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ARTICLE I.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

*Fathers and Brethren of the Board of Directors
of the Theological Seminary:*

On entering formally upon the discharge of the duties of the office into which I have just been inducted, I beg leave to express the deep feeling of responsibility which oppresses me, and of self-distrust, which would have prevented my listening to the call to it, had I believed that I was free to decide in accordance with my own opinion of my fitness. But without obtruding upon you an account of the many reasons which would have induced me to refuse it, clustering more or less closely around the one already presented, permit me to say that I did not dare to yield to them, because the Synod of Georgia, in appointing me to this office, did not act so hastily that I might have regarded their appointment as the result of accident. And hence, although I can not shake off the anxious fear that they have been mistaken in the estimate which led them to make the choice, I may not do otherwise than obey, and

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when our Southern Church is opening a new chapter in her history, assuming a new form, and girding herself to do the great work to which her Head is calling her. That work, in our wide territory, our sparse population, our paucity of ministers, and, especially, our vast masses of colored people, so difficult to reach by our ordinary agencies, can in no way be so well done, we believe, as by resorting to an extensive use of the primitive, powerful and simple agency of the New Testament Evangelist.

ARTICLE V.

THE VICTORY OF MANASSAS PLAINS.

This glorious victory appears in its true light, when we consider the months that were occupied in marshalling, disciplining, and in every way preparing for this decisive battle, "the grand army" of the North, and the combined forces of the South. To this focus, all the energies, military genius, and unlimited resources of General Scott, converged. "Over one hundred thousand troops," according to their own estimates,* were concentrated to meet, as they

* We find the following in the *New York Times*, of the 18th July:

THE ADVANCE OF THE ARMY.—The utterance of a single word by Lieutenant-General Scott has sent through the American heart a sense of satisfaction that it has not experienced since the dark day of treason dawned. That word is the monosyllable, "March." As it was borne along the lines from Arlington to Alexandria, full fifty-five thousand men leaped to their feet with delight, and prepared for the long-sought encounter with the enemy. All regrets and repinings of the past were shaken off. The memory of toilsome work in ditches, of tedious hours in drill, of days of weary waiting in camp, vanished on the instant. The tents gave up their loiterers, and the hospitals gave up their sick; for the bugle note that sounded "forward," brought the warm blood coursing through their veins as of old, and nothing could restrain their resolution to go with their stouter comrades to the field.

believed and published, not one-half that number. Ten thousand regulars, constituting the standing army of the

The tonic to the Nation is equally remarkable and inspiring. We, too, forget our impatience and misgivings. We find the Government in motion: President and Cabinet, General-in-Chief, and Generals of Divisions—officers and men—artillery, cavalry, and infantry—all in motion, and leading the Nation's strength to battle. So grand a spectacle never before was presented to the world—the uprising of a peaceful people, in numbers so vast, and in armament so sudden and complete, to preserve their Government, and vindicate the principles on which it is founded.

With this demonstration of energy, the popular demand is placated: and the press, which has uttered no word of complaint but at popular instance, and has had no purpose but to make the Administration clearly understand the people's will in regard to the war, suspends all criticism, and gives, to President and Cabinet, and to the General-in-Chief of our armies, the heartiest applause and support. Let the work go on bravely, as it is now begun. The Administration and the people are abreast. Their hearts beat in unison, and in the mutual good understanding thus begotten, is a moral strength miraculous and invincible.

The popular rejoicings over the news from Washington allow no room for discussion of plans or conjectures of strategy. The army is in motion, and it advances upon the central seats of treason. That suffices. The accomplished and soldierly McDowell, the cautious Patterson, and the impetuous McClellan, heading columns that contain fully one hundred thousand soldiers of the Union, are now advancing upon Richmond. In good time, and in the pre-arranged way, they will enfold that centre of rebellion in a deadly *entourage* of rifle and cannon, and reduce its obdurate temper to the peaceful and prosperous rule of the Republic. That will emancipate Virginia, and once more unlock her closed rivers and harbors.

The *Cincinnati Times*, of the 19th July, says:

THE SITUATION.—Gen. McDowell still advances. One wing of his army has passed through Centreville, and the whole division, at last accounts, was within four miles of Manassas. In the whole advance, we have reports of but one skirmish. At Bull Run the enemy are said to have driven back our skirmishers, with a slight loss upon our side.

This is the only stand they have made. At all other points they left in a hurry, as soon as convinced that our army was approaching. From the fact that they left behind much of their camp equipage and personal baggage, we infer that the chivalrous South Carolinians proved about the fleetest of foot.

We have a story, through the *New York Herald*, that the rebels have held a military consultation, and have determined to fall back on Richmond, where immense preparations are being made for defence. We doubt the truth of the story, and are inclined to the opinion that Beauregard will show fight at Manassas.

If Beauregard makes a stand at Manassas, we shall have news of an engagement to-day. McDowell is "quick on the trigger," and will not pause in front of the enemy.

We are inclined to believe that the reporters have been deceived as to the number of Gen. McDowell's force. Instead of 50,000, we believe it must be double that number. We publish, to-day, a private letter, written by a citizen of Alexandria to his brother here, in which the number is put down at 120,000. It is enough, at all events, to take Manassas without a prolonged engagement.

