down that road." Another answered: "You dry up, talking about hanging folks who fed and nursed your wife while you were gone last winter." Aunt Dolly proceeded on her way unmolested, nor was she ever molested.

W. C. Oatland was taken to Rich Square, and an attempt was made to hang him for saying that the South was in rebellion against the government. The word "rebellion" was, and still is, an obnoxious term

in the South, the Southerners claiming that they had a right to secede, and that it was not rebellion.

One elderly Friend, Thomas B. Elliott, was charged with assisting some conscripts to cross the Chowan river. He was arrested on suspicion, his horses and property were confiscated, and he was sent to prison at Richmond, Va. There he was kept several months, but he was finally released as a result of the efforts of John B. Crenshaw in his behalf.

Jonathan E. Cox once went to the marshal's office at Weldon, N. C., for a pass across the Roanoke river. He was accused of being a Quaker, and a rope was immediately called for with which to hang him, because he was opposed to the war. He told them he was opposed to that war and all others. Much excitement was manifested, and a large crowd soon gathered. In the crowd was a Captain Barnes, who recognized him, and by threats and commands he succeeded in rescuing Uncle Jonathan.

Another Friend of the same meeting went to Norfolk in the spring of 1864, to take his wife's sister to start for Indiana to meet her husband. On his return he was captured by General Matthew Ransom's men. They took his horses, wagon and goods, and put him in the guard-house at Weldon, N. C. J. E. Cox went to see the general about securing his liberty. The general treated Jonathan with great respect, and said that he wanted no Quakers in his army; he knew they would not fight. The Friend was released and his property was restored.

CHAPTER XX.

Bearer of Freedom's holy light,
Breaker of slavery's chain and rod,
The foe of all which pains the sight,
Or wounds the generous ear of God!

WHITTIER.

THOMAS KENNEDY was an aged minister who lived on the south side of the Neuse river, near Goldsboro. For sixty years he had lived and served his generation faithfully. His loyalty to the principles of his church had been tested in many ways, and he had ever been found faithful. He was a man of sterling character, and exerted an influence in his community outside of his own church; and while not disposed to be meddlesome, he hesitated not, if occasion required, to express his opinions on the questions of the day. He was an avowed abolitionist, and on this account the slaveholders disliked him.

At one time, Thomas Kennedy became owner, by inheritance, of about eighty slaves. What to do in the matter became a grave question. Should he refuse to accept them, they would be passed to other heirs of the estate. He could not, for conscience' sake, hold them as property. To release them in a slaveholding community would expose them to the liability of being kidnapped, and, besides, it was

contrary to the law to set a slave free in a slave State.

Much to the surprise of his friends and the neighboring slaveholders, he accepted them as his property. The slaveholders laughed and the Friends mourned. It was not long before there were indications of a long journey to be made by our friend, and more than usual preparations seemed necessary. Little was said about it except to wise counselors. One morning the blacks were summoned and told that he intended to free them. They were told of the danger of remaining in the Southern States, and that their new master proposed for them to go to a land where they would be free.

The rejoicing of these "children in understanding" may be more readily imagined than described. Though they now had a master as kind as man could be, who would look after their interests faithfully, yet they still had the inherent desire for freedom, and they prepared for the journey with great rejoicing.

Thomas Kennedy took leave of his family and the few friends who had gathered to see them off, and started on his errand of love. He went by carriage to Newbern, and from there they set sail to the island of Hayti. The slaves knew not their destination, nor when they would reach it, but Massa Kennedy was with them, and such was their confidence in him that they were content to be with him whether on sea or land.

Upon their arrival he arranged as best he could for them to support themselves. So much had these

poor dependent creatures become attached to him, that the parting from him was an affecting scene. Many wept as children, and one woman so clung to him, weeping and praying to be allowed to return and live with him all her days, that an official standing by misunderstood the scene, and thinking that Thomas was trying to take her away with him, drew his sword and was about to slay him. As the officer did not understand the English language it was with difficulty that he was made to understand the real state of the case.

On returning from Hayti, our friend quietly pursued his usual occupation. Inheriting more slaves, he sent them to Ohio and Indiana. One refused to leave him, and remained faithfully with him as long as he lived.

After Thomas Kennedy was sent West, during the war, as he was one day walking the streets of Richmond, Indiana, a colored man stopped before him, and, after looking earnestly into his face a while, fell on his knees and embraced him. With eyes full of tears and voice choked with emotion, he said: "My old master!"

The slaveholders remembered Thomas Kennedy as a practical abolitionist, and even in his old age were watching for an opportunity to get him in their power in order to punish him. He had lived too long to come within the draft or the conscription act, and being a minister of the Gospel, he was on that account also exempted from the army as a soldier, so they sought other ways to bring him under military rule.

When secession was being talked of, before the firing upon Fort Sumter, Thomas told the advocates of it that their course was "serious, dangerous and wrong." They then threatened to tar and feather him, but knowing him as a man of influence, and that he had many friends outside of his church as well as in it, they were afraid to do this on account of the effect it might have upon themselves. The condition of the neighborhood for some time before the beginning of the war was such that he felt it best to remain quietly at home, although regularly attending the place of worship with his friends, who endeavored to maintain their principles of peace and liberty in the midst of war and slavery.

When the Northern army came to the Neuse river, near Goldsboro, in the winter of '63-64, they burned the bridge across the river. The Confederate soldiers were at one time encamped on the north side of the river, in full view of Thomas Kennedy's house. One evening after dark a knock was heard at the door. A man asked for food. Thomas Kennedy said: "I always feed the hungry as my Master bade me do, without asking who they are," and invited the man in. He was surprised to see him dressed in the uniform of a Union officer, but invited him to have supper with the family, as they were about to be seated at the table. The man accepted the invitation and told Thomas he was sent by his superior officers to ascertain the most sure way of surrounding and capturing the city of Goldsboro without coming in contact with the Southern soldiers, as they were

exceedingly anxious to avoid bloodshed, and that the capture of the city was certain.

He was successful in gaining from Thomas the expression that he "hoped Goldsboro would surrender without any more blood being shed." The interview being ended, after supper he requested Thomas to show him the way to the ford, lest in the darkness he might fall over the precipice. Having seen his guest safely on his way, Thomas started to return home, but was surrounded by a squad of Southern soldiers, who had been in hiding, and were prompt to claim him as their prisoner. They took him to camp, where for several days he was kept in sight of his own home, from seven to ten of the soldiers guarding him three times a day to his own table for their own meals and his. He was removed from here to Goldsboro jail, and in due time tried by court-martial. At the trial he was confronted by his guest of a few evenings before, now a lieutenant in an Alabama regiment, who was ready to swear away the liberty or the life of an aged Christian minister.

Zebulon Vance, then governor of North Carolina and afterwards Senator of the United States, kindly came to see him while he was in jail. Doubtless wishing him free, he told him: "Do not commit yourself at the trial. If you say nothing, they can't hurt you. If you have to tell anything, tell the truth, but not the whole truth."

Thomas Kennedy had ever had but one opinion on the subject of secession. At the beginning of the war he had said: "I am a loyal man, and shall

be until I die." On trial, with good reason to believe that death would be his sentence, he said that he had no faith in the Confederacy and never believed it would stand. In bold, decisive language he repeated: "I am a loyal man, and shall be until I die." W. F. Dortch, a State senator, said: "No, Thomas Kennedy, you are a traitor, and ought to be hung." Thomas Kennedy replied: "Nay, thou art a traitor thyself, William F. Dortch, and hast rebelled against the best government on earth." Three years later William F. Dortch confessed that he had used the above language.

Daniel Gurley, a former slave-driver, who for pay would often go miles at night to whip slaves, had been promoted by the slaveholders to some office in the Confederacy. He was standing by as Thomas Kennedy was brought to camp, and greatly rejoiced at his arrest, at which Thomas expressed his astonishment, when Daniel Gurley struck him a heavy blow on the mouth. Only a little later Daniel Gurley was struck dumb by the hand of God, and so remained the rest of his miserable life, which was but a few years. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

The general who served as judge at the trial of Thomas Kennedy said to our friend: "You ought to be hung." To this he replied: "You may hang me if you think best; I can die but once." Instead of hanging him they sent him to prison in Goldsboro as a political prisoner. His wife, Isabella, supplied him with food and provided for his comfort in every way that she could.

On going to see him one morning she was surprised to learn that he had been sent to Salisbury prison, about two hundred and fifty miles away. She made hurried preparations and started to follow him, leaving home a little past noon, with his little boy. In fording the river they found the water deeper than they expected. The water ran into the buggy and wet their clothing and persons, while the horse had to swim; but love impelled her onward. She stopped at Lazarus Pearson's for the night. After the resolute woman had retired, Mrs. Pearson washed their wet clothing and had it ready for use when they were ready to go on their way to Salisbury the next morning.

Isabella Kennedy, again a widow, and over eighty years old, is now living in Spiceland, Indiana, a dear mother in Israel. Having been asked for some account of these trying experiences, she has kindly furnished the following. Though written with the trembling hand of age, it is perfectly legible. She says, under date of Third month, 1893:

“In reply to thy request I hope to give testimony to the truth, as a witness to the goodness and mercy of our Heavenly Father, which may cheer some poor soul.

“While in jail in Goldsboro we made him very comfortable, furnished him cooked food, bedding, fire, etc. At Salisbury I found him without any of these. Then he was suffered to occupy one of those brick buildings in the yard with three Northern men, which was an improvement over the big room with hundreds

of prisoners in it, windows all broken out, and no fire, only such as could be built of green wood in the middle of the dirt floor.

“He was told that if he would not attempt to go out he need not be confined to the house, but go at large, which he did; and from that day he was busy visiting the sick and cheering in many ways the suffering. The next day after I met him he wrote me that he had been hanging up the bacon and sausage that I took him.

“Two little boys, twelve and fourteen years of age, were taken from their homes and put in the terrible prison because their father had deserted the Southern army. One of them was very sick, and had no one to care for him. Their mother was outside pleading to enter and care for her boys, but the officials would not allow it.

“I was the first woman that was ever permitted to enter the garrison. Confederate money was cheap and plentiful, and we kept a supply. A lady attended market and furnished Thomas with fruit, vegetables, etc. They threatened burning her house if she persisted, but she kept on and outlived the prejudice. They finally became reconciled and treated her with respect.

“C. G. Perkins, from Goldsboro, was there. He was kept in the prison over a year with no charge against him. His brother, Needham Perkins, a minister, was with me. They tried to scare us away by telling us that smallpox was all over the place. Patience and perseverance have accomplished much, and

in this case did more than we could think or ask. The second visit was more remarkable than the first, but it has been a long time since these scenes, and my feeble frame cannot bear the strain of the review. I have to give it up. Suffice it to say that goodness has followed us all the days of our lives, and my hope is that we may dwell in the House of the Lord forever.

ISABELLA KENNEDY HALL."

Thomas Kennedy's wife took with her provisions, clothing and bedding for her husband's use. She was at first denied admission to the prison grounds, but was finally allowed to see him for an hour on the porch of an officer's house. It was raining and very cold. The officer in charge said to her: "It is too cold for you to stand here. Come inside." She replied: "If my husband must stay in a cold room without fire and with only a little straw to lie upon, I can stand in the rain to talk to him one hour." The man looked rebuked and said: "Mr. Kennedy shall have more comfortable quarters," which were provided at once, in one of the small brick buildings within the stockade. Here he had as fellow-prisoners Calvin G. Perkins, a Friend from Goldsboro, Stephen Pancost of Pennsylvania, and another Friend, all imprisoned because they were supposed to hold Union sentiments. Isabella Kennedy was allowed to fix up his room, as best she could. She filled a tick with straw and did many other things which a practical loving woman could do and left him comparatively comfortable.

Three months later she went to Salisbury. Thomas

and his two friends had been told that they were to be exchanged, and when Isabella arrived they were making preparations for departure. She promptly reported her arrival to the authorities and requested that she might see her husband, but was positively refused admittance. From the window of his prison he had seen her, and called to attract her attention. The heart of the officer was touched by their greetings to such an extent that he relented and allowed her to go to her husband and assist in the preparations for his removal. In one hour from that time they started for the train. She was allowed to ride in the same car with him as far as Raleigh. There they separated; he to go on to Castle Thunder, Richmond, Va., as a prisoner of war, she to return home to the care of the farm and the four children, one of them his by a former wife, one of them hers, and two of them adopted.

With the aid of two colored girls, one sixteen and one eighteen years old, and an occasional day's work from some one too old for the war, she managed to make them a comfortable living. One of the children says: "We had plenty to eat, though we had no coffee and only a little sugar for medicines; very little flour; but we lived better than many did. Mother and the children rose early, and we went to the fields to work until nearly school time; when we had eaten breakfast the little ones started on their two and a half miles' walk to school. The two colored girls went back to the fields. We made our own clothes, shoes, hats and bonnets. We raised some chickens and turkeys, but some one came one night and carried all

these away, but mother dared not say a word. She only prayed that her family might not be personally injured, and we were not."

In Richmond, Thomas Kennedy was placed in a large upper room, the windows of which were broken out. He was obliged to lie on the bare floor, having no straw even to lie upon. Provisions were scarce and of very poor quality. He was soon taken very sick. His friend Pancost nursed him and did all he could for his comfort, but it was impossible to obtain medical attendance, medicines, or suitable food. He finally became unconscious, and it seemed as though he would die. He was then placed on the cars by the authorities, and sent to Washington as an exchanged prisoner of war. He was left in that city with no one to care for him, and was found in a weak, delirious condition wandering on the streets. Abraham Lincoln learned of the case, and said if he was a Friend he was no prisoner of war. He had him cared for, and sent word to Friends in Philadelphia concerning his condition. Marshal Elliott, who was acquainted with him, was sent by Philadelphia Friends to take him to that city, where he was provided with medical attendance and nurses, and all was done for him that love and money could provide. Friends having learned that he had a son in Illinois, sent for him, and he remained with his father until he so far recovered his health as to be able to go to his friends in Indiana. He never could remember his leaving Richmond, or his arrival in Washington or Philadelphia. Before leaving Philadelphia he attended their yearly meeting

in 1863, and seems to have created quite an interest there, as a minister who had suffered so peculiarly and severely for his principles.

We quote the following from a letter written by Charles Atherton to Elizabeth Meader about that time: "I am more particularly interested in writing thee at this time because we have had with us a 'saint' from North Carolina, Thomas Kennedy, on whose behalf the sympathy of all Friends seems to have been excited, he having suffered much from imprisonment and from sickness 'nigh unto death.'"

Soon after reaching Indiana, Thomas Kennedy's condition became so serious that word was sent to his wife, who was still on the banks of the Neuse river in North Carolina. She arranged immediately to dispose of all her effects. She had an auction and sold all her personal property, and with her four little ones she started for the West, where her beloved husband anxiously awaited her. Isabella and her four children crossed streams and mountains, successfully evading the pickets and dangers of various kinds, and in remarkably short time, considering the circumstances, she stood by the bedside of her sick and almost dying husband. He recognized her and praised God for having brought her safely to him before he died.

He enquired lovingly after Friends and others in North Carolina, and felt so much interest in them that he addressed a letter to them. Wishing his persecutors to know that he forgave them, he entrusted his friends in this letter with a message of love and forgiveness for all who had in any way mistreated him

or added to his afflictions. This document was borne with a flag of truce by Northern soldiers to Southern officials, and safely delivered to his friends at Neuse.

After the satisfactory adjustment of his affairs, he lost consciousness, and in twelve days from the time of his wife's arrival his life of suffering and faithful service was ended, with his work all done and well done. His beloved wife had done all she could for him, and been truly faithful until the last. She now laid him away to rest, rejoicing in the knowledge that he had "fought a good fight," had "kept the faith," and that a crown of glory was his in heaven. The dear old lady is now patiently awaiting the coming of the Lord to take her redeemed spirit also to the heavenly home, where there shall be no more separation from those we love; no more prison doors to be opened; and where the cruel hand of war shall never detract from the heavenly bliss of those who reign forever with the Prince of Peace.

CHAPTER XXI.

Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post
Fronting the violence of a maddened host,
Like some gray rock from which the waves are tossed !
Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not
The faith of one whose walk and word were right, —
Who tranquilly in Life's great taskfield wrought,
And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught
A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white ;
Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own
Leaving to Time and Truth and Penitence alone.

WHITTIER.

WE have already learned of the Underground Railroad, and how its business was not only interfered with by the war, but absolutely ruined by the Emancipation Proclamation. We left that subject, intimating that we should learn more of it.

There were many living in the South who did not wish to stay there amid the disturbances and troubles caused by the war. Their homes had in many cases become unsafe abiding places for those who had enjoyed them for many years. The necessity of again operating the road became apparent. Many of the old stations were still in existence, and the officers were still at their posts. It was very easily put in order for the distance required to meet the need which now arose, — that of passing on their way men, women and children who were native-born white citizens; some-

times men of large estates and comfortable homes, who were not allowed to remain peacefully at their homes nor to depart to their friends in the North or West, if it could be prevented.

Lazarus Pearson, in his opposition to the war, was one of the most outspoken and prominent men among the Friends of Contentnea Quarterly Meeting or perhaps of any other. He could not join in the recriminations against President Lincoln and Vice-President Hamlin. He emphasized the necessity of peace, and when asked his opinions, declared that the agitators of secession were teaching the people an error. When told by these people that they would "soon starve out the North," he replied that he had traveled North and knew that they "might as well try to starve a rat in a well-filled smoke-house." He said: "We need their products much more than they need ours." When told that the mulattoes in the North helped elect Lincoln, he replied that the mulattoes were the sons of Southern slaveholders, and that "the son should be esteemed as the father."

When home-guards were being appointed and volunteers were being mustered, he and his friends wisely kept silent. But it was remembered that many had been careful to vote as Lazarus Pearson did, and that many looked to him for advice as to what they should do in these troublesome times. He soon received a letter saying: "We see from your actions that you are against us. You must either change your opinions, leave the country, or abide by the consequences. (Signed) MANY CITIZENS OF FORK TOWNSHIP."

Lazarus Pearson's grandfather was a Friend. His father was not, and was a slaveholder. Lazarus had been received into membership with Friends at his own request, and fully shared their views upon slavery as well as war. In the settlement of his father's estate, years before, he had refused to accept any slaves. As a planter he had succeeded without them. He had purchased from a slaveholder a large cotton plantation in Fork Township, Wayne County, N. C., and had been obliged to suffer various indignities from the neighboring slaveholders on account of his principles. They called him a "Quaker abolitionist," and said he ought to be banished to Massachusetts, the worst place they could then think of.

The letter above referred to was recognized as being in the handwriting of a neighbor who had before sent him insulting messages. Lazarus Pearson showed it to the vigilance committee and others of the home-guard, asking what he had done for which he should leave his home. Of course they claimed to know nothing of the letter, or any reason why he should leave their midst. At the May term of county court, which was held soon after at Goldsboro, many people thronged the streets. Threats had been made that on that day Unionists were to suffer. The supposed author of the above letter, with a mob which he led, gathered about Lazarus Pearson and asked concerning it whether he had compared it with any of his writing. Lazarus calmly answered in the affirmative. The man denied the writing of the letter, but confessed to the sentiment, and with others began upbraiding him

for his allegiance to the United States. They demanded that he should then and there recant his abolition principles. But Lazarus was not of the recanting kind. They brought a rope to hang him with, and asked if he had any weapons. He produced a pocket knife and a tooth-pick, saying: "Those are all." They dragged him to an old blacksmith shop. He said: "If you are going to hang me, take me to the central part of the town where all the citizens of Goldsboro can see it." Fully a hundred men had gathered about him. He told them that he had said nothing harmful of any one and had nothing to take back; that he claimed only the right of a free citizen. Some one said: "We ought not to hang so good a citizen as he is." Others, one of whom had been a professed friend of his, answered: "We must make an example of some one. He has influenced so many against our Confederacy." Then a voice was heard loud and clear: "It is a shame on American citizens to hang such a man as Lazarus Pearson." They so disagreed among themselves that all finally dispersed except two young men who had followed quietly all the time, one at each of Lazarus Pearson's elbows. He had hardly noticed them in the throng, but now they said: "Mr. Pearson, you stood up like a Christian and did not withhold the truth. We would have died with you rather than have seen you hung." He did not know them. They told him that years before he had entertained them as strangers at his house and cared for them when in need, and they had not forgotten him.

As the crowd scattered, the people warned him not to come to Goldsboro again, but in three days he went, saying he was "as safe in Goldsboro as anywhere else when threats were so common."

For more than a year after this experience he thought seriously of leaving the South, but could not feel free to do so, and he finally became satisfied that his mission was to remain there and help others of the oppressed, white and black, especially those who felt that war was wrong. It was not long before this class of people learned that if any one was in need of help on his way North or West, Lazarus was the man who could and would aid him. His home was on the public road, and many halted there for rest and food. Men, women and children stayed hours or weeks, and were assisted in different ways. This was one of the main stations on the Underground Railroad, and Lazarus Pearson was general manager for all that section of the country.

His son Nathan was conscripted and sent to the salt-works before referred to, but not being well he was allowed to go home, and he soon took passage for the North, where he remained until after the war. It was difficult to do so much in secret. He was closely watched on account of suspicions that he was working against the Confederacy. He must of necessity be very guarded in his movements.

In 1863 and 1864 the Federals made a raid upon the neighborhood of Goldsboro, and the Unionists were in hopes that the town would be taken. The secessionists prepared to flee, and yet some of them

were ready to injure their opponents if opportunity occurred without danger to themselves.

A son of John Moore, a Friend, on the other side of the river from Goldsboro, had come to town to bring a disabled soldier. Before he could return, a guard had been placed on the bridge, and he was not able to get home, so he went to Lazarus Pearson for help. Knowing how anxious his friend would be about his twelve-year-old boy, Lazarus started for the ford of the river, from where he thought he could call to Thomas Kennedy, and send word to John Moore that the boy was safe, if he found the water too high for crossing the ford.

As he rode on he saw a negro boy approaching rapidly on horseback. As they met, the boy slackened his speed and hung his head as if in meditation, and then stopped his horse and said: "Are you going to the Kennedy ford, Mr. Pearson?" He answered in the affirmative. "Well, don't do it. They took Mr. Kennedy last night, and I heard my master say, 'We'll get old Pearson to-day on his way to Quaker meeting.'" He was very sure that the Friends would go to meeting whether the Yankees came or not. The boy said his master was Boaz Hooks. Lazarus remembered him as the one who was in some way connected with all his persecutions. The boy said: "Don't tell on me, Mr. Pearson. They would kill me." Lazarus assured him that he need not fear, and rode on to the fork of the road where he turned off his way and went to the home of an aged Friend for breakfast. He then returned home and took the boy

Moore to the guarded bridge where he succeeded in securing leave for him to pass and go home.

It was designed to hale both Lazarus Pearson and Thomas Kennedy to prison and to death on this occasion, and every means they could devise was exhausted by some of their neighbors in order to bring it about. The little colored boy proved to be his friend in this instance.

A few days later Lazarus was surrounded on the streets of Goldsboro by a mob that insulted him shamefully, and one man struck him on the face. He calmly said: "The Master bade us turn the other cheek also. If need be, I am willing to suffer for my principles." A number of men were standing by whom he had hardly noticed. They had their hands in their pockets, but with the quiet determination of their class they were ready for action when the time should come. They said they did not propose to see him any further abused, and it was not done. They said they were from the mountains of North Carolina.

Lazarus Pearson was not a man likely to provoke insult, but he had the courage of his convictions and would not flinch from what he believed to be the right, even though death itself might be the penalty. His influence was felt wherever he was known, and men learned to rely upon him as they naturally do upon strong characters. He often said that he was satisfied that it was the will of God for him to remain in the South, but he longed to see the end and the Union saved. He looked for real peace only upon the restoration of the seceded States and the abolition

of slavery. He labored on unceasingly, often making exposing and dangerous journeys, aiding others to obtain exemption.

The main route of the Underground Railroad was from Goldsboro to Rich Square, in Northampton County, then across the Chowan river to Norfolk. Another way was from Lazarus Pearson's house forty miles by buggy toward Newbern, and then by foot the rest of the way. Only men, and they with an experienced guide, undertook this route. The most of either way was traveled only by night.

Lazarus Pearson's wife and daughters kept the house open for all comers, and the two little boys were posted and did well their part. Although too small to be suspected of having any hand in railroad management, many a trip by day or by night did they make successfully with the spirited horses; forwarding men, women and children on their way to a place of freedom and safety. Seldom did any of their passengers fall into the hands of the enemy. But on one occasion two young men making their escape from the army had been safely conducted by one of the boys to the next station, and had gotten nearly to Newbern, when they were captured, put on freight cars and started for Libby prison. In the vicinity of Goldsboro they managed to escape out of the side door of the car, and get to Lazarus Pearson's house. They soon started again, and this time were successful in reaching their friends in the West.

As the end of the war approached, during Sherman's march, thousands of Northern prisoners were taken

from the Andersonville and Florence stockades to prevent their being recaptured by Sherman. Near Goldsboro they were turned loose without food or shelter, and left on the ground, starving and dying daily from hunger, cold and dampness. The whole community was moved to feed them, some through sympathy and many through fear of the coming Union forces.

As Lazarus Pearson was feeding two, they asked the way to his home. He told them, not expecting ever to see them there. One was so weak that he reeled as he walked. That night they succeeded in evading the guards and reached Lazarus Pearson's house in safety. They said they knew by his looks that he was a good man, and that a good man would help them in their great need. They were soon dressed as citizens, and after two weeks' rest they obtained passage on the Underground Railroad and went home.

Day after day Lazarus Pearson fed the hungry, turning none from his door. His fertile brain sought out many ways of relief; his active body performed heroic service. Two plantations had been cleared by him, and their lowlands drained and made to produce bread for the hungry. His powers, taxed beyond endurance, failed, and typhoid fever prostrated him upon a bed where day after day he was watched by loved ones, with alternating fear and hope. But the time had come for him to "rest from his labors," and with visions before him of liberated men, women and children, he rejoiced at the part he had taken in their freedom. He heard whisperings of things beyond the veil, and with smiles upon his face passed on to the land of eternal freedom.

The next day after he was buried, the noise of battle was distinctly heard in the distance. Twenty miles south, the battle of Bentonville was fought. Sherman's army of 150,000 men, on their way from Georgia, had met Johnston's retreating from Goldsboro. Bitter indeed was the conflict, but Sherman routed the Southerners and pursued his way to obtain supplies sent him from Newbern to Goldsboro. He had been living upon the country, and terrible devastation was the result. An advance guard of seven cavalymen came to Lazarus Pearson's former home, as the family was about sitting down to breakfast. They took the places of the family at the table, and after their breakfast began plundering the place. They took carriages, buggies, five of the finest horses, and a yoke of oxen. They loaded all with choice meats, sugar, eggs, flour, etc., and departed.

An hour later a Pennsylvania regiment came and helped themselves to potatoes, poultry, thousands of pounds of bacon, and everything else hungry soldiers could wish. They also searched every part of the house. The colonel was remonstrated with, and shown papers and letters proving the Union sentiments of the family. He stopped the destruction of the property and confined their takings to that which was needful to satisfy immediate hunger. But this was only a temporary respite. Soon the large lawn in front of the house was filled with men, and all day they were coming and going. The dwelling-house was scarcely free from their presence during the day.

The explanations to the officers of Friends' princi-

ples, their Union sentiments, and sufferings for them, were understood by some, but availed little with hungry men who had been on the march for seven weeks, since leaving Savannah February 1st, and all the way living by this same means. They said they had no other way of living, and if the buildings were spared the family should be thankful, for in South Carolina they had in every instance burned the buildings after taking the food and property.