United States, were among the number. Six batteries of flying artillery, the fame and prowess of which were of

We hear again from Gen. Patterson. Instead of moving upon Winchester, he diverged to the North, and has taken position at Charlestown. This town lies directly between Harper's Ferry and Winchester, and is noted as the place where John Brown and his associates were tried and executed.

The Federal troops are probably encamped in the very wheat-field where the executions took place, and it is not unlikely that some of the Southern chivalry, as prisoners of war, may occupy the same prison in which John Brown was confined! Johnston's position is represented to be strongly fortified on the north at Winchester, and Patterson hesitates to attack him in front. From present information, we think that Patterson will stand still until he can throw a heavy force into Johnston's rear.

This will be an easy task. With the position of the parties, Beauregard's retreat or defeat would place Johnston in a very critical position. McDowell could then turn a heavy force in his rear, by the way of Oak Hill and Strasburg, force him upon Patterson, and prevent all possibility of escape.

A correspondent of the *New York Express* said, just before the battle of Manassas Plains:

Western Virginia will, we now see, soon be cleared from the insurrectionists, and so will all that part of Virginia which borders upon the upper Potomac. When McClellan and Patterson can cooperate, Gen. Scott will start the huge column in front of Washington "for Richmond," for McClellan's movements are all in his programme. Within five miles of me, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, are forty regiments of regular and volunteer United States troops. Pieces of artillery of every size, from the handsome bright brass howitzers to the huge black-painted columbiads, crown the hills, or lie peacefully upon the green earth along the valleys. They rest as peacefully now upon their rolling carriages as so many children in their cradles, but they are ready, and with good men behind them, to give them not only voice, but terrible utterances, whenever the word, "advance," is given.

The following in reference to the notorious Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald*, is from the *Richmond Dispatch*, a few days after the battle:

YANKEE LIES.—Sawney, of the *New York Herald*, does not stand upon trifles. He says "the rebel army actually in action at Bull Run numbered close upon 60,000 men, well officered, well entrenched, protected by masked batteries, and abundantly supplied with artillery." This is a lie out of the whole cloth. The battle was fought upon unfortified ground; there was not an entrenchment or a masked battery within miles of it. What is said of our officers is true; but all the rest is sheer falsehood. The Confederate force actually engaged never exceeded 15,000 men, as may be seen from an inspection of the muster-rolls of the regiments engaged.

"Opposed to them, (the Confederates,) was a conglomeration of badly officered regiments—with an aggregate in the field of not over 18,000 men—with no general commanding—each one fighting on his own hook, and with a totally inadequate supply of cannon," etc.

Thirty-four regiments—the very pride of the Northern soldiery—regiments which the *Herald* itself was accustomed to tell us, before the battle, were invincible, attacked our left wing. They certainly did not number less than thirty-five thousand men. One of the captured officers said they

world-wide notoriety, including sixty-five guns, and some as large as sixty-four pounders, aided by a powerful body of cavalry, made the assurance of victory doubly sure. The time, and place, and mode of attack, were determined by themselves. Their march was guided by traitors familiar with every accessible approach. General Scott and the best leaders in the army conducted this assembled host, and animated them throughout the arduous conflict. It was, however, believed that the Southern forces would not fight; or that if they did, that they would do so only behind their entrenchments, and that they would speedily fall back towards Richmond. A glorious victory or triumphal march had been heralded throughout the land. Never had such jubilant feelings—not of hope, but of expectation, nay, of present and positive triumph—exhilarated the overjoyed heart of the North. Provisions were on the field to celebrate in sumptuous banquet the restoration of a dismembered Union and the annihilation of its traitorous enemies. Fine wines and brandies were on hand in abundance. One hundred hogsheads of bacon, and numerous packages, were directed to Richmond. Our Generals, Lee and Beauregard, were to be hung in sight of the two armies. The eighteenth and twentieth of July, 1861, were, therefore, big with the fate of two confederated empires. Europe, for a time,

were from thirty-seven to forty thousand strong. There were, besides, nine regiments on their left, and nine in reserve: Total, fifty-two regiments of infantry, exclusive of five thousand regulars. As for their artillery, they had Sherman's battery, Carlisle's battery, Griffith's battery, the Rhode Island battery, the West Point battery, and the huge battery of rifled thirty-two-pounders, eighty-one pieces, and they lost all but two in their flight. In one word, it was the most magnificent park of artillery that ever accompanied an army to the field of battle in America.

What object can Sawney have in telling these lies? Is he afraid the mob will tear down his office, if he tell the truth, as they threatened to do with Greeley's, when he published the truth about this matter, and as they would have done had not Greeley speedily fallen back upon his old resource of falsehood?

Gen. Scott has given orders that no more official reports about the battle shall be published. He knows the slaughter was too terrible to be exposed. This fact speaks volumes.

believed that their result must have consummated the doom of the Southern, and the consolidation, as a military despotism, of the Northern Confederacy; that as thus far—by their report—their fortune had kept an onward course, so now they were graced with wreaths of victory.*

Now, that in such circumstances, against such an overwhelming force, one-half of our army of thirty thousand volunteers, many of whom were delicately reared, pro-

* **MAKING NEWS FOR FOREIGN EFFECT.**—The *New York Herald*, of the 20th July, gives a striking illustration of the diligent mendacity of the Northern press which was employed in making up accounts for Europe. The *Herald* says:

The steamers which leave for Europe to-morrow will take out intelligence which will exercise no small influence on the European mind. They will take out the first accounts of the advance movement toward Richmond, and of the gradual concentration of the forces under McClellan and Patterson; of the evident unwillingness or incapacity of the rebels to stand their ground anywhere except behind walls or masked batteries; of the patriotic and vigorous action of Congress, and of the prevalence of a conviction in Wall street that the danger has passed away, and that now the entire suppression of the rebellion is merely a question of time and patience. This news will carry conviction to the European mind; as soon as it is digested, we shall receive assurances from Europe which will dispel any anxieties that may still be felt with regard to the tendency of European policy. The cotton spinners must, for their own sakes, take sides with the winners in this war. As soon as they find that the Southerners, who have bellowed so loudly about their rights, their "sacred soil," and their tremendous courage, evacuate post after post, as soon as attacked; run like sheep at sight of the Northern volunteers, and are never known to stand their ground, except when they have a stout breastwork between them and the enemy, the European public will shrewdly infer that it is not on their banners that victory will perch in this war. As soon as that inference becomes general, the danger of a collision between our naval forces at the Southern ports and foreign vessels will disappear, and an inquiry for United States securities will probably spring up, which will be felt in our markets.

The *Cincinnati Gazette*, of the 22d July, before the news of the victory could reach that place, said:

CAPTURE OF THE BATTERIES AT BULL RUN.—This strong position fell yesterday, before the spirit and courage of the national soldiers. It is probable that, encouraged by the partial repulse of our troops the day before, Beauregard sent strong reinforcements to this position. But nothing can stand before the indomitable pluck of the Northern troops. Manassas will fall into our hands, as Bull Run has. So will Richmond, and every place where the Confederates dare to make a stand. We are now realizing the difference between true courage and false, fire-eating chivalry.

fessional and sedentary men, and almost all citizens "to the manor born," of each of whom it might be said, that

"Pride in the gift of country and of name
Speaks in his eye and step—
He treads his native land"—

that these, of whom a number had barely reached the field from Richmond, and, under all the oppression of fatigue and want of sleep, of food, and of water,* were immediately formed into line in the fore-front of the fiercest battle—that in such circumstances, fifteen thousand men should sustain the shock of thirty-five thousand, including ten thousand regulars, and Sherman's celebrated battery of guns, for fourteen hours; that this battery, so powerfully sustained, should be taken by a bayonet charge of a regiment of volunteers; the entire force of the enemy be thrown into consternation, confusion, and universal rout, leaving in our possession six batteries, sixty-seven cannon—all they had but two—one hundred wagons, some two thou-

* As an instance of the spirit animating all our troops, the *Richmond Enquirer* mentions that the Sixth North Carolina Regiment went immediately from the cars to the battle of Manassas, after eating no meal since Saturday morning. They joined in the pursuit, and were too exhausted to return to camp, but bivouacked on the field. Col. Fisher was the only officer killed.

A correspondent of the *Charleston Courier* writes from General Beauregard's headquarters:

JULY 24, 1861.—My first visit, after paying my respects to General Beauregard, who had kindly invited us to his quarters, was to the Washington Light Infantry Volunteers. I found Captain Conner and his officers all well, but the company had suffered very much. They behaved gloriously, and deserve the highest praise—they behaved like veterans. The Legion only arrived on the ground at two o'clock Sunday morning, after a most harassing trip from Richmond. They had to lay on the ground, without food or water, until daylight, when they were called up to take their place in the picture, with hardly a mouthful to eat or a drop of water, until near the commencement of the battle, when they got a little muddy water. Their position was in the left wing, by whom the battle was fought (principally); after suffering a murderous fire for some time without flinching, they charged a battery, and drove the enemy from it, and then turned it over to a Virginia artillery company to use. After this, they were too much exhausted to pursue the enemy far, the fate of the day having been decided, and the enemy in full retreat, or rather run, for when they started it was pell mell. These, also, lay all night after the battle in a corn-field, without food or drink.

sand prisoners, a stand of colours, and a star-spangled banner, and covering the gory field and their path of flight for miles with between two and five thousand dead bodies, twenty or thirty thousand stand of arms, every implement of war, and be saved only by night from immeasurable destruction; and that after six months' preparation, and world-wide prophetic boasting, they should be driven back to the positions occupied three months before—this surely is a glorious victory and a grand and immortal display of that heroic valour, "whose noble soul all fear subdues," and bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.

" Ah, never can this land forget
How gushed the life blood of the brave!
Gushed warm with hope and courage yet
Upon the land they fought to save."

For this victory the people of the Confederate States are called upon for ever to render unto Almighty God the glory due unto His gracious and wonder-working Providence. Yet, in doing this, sincerely and satisfactorily, there is an instinct of hearts filled to overflowing with patriotic pride, which demands utterance, and which finds utterance in rapturous applause, for the virtues and the valour of all

"The leaders brave, whose deeds and death have given
A glory to our skies, a music to our name;"

and not less heartily for the courage of the three hundred private soldiers who died for this victory; and for the sacrifices of those one thousand or more, whose life-long scars and crippled limbs testify to their part in that bloody field; and even for the endurance of all the rest who survived uninjured, to tell, as we trust they will, to their children and children's children, the tale of the glorious victory, and all the various fortunes of that day. All this is right and proper, and no more than they deserve from the hands of

a country grateful to God for them, in being grateful to them.