In the evening the members of the hungry family were told that if they had anything to eat they should be protected while cooking it. We remember that their prepared breakfast had been eaten by others, and they had eaten nothing all day. A little corn meal and a dressed turkey were brought from some secret hiding-place, and by the light of the evening lamp they were permitted to break their fast.

Sherman's men soon entered Goldsboro. Johnston's army, having been defeated at the battle of Bentonville, was hovering in the vicinity, and soon a company of cavalry appeared at our friend's house and demanded of the son Thomas where the Yankee soldiers were, and threatened to shoot him if he did not tell. He was "a chip of the old block" and told them they might do as they would; he did not pretend to know who any one was those times. They became satisfied that Sherman's men were in Goldsboro, five miles away, and they took up their quarters near by, feeding their horses from what was left in the barn and helping themselves to whatever they could find. For several days they thus lived on the family.

Sherman's army remained about twenty days in Goldsboro, while he visited Washington. In the meantime the men were resting from their long march and many of them scouring the country round for whatever they could find. While there they were furnished with new clothing and provisions by the Government.

After the departure of Sherman's army from Goldsboro, and of the company of Confederate cavalry from our friend's, they began looking about them to see what they had to do with, and what they could do. The head of the house, whose fertile brain and active body had been their reliance, was gone. The boys and their mother must now depend upon their own energies and management, and resolutely they undertook the task. Two horses were brought from the woods, where they had been hurriedly tied in a thicket at the first coming of the soldiers, and fed in secrecy. One of them was too young for hard work, but was able to do light ploughing. Two thousand pounds of pork was unearthed from under the smoke-house, where it had been buried, and with the remnants gathered the family was able to begin the work of making another crop in much better condition than many of their neighbors.

Although robbed of so much, they had enough left to subsist upon until more could be made, and they never had to appeal for help or accept rations issued by the United States government to the starving citizens, as so many did.

Eight years afterwards the estate was paid \$1600

in settlement of a valid claim for \$3000 and interest, for the provisions, horses, cattle, etc., taken by the Union men from as true a patriot as dwelt in any part of the country. This was about the interest for the time of the delayed settlement, without the principal, but war measures and war settlements are seldom arrived at on a scale of justice.

Living across the river from the home of Thomas Kennedy was his brother minister, Needham Perkins. He was a neighbor of Lazarus Pearson. It was he who accompanied Isabella Kennedy on her visit to Salisbury, and whose letter concerning his brother has already been given. Thomas Kennedy and Needham Perkins often conferred together and with the elders of their respective meetings as to the wisest course for them to pursue. They were in their native land, but among strangers so far as any friendships or confidences were concerned outside of their own small circle, and it was necessary to have a united understanding as to their best course. They were the natural leaders of their little flocks during these trying times, and the welfare of those flocks depended largely upon their teachings and examples. They were loving brothers in Christ, and the visits to each other and the hours spent in conferring upon the condition of church and state, when they sought together God's help and guidance, were a mutual strength and encouragement. These people were isolated from their neighbors because of a well-defined difference of sentiment, which had existed from childhood. Now, because of the attempt to force upon

others the views and practices of slaveholders, a barrier was created between neighbors, so strong as to cause them to look upon each other with distrust. Yet a certain respect was shown these men by the generality of the people, because they were ministers of the Gospel. This is still characteristic of the South, and the people are to be commended for their obedience to the Scriptural injunction: "And we beseech you, brethren, to know them which labor among you and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake."¹

As a minister, Needham Perkins was exempted from draft and conscription. The soldiers often came to his house, and he fed them; when sick he nursed them. Occasionally men came to his home, hunting for horses and wagons or anything that might be useful to the army, and while they sometimes appropriated his property, they did not rob him as they did many others. At one time they came and told him that they had come to press his horses and wagons into service. He told them: "The horses are in the barn, and the wagons under the shed." They replied: "Oh, you are too willing! We won't go for them," and they did not. He fully carried out his principles of non-resistance, and was well known as a peace-man. He never carried weapons of any kind.

We have already learned of the unsettled state of things for a time following the surrender; how the armed men went about the country robbing and mur-

¹ 1 *Thess.* v. 12, 13.

dering men of Union sentiments. On one occasion, after a business trip away, Needham Perkins arrived at Pikeville and had left the depot to walk one and a half miles to his home. The full moon was shedding her silver light upon his pathway, and with happy thoughts of his dear wife and children he expected so soon to be with, he hurried forward. A little way in the distance he saw two men in the shadow of a pine-tree by the roadside. They were watching his approach; but without thought of danger Needham hurried forward, to find upon nearer approach that one of the men was pointing a gun at him. Believing that no one could mean to harm him, he told the men his name, thinking they had mistaken him for some one else. But no, he was the man they were waiting for, and had planned to waylay and murder. With the gun aimed at his heart, the man pulled the trigger, but it missed fire. Immediately a crushing blow was struck upon his head, knocking him down. Blow succeeded blow, and his skull was fractured over the left eye. His left ear was nearly cut off, his jawbone broken, all his upper front teeth knocked out and the lower ones broken off; a gash was cut across his throat three inches long, and many other wounds were made upon him. Still he retained consciousness. He readily saw that the men intended to kill him, and that his life depended upon his making them believe they had done so. He felt each terrible blow, and the pressure of the keen blade upon his throat and into his flesh, but as he could do nothing he kept quiet without showing signs of life, and allowed them to

roll him over and take from his pockets \$1250 and papers of about the same value.

He heard them start on their way, but they soon returned to make sure that he was really dead, and after turning him over again and again, satisfied that they had accomplished their terrible purpose, they departed. He lay there about an hour before feeling sufficiently sure that they were gone to arise and go on his way. He succeeded in reaching his father's house, a quarter of a mile away. His father met him at the door but did not know him until he told his name.

As soon as he had finished telling his father the story, he became unconscious. His wife and the doctor were sent for. Twenty-one days, Sarah, his wife, sat by him, doing all that the most tender affection could prompt to save the life of the one who was so precious to her and their children. The doctor afterward repeatedly declared that the excellent nursing and constant care to keep fresh water on the wounds had saved his life.

The next morning after the occurrence the officers visited the place where he had been so terribly treated. They found the gun-barrel with the charge still in it, but with no lock or stock attached. The broken stock was found in one place and the lock in another. Near by there was a pool of blood. The sheriff of the county seemed very desirous of securing evidence to convict the guilty parties, and visited the sick man repeatedly to see if he was correct in his suspicions of certain persons. He asked Needham :

“Do you have any idea who it was you saw by the pine-tree?” Needham was unable to talk, but he gave an affirmative nod of the head. The sheriff then asked with eagerness if it was the two persons he named on whom suspicion rested; but Needham would not answer. The sheriff asked him to nod his head or press his hand if the right persons were named; but he would give no information that might lead to the conviction of the men who had so brutally attempted to murder him.

Needham Perkins knew that if he said it was a certain man, that man would be hung on his evidence. He afterwards stated that he was fully satisfied who the men were, but he did not see that he would be justified in causing their death; that he was a Christian and loved his enemies. He lived for some years after this and departed this life in peace, an honored Christian minister.

The mother and children worked the little farm, and she labored faithfully to educate the children and bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

A few years after the death of the father, the writer was conversing with one of the sons about giving his heart to the Lord. He replied: “No! not until I have killed the men who attempted to murder my father.” He was working to discover them, and when discovered he proposed that their lives should pay for their crime. He well knew that the nature of true religion, such as his father had possessed, would not permit such an act, and in the unregenerate

state of his heart he wished first to have vengeance, then religion, and was not ready to leave it with him who said: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." He did not consider that the spirit of the Lord Jesus would take the evil desires out of his heart, and give him the spirit of love which so fully possessed his father, and in which he had so peacefully passed away.

Shortly after this the mother's heart was gladdened by hearing her son confess his sins and accept his father's Saviour. She is still living, a sweet-spirited grandmother, rejoicing in the happy homes of her sons and daughters, where the grandchildren eagerly watch for her coming to spend a little time with them. She rejoices in the present, desiring to forget much of the past, and with bright hopes for the future looks beyond the veil for union again with him who in other days walked by her side. She testified recently: "When His rod smites us, His staff is sufficient to support us if we are willing to lean upon it."

CHAPTER XXII.

The day is breaking in the East of which the Prophets told,
And brightens up the sky of Time the Christian age of Gold;
Old Might to Right is yielding, battle blade to clerkly pen,
Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her serfs stand up as men;
The isles rejoice together, in a day are nations born,
And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by Stamboul's Golden Horn.

WHITTIER.

NORTHERN farmers know little, by experience, of the ravages and devastation of war. There were no companies of foragers hunting over their premises to see what they could secure to feed hungry horses and soldiers; no marauding bands of lawless men plundering and taking property of all kinds, as was the case in the South.

The extra prices obtained by Northern farmers for whatever they produced made money easy, and in the abundance of the things they possessed they could well rejoice. Not so with those who lived in the Southland in war time. Men who had hitherto worked the farms and managed the estates were mostly in the army. The women and children, with now and then a little help or advice from those men who were too old for army service, had to make the crops, care for the homes and give one tenth of what they had produced to the Confederate government, or

have it taken from them. The frequent raids of soldiers of one or both armies, bushwackers, or stragglers, made possession of provisions, cattle or horses very uncertain, as any thing was taken or destroyed at the will of the marauders.

In his report, January 1, 1865, of that memorable march through Georgia and Carolina, General Sherman states: "I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at one hundred millions of dollars at least, of which twenty millions has inured to our advantage, and the remainder is simply waste and destruction. This may seem a harsh piece of warfare, but it brings the sad realities of war home to those who have been directly or indirectly instrumental in involving us in the attendant calamities."

It is not difficult to imagine that complete desolation marked the track of this army, which on the first of April numbered 74,105 infantry, 4781 cavalry, and 2244 artillery, besides wagon trains, their attendant horses, cattle, etc., all living off the country. They started with only twenty days' supply of bread, and forty days' supply of beef and coffee. Orders were given to keep the supply on hand up to the standard, and secure their necessities from the country through which they traveled. They marched in three and four columns at various distances, and destroyed and appropriated whatever they wished.

Bentonsville, Johnson County, N. C., is about sixteen miles from Goldsboro. Near here lived William Cox, to whom we have referred as visiting Friends in

prison and working for their comfort and liberty. One Sabbath morning, as our friend was making preparation to go as usual to meeting for worship, he was startled by the sound of battle, and the fearful sounds grew nearer and nearer. All day the battle raged in the neighborhood, and in the morning it began around their dwelling, where some of the neighboring women and children had sought shelter. Soon the bullets were heard falling on the roof. William closed the doors and then walked the floor, watching as best he could through the windows the movements of the men engaged in the terrible conflict, while the women sought refuge under the beds. Though a number of the bullets entered the room, none of the occupants were hit by them. Until ten o'clock on the morning of the second day the roar of cannon, the sharp crack of muskets and the confused noise of battle were heard continually without. Within the house the cries of the children mingled with the prayers of the mothers.

After the battle ended, an officer of the United States army came to the door and asked if there was any one there. William opened the door, and the women obtained their first glimpse of the battlefield. His wife says: "I was frightened so bad I thought I should die. The officer said: 'Don't be frightened; you shall not be hurt.' But the fright did harm me, and will as long as I live. When I looked out I expected to see the ground covered with dead men, but instead of that it was covered with live ones, pillaging and taking what they could lay their hands on. The

officer had a little meat and lard taken into the house, and a few bushels of corn into the hall room. The dear Heavenly Father preserved all our lives, but we were left very destitute."

One of those present, Sarah Winslow, says: "We expected every moment to be killed. The balls fell thick and fast upon the house. Cannon firing near us! The children crying! The tenant's wife and I praying aloud, asking the dear Lord to be our shield! And so He was. My brother's two little children were with me, and the army now came between them and their home. The dear little things had to walk six miles under the care of an old Friend who could cross the lines. Their clothing had been taken by the soldiers, and we had to beg more to make them comfortable. In their excitement several Friends went to Goldsboro for protection, their father among others, and they could not get back, as the Yankee army was in Goldsboro, so they went on to Indiana and stayed a year. When they returned to their desolate homes, the land was there; the houses were there; but all the rest was gone."

Johnston's and Sherman's armies had so devastated the country that it was necessary for Sherman to issue rations to the citizens as well as to the soldiers, or many of them would have perished. Unwilling as many were to eat the "Yankee rations," they were obliged to do it; the country all around had been ransacked by Johnston's army of 36,817 men, as well as by Sherman's. The people were robbed of everything the soldiers could find to eat, and of much besides.

Isaac Cox, a comfortable farmer, was visited by a company of soldiers, who entered his house, helped themselves to all they wished to eat, and then began to look around for something to carry away. So eager were they in their search for gold, which they had heard he had, that they finally hung Isaac by the neck to make him reveal its hiding-place, and to save his life he was compelled to do so. They overturned the hearthstone in front of the fireplace in his sitting-room, and from here, to Isaac's grief and their rejoicing, they took seven hundred dollars in gold, and readily transferred it from its long hiding-place to their pockets. The child's cradle was searched, and the baby's clothing taken, for what reason was a mystery to the mother; but William Hockett has told us that the soldiers took things that were of no use to them.

At the house of L. J. Moore, of Neuse meeting, dinner was being prepared when a company of soldiers called. The turkey just cooked, and all the good dinner the family was about to eat, was appropriated by the hungry men. All the turkeys in the yard were caught, and the good housewife was ordered to produce a string with which to tie them together. Two dressed hogs were taken. They found a lot of sausage meat which had been prepared for keeping. This they could not very well take in crocks and cans, but they found a way to carry it. Mrs. Moore had recently spun, wove and made a suit of yarn clothing. This they proceeded to fill with sausage meat. Tying strings around the bottoms of the pants and sleeves

of the coat, they had a sausage man, which they proceeded to put astride of a horse. They hung the turkeys over the same horse's back. They took a good hand-made counterpane for a horse-blanket. A home-made sugar loaf the mother begged them in vain to leave for her baby. Every dish, tin pan and cooking utensil they either carried off or destroyed. Everything eatable of all the well-stored larder they carried away, save some salt and a little corn meal that had been overlooked.