“Thus should they sleep who for their country die,
When low and cold they lie,
By all their country’s wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy’s feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

Nor is such praise and gratitude to men inconsistent with supreme regard to the glorious providence of God. This victory has a two-fold aspect; one, as it is human, and the result of human agency; and another, as it is divine, and is the effect of Divine wisdom and power.

Considered as human, this victory is the result of that combination of laws, material, physical, mental and moral, adapted to the present nature and condition of man, by which God governs the world, and reigns a ruler over the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth. Under this complicated system of mutually adjusted laws, an innumerable combination of instrumentalities and events was necessary in order to secure this victory, and all the individual consequences connected with it.

Soldiers were necessary—true soldiers—with arm to strike and soul to dare; “whose spirit lends a fire even to the dullest peasant in the camp, and from whose metal all their party’s steeled”; generous soldiers, whose pay is glory, and their best reward to die for, or live to share, their country’s freedom; soldiers, whose every name

“Shall shine untarnished on the rolls of fame,
And stand the example of each distant age,
And add new lustre to the historic page.”

But for such soldiers officers are also requisite, of a character and capacity proportionately ennobled; leaders who can attract and attach their men, so as to discipline and direct them; whose genius can comprehensively survey, and give unity of purpose, plan, and preparation; equip, provision, and protect; instruct and intensify every patriotic impulse; combine personal dignity and sympathy with their soldiers; elevate true worth; encourage virtue, and repress all mean and dishonorable conduct; and animate, by their presence, spirit, and example,

————— “The brave,
Who rush to glory and a grave.”

Now, our possession of such an army, and such resources, is a just ground for exultation, for self-respect, for confidence for the future, for calm and hopeful expectation of success—nay, for the assurance of triumphant victory. Indeed, by the victories of Bethel, and Manassas, and Leesburg, and many of minor consequence—though in themselves equally important—in the various skirmishes and personal rencontres that have occurred; and even in the occasions of partial defeat, under surprisal and overwhelming numbers, the superiority of the Southern over the Northern soldiery is demonstrated. We have beheld, with thrilling rapture, our heroic men in this battle of Manassas, when overwhelmed, and by the attempt to break their firm array, form, unite, charge, waver—*all is lost!* No!

“ Within a narrow space compressed, beset,
Hopeless, not heartless, they strive and struggle yet,—
Hemmed in—cut off—cleft down—and trampled o'er!
But each strikes singly, silently, and home,
And sinks out-wearied, rather than o'ercome;
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death:
No dread of death—if with us die our foes.”

We may be sure, therefore, that, with any thing like equal advantages in number, arms, and opportunity, our South-
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ern troops will overmatch those that come up against us. But, at the same time, we are taught, very forcibly, that, as defeat must be to us death and destruction, ignominy and disgrace insufferable, and a subjection to a tyranny more despotic than that of any European, or even Asiatic, *one-man* power, our only dependence is in continued and increased vigilance, unanimity, energy, voluntary service and sacrifice; the enrolment, equipment, and discipline of every man capable of bearing arms, and timely and full preparation of all the armament and appliances of war, as adapted to our sea-coasts and cities, and, above all other, preëminently, for our own beloved Charleston and South Carolina. First and foremost in the revolutionary movement, she is doomed to the direst vengeance. The war, it is said, began at Charleston, and it must end there. Charleston must be razed to the ground, and South Carolina converted into a wilderness, and sown in salt, so that no man shall ever again pass through it.

Let us, then, seek and secure the right men to guard us, and to lead us—men with whom

“ Their country first, their glory and their pride,
Land of their hopes, and where their father’s died,
Whose home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot’s sigh,
And makes them wish to live, and dare to die.”

Let all our mothers be—as many of them are—Spartan mothers; and, as they gird on their armour, and bless them for the field, let them point their brave sons to their shield, and say:

“ Come *with* it, when the battle’s done,
Or *on* it, from the field.”

Let us remember our fathers, who still live with us and among us, and by their spell-binding presence still guard our beleagured land; and let us fill every mountain gorge, and luxuriant valley, and sea-girt fortress, with the echo of

tramping hosts, and the war shouts: "Onward—for God and freedom! Give us liberty, or give us death!"

Oh, yes! it is the sons of such mothers, and the worthy inheritors of such patriot sires, our young-fledged empire requires to carry her safely through that sea of fire by which she is girt around, and make her conqueror, and more than conqueror, through God, our helper.

"The painted folds that fly,
And lift their emblems, pointed high
On morning mist and sunset sky—
Are these the guardians of a land?
No! if the patriot pulses sleep,
How vain the watch that hirelings keep;
How vain the idol flag that waves
Where conquest, with his iron heel,
Treads down the standards and the steel
That belt the soil of slaves."

Let the South, then, awake, and rise to the height of this great argument. It is now a controversy of swords, and not of words; and the issue is, conquest or enslavement. Home and happiness, the purity of wives and daughters, the sanctity of the fireside, the holiness and freedom of our altars, the security of peace, the prosperity of agriculture and commerce, the pursuit of happiness in the walks of science, and the groves of philosophy, and the studios and laboratories of art; above all, honour, principle, and the highest of all prerogatives—that of national sovereignty—these, and whatever else is precious, all stand or fall with victory or defeat. Let every man, woman, and youth, awake, and gird up the loins of their mind, and, with heart and hand, beneath their own blue sky, and amidst their own green land, and the solemn shades of the church-yard cemetery, swear "for those to live, or with them to die."

Blest with a soil productive in all the elements of life and comfort, let these alone suffice, if driven to the last extremity, and let every product for exportation be destroyed, unless our just and equal rights, according to the

laws of nations at war, are recognized and respected by foreign powers.

Let the last words of the gallant Bee become the watchword of every Southern heart: "Let us, fellow-soldiers, determine to die here, and we will conquer." Let Bartow's dying words, as he fell, leading up his regiment to the assault of a battery—"Boys, they have killed me, but never give up this field to the enemy"—be "engraved in our heart of hearts,"* and thus let us

"Snatch from the ashes of our sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That tyranny will quake to hear."

But let us now turn to the solemn and heartfelt contemplation of this glorious, though blood-bought victory, in its divine aspect.

Victory was a goddess in the classic Pantheon, and the universal Fate of heathenism and false religion was, and is, regarded as the father of gods and men, the arbiter of all

* The *Richmond Dispatch* says:

Gen. Bartow died a noble and brave death. He first received a shot which shattered one of his feet; but even in this disabled condition he maintained his place at the head of his men. He had reached a fence which crossed the direction of his charge, and was supporting himself, waving his sword, and cheering his gallant band on to the fight, when some miscreant's ball pierced his brave heart.

The loss of the enemy in the recent battle is variously estimated at from five to ten thousand. Our own loss, which was estimated at five hundred, will, I think, be less, as many who have been reported dead are still living. Gen. Bartow fell before Sherman's battery. A company he had formerly commanded—the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, of Savannah—were lying on their backs loading their muskets, when a perfect storm of balls came in among them, wounding many of them. He seemed perfectly infuriated at this havoc among his *protégés*, and, seizing the colours, rushed forward, saying, "he would take Sherman's battery, or die in the attempt." It was with his second wound he fell—the first one having injured his foot.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* reports, concerning the ill-fated Garnett:

When the rebel General was shot, he was on foot, waving his men back to the conflict. He had waded the Cheat river, on foot, with his men, and when he fell his pantaloons were all dripping with water.

destinies, the disposer of all events, and the irresistible controller of all human actions. We have thus, therefore, in the undissenting voice of humanity, the expression of the doctrine of revelation, that

“ There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may.”

In other words, God is in all, over all, under, and around, and above, all laws, all elements, all forces, all agencies and all agents, whether they be men, or angels, or devils; whether they be powers of darkness, or principalities and powers in heavenly places; that He ruleth over all; that all are His ministers and servants that obey His voice and do His bidding; that this sovereign dominion extends to the minutest atom, and the universal law, so that with Him there is nothing great and nothing mean, the least being as the greatest, and the greatest as the least; and if this is true of all events, even to the falling of a sparrow, and the numbering of the hairs of every head, and if of every situation it may be said: “Surely, God is in this place, and I knew it not,” how much more assuredly is this true of that “first and last of fields, king-making victory”—a field, too, which concentrates the energies of nations, the lives of hundreds of thousands, and the lives and fortunes of millions more, now living and hereafter to be born.

War is the sternest exercise of man's highest prerogatives and powers, and the field of battle the theatre of earth's most magnificent array, and of man's most splendid and heroic achievements. It reveals in man the spirit of a fiend, but proclaims an arch-angel fallen. Originated by wicked lusts, and bringing forth the monstrous passions of malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness, of retaliation and blood-thirsty revenge, it also developes the loftiest virtues which can adorn humanity, and illustrates, in their most exalted exercise, magnanimity, honour, patriotism, fortitude, courage, equanimity, and victory over death and the grave.

War is the great tamer, civilizer, reformer and punisher of wild, ferocious, and debased humanity; the rod of God's anger, the besom of destruction, the wine-press of his fury, and the avenger of the just and good; and the executioner of long-delayed wrath upon the unjust, the avaricious, the covenant-breaking, the usurping, tyrannical and licentious, and God-defying, Sabbath-breaking and Bible-perverting nations. War is often, as in this case, provoked by the falsified faith, and covenant-breaking, and sectional, self-aggrandizing policy of seventy years; by the recent triumph of a sectional and anti-constitutional party; by the declaration and demonstration of coercive and hostile force against eleven free, sovereign, and independent States; and is, therefore, wicked, diabolical, and against all right, righteousness, and law, human and divine: or, it may be, as in our case, defensive of every right—constitutional, human, and divine; and the manifestation, therefore, of the highest virtue known to humanity, and entitled to the praise and benediction of the world, and upon which—if conducted in His fear—we may confidently look for the sanction and support of God, who is able to deliver us out of the hands of all that rise up against us.

“The Lord God is,” therefore, “a man of war.”—**Ex.** 15 : 3.

“Come near, ye nations, to hear; and hearken, ye people: let the earth hear, and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it. For the indignation of the Lord is upon all nations, and his fury upon all their armies: he hath utterly destroyed them, he hath delivered them to the slaughter. Their slain, also, shall be cast out, and their stink shall come up out of their carcasses, and the mountains shall be melted with their blood. And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll: and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig-tree. For my sword shall be bathed in

heaven: behold, it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse, to judgment. The sword of the Lord is filled with blood, it is made fat with fatness, and with the blood of lambs and goats, with the fat of the kidneys of rams: for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. And the unicorns shall come down with them, and the bullocks, with the bulls; and their land shall be soaked with blood, and their dust made fat with fatness. For it is the day of the Lord's vengeance, and the year of recompenses for the controversy of Zion."—Isa. 34 : 1-8.