The family had had no dinner, the children were hungry, and the mother was puzzled to know how to feed them. It was night, but they must have bread. The mother finally found the meal and salt. She washed out the trough, from which a horse had been fed. In this she mixed the meal for bread and then baked it in the ashes. Theirs was a large family, and they knew not where the next bread was to come from; but government rations served to supply the need for a time.

Near the banks of the Neuse river lived a Friend named Jesse Hollowell. He was a good farmer, used to having plenty around him. His wife was good at carding, spinning and weaving, and many of the aristocratic slaveholders' wives sought instruction of her in this now necessary employment. It became a source of pride among the ladies when they could produce good yarn suits for their husbands or sons. With equal pride the men wore them. Broadcloth was not to be had as in other days, for love or money. Shoemakers, women as well as men, were respected

on account of their calling. From the palmetto obtained from South Carolina, many made hats for themselves and their neighbors. Hats made of wheat straw were quite common.

As the end of the war drew near and the slaveholders saw that theirs was "the lost cause," they became anxious to save what they could, and they believed that if they and their goods could be sheltered by Friends it would be better for them. Jesse Hollowell was employed in moving their goods to his own and other Friends' houses, just before Sherman's army came. But the soldiers knew no difference. The Confederate and Union alike took whatever they found that they wished, without regard to the religion or politics of the citizens. When it was understood that Sherman was at Fayetteville, there was a fear and trembling among the people, and every effort was made to secrete property.

On the day of the battle of Bentonsville, these Friends could not get to their meeting, as the soldiers were between them and the meeting-house. The distinctness of the sounds from the battlefield made it seem nearer than it really was. Even the cattle seemed to know that there was a terrible catastrophe at hand. They were restless, plaintively lowing and wandering uneasily about all day. At Jesse Hollowell's, between Bentonsville and Goldsboro, they had not seen a soldier during the day, but they heard the continual noise of battle all day, and at evening the sharp crack of musketry nearer by; they went to bed at night without knowing the result of the day's bloody work.

The next morning our friend resumed his work as usual, not knowing what better to do. About nine o'clock the dog began to bark, and the boy Jesse, anxious to learn the cause, climbed upon the fence. He saw a lot of men and horses about the house, and thinking they might want the horse with which he was ploughing, he began to wonder where the horse could be secreted. Before he could decide, a man in blue uniform, the first Jesse had ever seen, was there, and ordered him to unhitch the horse; but Jesse did not like to give it up, for it was one that they had raised and he was much attached to it. The soldier did not wait for him to do it, but promptly unhitched it himself, and mounting rode away. "It then dawned upon me," Jesse says, "that we were receiving a visit from our friends (?) the Yankees. When I reached the house I found that they had been to the field and taken a horse and cart from the boy working there. They were loading the cart with smoked hams, piling them on top of one another, with not a piece of any other kind of meat on the cart. They had hitched two horses to it, one in front of the other, — a new way of carting, to me. Soon others were loading a buggy with dried fruit and other pantry supplies. Bureau drawers and trunks were all searched, and the four dollars in specie that we (the children) had saved was taken away. A pot of lard that mother had hid in the ash-hopper, they thought a rich prize, but richer still the barrels, one of which had been buried in the smoke-house, and another placed above it, thinking if the top one should be taken they would not look for

the second. But Sherman's men were used to foraging and they found and took the two barrels of lard. Father tried to convince them of our Union principles, and mother begged to have my horse, the one she and the girls drove, but it was all of no avail. These supplies were taken to the camp near where the fighting had been going on the day before. The man with the buggy-load of dried fruit and pantry supplies finally promised mother that he would return the horse and buggy after getting to camp. A colored boy who was working with us offered to go with him and take them back, and to our surprise, after everything else had been taken or laid waste and the country was full of soldiers and implements of war, the man who had taken off the family-horse returned with him and the colored boy; but said that the harness had been cut so badly that he could not bring the buggy back; but it was afterwards recovered from a man, who, like the rest of us, was picking up what was left in the deserted camps.

“After the first squad of soldiers left us, things were pretty quiet until the next day, when we went to work again, probably from force of habit. I was working near the road. A squad of Union soldiers passed, and one of them, being bareheaded, called me to the fence and took my new one hundred and fifty dollar hat from my head. Some additional plundering was done at the house, but we had not seen much of the work, as we found afterwards.

“On Fourth-day the wagon train camped betwixt us and the Neuse river, and soldiers, several files deep,

were marching past our house all day. The woods were on fire. We could hear the guns as they killed sheep, cattle and poultry in every direction. When night came, it found us without dinner and with nothing for supper; not a change of clothing for men, women or children; bedclothes all gone, every pillow and bolster ripped open and the feathers emptied out; fences burned, weather-boarding stripped from the barn and carried off, all the washing and cooking utensils gone, etc., etc. Then we began to see some of the effects of war.

“Fourth-day evening, when things had somewhat quieted down, father went down to the nearest camp and told an officer our situation, and asked him for something to eat. He was given a joint of bacon and probably something in the bread line. I have forgotten how mother managed to cook; I only know that she did, and that we did not really suffer from the pangs of hunger. That was the only day that we were entirely without food. Father said that when on his begging trip he did not feel so badly as he did when he heard that South Carolina had seceded from the Union.

“When the camp had been moved from the south side of the Neuse river, the people in this vicinity—and we were very convenient in this respect—raked up all the loose corn, shucks, fodder, etc., to feed poor, sore-backed and broken-down horses, which we had picked up preparatory to making another crop. Occasionally we would find a small piece of bacon or a few dried peas that they had left. All the good horses

that they could find no use for were huddled up and killed. There were about a hundred and fifty killed within an acre's space about three-fourths of a mile from us, and seventy-five in another direction about the same distance. On moving camp they would cut up and mutilate buggies and carriages, pile rails upon them and burn them.

"After Johnston surrendered, the United States commissary issued rations to citizens who would avail themselves of them. I have forgotten the quantity, but it was a certain amount of flour, pickled beef, sugar and coffee, weekly. I think Sixth-day was 'draw-day' in our section. For miles below they would gather at the pontoon bridge on Neuse river, near where we lived, and about ten o'clock they were allowed to cross. From there to Goldsboro and return, this crowd of hundreds, mostly women and all on foot, was accompanied by a guard of one man, detailed for that special purpose. Sister Kate (then a little girl) was our representative."

Immediately following the surrender of Lee, Northern Friends, aware of the great straits to which their brethren in the South were reduced, organized what was known as "the Baltimore Association of Friends," "as a channel for the distribution of aid from the Friends of Europe and America." Agents were sent to the different yearly meetings to solicit aid. Not only was food needed immediately to keep them from starving, but means for the rebuilding of their school-houses and meeting-houses, and for the education of their children. Most nobly did the Friends give them-

selves to the work of relief. Our correspondent, Jesse Hollowell, continues his account :

“ As soon as the Baltimore Association came to our relief, Friends quit calling on Uncle Sam. I vividly recollect the day R. M. Janney and Sarah Smiley (agents for the Baltimore Association) came to our house. Things had very much quieted down, and we seldom saw any soldiers unless we went over toward Goldsboro (six miles away). One day we saw a squad of cavalry and a two-horse jersey-wagon coming through the plantation. There were no fences to hinder. They drew near, and it appeared as though they were going to call. We felt as though we did not want any more soldiers' calls. Mother started to go out, thinking to give them instructions on getting to the public road, one fourth of a mile distant, but Richard Janney and the officer in charge wished to know if Jesse Hollowell lived there, and on being answered in the affirmative alighted with baggage in hand and were coming in. The soldiers had taken their leave and turned for Goldsboro. Mother met them. Introducing themselves, they told their mission before going into the house. It was joyful news to us. When father returned at night I told him of it and he could hardly help shouting.

“ With our warlike neighbors, it was a question how the Quakers North and South could love each other and be on such friendly terms at the close of such a bloody war ‘ between the sections.’ ”

Johnston accepted the generous terms of General Sherman, which he dictated in accordance with what

he understood to be Abraham Lincoln's policy, but these terms were not satisfactory to some in authority, and were finally rejected, making it quite probable that further blood would be shed; but rather than continue the now hopeless undertaking to establish the Confederacy, Johnston finally accepted the more exacting terms required by others, and on the twenty-sixth of April surrendered his army.

On the tenth of May, Jefferson Davis was captured at Irwinsville, in the south of Georgia. On the fourteenth of May all the Confederate troops east of the Mississippi laid down their arms. On the twenty-sixth of May all west of the "Father of Waters" followed, and the Confederate States of America were no more. The high ambitions of her statesmen and office-seekers were fallen, their hopes blasted, and their slaves forever free.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A redder sea than Egypt's wave
Is piled and parted for the slave ;
A darker cloud moves on in light ;
A fiercer fire is guide by night.

The praise, O Lord ! is thine alone,
In thine own way the work is done.
Our poor gifts at thy feet we cast,
To whom be glory first and last.

WHITTIER.

THE thought in writing this book was that it would help to convince the reader that arbitration is the best way to settle international difficulties. Sometimes this may be done by showing the awful results of war.

A recent visit to many of the Southern battlefields, where occurred some of the most disastrous conflicts of the war of 1861-65, has so impressed the writer that he has ventured to introduce the following summary account of a few of the scenes of carnage. He knows that what is described was no part of the work of "the Friends in war time," and yet it may have a part in so teaching men the horrors of battle that they will "learn war no more."

Fredericksburg is the chief town of Spottsylvania County, Virginia. It has about five thousand inhabitants, and is situated on the south bank of the Rap-

pahannock river, sixty-nine miles from Washington, D. C., and sixty-seven miles from Richmond, Va. George Washington was born near here, and the house in which his mother lived is still standing, being kept in order by the Masonic lodge that claimed Washington as a member. Near Fredericksburg is an unfinished monument which marks the burial-place of the mother of George Washington.

Just out of the suburbs rise St. Mary's Heights, and away to the southwest stretches the level plain between the heights and the river. This plain is six miles long and from one-half mile to one and a half miles broad. On St. Mary's Heights are a National and a Confederate cemetery, side by side. Here sleep those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray. It matters not to them now which side they served. Peaceably they sleep together on that hill, in one great "city of the dead," overlooking the smaller city on the plain, bordering the noble Rappahannock, with the heights sheltering its flowing waters on either side.

In the Federal cemetery 15,000 graves are marked with marble slabs, 12,000 of them with one sad word, "Unknown," on them. In the vicinity of this city were fought five of the most bloody battles of the war. In other cemeteries were laid many thousands of the brave boys in blue or gray, who fell upon these fields of carnage, and many were never given a place in any cemetery. Each died, as he thought, for the sake of his country, and they slew each other not because they had any hatred one for another as men, nor

because they had complaints against one another; but from place of birth, education, mistaken views and force of circumstances they were arrayed against one another as soldiers in mortal combat.

The writer recently visited the little city upon the plain, upon which one of God's servants, George Whitefield, pronounced a curse, and concerning which he made a remarkable prophecy. The predictions were literally fulfilled within the time specified. While there we read the story of "George Whitefield's Curse," as given by Isabel Worrell Ball in the "Evening Star," of Washington, D. C. It may not be inappropriate to give it in this connection.

A CURSE ON FREDERICKSBURG.

"In 1769 George Whitefield, one of the founders of Methodism, and, until they split on doctrinal rocks, the fast friend of John Wesley, pronounced a curse upon Fredericksburg, which, in the light of to-day, seems almost prophetic. The reformer was an eccentric man, as full of whims as a watch is of wheels, and he was hence the legitimate prey of the small boy, who was ubiquitous then as now.

"While preaching in the open air over against the heights of Fredericksburg in 1769, the young hoodlums of the town set upon him and drove him to a frenzy. Turning upon his tormenters, like an avenging demon, he cursed the town and all that it contained, in the lurid language of the day. He consigned it all to Hades and ordered red-hot trim-

mings for the reception decorations. He predicted that for the ungodliness of the town and its inhospitable treatment of himself misfortune should overtake its inhabitants, and before the curse should be fully worked out the streets should run red with blood. He concluded by saying that for one hundred years it should stand still, and not a soul should it grow till the century was gone.

“When the census of 1870 was taken, one year more than the century named, the population numbered just four more souls than it did when the old man turned his invective loose upon it.

“How the soul of the old Calvinist must have gloated over the fulfillment of his prophecy, the climax to his curse, if it was hovering over that pretty little town on that foggy morning when the plain over which he stretched his bony hands was turned into a veritable Golgotha, and the Rappahannock ran red with blood.”

In the five bloody battles fought around this city from December, 1862, to May, 1864, about one hundred thousand men were said to have been killed, wounded and missing.

The first of these terrible scenes began December 13, 1862. Both armies were confident of their own ability and of the insufficiency of the enemy. General Burnside succeeded General McClellan in command of the army of the Potomac, November 10, 1862. With desperate eagerness he moved his army of a hundred and twenty thousand men over the Rap-

pahannock, on four pontoon bridges, fighting as they went. Eighty thousand men, under Lee, Jackson and Longstreet, were on the heights with artillery, prepared to sweep the plain when it should be filled with that army of a hundred and twenty thousand souls. General E. P. Alexander, the Confederate engineer and superintendent of artillery, said to Longstreet: "General, we cover that ground now so well that we will comb it as with a fine-tooth comb. A chicken could not live on the plain when we open fire upon it."

General McClellan's lack of success in gaining victory for the Federals had caused the authorities to become impatient, and General Burnside, in his zeal to win a victory, was wholly unprepared for the trap so successfully laid for him by the Confederates, and when their batteries did open fire upon his army it was indeed mown down. An English correspondent on the grounds wrote to the London "Times" as follows:

A TERRIBLE AND SUBLIME SCENE.

"Such a scene, at once terrible and sublime, mortal eye never rested on before, unless the bombardment of Sebastopol by the combined batteries of France and England revealed a more fearful manifestation of the hate and fury of men.

"The thundering, bellowing roar of hundreds of pieces of artillery! the bright jets of issuing flame! the screaming, whistling, shrieking projectiles! the wreaths of smoke as shell after shell burst in the

still air! the savage crash of round shot among the trees of the shattered forest! — all formed a scene likely to sink forever into the minds of all who witnessed it, but utterly defying verbal delineation.

“A direct and enfilading fire swept each battery on either side as it unmasked. Volley replied to volley, crash succeeded crash, until the eye lost all power of distinguishing the lines of combatants, and the plain seemed like a lake of fire, — a seething, molten lake of lava, coursed over by incarnate fiends, drunk with fury and revenge.”

The Richmond “*Enquirer*” said the next day:

“The Yankees commenced storming the hill at half past eleven, and were repulsed four times with immense slaughter. They were mowed down by hundreds. Two hundred and fifty bodies were counted in a space occupied by only one regiment.”

General Longstreet, one of the Confederate commanders, says: “Five times the Union troops formed and charged, and were repulsed. A sixth time they charged and were driven back, and then night came to end the dreadful carnage, and the Federals withdrew, leaving the battlefield literally heaped with their dead. Before the well-directed fire of Cobb’s brigade, the Federals had fallen like the steady dripping of rain from the eaves of the house. Our musketry alone killed and wounded at least five thousand, and these, with the slaughter of the artillery, left more than seven thousand killed and wounded before the foot of St. Mary’s Heights.

“The dead were piled sometimes three deep, and when the morning broke, the spectacle that we saw on the battlefield was one of the most distressing that I ever witnessed. The charges had been desperate and bloody, but utterly hopeless. I thought as I saw the Federals come again and again to their death that they deserved success, if courage and daring could entitle a soldier to victory.”

Of the gallant Irish brigade of twelve hundred men, whom, each with his sprig of shamrock, General Meagher had led into the valley of death on that bloody thirteenth, only two hundred and sixty reported for duty the next morning. These still wearing the shamrock in their hats, battered and begrimed with the terrible work of the day before, and mourning the loss of their comrades, gathered around the flag of green and gold, ready to renew the work of slaughter and sacrifice the remnant of their famous brigade at their commander's word.

Of Hooker's four thousand men who assaulted the enemy, trying to gain a stone wall, 1760 were left on the field. The killed, wounded and missing in this terrible effort to gain St. Mary's Heights were 12,973 on the Union side and 4576 on the Confederate side.

Defeated and utterly discouraged, the Union army recrossed the Rappahannock and went into winter quarters in close proximity to the enemy, still sheltered behind their entrenchments. The army was disheartened not only because of its own defeat, but because of the general discouraging outlook for the

Federal forces. At Stone River, ten thousand more of the brave defenders of the Union had been sacrificed in the vain attempt to gain a victory, for a victory it could hardly be called. Sherman's troops before Vicksburg had also been obliged to withdraw, leaving two thousand five hundred more soldiers slain.

Recruits for the thinned ranks of the Army of the Potomac were called for, and on May first, 1863, 125,000 men now forming this army, with a new commander whose reputation had gained for him the name of "Fighting Joe Hooker," again entered upon the conflict. The battle of Chancellorsville was fought and 1630 more of the Northern soldiers were killed, wounded and missing, with nearly as many on the Southern side. After three days hard fighting, seeing the hopelessness of the undertaking, utterly discouraged and humiliated, he ordered a retreat, and in the darkness of the night the army of the Potomac recrossed the Rappahannock, leaving twenty thousand stand of arms and fourteen pieces of artillery on the field to enrich the enemy.

These continued reverses so distressed Abraham Lincoln that when word was brought him of this defeat he seemed almost to despair.

In June, 1863, Hooker asked to be released of his command, and General Meade succeeded him. Then followed the Gettysburg campaign, with the loss of 23,316 men on the Northern side and 36,000 Southerners, after which Meade and Lee occupied about the same positions as before, not far from Chancellors-

ville. It was then that Meade planned the battle of Mine Run. So desperate was the undertaking that his men did not expect to survive the battle ; but they were soldiers.

"Theirs not to make reply ;
Theirs but to do and die."

As they were disposed for the night in such a way as to be ready for instant action when daylight should come, they at once began writing farewell messages to their friends, and their names on slips of paper, which they pinned to their blouses, that there might be no need to write upon their grave-stones the single word, "Unknown."

The engagement began on the twenty-first of November, 1863, but such was the prospect of the utter annihilation of the Northern forces that the corps commanders thought that criticism was better than destruction, and they refused to take their troops into action. After some skirmishing, in which about five hundred were lost on each side, they withdrew and entered into winter quarters. For a time there was a hush of the sound of battle, but it was the calm that preceded a storm even yet more fearful and destructive.

Grant started south and his army took up the cry, "On to Richmond ;" but many a bloody field must be crossed ere they reached the Confederate capital. Lee, with his bold Southern boys, ready to die at the word of their loved general, was still occupying the ground around Mine Run and Chancellorsville. Here, where the army of the Potomac had stared death in

the face less than six months before, and about a year before the waters of Mine Run had been crimsoned with the blood of those who had died at the battle of Chancellorsville, Grant met Lee in the deadly battle of the Wilderness.

This locality was not an ordinary forest of tall pines or gigantic oaks. These had long since been removed for timber by those engaged in mining in this vicinity, and there had grown up a dense undergrowth of low-limbed pines, stiff chinquapins, scrub-oak and hazel. The ground was rocky and uneven, so that friends and foes were invisible to one another, except the few who were close together. Here lurked two hundred thousand men, about half of them dressed in blue and half in gray. No ordinary line of battle could be formed, and there was no chance for the display of generalship as in the open field. No general could see his men ten files away. Artillery was useless, and the three hundred immense guns of the Northern troops were silent except for the few shots made by the roadside. No cavalry could enter the Wilderness, and they were ruled out of the conflict. It was a deadly hand-to-hand fight between the sons of America.

Something horrible indeed there is to contemplate in this battle of the Wilderness, as men sent their missiles of death to each other and brought misery and woe to the families represented. Maddened by the intoxicating work at hand and reckless of their own or others' lives, they fought, the officers only knowing of the loss or advantage to either side by the Yankee cheer or the Southern yell, which could at

times be heard from the unseen men, following the sharp crack of musketry.

Here eighteen thousand men wearing the blue and twelve thousand clad in gray were slain, and no victory was gained by either side. It was generally conceded to be a drawn battle. Fearful in its intensity, horrible in its effect, was the battle of the Wilderness.

Following this, as follows every other battle, all over the land arose the cry of wounded hearts, as the sad news reached the far-away homes that loved ones had fallen.

Since the beginning of this chapter a letter has been received which states: "We have just buried my husband's mother, who had a son killed in the battle of the Wilderness. The shock caused by the news of his death was such that her reason gave way, and she never regained it."

For more than thirty years that mother had been listening for the footstep of that boy,—the boy whose step kept time to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" as he proudly marched away from home and mother to fight men he never knew. There was no place in the mother's brain to retain the intelligence that her boy was slain. So she waited for his coming, making anxious inquiry for him, again and again, of neighbors and of strangers. He was coming home soon, was the oft-repeated declaration.

The mother's life was wrecked by the same bullet that killed her darling son so far away in the battle of the Wilderness. Thirty years of simply waiting

for him who could never come, and God took her to that spirit world, where, let us hope, she met and knew the boy for whom she had here so long waited.

Grant had started South, and, not discouraged by the result of the fight, had kept on toward Spottsylvania, fighting all the way. For twelve days Lee contested every attempt he made to advance, and forty thousand more of the Union forces were slain between the battle of the Wilderness and the battle of Spottsylvania, where the broken and wearied forces met in what has been called by many "the deadliest and fiercest conflict of the war."

Foot to foot, hand to hand, the Union forces endeavored to overpower the Southern men and capture the place; sometimes standing on the bodies of their slain comrades three or four deep, they fought what is known as "The Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania." They finally planted the United States flag within the enemy's breastworks, where they managed to hold their position in spite of Lee's desperate efforts to dislodge them.

But Spottsylvania itself was not yet captured. Leaving about nine thousand of Lee's troops among the slain, and about twelve thousand of his own men unable to answer to the bugle call and march on to Richmond, General Grant, with a vast army still left, moved south, and for the first time in two years the little city of Fredericksburg could rest from the noise and expectation of battle.

The battle of Cold Harbor was remarkable for its great loss of life in a very short time. Some say ten

minutes, and none claim more than twenty as the length of time that the battle lasted; and yet the Northern troops were obliged to withdraw from the attack, and in that brief space of time they lost 15,000 men.

Meade did not approve of a renewal of the attack, yet he finally consented to issue the orders given him, and the word was passed from officers to men. The time came for the contemplated onslaught, but *not a man obeyed the order*. This is perhaps the only instance in the annals of warfare where the intelligence of the rank and file of the soldiery rose above the judgment of their superiors, and an emphatic though silent "No" was given to the requirements of officers whom they were accustomed to obey. The bitter experience of the morning taught them that it was a useless butchery of men to assail the stronghold of the enemy, and they refused to make the required sacrifice of life.

The curse of George Whitefield had been fulfilled; the streets of Fredericksburg had indeed run red with blood. She had suffered as only a city can suffer with contending armies seeking to drive each other from her borders.

Shall we draw the curtain here and veil from our sight the terrible scenes of which we have caught only a glimpse? The days of peace have come. No more is "the battle of the warrior with confused noise and garments rolled in blood" known in our land. America's sons are once more united under the flag of our fathers and we are brethren.

Better, far better, is now the condition of that little city on the banks of the Rappahannock, cursed though it may have been by the Lord's servant, and by the hand of war.

The little plain stretching out before the city having drunk the blood of so many, and the city at its head having been cursed by God's servant, remind us of Israel, once a great nation, and of the plains of Esdraelon or Jezreel, in the land of Palestine, overlooked by the mountains of Gilboa and washed by the river Kishon, between Jordan and the Mediterranean, — once a flourishing region. Esdraelon had drunk the blood of so many of God's people that Gibbon said of this once fair field: "When the last trump shall sound, more bodies will answer the summons from Esdraelon than from any other spot of the same size on the inhabited globe." Of the valley of Jezreel the Lord said (Hosea i. 4-6): "For yet a little while and I will avenge the blood of Jezreel upon the house of Jehu, and will cause to cease the kingdom of the house of Israel. And it shall come to pass at that day, that I will break the bow of Israel in the valley of Jezreel. I will no more have mercy upon the house of Israel; but I will utterly take them away." For the crimes and for the bloody battles fought there, and for grief at the death of Saul and Jonathan, King David wept and mourned that the beauty of Israel was slain. In his sorrow and grief, stretching his hands toward the mountains overlooking the plain, he said: "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be any rain upon you, neither fields

of offering." Abundantly though the fields did yield, yet since that day only thistles nod in the breezes, and no hand tills the unproductive soil.

The curse of God is plainly seen, not only upon this fair land, but upon that people who rejected God's commands and would not have the Prince of Peace to reign over them. May it be removed from the plain of Esdraelon and the mountains of Gilboa as well as from the fair city of the Southland, if upon them it still be; and may the day be hastened when God's chosen Israel, "the lost nation," and all the nations of the earth may learn righteousness, and the terrible blight and curse of war never more be known.

CHAPTER XXIV.

As thine early children, Lord,
Shared their wealth and daily bread,
Even so, with one accord,
We, in love, each other fed.
Not with us the miser's hoard;
Not with us his grasping hand;
Equal round a common board,
Drew our meek and brother band.

WHITTIER.

IN giving some account of the work of the Baltimore Association, which was organized for a specific purpose, did its work thoroughly and grandly, and dissolved when that work was accomplished, with the universal testimony, "well done," it is quite fitting that we should make special mention of him who so clearly saw the need of such an organization, conceived the plan, and whose liberal contributions to its funds and continued service made possible the accomplishment of its work.

Francis Thompson King was born in Baltimore, Second month 25th, 1819. He was carefully trained and educated in the Society of Friends, and early became convinced of the sin of slavery and of war. He devoted his first hundred dollars toward the purchase of a slave boy in whom he had become inter-

ested, and set him free. He was often instrumental in the purchase and freeing of slaves.

Under the preaching of John Hersey, a Methodist, he was awakened to a sense of his spiritual need. Soon after this Joseph John Gurney, from England, a minister among the Friends, visited this country in religious service. He stopped at Joseph King's house, and his son, Francis T. King, became an avowed Christian in 1838. Under the influence and teaching of this man of God, he definitely accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and received pardon for his sins, through faith in His atoning blood. He fully accepted the doctrines of the Gospel, as held by the Friends, and ever remained loyal to the interests of the Baltimore Yearly Meeting, with which he was actively connected.

From 1840 to 1856 he was an active and successful business man, and his business was conducted strictly in accordance with his Christian principles. On one occasion he received a large order for goods. As they were about to be shipped he ascertained that they were to be used for military purposes. He immediately refused to allow the order to be filled, saying that no goods of his should be used for the promotion of war.

Having obtained the amount he had previously fixed upon as needful for his support, he retired from active business life, that he might give himself more directly to the Lord's work; not as a minister, though he often addressed the people in the name of his Saviour, but in the various lines of church work so

much needing consecrated intellect and business talent. He was a philanthropist of broad views, taking into consideration every subject claiming his interest and assistance, and devoting such time and means to it as his generous heart and wise head might deem prudent.

Baltimore was always his home, and what concerned his native city interested him. He accepted positions of trust in connection with her public works and charitable institutions, as well as many concerns of public interest outside the State. Such was the influence exerted by him among the leading citizens of Baltimore, that by his wise counsel he was able to do much toward influencing the city authorities to maintain their position of loyalty to the United States.

In Fourth month, 1861, when the Pennsylvania troops were approaching Baltimore on their way to Washington, the Southern sympathizers were determined that they should not pass through the city. Two days before a Massachusetts regiment had been attacked while marching through the city from one depot to another, and men on both sides were killed, — the first lives lost in the war. The railroad bridges north and east of the city were burned to prevent the transportation of troops to Washington, and all the ports were closed. Everywhere the fife and drum were heard, recruiting men. Squads were drilling, and cannon and supplies were being hauled through the streets. Baltimore was a great military camp.