"O, thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? put up thyself into thy scabbard; rest, and be still. How can it be quiet, seeing the Lord hath given it a charge against Ashkelon, and against the sea shore? there hath he appointed it."—Jer. 47 : 6, 7.

God, therefore, commandeth war, threatens war, inflicts war, and, again, maketh wars to cease. God directs, counsels, and controuls war, and orders all its issues. And God does all this, that men may be afraid of the sword: for wrath bringeth the punishments of the sword, that men may know there is a judgment.

There is a two-fold government of God, with corresponding laws, agencies, ends, restraints, recompenses, and retributions. God has a natural and moral government, the basis of which is truth, justice, honesty, honour, covenant-keeping, upholding and obeying equal and impartial laws, constitutionally formed, and rigidly and impartially administered, and the preservation of pure morality, and family and social order.

Now, God's natural and moral government is adapted to reward those individuals and nations which faithfully maintain these principles, and punish those who violate them, or are partakers and willing associates with their transgressors; and, among the other methods of God's righteous administration of this equal and impartial

justice, is war. God, therefore, promises victory, and threatens defeat, and He brings both to pass according to the counsel of His own will. Arms and armaments, and armies, are vain against His purpose and providence to destroy, and a multitude, with every advantage, are made powerless, and flee before the few and feeble, when disheartened and defeated by a God in arms against them.

“Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord’s, and He will give you into our hands.”—1 Sam. 17 : 45, 46.

And again, we read:

“And at that time Hanani the seer came to Asa, king of Judah, and said unto him: Because thou hast relied on the king of Syria, and not relied on the Lord thy God, therefore is the host of the king of Syria escaped out of thine hand. Were not the Ethiopians and the Lubims a huge host, with very many chariots and horsemen? yet, because thou didst rely on the Lord, he delivered them into thine hand. For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him. Herein thou hast done foolishly: therefore, from henceforth thou shalt have wars.”—2 Chron. 16 : 7–9.

And again, in Amaziah’s reign:

“But there came a man of God to him, saying, O king, let not the army of Israel go with thee, for the Lord is not with Israel, to wit, with all the children of Ephraim. But if thou wilt go, do it, be strong for the battle: God shall make thee fall before the enemy: for God hath power to help, and to cast down.”—2 Chron. 25 : 7, 8.

And such is the meaning of that terrific passage—Deut. 32 : 29–43. God had declared that, as long as His people were faithful and obedient, He would make them victorious and powerful against any number of their enemies, and He there declares that their “latter end” of discomfiture and shameful defeat was altogether the result of His desertion of them. God did, in innumerable instances, fulfil His promises to Israel; and, through his prophets, He has proclaimed for us the same law, for our warning and encouragement. Thus, in the forty-fourth Psalm, and many others, we are taught to say :

“Through thee will we push down our enemies : through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us. For I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me. But thou hast saved us from our enemies, and hast put them to shame that hated us. In God we boast all the day long, and praise thy name for ever. Selah. But thou hast cast off, and put us to shame ; and goest not forth with our armies. Thou makest us to turn back from the enemy : and they which hate us spoil for themselves. Thou hast given us like sheep appointed for meat ; and hast scattered us among the heathen.”

And in the Apostle Paul’s glowing description of faith :

“And what shall I more say ? for the time would fail me to tell of Gedeon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae, of David, also, and Samuel, and of the prophets : Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.”—Heb. 11 : 32–34.

It is thus demonstrated that the conduct of God, as the Sovereign Ruler in His supernatural kingdom, is not contrary to, but in accordance and concurrence with, His natural and moral government of the world. It does not

supersede, but is carried on through, the same laws and instrumentalities, according to their nature, "either necessarily, freely, or contingently." * Human government remains. The same rewards and retributions are employed, and the same coexistence and coöperation of divine and human agency mingle in mysterious union in weaving the web of human destiny.

Of this kingdom the Gospel is the law; the Bible, the charter; Christ, the King; we Ministers, ambassadors; the Church, the sanctuary; Sabbaths, its days of convocation, prayer and praise; salvation, the object; heaven, the goal; and the glory of God's grace and mercy, the final end.

Faith in Christ is the condition of salvation; the principle, and itself the highest exhibition of obedience, the most acceptable sacrifice to God; because it honours His Son, and is the fountain of willing service, the root of every grace, the cementing hand between God and the soul, and the inspirer of peace, and love, and confidence, and joyful exultation in God.

The true believer is, therefore, the most diligent worker. He feels that he can do nothing without God, but every thing with Him. He prays, therefore, as if every thing depended upon God, and works as if every thing depended upon his own exertions—his own skill, and diligence, and fortitude. In war, the Christian principle is embodied in the laconic advice of one who was at once one of the greatest Generals and sincerest of Christians: "Trust in Providence, and keep your powder dry." Faith is the parent and nurse of courage, confidence and heroism. "Add to your faith," says the Apostle, "valour—courage," as the original means. And hence, history attests that, while a religious faith has in all ages sustained heroic valour, and that in proportion to its evangelical purity and power, it

* Confession of Faith.

animates the soul to a dauntless intrepidity and daring chivalry.