Five thousand troops from Pennsylvania were nearing the city. It was Sabbath morning, and the church bells rang out as usual; but soon the alarm bells were heard, and preparations were made to prevent the passage of these troops; but the cavalry and infantry moved on. The Friends' meeting-house was near the city hall. About meeting time the Friends gathered in the yard, as was their wont, though the excitement in the vicinity was very great, some anxiously querying what to do; for many had not heard of the approach of troops before their coming to meeting and of the possible repetition of the scenes of two days before. To add to the trial of their faith and patience, word came to several that their horses had been taken by the militia.

As the hour drew near at which they usually gathered within the house, the voice of one of their elders was heard saying: "Friends, I think the best place for us is to quietly gather into the meeting-house and wait as usual upon the Lord." In a few moments, without a questioning word, the congregation was seated, "under the shadow of His wing." It was the only congregation of worshipers in the city of Baltimore on this exciting day.

Many of the city officials sympathized with the South, while the few Union men, surprised and overawed by the actions of their officials, made no opposition until the ballot box revealed the fact that a good portion of the citizenship was loyal to the Union. Francis T. King called upon the city authorities, and was most kindly received and readily granted an au-

dience. He told them that he had just returned from the North, and explained to them the situation, — how the North was much better prepared to carry on a war than the South, and that it would be useless to oppose her. — Communication by wire or mail had been cut off. Great efforts were being made to induce Maryland to join the Confederacy, and her officials were much perplexed.

After faithfully presenting his views to the city fathers, Francis T. King then went to see the governor, who received him cordially in his room, though the hour was now midnight. He gave him a full account of what he had seen in the North, and an idea of the determination of all classes to prevent Maryland, just in the rear of the nation's capital, from seceding. The governor listened with attention and apparent interest to all he had to say, asking many questions. Francis T. King says: "I was soon relieved to learn that he was loyal, and would defeat the efforts of the secessionists to put Maryland in a hostile position." The disloyal members of the legislature were soon after arrested by the United States authorities, and a loyal legislature elected. Governor Hicks was retained, and remained true to the great responsibilities of his situation during the war.

Francis King's greatest interest was in the Society of Friends, and however much he might be pressed with public and other business, his church and its work claimed the foremost place. As we have already learned, he frequently visited Washington, and had free access to the government officials to

present the needs of any of his suffering brethren. He was active in the pressing of Friends' claims for exemption from military duty, and was of great assistance in securing the favorable exemption laws granted by the United States government.

During the war, when thousands of Southern soldiers were imprisoned at Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Potomac, some of them thought they should be liberally furnished with whatever they might wish, and made earnest appeals to the Southern sympathizers in Baltimore and elsewhere for money, pretending that they needed it to buy food, clothing, blankets and other needful things. The following is an account given by F. T. King concerning the subject, and gives a good idea of the care of prisoners by the Federal government:

POINT LOOKOUT.

“In the cold winter of 1863, when so much suffering from the weather was experienced by the prisoners of war, a leading merchant of Baltimore, a well-known sympathizer with the South, called upon me and said that he and his friends were constantly receiving letters from Confederate prisoners at Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Potomac, complaining of not being protected from the severity of the weather, and that they were suffering intensely for want of blankets, shoes, underclothing, etc. ‘We have piles of such letters,’ he said, ‘and we are prepared to put into your hands \$20,000 as a gift to you, for which you will be accountable to no one,



FRANCIS T. KING



believing that we can rely upon you to relieve the prisoners at Point Lookout.' I replied that I hardly thought their condition could be so bad, and that I saw no way by which I could serve him unless I went to the Secretary of War myself and received authority to disburse this money. He replied that I might take any course I thought best, but he and his friends did not wish to be known in the matter; they did not think it safe that they should be.

"I went to Washington at once and told Secretary Stanton the whole story. Striking his hand upon the table he said: 'God forbid that I should ever resort to such retaliatory measures,' and taking a card he wrote out a commission for me to visit the prison and report to him. At my request he included the name of James Carey.

"We started next day upon our mission, spent the first night at Alexandria, Va., and took a government boat the following morning down the Potomac. Quite a number of Confederate earthworks frowned upon us from the south bank. It was long after dark when we reached the prison city, and we could not get a place to sleep within the enclosure; so we had to take what rest we could outside the pickets in a very rude and unclean house, — a rest much disturbed by rats; a large one fell from the rafter overhead directly upon us.

"Early the next morning we called upon the commander with our credentials. He received us kindly, walked with us to the gate of the immense enclosure, and introduced us to a number of the principal Con-

federate officers, and requested them to show us all over the grounds, allow us to inspect the food and the clothing, and to answer fully every question we put to them relative to their condition and wants. We spent the day in making a very careful inquiry, and found the state of things altogether different from what we had been led to expect. The prisoners having little to do, some of them spent much of their time in gambling, and having obtained the names of leading Baltimoreans, who sympathized with the South, they had been drawing upon their liberality to furnish the means with which to gamble and to purchase, clandestinely, prohibited articles. Our commission gave us the power to order clothing, blankets and whatever was needed; but the extent of our demand upon the quartermaster did not amount to a supply for more than thirty or forty of the 11,000 prisoners. The Confederate officers were very much provoked at the course of those who had imposed on the kindness of their friends in Baltimore.

“We were exceedingly interested in this ‘prison city,’ as it might be called. It was regularly laid out in streets, fronting the bay, and everything was kept neat and clean. The ingenuity of the men was shown in the nice tents and cabins they had built, some of them lined inside very neatly with simple materials, such as cracker boxes, etc.

“We made our report to the Secretary of War, and also to our friends in Baltimore, much to their relief.”

When the war was over, the situation of the freedmen of the South was one of great interest to Francis T. King, and he worked diligently for the improvement of their condition. The Indian work also claimed much of his attention; but amid it all he kept up his interest in the North Carolina Friends. Just before and during the war he had watched their faithful adherence to the principles of peace during the most trying circumstances. He had seen the liability of the abandonment of the country by those bearing the name of Friends, and he set himself to check the tide of emigration. Many companies passed through the city on the way to their friends in the West, who welcomed them to their homes, destitute as many of them were. Upon their arrival in Baltimore, Francis T. King often met them and gathered what information he could concerning the condition of the Friends they had left behind.

He found that great indeed were the sufferings and privations caused by the war, which had left them but little with which to begin life anew. Taking all this into account, he conceived the idea of helping them to start again on the old homesteads, and begin the work at once of "rebuilding the waste places." So he called a few of his friends and kindred spirits around him, and told them of the great need of prompt action for the relief and encouragement of their brethren who had suffered for their principles during the dark days of the war. It was agreed to form an association to be called "The Baltimore Association of Friends, to advise and assist Friends in the South."

ern States." Francis T. King was appointed President; Isaac Brooks, Secretary; Jesse Tyson, Treasurer; and there was a board of twenty managers. The following executive committee was appointed: Francis T. King, Chairman; John C. Thomas, Secretary; Francis White, James C. Thomas, M. D., Jesse Tyson, and Caleb Winslow, M. D. A liberal amount of money was subscribed by Friends in Baltimore, and Francis T. King was appointed to visit every yearly meeting of Friends in America, to explain to them the situation and solicit funds for the aid of these their brethren.

We have seen how promptly their messengers, Sarah Smiley and Richard M. Janney, were on the grounds. Even while Sherman occupied Goldsboro, they arrived at Jesse Hollowell's house, bringing good cheer and bodily comforts. They were the first to cross Mason and Dixon's line, as the bearers of brotherly love and substantial aid to the destitute, suffering people. The capture of Goldsboro by Sherman opened the door for them to these fields, and they promptly entered.

The Association shipped to them carloads of provisions, boxes of goods of all descriptions, tools for the working of the land and articles for housekeeping. Sewing-needles, thread, scissors and buttons were not forgotten, and how glad the housewives were to receive them. Thirty years afterward, one of them told the writer with much pleasure how Sarah Smiley gave her thread, needles and pins, which she so much needed, having long since shared hers with a

secession neighbor. The first care was to relieve the pressing demand for food, and provisions were distributed gratuitously, especially to Friends, but any pressing need was not turned away from. The call was indeed great, and most nobly did Francis T. King and his associates meet the emergency.

The following letter from Francis T. King to John B. Crenshaw may have a fitting place here :

“MY DEAR FRIEND, JOHN B. CRENSHAW: “We are sadly pained to hear of the sufferings of our North Carolina brethren, from having the armies upon them.

“I have been engaged in sending, through a permit from the Secretary of War, three thousand dollars' worth of flour, bacon, etc., to Contentnea Quarter (Goldsboro) and shall have probably twelve to fifteen thousand dollars to apply in the same way to the Western Quarter, near Greensboro.

“There is a great risk in sending provisions so far inland, and I feel best satisfied to visit these dear friends and organize a regular system for distribution, — also to see their meeting for sufferings assembled, to lay several matters before them, in regard to First-day schools and those on week days, — to supply them liberally with books, etc.

“I shall wait until our dear friend R. M. Janney returns and reports. He went from here to Goldsboro, then to Greensboro and Richmond. I shall know better how to act when he advises me.

“*Now my dear friend, I want thee to go with me.*

I want thy advice and judgment. I can raise \$20,000 for our friends if necessary.

“There are great questions to be considered, emigration, etc. We have hundreds passing through here to the West. I feel like advising them to remain at home, and not leave their land just now, if at all. We can help them better there.

“I will get full power from our Secretary of War, for us both. My love to you all,

Affectionately thy friend,

F. T. KING.”

The war for the Union did not divide Friends North and South, as it did the other churches. It was to many of the Southern people not only an unlooked-for thing, but a surprising and impressive spectacle, that from the States which had wasted the South should come the most practical manifestation of love and sympathy. Whilst Friends came to the relief of those in Christian fellowship with themselves, it was on account of their anti-war principles comparatively easy for them to convince the people who had been overrun by armies that they sought the good of *all*. Hating none, their presence from abroad was seldom regarded with suspicion, so that the gospel of peace and reconciliation was from their tongues a welcome message.

Mention has been made in a previous chapter of the heavy losses to Friends by the invading armies, and of the purpose of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, with others, to send them relief as speedily as practicable.

Many of the Friends in North Carolina and Tennessee were in limited circumstances before the war. Those who were comparatively wealthy shared the common fate of being made poor by the war. It became apparent to the Baltimore Association of Friends, that while there were many genuine cases of suffering to be relieved, it would be impossible, impracticable and unwise to attempt, as some might desire, to replace all losses pro rata with anything of an even hand. They came to the far wiser conclusion to bestow the trust, mainly in a way to bring forth fruit that should abide, by helping them, first to educate their children, and secondly to improve their lands.

How was this educational work to be accomplished? Francis T. King, whose heart and head and hand were in every kind of Christian enterprise, had been chiefly instrumental in securing the fund from its various sources. He attended North Carolina Yearly Meeting at New Garden, in Guilford County, in the fall of 1865.

This it will be remembered was a few months after the surrender of Johnston's army at Raleigh. He there made known the purpose for which such funds as they had were to be used, and, with the aid of others, labored to encourage Friends to stay by their homes and the State of North Carolina, and educate their children. In this way they could restore the waste places and continue a blessing to the land in which a guiding Hand had planted them in the early settling of the colonies. He told them to go home from that yearly meeting and start in their various

neighborhoods such schools as they could, with such facilities as they had, and that a superintendent of education would be sent into the field as soon as they could find one, who would advise, assist, help reorganize, if need be, and pay the teachers. The result was that many schools were started, a few of which deserved the name, while many could not so much as be called apologies for schools. Let it be noted that North Carolina's public-school system previous to the war had been very inefficient, that the war had sunk the last dollar of her educational funds, and that now for years there had been but few schools in the State and almost none for the people at large. The school-houses were few and far between, and many of the schools which had opened were in cast-off cabins or old store-houses at cross-roads ; but the desire to learn and the sore need in those days of the little money which was promised the teachers caused them to spring up.

But who was to take the field from Albemarle Sound to the mountains, and over in Tennessee and in a corner of Virginia ; inspect the needs, inspire the coöperation of the people, build the houses, select and employ the teachers, import books and apparatus and oversee the work ? The Baltimore Association sent out a call. How many responded we do not know. A few weeks before the call, however, Joseph Moore, a professor in Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, a graduate of Harvard University, and a practical educator of more than a dozen years' experience, was suddenly compelled by broken health to quit his post.

Through the persuasion of some of his friends at home and in Baltimore, he was induced to accept the position, with little hope on his part that he would be at all equal to the privations and exposures of such a work.

He had for a few weeks the company of that faithful, efficient and courageous Friend, John Scott, a minister of Baltimore. They proceeded by way of Washington and Richmond, and thence over the war-crippled Richmond and Danville Railroad, through a region impoverished and desolate, and reached Greensboro, N. C., on Christmas Eve, 1865.

John Scott had, years before, been over much of the field to be canvassed, so that he was prepared to lead the way as to the first routes to be pursued. The field lay, as to Carolina, mainly in the counties of Guilford, Randolph, Alamance, Chatham, Davidson, Yadkin, Iredell, Wayne, Johnson, Northampton and Perquimans. To these are to be added a few counties in Virginia and East Tennessee.

If one would learn how cruel and merciless war is, and in what a crippled state it leaves a people, let him follow in the wake of armies that live off the country and often destroy what they do not consume. There was not only a dearth of food and of all that makes for outward prosperity, not only a dearth of schools, but in this case a great dearth of the Gospel, "a famine of hearing the words of the Lord."

In consequence of this, these brethren, engaged in educational work, were constantly constrained, from within and without, to preach to all classes and colors.

Crowds with eager ears and hungry souls would gather almost daily to hear the simple Gospel words of hope and cheer. As for means of travel and home accommodations, the people were always ready with the best they had. But, notwithstanding all the kindness shown, travelling through the forests and over the mountains was not a luxury, since "the highways lay waste and the wayfaring man had (well nigh) ceased." But the army-abandoned mule or horse or cart or ambulance, or something better, was nearly always at hand. If the soldiers in the contending armies could go through their greater privations, should not messengers of peace and healing and reconstruction labor and rejoice in the face of every obstacle?

Joseph Moore, whose health was gaining from week to week, had from the first been taking an inventory, in all the neighborhoods of Friends, of the educational needs and appliances;—how many children, what schoolhouses, if any, what material for teachers, how much were the people able to do, what was the condition of the schools already in operation.

It became apparent to the superintendent long before the first circuit of the field was completed that the schools, with a very few exceptions, must be entirely reconstructed, and put on such a basis as would enable them to do thorough, systematic work.

Plenty of teachers from the North were to be had, but it was preferred to spend the funds mainly on home talent, thus letting the money remain in the South; and what was more important,—to give the young people of Carolina the opportunity to prove

their capacity. Consequently the schools in operation were terminated at an early day, and a call was made for a normal school, with the understanding that teachers, in the future, would be chosen from such attendants as showed promise of ability and skill.

The Friends' central school at New Garden had been a high-grade school for a quarter of a century. It continued in a flourishing condition throughout the war. Many of its teachers had been men and women of sound scholarship, so that scattered through the territory occupied by Friends were quite a number possessed of sufficient scholarship to teach. A knowledge of methods, the art of conducting a school, and an enthusiasm for public education and the advancement of the literary standard were most needed.

The normal school was in these respects a success beyond anticipation. After this first school in 1866, the normal was continued each summer for a dozen years or more, and did much in preparing the way for the founding of the State Normal School.

The normal school and the work in general elicited the attention and coöperation of many leading men of the State of North Carolina. Governor Worth, Judge Robert P. Dick, President Craven of Trinity College, Judge Jackson, Dr. Nereus Mendenhall, General Leach and a number of others addressed the teachers on various occasions. Governor Worth, attending the closing public exercises of one of the normal schools, on visiting the "Model Farm," and noting the general interest which was being created in agriculture and improved schools, said: "This work

of the Friends is quite the most important move in the way of reconstruction that has come to my knowledge."

During the first half of the year, the work of repairing old schoolhouses and building new ones was going forward to make ready for fall operations. Sometimes the interest flagged where the work called for more sacrifice and outlay on the part of the people than they had anticipated. They did not always readily respond to calls for educational meetings. The superintendent procured a magic lantern with slides illustrating geography, zoölogy, elementary astronomy, etc. These were carted over the hills and valleys for hundreds of miles. The arrival of the "show-man," according to appointment, crowded the old meeting-houses, and as the exhibits were *free*, it was *all made educational*. Many a boy and girl, as well as many a parent, was helped to look up, not for the stars alone.

The work went on, till houses and teachers were provided for all the Friends' children of North Carolina and Tennessee, and for all other white children in reach of them, without regard to denominational lines. At that time, on account of the Freedman's Bureau and other agencies, more attention was given, in many localities, to the education of colored children than to white.

After three years of devoted service, a service in which he was delighted from the first, and in which he took an increasing interest from year to year, Professor Moore was called back to Indiana to take the presidency of Earlham College. Before he left the

field, the Baltimore Association had procured the services of Allen Jay, of Indiana, as superintendent of education.

The work of the superintendent had from the first included all the attention he was able to give to the organization and improvement of Bible schools. This work had received careful attention for the first three years. Institutes and conferences were held for the special purpose of forwarding the work. The schools for more secular instruction being already in good working order and in the hands of progressive teachers, Allen Jay was able to give a larger share of attention to Bible schools and religious work in general. For this work he was admirably fitted. During his more than eight years of oversight and attention, the work continued to progress on all lines.

It should be further remarked, briefly, that as times improved and local means for carrying on schools increased, it became a part of the work of Allen Jay as superintendent gradually to transfer the management from the Baltimore Association to the local patrons of the schools. The system, by degrees, became self-supporting, and Franklin S. Blair, a native Friend, was installed as superintendent.

Of the various gratifying incidents of this worthy enterprise, not the least was the influence which the work of these more than a hundred trained teachers with their thousands of pupils must have had in leavening the educational work of the State when the public school system of North Carolina was resumed. The united work of Northern and Southern Friends,

immediately following the bloody strife, was as a wave of light following the dark storm-cloud of war. It was a practical and forcible example, though on a comparatively small scale, of the blessing that comes from the beating of swords into ploughshares and pens. It was no mean chapter in the restoration and reconstruction of the South.

We think we can do no better than to give our readers quotations from the reports made to the meetings in Baltimore, and thereby they will get a more clear and full understanding of the great work that was done in the interest of the Southland, for not Friends alone were benefited by this practical manifestation of brotherly love, nor were they alone in extending a helping hand. Others soon followed the example thus early set them, and the New South has been helped to her present advanced condition by the timely aid extended to her distressed citizens by those from whom she tried to secede.

We find upon the minutes of the Baltimore Meeting for Sufferings the following report, dated 23d of 11th month, 1866:

“TO THE BALTIMORE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS,
to advise and assist Friends of the Southern States.

“In making our first general report, it is proper that we should refer to the origin of our association. Soon after the breaking out of the war, Friends from North Carolina occasionally passed through Baltimore on their way to the West, but during the autumn of 1864 such arrivals were so much more frequent and

the families in most cases so much more destitute, that it was concluded to combine our individual efforts to aid them, and 'The Association of Friends, to advise and assist Friends in the Southern States' was organized.

"We have kept a regular account of our operations, and have acted through committees, with all the care and system in our power; but do not think it is required of us to make public the details of our aid to brethren under temporary and unexpected privations, many of whom had formerly given freely to others. It is due, however, to the contributors of the fund that some report be made, if it be only as a record of the love, sympathy and interest which have bound us together as a people, when nearly every other tie between the North and the South was severed.

"We had no expectation, at first, of anything but a local effort, but the interest which we felt was simultaneously manifested throughout all the yearly meetings, and we became the medium of dispensing their liberality also.

"During the spring and summer of 1865, directly after Sherman's march, two of our members twice visited North Carolina, to distribute provisions, clothing and money, and during that year we forwarded to the West about four hundred members, adults and children, fifty of whom arrived here destitute at one time.

"Though we discouraged the emigration, we could not wonder at it, as they fled from the ravages of war

to join relatives who had prospered in the West, and who gave them cordial welcomes. Some of these families, however, have been returned by us to their former homes, and they are now cultivating their farms with commendable energy. There was peculiar difficulty attending the journey of four hundred miles to Baltimore, and the conversion of their money into ours at a loss of several hundred per cent., generally landing them in our city destitute of funds and clothing, and with eight hundred miles of travel still before them. Many of the young men, in escaping conscription, had to travel many miles, wade rivers and sleep in the woods. Several of them were fired at and wounded.

“Whilst thus engaged in aiding our brethren and endeavoring to relieve their physical wants, we soon discovered that there were even stronger claims upon us to educate their children, many of whom, from the need of their labor at home, the scarcity of books and conscription of teachers, had lost four years of instruction, the period of a country child’s school life.

“One of our members (F. T. King) visited North Carolina at the time of their yearly meeting in Eleventh month, 1865, and there met in consultation our friends Joseph Crossfield of England, Samuel Boyce of New England, and Marmaduke Cope of Philadelphia, and conferred with the educational committee of North Carolina Yearly Meeting. After carefully considering the subject, the Association concluded to appropriate \$5000 to the boarding school (then called New Garden), \$2500 to be expended in

repairing the school building and refitting the furniture and school apparatus, and \$2500 to pay the board and tuition at the school of the children of the Friends who had suffered most by the war, which has since been done.

“Secondly, to establish primary schools in every Friends’ neighborhood, under the direction of our Association, and to appoint a competent superintendent, to devote his whole time to their supervision.

(This New Garden Boarding School, established in 1836, was the only boarding school kept open during the war, and the only one in the South known to have been continued without financial disaster. The State funds for education were all sunk, and the interest in education generally was in a low condition.)

“Professor Joseph Moore of Earlham College, Indiana, was secured as the superintendent, and with John Scott of Baltimore, in Twelfth month, 1865, proceeded to the field of service, first visiting the different meetings of Friends and conferring with them on the subject of education, supplying the temporary need of Friends, engaging teachers, etc.

“Most of the meetings appointed committees to cooperate with them and do what they could in the erection of houses, and to forward the interests of the work. Ten new schoolhouses were built during the year 1865, and all we could do has been done to assist Friends to recover from the effects of the war, and to establish a school system which will sustain itself. Our fund is ample to carry on the work, as

now organized, for the next two years, employ a superintendent of schools for three years thereafter, and afford such physical relief as may be needed during the coming winter.

“The subject of improved agriculture has claimed the attention of our board, and our president has been directed to confer with North Carolina Friends at the time of their yearly meeting next month, and submit to us a plan for accomplishing this very important work. Without it, it will be impossible to prevent the emigration of many young people whose energy and ambition have been stimulated.

“Our superintendent of schools is directed to visit Friends’ meetings in East Tennessee as early this autumn as his North Carolina engagements will permit of, with a view of bringing these schools under our aid and supervision.

“We would particularly acknowledge the sympathy and interest of our brethren of London and Dublin Yearly Meetings, whose great liberality has enabled us to enlarge and prolong our labor.

“In conclusion we would express our increasing interest and great confidence in the work, and our gratitude to our Heavenly Father for his blessing upon it.

“On behalf of the board of managers,

FRANCIS T. KING.

“BALTIMORE, Tenth month 23d, 1866.”

The meeting for sufferings received reports from the committee through their chairman, Francis T.

King, which they took under consideration, and made their report to the yearly meeting, and thus, as an official statement, it was sent to other yearly meetings. On the records of this meeting, under date of Third month 16th, 1868, we find the following report of our friend Francis T. King, who was appointed to present the memorial in behalf of North Carolina to the different yearly meetings on this continent:

“TO THE MEETING FOR SUFFERINGS:

“DEAR FRIENDS: “I was appointed to lay before the yearly meetings on this continent, as way might open, the minute prepared by direction of this meeting, on behalf of our dear Friends of North Carolina. I visited all the yearly meetings, except Canada and Iowa, and the latter was attended on our behalf by Allen Jay. Our appeal was most promptly and liberally responded to as follows:

New England	\$2,000
New York	2,000
Ohio	1,000
Western.	2,200
Iowa	1,400
Indiana	2,600
Dublin	3,400
Total	<u>\$14,600</u>

“The American yearly meetings will divide their payments between this year and next. London Yearly Meeting has also directed a subscription to be opened.

“Friends manifest great interest in our work, and

expressed satisfaction with what had been done, and desired our encouragement.

FRANCIS T. KING.

"BALTIMORE, Md., Tenth month 16th, 1868."

We find the following entered upon the minutes of a meeting held by the meeting for sufferings :

"The committee on education in the South made the following report, which was satisfactory to the meeting, and the committee was continued to further labor, as may be required. John B. Crenshaw was added to the committee. They were authorized to memorialize Congress, if occasion should require. The report is as follows :

"Our organization originated in an effort to extend physical relief, at the close of the war, to the members of our religious society at the South. Small in the beginning, and confined to this particular object, the field of labor has since been greatly enlarged, until it now embraces not only physical relief, but, we believe, intellectual, moral and industrial development of every family of Friends in North Carolina and Tennessee. Nor are its benefits confined to the members of our own society; but they extend in a widening circle to many others.

"Our last annual report gave a history of our association from its origin, and embraced its operations down to Eleventh month 1st, 1866. The board now has the pleasure of reporting to the association its labors for another year, which, for the sake of clearness, we have arranged under different heads.

“ ‘Physical Relief. — Our disbursements, under this head, for the past year have been: \$1841.73; amount previously expended, \$12,936.40; total for physical relief, since our operations began, \$14,778.13.

“ ‘For the past twelve months, aid has been chiefly confined to widows and aged persons, except for two months previous to harvest, when, in consideration of greater scarcity of provisions, our contributions were more general. In view of the great losses, hardships and discouragements in the necessary incidents of war, through which our brethren of the South have had to pass, and especially in view of the repeated failure of their crops since the war ended, it is but just to express our appreciation of the commendable spirit of effort and self-reliance which they have generally manifested. At no time have they shown a disposition to lean heavily upon us, but rather accepted for themselves only such aid as necessity demanded. They have chosen to rely as far as possible upon their own exertions, thus enabling the board to extend its operations over a larger field.

“ ‘Liberal shipments of Bibles and tracts have been made to North Carolina; committees on Bible schools have been originated in every meeting of Friends, and sixteen schools for colored people are under their care.

“ ‘Our president has visited nearly all the yearly meetings on this continent, the past year, and received liberal contributions to our work. London and Dublin Yearly Meetings have also opened subscriptions; the latter has remitted five hundred pounds. Francis

T. King has also visited North Carolina four times since our last report.

“Our North Carolina Friends continue to board the teachers and pay for books, leaving the salaries and incidentals to us, which average three hundred dollars per school, about twelve thousand dollars a year, to which is to be added the cost of the agricultural department.

“With the good crops of this year and the spirit and interest manifested in the work by our North Carolina Friends, we propose to make the schools self-sustaining after the close of the scholastic year upon which we have just entered. We propose, however, to continue the agricultural department and the oversight of the schools, including the pay of the superintendents, for several years to come.

“We cannot close our report without expressing our regret in parting with our superintendent of education, Joseph Moore, who has filled his responsible and arduous position with so much ability and devotion. Our best wishes go with him to his new position as president of Earlham College, Indiana.

“We have appointed our valued friend Allen Jay to take his place, and he will enter upon his duties in a few weeks.

“On behalf of the committee,

FRANCIS T. KING.”

Report of the executive committee of the “Baltimore Association of Friends to advise and assist Friends in the South:”

“ We herewith present the detailed reports of our treasurer and of our superintendents of education and agriculture. Both departments of our work have been conducted with efficiency, and the results are of the most gratifying character. We now sustain forty schools, numbering 2588 scholars. The normal school embraces forty teachers and fifty-six advanced scholars who design to follow teaching as a profession. They are collected together for two months during the summer vacation.

“ There has been a steady advance in the character of the schools, and in their influence upon the neighborhoods in which they are located.

“ Our superintendent of agriculture has been busy the past year in erecting the dwelling-house and barn, and in preparing the land for cultivation. He has, however, found time to establish farmers' clubs, and give a general stimulus to improved agriculture.

“ Education. — Soon after our efforts to afford aid to the physical needs of our members at the South, it became apparent to us that it was no less a necessity to give relief to the educational destitution which everywhere prevailed as a consequence of protracted war. As soon, therefore, as we had afforded the physical relief, we turned our attention to the establishment of a system of schools, extending throughout the settlements of Friends in North Carolina and Tennessee, and to a very limited extent in Virginia.

“ We commenced these labors near the close of 1865, by assuming the charge of twelve indifferent schools, composed of about six hundred pupils. The

number of these was gradually increased to forty schools, with 2558 pupils. The improvement in the character and efficiency of these schools has been exceedingly gratifying to us. All but four of the teachers are natives of North Carolina, who have had the benefit of two sessions at our normal school. They have filled their positions to the entire satisfaction of the board.

“Normal School. — During two months of the summer vacation, the teachers of our primary schools were collected near High Point, a central and healthy locality, for the purpose of undergoing a thorough practical training in improved methods of instruction and in school government. Besides our own teachers, others desirous of improvement were admitted into the class, which numbered one hundred and six during the past year. This large attendance is an evidence of the great interest which is felt in this school; and this has been farther proven by the daily presence of large numbers of visitors from the surrounding country, many of them being leading men of influence in the State. We can hardly overestimate the benefits to the State at large of such a school at this juncture.

(The Friends held the first normal school ever held in the State of North Carolina.)

“The Boarding School. — This institution, established at New Garden, Guilford County, N. C., by North Carolina Yearly Meeting, in 1836, has received a new impulse from the successful operation of our primary schools. The standard of education requisite

for a successful teacher in one of our schools, being higher than has heretofore been demanded of public-school teachers at the South, is causing many who wish to become teachers to desire to avail themselves of the advantages of the yearly meeting school.

“This school has been self-sustaining for several years past. Although not under our care, but that of a yearly meeting committee, yet we have aided it during the past year to the extent of \$1322.73, by paying scholarships for the children of Friends in isolated situations where schools could not be maintained, and in giving to others classical and scientific advantages to prepare them to teach the higher branches. We hope to see the boarding school the centre of our system of education.

“Agriculture. — The low and unremunerative state of agriculture in the State of North Carolina exercises a very depressing influence upon every effort to ameliorate the physical and educational condition of her people. Every other interest, being essentially dependent upon this, languishes under the inadequate reward of the tiller of the soil. Under this influence the disposition to leave the State after the close of the war has scarcely any limit, except inability to do so.

“To educate and enlighten her people without at the same time demonstrating the possibility of greater returns from labor would still further tend toward depopulation. Our work, so general in its character, could not fail to stimulate Friends to desire improved agriculture.

“There has been a continual pressure upon us to

establish a model farm, and to place among them a practical farmer who should, by the use of improved farming implements, artificial manures, the introduction of grasses, selected seeds and stock, demonstrate to their eyes the great neglected wealth of the soil, awaiting only the call of improved cultivation ; and who, by the establishment of agricultural clubs, within the limits of each quarterly meeting, should stimulate a spirit of inquiry and enterprise, which would be rewarded by the best practical results. We have accordingly purchased the farm of that honored and devoted servant, the late Nathan Hunt, at Springfield, on the dividing line between Guilford and Randolph Counties, containing two hundred acres, at a cost of \$4400. Springfield Friends contributed \$700 toward the purchase.

“ We have arranged with our friend William A. Sampson, an experienced farmer whose heart is in the success of the mission, to take charge of the farm and further our work by lectures on agricultural subjects, the formation of clubs and the establishment of a depot for the sale at cost of seeds, improved stock and agricultural implements.

(Two tons of clover seed were sold by him one season, at cost.)

“ General Remarks. — Our expenses for the past year have exceeded our estimate, owing to the purchase of the farm, the establishment of the normal school, and the fact that we have had an increase of nine schools and over twelve hundred scholars.

“ Our agricultural department will require a liberal

outlay of funds in the next year or two, in the erection of barns and dwellings, and the purchase of stock and farming implements, after which we design it shall be self-supporting.

“The necessity of continuing this mission of Christian effort seems to be more important now than ever, and we propose once more to appeal to the liberality of our Friends to sustain the work until it can be safely handed over to North Carolina Friends. If, through the want of means, we should be compelled to stop our work where it now is, sad indeed will be the consequences to our struggling and impoverished brethren in the South; and to us, so much more favored, the responsibility will be greater, for having been given to see, yet neglecting to improve, so rich a field for Christian labor.

“We know of no other organized and extended system of education for white children at the South, in operation at the date of this report, but ours; and it is a great satisfaction to find that working in the most thorough manner, so that it will materially aid the district white and colored schools whenever they are established. In view of this, we hope greatly to enlarge our training school for teachers next summer.

“Our outlay for the past year has been: for relief, \$1841.73; for education, \$11,327.12; boarding school, \$1332.73; expenses, \$130.03; total, \$14,631.61, exclusive of the cost of the farm.

“Our movement is attracting the attention of the most intelligent citizens of the state, as evinced by

their frequent visits to our schools, particularly that institution, new to North Carolina, the normal school.

“The disposition to remove to other States, at one time so general, has given place to a desire to settle down and improve the old homesteads. Our friends there, through various causes, are unable themselves to sustain the work, although they continue to manifest their sense of its importance to them by rendering what aid they can. We cannot doubt that to abandon the work now would be to lose much that has already been gained by this important missionary effort, the happy result of which has been, we believe, greatly to aid the religious awakening which is manifest in several parts of that yearly meeting.

“We have therefore concluded, as the funds contributed for this, although carefully husbanded and judiciously applied by the Baltimore Association, are nearly exhausted, to again appeal to our friends of other yearly meetings, who so liberally responded to our former solicitation, to aid us in continuing the work, the result of which has been so encouraging to us, and on which we believe the blessing of our Heavenly Father has rested.

“Our clerk was directed to forward a copy of this minute to the meeting for sufferings for each yearly meeting on this continent, and to those of Dublin and London.”

A minute dated 3d month 18th, 1872, states that the committee on education at the South reported that there was a bill pending in Congress, providing aid for normal school education, and that the bill was then before the Senate.

This appeal to Friends for further contributions was promptly responded to, as was also one other, made especially for aid in building new meeting-houses and repairing old ones.

On first sending John Scott and Joseph Moore to North Carolina, late in 1865, who began operations the first week in 1866, the Association gave them this instruction: "Do not arrange for more than 20 schools, at salaries ranging from \$25 to \$40 a month." Such was the interest awakened that the 20 schools were soon increased to 61, and instead of 600 pupils there were 3000. The greatest number enrolled in any one school was 158; the smallest, 23. Schools were continued from four to ten months in the year.

Besides this great amount of work, New England and New York Yearly Meetings, on their own account, supported eight schools in North Carolina, and Ohio supported two in Tennessee. These were all for white children.

In his last report, Allen Jay says: "We believe that all Friends' children have received education for more or less time during the past year, which is a marked exception to the case of most other white children in the South, in agricultural districts."

The total expenditures, through the Baltimore Association, for the relief of Friends in the South, were as follows:—

Physical relief, including cost of the model farm	\$36,000.00
Friends' schools	72,000.00
Guilford College	23,000.00
Meeting-houses	7,300.00
Total	\$138,300.00

This was contributed by Friends in England, Ireland and the United States, for the relief of their brethren temporarily suffering on account of war. Philadelphia Friends made large contributions for the relief of physical suffering, in 1865 and later, which did not pass through this channel. They also supported a number of schools in different cities of the South, and for years had a superintendent of these schools in the field, at their own expense, and they are still keeping teachers in Southern schools.

New York Yearly Meeting, a large contributor to the Baltimore Association, also kept up work of its own, not only for physical suffering, but has ever since the war maintained educational work among the freed people, which has finally culminated in the erection of a new school building, and the establishment of a high-grade school for colored people at High Point, N. C. New England Yearly Meeting has a college for the colored people at Maryville, Tenn.; and Indiana Yearly Meeting has one at Helena, Ark., each of which has called for large appropriations for all these years.

The increase of meetings and members in North Carolina Yearly Meeting has been a source of surprise to those who are acquainted with the facts. From a membership of 1796, as shown by the minutes of 1865, they increased to 5385, in 1883, and an increase from 28 to 53 meetings is shown. They have built 39 new meeting-houses and repaired many old ones. This has been the result of earnest, self-sacrificing labor, performed with definite ends in view,

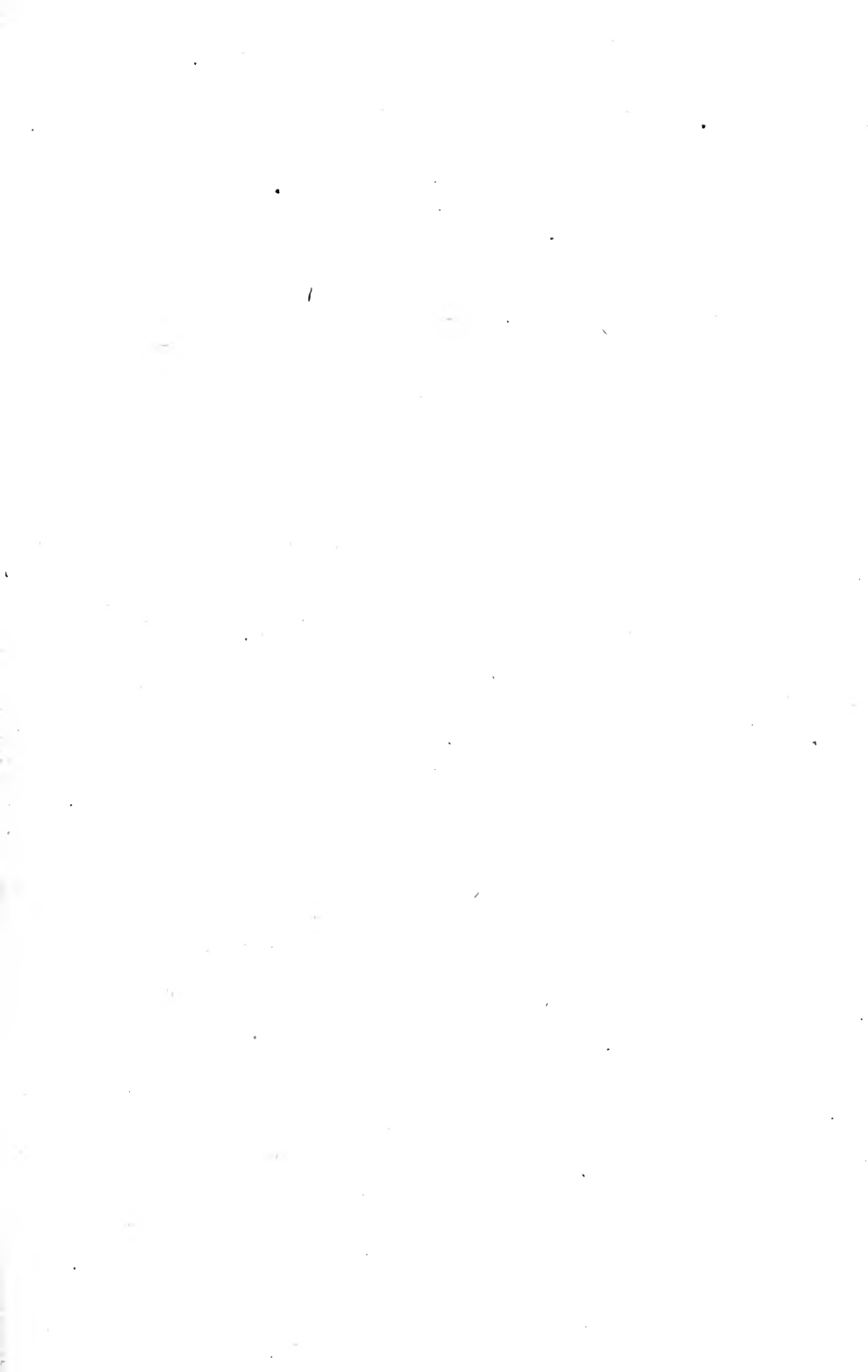
viz., the conversion of sinners and the building up of the church.

Such a field opened before them to disseminate their views and to build up their church as has perhaps never before been known in the history of the Friends. The prejudices of the people who knew them had become strongly in their favor, and only a lack of money and men adapted to the work stood in the way of their capturing much of the South, both colored and white.

The work of the Baltimore Association and of other Friends cannot be told by an array of figures, although these may give some idea of the labor performed by that noble philanthropist, Francis T. King, and his co-workers. The better condition of the people and of their farms, and the increased interest in education and religion, can only be appreciated by those who visited them in their distressingly destitute condition immediately following the war, and by knowledge, gained by personal observation, of their present peace and prosperity.

The schools established by the Baltimore Association have outgrown the denominational schools, and public interest is more general in the cause of education. The struggling New Garden Boarding School has grown into the flourishing Guilford College, chartered in 1888, and the normal school which was first held by this band of workers in North Carolina has become a State institution, and the percentage of the population who can read and write is largely increased.

The church of the Friends has grown from so nearly a dependent body to an organization extending its Christian work beyond its own limits. North Carolina Yearly Meeting now coöperates with her sister yearly meetings in the great work of sending missionaries to foreign lands, and in working for the Indians and colored people in our own land. She is striving to do her part to hasten the day when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters do the sea ;" and when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."



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Cartland, Fernando Gale
Southern heroes

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