“When Robert Bruce had marshalled his little army on the field of Bannockburn, to strive for the independence of Scotland, against the three-fold army of Edward of England, the latter saw the Scottish ranks successively kneeling upon the ground, and exclaimed, arrogantly: ‘They are dispirited; they kneel; they supplicate my royal mercy.’ ‘No sire,’ answered a wise and experienced noble at his side: ‘they kneel not to you, but to the majesty of heaven. See, the holy man of God passes along their ranks, and they kneel in order to receive by his hands the benediction of God.’ And soon the sceptered fool was taught, by the terrible issue of the day, that the humility of the pious Scots was not incompatible with a heroism which swept his proud chivalry as chaff before the whirlwind.”

“On that Sabbath morning on which the battle of Lake Champlain was fought, when Commodore Downie, of the British squadron, was sailing down on the Americans, as they lay in the bay of Plattsburg, he sent a man to the mast-head to see what they were doing on Commodore McDonough’s ship, the flag-ship of the little American squadron. ‘Ho! aloft,’ said Downie, ‘What are they doing on that ship?’ ‘Sir,’ answered the lookout, ‘they are gathered about the main-mast, and they seem to be at prayer.’ ‘Ah!’ said Commodore Downie, ‘that looks well for them, but bad for us.’ It was bad for the British Commodore. For the very first shot from the American ship was a chain-shot, which cut poor Downie in two, and killed him in a moment. McDonough was a simple, humble Christian, and a man of prayer, but brave as a lion in the hour of battle. He died as he lived—a simple-hearted, earnest Christian.”

“Yes,” to use the words of Professor Dabney, addressed to the Eighteenth Virginia Regiment, “the sense of God’s

favour and trust in His omnipotent providence, are the true basis of courage: and these are to be sought by sinners, as we all are, only in the paths of repentance. The man who has an approving conscience, who has God for his friend, and heaven for his home, may be insensible to fear; for death to him is no evil; and death is the utmost that human malice and power can inflict.

“The man who cultivates the strongest sense of the world to come is, in all ages, the best soldier. So true is this, that even the military religions of Paganism were found the most potent engines to raise men to an exaltation of martial spirit. What made the old Scandinavian the terror of the feudal ages? He had been taught by his religion, that if he died in his bed, his future state would be obscure and ignoble; but if in battle, with his face to the foe, his immortality would be passed in the Walhalla of the Heroes, in perpetual banquet with princes and conquerors. Mohammed taught the Arabs, that he who died for the Koran was a martyr, who went straight to the bliss of paradise. It was this which made the Saracens the terror of Christendom. The Crusaders were authorized by the Romish Church to believe that every one who fell fighting for the Holy Sepulchre, should escape the pains of purgatory, and go at once to the highest heavens. If, now, these superstitious dreams could inspire men with such indifference to death, what should not be the heroism of the enlightened Christian, who has attained the rational evidence that God is his friend; that heaven is his final home; that his life is shielded by an infinite Providence, which makes his injury or death impossible, until death is his truest blessing, and that ‘all things must work together for good to him?’ Let facts answer this question. While man is, unfortunately, every where a combative being, the truest instances of martial heroism have ever been found among enlightened Christians. Macaulay stated of Cromwell’s famous Ironside Regiment, that not only was it

never conquered in battle, but it never met the enemy, whether impetuous Cavalier, or steady Scot, or the boasted chivalry of Spain, that it did not both defeat and crush the body opposed to it. Cromwell's letters give us the origin of this corps. He informed the Commonwealth generals, that he found the Parliament's army too much composed of scurvy materials, such as 'decayed serving-men and tapsters.' 'But I will go,' said he, 'and recruit among the respectable land-owners, and godly people.' Such was the material of his Ironsides; respectable sons of the soil; sons of Christian households, reared in the fear of God; men who to strict discipline joined the fear of God; and who passed from the prayer-meeting to the field of battle, with their Bibles girt under their armour. And such is, emphatically, the constitution of this regiment, drawn from the flower of our section, the sturdy children of the soil. May your sobriety, discipline, and elevated fear of God, make the Eighteenth to be known hereafter as the invincible Ironsides of this war!"

"And yet there are men, I fear, among us, who, because they have experienced only good from the hand of God, are skeptical of his practical concern in the fortunes of men. Theirs is the sneering atheism which was implied in the remark of General Charles Lee, upon the call of our great Washington to fasting, humiliation and prayer, that our fathers might seek the blessing of Divine Providence on their cause. Thus sneered the cynical old unbeliever: 'I have always observed that Divine Providence is on the side of the strongest battalion;' plainly implying that there was no Providence behind those second causes through which He ordinarily works. Now, I might safely propose to all such shallow and senseless thinkers, to let the destinies of these two men, the carping, malignant skeptic, and the Christian statesman and devout believer, decide whether there is a Providence who notes the sneers uttered against His majesty, and is armed with the means of refuting and

avenging them. I say, let the career of the two men decide which was the happier creed? The unbeliever speedily brought the dense cloud of disgrace, crime, and mortification over his fame, on the field of Monmouth; sank into obscurity and contempt, and spent the miserable remainder of his age, deserted of God and man, in a misanthropic solitude. But the man who knew how to honour and acknowledge God in sincerity, was steadily raised by His providence to the most enviable pinnacle of glory to which uninspired mortal ever rose: 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'

"Away, then, with this unbelief which thrusts God out of this world, as stupid as it is wicked. Let us humble ourselves before that almighty and most present Power, which ties our punishment to our sins as a people."*

* It is with gladness and gratitude, beyond utterance, says the *North Carolina Presbyterian* of August 17th, that we have read the subjoined letter, just received from one of the divisions of the army of the Potomac. Its writer is an officer of Capt. Mallet's company, of the Third Regiment North Carolina State troops, in camp near Acquia Creek, Virginia. "H" is not, we believe, himself a member of the Church; but our readers will agree with us that he could not have written thus had he not felt a deep interest in the subject of religion; while his evident sympathy with the soldiers of his command is most creditable to him as an officer and a man. May he, too, become a subject of that Divine Grace, of whose work in the hearts of his fellow-soldiers he has hastened to record the earliest manifestations.

"MONDAY MORNING, 4½ o'clock, August 5th, 1861.—I witnessed, last night, one of the most solemn and impressive scenes that I have ever beheld.

"In the open air, with nothing over head but the foliage of the oak and the broad canopy of the heavens, was assembled, just in front of my tent, a large crowd of soldiers for divine worship. David Powell, Third Sergeant in my company, delivered a discourse, which, for simplicity, earnestness, and appropriateness to the occasion, I have seldom heard excelled. He spoke to them in that strain which seemed to reach the hearts of his auditory; and, when he had closed his remarks, he asked, while singing the last hymn, all who were anxious about the salvation of their souls, and who desired to be delivered from that thralldom of sin in which Satan had encompassed them, to remain upon their knees, and he would pray for them. This was the most impressive scene of all—when, at the conclusion of the singing, some fifteen or twenty of the soldiers (and I am glad to say, many of them from my own company) were seen on bended knees, as if in silent prayer to Almighty God for mercy and for a safe deliverance from all the dangers and temptations that beset the soldier's path. Then were they prayed for by one of the professors of religion present, and I firmly believe that the prayers reached the Throne of Grace, and were acceptable."

The hand of God in this victory, and His powerful providence in shaping all man's ends, rough hewn and ordered by his wisest skill, is manifest, both in the antecedent events and in the battle itself. There is reason to believe that the schemes of neither of the master-spirits that planned the battle were consummated. The Duke of Wellington has recorded as his experience, that, however wisely a General may plan a battle, when once it commences, God takes the controul of events into His own hands, and all man's foresight is baffled and set at naught by new and unexpected exigencies. It was so here. McDowell, as he reports, intended to have made but one attack, and to have made that three days sooner. Beauregard intended, it would seem, to attack, and not await an assault, and then to draw them back within his entrenchments, and surround and cut them off.

The accomplishment of McDowell's object was defeated by waiting for Patterson's reinforcements, and the unintended battle and retreat of Bull's Run, on Thursday. Had he been reinforced, and appeared at Manassas on Thursday or Friday, Beauregard would not have had one-half his army—would probably have been overwhelmed by an overpowering force. God, therefore, interposed to secure delay; to delude Patterson into tardiness; to give expedition and success to Johnston's retreat and conjunction at Manassas; to bring into the field at successive periods of the day Beauregard's reinforcements, so as to give the appearance of fresh reserves and of illimitable numbers; to enable Beauregard to delay the final onset and victory—which was really secure at one o'clock—until he was fully prepared to realize all its benefits in a total rout, capture, and spoils.

And who but God caused such an unnecessary, inexcusable, and total panic, rout, and abandonment of military stores, to the value of some million and a-half of dollars? This is argued by all the Federal Generals and specta-

tors, including Dr. Russell, to have been entirely unnecessary and unjustifiable by any thing that had occurred, and is wholly inexplicable upon any of the numerous absurd pretexts assigned for it, since, as our enemies declare, they had, up till then, driven us back and beaten us at every point, not knowing that this falling back of our forces was a part of our strategy. We are, therefore, compelled to recognize in this panic the consummation of all God's previous providential preparations, as when of old he scattered the Assyrians and Midianites, and to ascribe salvation and triumphant victory to the Lord.

Let us accept this war as a just judgment upon our ungodly land; as a call to repentance, faith, and prayer; as a test of religious principle and moral fortitude; as a development of Southern national unity; as a baptism of blood for the consecration of this new Republic; and as a means of reformation of manners, and revival of religion.

Let us recognize His providence and favorable goodness in this victory. "The horse is prepared against the day of battle, but victory is of the Lord"—(Prov. 28 : 31). Let not our spirit be that of Julius Cæsar: "I came, I saw, I conquered;" but, in the spirit which led John Sobieski, after his triumph over the Turks, to say, "I came, I saw, God conquered." "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." "Our fathers trusted in Thee, and Thou didst deliver them." Let us say, with His people of old:

"The Lord wrought a great victory that day."

"Wherefore David blessed the Lord before all the congregation: and David said, Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel, our father, for ever and ever. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honour come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thy hand is

power and might; and in thy hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all. Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."

"O sing unto the Lord a new song: for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory. The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen. He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise. Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm. With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King. Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity."

"Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation: he is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him. The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is his name." "The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword; mine hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters." "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously."