

SKETCHES

OF THE LIFE OF

CAPTAIN HUGH A. WHITE,

OF THE

STONEWALL BRIGADE.

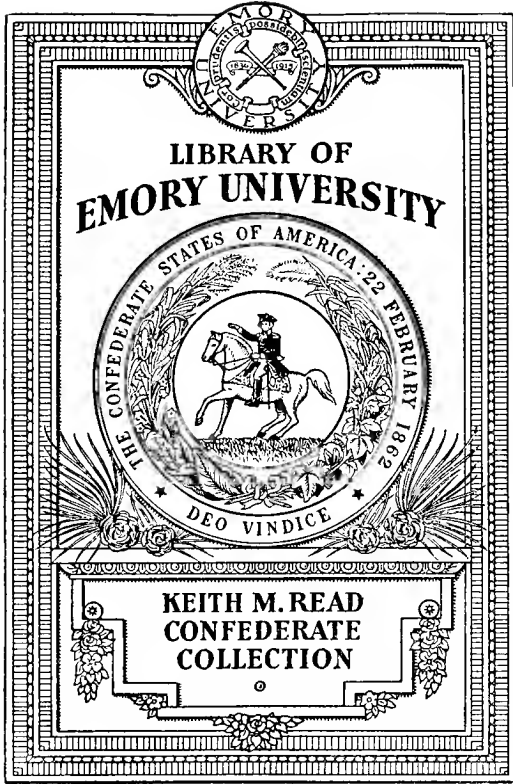
BY

HIS FATHER.

COLUMBIA, S. C. :

SOUTH CAROLINIAN STEAM PRESS

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INTRODUCTION.

The people of our country appreciate the preciousness of the sacrifices by which their rights and independence are now purchasing for them. One evidence of this is the eagerness of the public for all memorials of their gallant dead. The appetite for such reading is rational; and to gratify it, by unfolding the christian courage and other graces of our young heroes, is a most timely and appropriate mode of doing good. There have been more illustrious sacrifices made by Virginia for the cause than that of HUGH AUGUSTUS WHITE, but none purer. His position in society and in the army was modest, because of his youth; but none were carried forward by nobler or more ingenuous motives. The writer had known him from a child, when visiting the hospitable and happy home of his father, and had known him for the gentle, intellectual, and conscientious boy he is painted by the tender but not partial hand of the author of the following sketch. In September, 1859, HUGH appeared as a young man at Union Theological Seminary, to study divinity, in preparation for the preaching of the gospel. He was then in person slender and graceful, with a face somewhat pallid and boyish, but with a quiet dignity of bearing which effectually rescued it from effeminacy. His relations to his former comrades in study seemed to be peculiarly cordial, and similar ties were speedily formed with his new associates. It was then the writer had an opportunity to observe his character more closely. And it ultimately unfolded itself as one of rare intellectual and moral symmetry. That may be said of him which can be affirmed of very few, that he was never known, during his whole Seminary course, to do an act which caused pain to his instructors. And if a single jar ever occurred in the christian harmony of his intercourse with his equals, it was unknown to his teachers. Towards his comrades there was a sweetness and spirituality of temper which

disarmed petulance itself, and seemed to make offence impossible. In the performance of his tasks as a pupil, there was, so far as the writer can recall, an absolute punctuality. He was always in place, except when able to give a good account of his absence; and recitations were always prepared, not only with respectable attention, but with thoroughness. Moreover, the capacity which he displayed was of a high order. Acquisition seemed to be to him easy, and yet exact. His understanding grasped the most profound subjects; his conceptions were distinct and perspicuous, and his whole mind displayed the maturity of the thoroughly cultivated man rather than of the youth of nineteen. This uniformity of development will appear to the thoughtful reader in all that he has written. His style has the sobriety of the man rather than the florid dress of youth; his turns of thought are all natural, unambitious, and simple. But the justness of his mind will be best appreciated by those who have most studied the subjects which he treats. Nor was there a lack of energy. He displayed none of those salient extravagances of thought, expression, or conduct, by which young men often secure a temporary character for genius and originality. It was not because his powers were beneath them, but above them. It was not because he lacked invention or originality, but because his mind had already grown to a stature too manly for these ephemeral graces. His christian character was as strong and decided as it was sweet, and so his faculties of mind were vigorous, as well as harmonious.

It is of such a character that we justly form the highest expectations, as to its future usefulness and success. Had HUGH A. WHITE lived, he would have made no startling *début* in his profession, but assuming at the outset an attitude of enviable respectability, he would quietly, yet rapidly, have grown upon his brethren, and developed capacities adequate to the very highest honors of the Church. His was just the mind to receive the highest culture, and to grow longest and most happily by it. Such are the capacities which are most valuable to the Church and most enviable to their possessors. If they create less sensation at the outset, they do not neutralize a part of the usefulness of their wiser years by the crude extravagancies of their inexperience.

But before his course of divinity was completed, his patriotism called him away from his studies, as the reader will learn from his narrative.

The next time the writer saw him was upon the glorious field of Manassas, where the young volunteer had just covered himself with honor by his brilliant courage. In the gray jacket of the private he was the same modest, gentle, graceful, and unobtrusive stripling. Again we met in the glorious campaign of the Valley, in 1862, when he had become the captain of the Liberty Hall Volunteers. He appeared a little more bronzed and robust, but in everything else he was the same. Yet in all the responsibilities of discipline and danger, the sweet boy-man shone forth, full of nerve, energy, and heroism. The writer can also testify, from his own observation, to the elevated consistency and heavenly mindedness of his christian character in the camp.

The life of HUGH WHITE, which follows, will be perceived to be mainly an autobiography. His friends have judged its perusal would be profitable to his former comrades in arms and to the christian public, not because of the novelty of his career, but because of the forcible though quiet lessons which it teaches concerning "the beauty of holiness." His story has, alas, so many counterparts, in these days of heroic endeavor and costly sacrifice, that it will now read almost as though it were unromantic and uneventful. He grew up in a happy and refined christian home; he was cultivated by all the arts of polite learning; he was ingenuous, gentle, pure, beloved; he seemed to have before him the most inviting paths of a peaceful life, garnished with the sweetest flowers of learning and friendship; he heard his country's call and turned aside from those paths at the dictate of duty, sadly, yet resolutely; he endured, and fought, and died; and now he lies uncoffined in a soldier's grave, with all the hopes and aspirations of fond parents and friends forever blighted, save this chief wish, that he might live and die worthily: Such is the narrative so often repeated over the tombs of others of his countrymen.

But there are lessons in this short life which make us unwilling to let his memory die. A part of these are read in the filial and christian graces which find an expression so truthful and beautiful in his letters. Let the young man learn here how consistent manliness is with purity and tenderness. It is not rudeness, ingratitude, stubbornness against parental authority, which makes the youth of spirit. On the contrary, we here see a filial love as tender and pure as that of a daughter,

delighting to repose with childlike simplicity upon a mother's bosom, with perfect docility and reverence for parental authority, united to a daring and manhood which made the great JACKSON lament his fall as that of "a personal friend." Let the citizen read here a striking illustration of the principles which should actuate his patriotism; of purposes formed and sacrifices made, not from ambition or love of fame, but from the calm and elevated conviction of duty. Let the soldier learn from such lives the ground of true courage, which is the fear of God. How sublime is the determination, the fortitude of the tender stripling, all unused to danger or hardship, converted, by his trust in God and devotion to duty, into a mighty man of war. The military career of such men gives a striking testimony to the justice and sacredness of our cause. These have usually been appreciated by our people directly in proportion to the purity and elevation of their principles. Our enemies, when acknowledging the sincerity and virtue of these martyrs to our liberties, say that a good man may, by some unlucky perversion of his affections, espouse a bad cause. But, we reply, how comes it that all men among us uniformly espouse our cause with an ardor and decision proportioned to their excellence? Of all men, young WHITE was least a polemic or partisan; there was nothing belligerent in his temper; there was no craving for place, or power, or popular applause; every desire of his heart had turned to objects of a different nature. Yet when his inquiry was made into the merits of this war, in prayer and fasting, over an open Bible, with eternity and God before his eyes, he was led to the conclusion that his country's quarrel was just, and that she was entitled to his arm, with a force of conviction which resisted the persuasions even of parental love. The only explanation of such a result is in the clear righteousness of our self-defence. Now, he who has espoused his side in this way may well afford to die for it. He has counted the cost; he has foreseen everything; and death is disarmed of its terrors to him. Can not even the profane see, in the wrestling prayers and holy self-consecration of that day spent in fasting in his cloister, when he besought God's answer to the question whether he should fight for his country, the spring of the courage which bore him through so many bloody fields?

The crowning lesson, however, of his life, is in his symmetrical and scriptural piety. In the expressions of it which he gives, all is sober, yet fervent, manly, yet tender. There is no extravagance—none of the cant of religious fashion. The compiler of the narrative, with admirable judgment, has so arranged the materials as to permit the character of his subject to body itself forth in its own fair proportions. Let the reader look at it until he comprehends its moral beauty, and is warmed and ennobled by it. Like the marble, it displays no glaring colors, but all is simple, soft, and pure. Like that marble shaped by the hand of genius, it presents no extravagance of proportions; its beauty and grace are subdued by their very harmony, so that the ignorant or the perverted taste may pronounce it devoid of the inspiration of genius. But the eye of true taste, the longer it gazes, is the more filled and satisfied and elevated by its beauty. Let us consider it well, and thus become “followers of them who through faith and patience have inherited the promises.”

ROBERT L. DABNEY.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, VA.,

June 15, 1863.

SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, CHILDHOOD, AND YOUTH, TO THE 18TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

HUGH A. WHITE was the fifth son and the seventh child of Wm. S. and Jane I. White. He was born in Charlottesville, Albemarle County, Va., on the 6th of September, 1840; and was baptized by the Rev. James Wharey, of Goochland. He was so quiet and noiseless a child that his father remembers less of him at that period than of any one of his children. Yet he was by no means wanting in vivacity, and was rather distinguished for thoughtfulness and intelligence. It was his habit to listen with deep attention and lively interest to the animated, and sometimes almost boisterous conversation of the other children. If he spoke at all, it was when the conversation had subsided almost into silence; and then he ordinarily made some sage or humorous remark, which evinced the intelligent attention he had given to all that had been said. This habit followed him through life. In a sketch, hereafter to be inserted, entitled "A Sick Mother's Bedside," he refers to himself as the second son in the group, who "was silent, but thoughtful."

His mother's recollection of him is very vivid. She says: "He never gave me trouble, but was always and only a comfort to me. I not only never knew him to tell a falsehood, but he did not seem to know how to equivocate. In the revelries and childish contests of the nursery, he took no part. He

would always yield rather than contend. He rarely, if ever, complained of any injustice, real or supposed, on the part of the other children, and I never saw him raise his hand against a human being or a living thing."

He was so observant of all that passed, seemed to acquire knowledge so readily from his intercourse with the older children, or by listening to what passed in the parlor or his father's study, that he was not put to his books at so early an age as is common. He was sent to school at seven years of age, and at that period had barely learned to read. He never appeared to be a hard student. What a fellow-student in the Theological Seminary said of him was true from the beginning—"He was a successful, rather than a hard student." He acquired knowledge so readily that he had no occasion to linger long at a time over his books. His first and only teacher in Charlottesville, the excellent Mr. Thomas Woodson, was accustomed to say of him, "Give him what I may to do, he seems to accomplish it without an effort." And yet he was by no means idle, or neglectful of his lessons. From the time he commenced going to school, he formed the habit of placing his book under his pillow when he went to bed, and as soon as the light of the morning permitted, he might be seen, book in hand, passing his eyes over his lesson.

He was fond of society, but seemed to have an instinctive abhorrence for bad company. He entered with great animation into the ordinary amusements of schoolboys in recess, but he never walked the streets in search of amusement; and none of the family recollect an instance in which he was known to participate, even as an eye-witness, in scenes of dissipation or mischief. The truth is, that from childhood, he seemed to think that the proper place for the right sort of recreation, and even amusement, was the parlor and chamber over which his mother presided. He not only looked up to her as his rightful ruler, but also as his best friend and choice companion. In her ordinary rounds of domestic duty—when not at school—he was at her side. In a word, he studied and

labored to lighten her burden and cheer her heart. He went on errands for her and his sisters with the utmost cheerfulness. When a mere child, he learned to make purchases for them of the merchants, and thus saved them many a weary walk. Nor was he by any means a stranger in his father's study. Here he came whenever he desired, and was always a welcome guest, for he never came to hinder, but to help. Nothing pleased him better than for his father to say to him, "My son, here are some letters for the post-office; or here are some tracts I wish distributed, or some good books I wish sold." When not more than twelve years of age he rendered efficient service as his father's colporteur through his congregation. He would often say, as he entered the study, "Father, don't you want these papers and pamphlets put in order, and your books dusted?" At the same early age, he became very useful as a collector for charitable and religious objects.

With such principles and habits, it will surprise no one to be told that he was never known to utter a profane expression, to drink intoxicating liquors, or even to indulge in the use of tobacco.

He entered the Freshman Class in Washington College, in September, 1854, when he was just fourteen years of age. As to his career in college, it is enough to say that he ranked well—very well. The traits already mentioned as conspicuous in early childhood were only more fully developed during his college course. He was appointed tutor both of Latin and Mathematics as he entered the Senior Class. He graduated with distinction in the eighteenth year of his age, receiving one of the gold medals which are always awarded in this college, to the three most distinguished scholars of the graduating class.

In his Sophomore year, when just fifteen years six months old, he sought connection with the Presbyterian Church, of which his father was the pastor. The religious principle had been implanted so quietly and developed so gradually, that when asked by a member of the Session when his spiritual life

commenced, he could not answer. His parents have no recollection of the period when—according to their best judgment—his life was not that of a child of God. From the time he could read, he loved to read of Christ, and long before that he loved to hear of him.

He delighted in the Sabbath School; first as a pupil and then as a teacher. Through life—to the period of his entering the army—he was one or the other. His last service of this sort was rendered in the colored Sabbath School, connected with the Lexington Presbyterian Church, of which General Thomas J. Jackson was the Superintendent.

Shortly after he connected himself with the Church, the Rev. Dr. Wm. J. Hoge, then a Professor in Union Theological Seminary, Va., made us a visit. Hugh accompanied him to the Natural Bridge. A few hours after their return, he entered his father's study, and said with much emotion, "Father, Dr. Hoge requested me to ascertain how many of the students of Washington College are thinking seriously of the ministry of the Gospel as their profession. I have done so:" and then handed me a paper containing a list of their names; and as the tears started from his eyes, said, "My name is not there. I was afraid to place it there until I had consulted you." An interview then followed never to be forgotten, after which he added his name to the list, and left the study with a beaming face and elastic step. From that hour his purpose never faltered.

Two months after graduating he took charge of a school in Union, Monroe County, which he taught for a session of ten months. In this enterprise he succeeded even beyond the most sanguine expectations of his most partial friends.

Early in September, 1859, he put himself under the care of Lexington Presbytery as a candidate for the ministry, and went with eight others—one of whom was an elder brother—to Union Theological Seminary in Prince Edward, Va. Here he spent two sessions. At the close of this period he entered the army. The northern had made war upon the southern

portion of the United States, and the desperate work of invasion had commenced. The pious young student saw that his native State, his home, and his loved parents were in danger, and he resolved to take part in their defence. The motives that impelled him to take this step will fully appear in the following pages.

To illustrate the tenderness and strength of his filial affections, and the depth of his piety at the period embraced in this chapter, the following papers are inserted, written in the seventeenth year of his age :

“MORTALITY OF MAN.

“Not only the tolling bell, the funeral procession, the habiliments of mourning, but even the closing of the day, when the evening shades are drawn as a mantle over the earth, and the busy whirl of life ceases, all conspire to remind us that our time on earth is limited. Some dread the quiet evening hour when one’s own thoughts become his only companions, and when he is almost forced to think of his present condition and future destiny. To avoid such companionship, many seek to lose themselves in the sweet forgetfulness of sleep, or to find relief in laying plans of earthly gain or pleasure. But to others these monitors of their mortality are messengers of Heaven—welcome visitors—and they are never happier than when permitted

— ‘To steal a while away
From every cumbering care ;
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.’

At such times this vain world may be driven back, and the devout mind may meditate with unutterable pleasure upon heavenly things, and feel itself drawn into closer fellowship with a God of purity and love. In such a frame as this, no thoughts are so welcome as those of death, a future state, an endless eternity. True, death sunders many tender ties, but the tenderest and best of all it does not break, but rather

strengthens—I mean that which unites him with the throne of God.

“Amid the turmoil of life, we are apt to forget what a calm haven awaits our souls, in which we shall enjoy perpetual peace. 'Tis the hope of this haven which cheers my weary spirit, and brightens my darkest hours. From that haven there comes a light as bright and constant as the God from whom it emanates. Look which way else I may, all is dark and uncertain. But looking to the heavenly hills, I find a peace the world can neither give nor take away.”

“A MOTHER'S SICK BED.

“The prayer-bell had rung, and a father, with a daughter and three sons had assembled for morning worship. But one was absent from that little group. The pious mother lay in her chamber, on a bed of sickness. The door opening from the chamber into the father's study, in which family worship was conducted, was partly open, that the mother might participate with the father and the children in this delightful service. The father led in the singing, and then with deep solemnity, opening the Book of God, read a portion of its sacred teachings. Then turning to the eldest of the three sons—just entering upon manhood—requested him to lead in prayer. They bowed the knee with, perhaps, unusual solemnity, because a son and brother was to pray, and because God's afflictive hand deprived them of the mother's presence. The voice of the son faltered for a time, but his heart soon warmed, and his tongue became fluent, as he prayed that our heavenly Father would stay his afflictive hand and restore the sick mother to her accustomed place in that family circle. The prayer was simple but appropriate. It abounded in apt quotations of Scripture, and seemed to flow from a heart filled with love to that mother, and with solicitude for her recovery.

“When the service closed, the three sons withdrew to that mother's bedside to inquire for her health. The tears still stood in her eyes, evincing the depth and tenderness of her

feelings. She had heard that prayer, and tears of gratitude to God flowed freely from that mother's eyes. She could not restrain this expression of her feelings on an occasion so solemn and so tender. The inquiries for her health were answered, and every tongue was silent. But soon that mother must speak, and addressing the eldest, she said, 'My son, I thank you for that prayer. It is the first time I ever heard a child of mine pray for me. I could but say, when your prayer was ended, God bless my son.' 'May both of our prayers be answered, mother,' was the appropriate reply of the son. A love then glowed in the hearts of that little circle, unknown to the world. The mother then spoke of her death, and the hearts of her sons were stirred to their lowest depths. She touched a deep and tender chord—no other than that which binds the hearts of children to affectionate and pious parents. The thought of the severing of that chord was terrible. She next spoke of her uselessness, and said perhaps it would be best for her to be removed out of the way of others. To this the youngest of the three sons—about twelve years of age—replied with surprise and emotion, 'Mother, you are very useful;' and went on with boyish eloquence to point out the ways in which she had always been so to all around her. At this the mother's countenance glowed with a radiance which bespoke the depth and tenderness of her emotions, and a smile of approbation passed over her kind face all bedewed with tears. *The second son was silent, but thoughtful.* The mother recovered from her sickness, but never shall that scene pass from the minds and hearts of those who witnessed it. May the God of that father and mother be the God of all their children, and continue to answer in the future, as He has in the past, their prayers for each other."

“ A PRAYER,

Suggested by Hebrews 7, 25: ‘He is able to save to the uttermost,’ &c.

“ Heavenly Father, I thank thee for this truth. If it were not for this, I must be lost ; but with it, I will not despair, but hope to be saved. I know that by nature I am totally depraved and utterly undone. And the new nature begotten within me, as I hope, by the Holy Spirit, is very defective. Yet Christ has provided a complete salvation by which every moral want of my fallen nature may be supplied, if I only come aright to Him. Oppressed, therefore, with a sense of my sins, panting to be freed from their guilt and pollution, I come to thee, O Saviour, and cast myself just as I am on thee and thee alone :

‘ Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.’

Blessed Jesus! I do remember and now plead before thee thine own promise, not to cast out any who come to God through thee ; and the truth uttered by thy servant, as thou didst inspire and commission him to utter, that thou art able to save to the uttermost, I do accept as divinely true, and thus may I be delivered, and enabled to rejoice in God, my Saviour.”

These are specimens of his earliest productions, and are inserted chiefly for the sake of those who delude themselves with the thought that they are too young to love and serve the Saviour. From a very early age he was cool, methodical, and persistent in whatever he undertook. His movements were brisk, but never had the appearance of hurry. What he did was always done thoroughly.

In the sixteenth year of his age, and at the close of his Sophomore year in college, he was appointed by the Committee of Lexington Presbytery to supply a portion of Rock-bridge County with the tracts and books of the Board of

Publication. In this service he spent his vacation, and was very successful. The account he kept of the places visited, and the books sold or given away, illustrates his character for methodical industry, promptitude, and perseverance. He omitted nothing in his memoranda which could serve to place his work fully before the Committee. The title, the price, and the name of the purchaser of each book is distinctly stated. During his first day's ride, he says: "I went to Major Hutton's, but he had gone to dine with a neighbor. Being alone, unacquainted with the people, and unaccustomed to my work, I felt terribly lonesome and longed to be at home. I went in search of the Major, and receiving encouragement from him, journeyed down the creek in better spirits. I stopped at the house of Mr. C., and sold him one Confession of Faith for 37½ cents. *Much obliged to him.*" This was the first book he sold, and the concluding sentence exhibits his pleasure at the event, and also the childlike amiability of his disposition.

He mentions selling three books to a man, and adds: "I foolishly *threw in* a little cheap book which many others might have received with equal profit, who were not able to pay for it."

Another entry is as follows: "Stopped at a very neat house. The family were poor, but pious—seemed well supplied with books—gave no excuse for not buying, but *hoped I would n't be discouraged.*"

"One man said to me, don't want any—got more now than I can read."

"How often I have discovered that I must not judge of the sense or goodness of people by their outward appearance."

In closing his account of his first expedition, he says: "I greatly fear I have not enough of the Christian spirit while ministering to the spiritual wants of others."

In his second tour, he says: "I gave to a very poor woman Baxter's Call. She said, 'I will keep this book forever. I mean as long as I live.'"

“I called at a house near ——. The lady said she preferred buying a good novel; that it was almost impossible for her to fix her attention on a religious book. I urged her to purchase—strove to convince her of the evil of much novel reading. Whereupon she agreed that I might sell some books to her husband, if he thought proper to buy. (Very dutiful wife, methought.) So I called on her husband to buy, and sold him three books, including Baxter’s Call.”

“Having only eight books on hand, I turned my face homewards, expecting to sell them by the way. How thankful I ought to be that I have a home. How many are destitute both of an earthly and a heavenly place of rest. I profess to have both, and often sin by attaching more consequence to that which is earthly than to that which is heavenly. May my heavenly home become dearer, the nearer I come to it.”

After reaching home he wrote as follows:

“My third expedition as colporteur has ended, and I have learned that there is far more sin in the world than professing Christians *seem* to suppose. I see clearly that I enjoy many advantages for which I am not thankful. I have received ten talents, and of me much will be required. Lord, bless my feeble efforts, overrule all my errors, and pardon all my sins for thine own glory. Enable me, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I have not yet been opposed in my work. I have not had one hard word spoken against me by an enemy of God, in which I might glory as suffered for Christ’s sake. And if I do meet with this, or worse, may I not complain, but rather glory in suffering for that Saviour who suffered so much for me.”

Having secured a fresh supply of books from the depository in Lexington, he went forth again.

A visit he made to Rev. Dr. Ramsey, now of Lynchburg, then of New Monmouth, is chiefly worthy of notice.

He says: “I called at Rev. Mr. Ransey’s, and he bought several of my books. I dined with him, and although I had promised Maj. Hutton to return and spend the Sabbath with

him, I concluded to remain with Mr. Ramsey, in the hope of learning much from him which may be useful to me in after life. On Sabbath afternoon I went with him to a school-house, where he did not preach a sermon, but lectured on the 2d chap. of Ephesians. The three topics he discussed were :

- “1. The condition of man by nature.
- “2. The means of restoration from that condition.
- “3. The benefits bestowed on those thus restored.”

After a full analysis of the whole lecture he adds: “This is the sort of preaching I like, and which must be most useful. Truly this preacher’s heart is in his Master’s service. Would that mine were more so. This has been a very pleasant Sabbath. How could it be otherwise, spent as it was with such a man. May the number of such be greatly increased.”

This sketch of Dr. Ramsey’s lecture, written as it obviously was in great haste, with a bad pencil, and extended over several pages of his memorandum book, exhibits uncommon maturity of mind and heart in a boy only sixteen years of age.

One entry, quite in contrast with the foregoing, must be noted :

“I came to ——’s distillery. After knocking sometime for admittance, and being refused, threw some tracts on temperance through the window and left.”

The concluding sentence in his book is this: “And now I have scattered the books, but without the blessing of God no good will result.”

He frequently notes as many as seventeen or eighteen visits, and once as many as twenty-three in one day. When the ruggedness of a large portion of Rockbridge is remembered, this amount of labor will appear great. But he lost no time. He wasted no words in approaching his object. But a cordial salutation—and his manner was very cordial—would be followed at once by an announcement of his business. This being accomplished, he took his departure. He never waited for dinner, however pressing might be the invitation to do so. He only ate if he found the food on the table when he arrived.

Many such facts as these were subsequently communicated to his father by the kind people among whom his "*pale-faced boy*," as one good old lady called him, labored as a colporteur. Nothing could possibly be more consolatory to the heart of a father, grieving for the loss of a loved son, than such testimonials of the esteem in which that son was held by the people of God. May their kindness to him be rewarded in blessings upon their own children.

CHAPTER II

HIS RESIDENCE IN UNION.—CORRESPONDENCE.—ESSAYS FROM SEPTEMBER, 1858 TO JULY, 1859.—THE 19TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

After his graduation he resolved to teach, that he might provide for himself the means of prosecuting his studies for the ministry. For this purpose he secured a situation as principal of a classical school in Union, the county seat of Monroe county, Virginia. He was received and treated by the intelligent and hospitable people of that village with a cordiality which bound him to them by ties of the warmest, purest friendship. To the hour of his death he delighted to speak of the kind friends he found, and the happy days he spent in Union.

He commenced his school September 6, 1858, the very day on which he was eighteen years of age.

Soon after assuming the responsibilities of this new position, he wrote to a friend and college classmate as follows:

"It is a great pleasure to spend one's Saturdays in communing with absent friends. College friendships are apt to be short lived. But they do much to give form and direction to our future lives, and should be cherished as great blessings,

when they have been such as were formed between some of our class. Our friendship, I think, was based upon our love for the Saviour, and hence, if we are not false to our profession of faith in Him, we shall be friends forever. Yes, my hope is that our present youthful attachment will not be transitory, but lasting as our spirits themselves.

“As to my income, my chief concern is that by teaching two years I may make enough to defray my expenses through the Theological Seminary. I hope to be there in two years, and how happy I should be if I could meet with you and others of our class in that school, to revive the scenes—yet more sacred—of college life. Several of my pupils are much older and larger than myself. I find great difficulty in tempering justice with mercy—in being firm yet kind. It is hard to stimulate the idle and restrain the vicious. This is my aim. How far I fail none can be more conscious than myself. But every one has to learn his trade.

“‘Experience is a dear school, but’—you know the rest. Excuse me for not giving you advice as to the economizing of your time, for I greatly need advice from others on that point.”

TO THE SAME.

“Your letter was a real treat. It seemed to me as I read that you were talking to me. How delightful are these free utterances of the heart, where friend opens freely to friend the inner recesses of his bosom. When this freedom of friendship is sanctified by true religion, its purity, intensity, and sweetness are increased ten fold. When our love for each other is hallowed by our love for Christ, and we are enabled to see, admire, and love His image in each other, then may we hope that our friendship will not vanish with our youth, but abide and grow forever.

“Rev. John Newton’s letters, or as they are termed *Cardiphonia*, or heart utterances, are superior to anything of the kind I have ever read, and their excellence seems to result

from his intimate acquaintance with his own heart and his freedom in expressing his feelings.

“Your letter breathed a spirit in the highest degree gratifying, and at the same time administered a gentle rebuke to my own sluggish soul. Though at times doubts and fears disturb my spirit, yet this is sinful. We must trust in the Lord and do good, ever remembering that ‘he doeth all things well.’ Why should we care if the world goes ill with us, provided only God’s purposes are carried out and his glory promoted?”

“When do you expect to go to the Seminary, or is it your purpose to go at all? I feel sure that the leading desire of your heart is to see the glory of God promoted through the advancement of the Saviour’s kingdom in the world. Whether you regard the ministry as the profession by which these great objects can be the most fully attained, I know not. If you do, there can be no doubt, and should be no hesitation in your mind, as to the course to be taken. Then may you see the path and hear the command, Go forward. It would be a great pleasure to spend my seminary life with you and others of our class. May the Spirit of God unite our hearts in christian love, ever increasing, till we meet in heaven to unite there in the praises of our adorable Redeemer.”

TO THE SAME.

“It is Friday night, and I have just returned from our weekly prayer meeting, and the service has inclined me to hold communion with my absent friends. My spiritual condition for several days past has been one of gloom and heaviness. My heart has been dead to all spiritual things. Prayer has seemed but the unwilling performance of a required duty, and not the outgushing of a penitent, grateful heart. But I doubt not the light of Heaven will again dawn. Christ will not utterly forsake. He sometimes seems to be buried, as He was to the disciples after His crucifixion; but He arose then from the tomb, and their hearts burned within them as He talked with them by the way. So, I trust, He will rise to shed

light and joy and peace upon my path. He is even now waiting to be gracious.

‘O lovely attitude, He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands.’

“Let doubts then be banished, and let our faith be firm. He is very gracious. Though we so often neglect Him, He loves us still, and will love us to the end. Though all else forsake, He is our refuge now, and will be our portion forever.”

THE WOUNDED BOY.

“I have to-day visited the bedside of one of my scholars who was wounded by the accidental discharge of a rifle. I had reason to fear, from what I had heard, that his wound was mortal, and on entering the room in which he lay, covered with his own blood, and his face almost deadly pale, I thought I had come to see him die. My conscience, faithful monitor, instantly rebuked me for neglect of duty in not having striven as I ought for his conversion and fitness for death. My thoughts instinctively turned to eternity. What if that soul should be called unprepared into the presence of its judge. O, should he die, how terrible the fall. Such reflections are ‘too painful for me.’ But I rejoiced soon to learn that my scholar’s life was really not in much danger. The command, to all appearance, had gone forth, ‘Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground.’ But the Saviour’s intercession, ‘Spare it yet a little longer,’ prevailed, and we may hope that the angels of God may yet rejoice over this soul converted from sin unto salvation.

“Such a dispensation of Providence is full of instruction. It surely admonishes us that in the midst of life we are in death. I would have my soul awake to this truth, both with respect to myself and those around me. Could I only keep my latter end in view, such inconsistencies of conduct would not so often give me pain. Then I might be more holy, and walk all the day long in the fear of my God. Lord, help me

thus to live, and then let death come when it may, it cannot surprise me. Then when thou shalt call me from earthly scenes, I shall be prepared to answer thy call, and enter upon that rest which Christ both purchased and bestows."

THOUGHTS ON PREPARATION FOR THE MINISTRY.

"My spirit longs to be engaged in the duties of the holy ministry. Yet its responsibilities fill me with fear lest I should enter upon the work unprepared, and so bring disgrace upon a cause which, if my heart does not deceive me, I desire above all things to promote. There is something of mere romance in the thought of being instrumental in the salvation of souls—of being engaged as an instrument in the conversion of the world. The contemplation of the perishing condition of the heathen—of a perishing world—may move one to tears. He feels that it would be sweet to offer up his life, if need be, in so glorious a cause. These feelings are, of course, proper in themselves; but it may be questioned whether they are unattended with evil. In this world-wide philanthropy, the individual suffering around him may be forgotten; and while he weeps over the perishing heathen, he may be too indifferent to the condition of the souls perishing around him.

"Here I find great danger. All romance must be banished, as well as all self-reliance.

"The work of the ministry must be considered as a sober reality, affecting all classes of people everywhere. Great obstacles are to be met and overcome in this most responsible and laborious as well as honorable profession. In view of all this I ask, what am I that I should be exalted to be the minister of God, the guide of His people, an example to the flock, and a standing reproof to the world by my life? Hence in seeking to enter on this work, I must greatly fear.

"While my mind struggles to grasp the awful truth that the whole world lieth in sin, I must strive to think of those who are perishing abroad, and of those who are perishing at my side. If I am to enter the ministry from right motives, I must

evince it by laboring for those now around me. When I remember that 'as is the boy, so is the man,' I fear lest my life should be a blank—that I shall fail to accomplish the end of my being. Lord, grant that this may not be my unhappy case.

“Such are my alternate hopes and fears. Yet remembering that such fears are the result of unbelief in the promises of God, I would take the solemn step of dedicating myself to thy service, O Lord, trusting to thy promised help. It is, I think, the ruling desire of my heart to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to a sinful world. That this is the path of duty seems very plain, and I would not strive with my Maker nor oppose His will. Since God has indicated this to be His will, and has implanted in my heart such a desire to preach His gospel, though countless dangers environ my path, and in myself I am nothing but weakness and sin—relying upon the help of an ever present God—I would now devote myself to the holy ministry, saying as I do so, in the deep consciousness of my own weakness :

‘Here, Lord, I give myself away,
’Tis all that I can do.’”

The spirit here displayed characterized his whole subsequent life. From the hour of this solemn covenant he sought, he labored, he rejoiced, to do good.

“MOTHER.

“What name has more thrilling associations than that of mother? From her we learned first to lisp a yet dearer name. By her watchful care were we kept from harm. Through many a dark night she watched our couch with tearful eyes, and without weariness she was swift to minister to every want, and by sweet and almost insensible influences she drew us from the ways of sin and led our feet into paths of righteousness and peace. Before our minds could grasp their meaning, simple formularies were fixed in our memories which should

afterwards prove lights to guide our steps aright. Awake, she taught us; and asleep, her form bent over us while in prayer she commended us to God. Those secret prayers were heard by none but God. They were such prayers as none but a mother can offer or God can hear. When ministering angels hovered over us during the unconscious moments of sleep, the ministrations of our mothers have been mingled with theirs.

“And are these prayers lost because not known to men? No, they are preserved, and so surely as God is ‘the God of the Covenant,’ so surely are we now the recipients of the blessings they sought in our behalf.

“And then they led us morning and evening to the family altar, and taught our infant lips to lisp the name of ‘Our Father, which art in Heaven.’

“And when the first fruits of this untiring vigilance appeared, how gladly did they clasp their new born children in their arms, and praise the Lord who had heard their prayers.

“And if the influences of domestic piety are resisted, until without a mother’s instruction and a father’s guiding hand the son must go forth to enter alone upon the duties of life, who can estimate the influence, though unseen, that a mother’s instruction and example still exert. She follows him through the course of every day, and in every temptation her prayers surround him like a shield. These prayers attend the sailor boy through the trackless sea and move her God to command the waves to be still, and the tempest becomes a calm. The son’s lips refuse to utter the name of his Maker profanely, because he remembers that it is the name of *his mother’s God*. Her bright example too, though not now seen, is remembered, and by it

‘She allures to brighter worlds and leads the way.’

And if that mother dies before her son has learned to call *her* Saviour ‘my Lord and my God,’ he is not left alone. A tenderer heart even than a mother’s loves him, and an almighty arm is engaged in his support.

“Though he may wander far from the way pointed out by his mother, though he may fall into excess of dissipation and riot, his case is not hopeless. A covenant-keeping God will not forget the prayers of his people. How many witnesses are there to this in the history of the Church. And how many now live who can testify that had not the gentle hand of a mother restrained and guided, while her lips instructed and her heart prayed for them, they might now be stumbling on the dark mountains of sin, on the broad road to an eternal hell.”

His early and sudden death gives importance and even sacredness to the thoughts embodied in the following fragment found among his papers. And as a beautiful foreshadowing of his present exalted and happy state it is inserted.

“HEAVEN.

“It is a sad proof of the total depravity of our race by nature, that we think of Heaven with so much insensibility. In fact the natural man sees nothing beautiful in it. Its pearly gates and golden streets, its holiness and its happiness, possess no attractions, and they are readily dismissed as subjects of thought for things secular and perishable. A wicked heart and wicked world are so adapted to each other that the latter attracts the former as the loadstone attracts the needle.

“The christian too, though ‘born again,’ often bemoans the dullness with which he contemplates the high truths of his religion. At times he may catch a glimpse of the glories in store for him, and his spirit exults as he turns from the sins and sorrows on earth to the purity and bliss of Heaven. But these times are brief as they are precious. For one such thrill of joy there are many days of sorrow. But even a half hour of intimate communion with heavenly objects is cherished in the memory as an unusual and highly prized favor. This disproportion between the christian’s times of joy and of sorrow, results in part from his not wisely using the means

within his reach of rising, as it were, upon the wings of faith, and looking into the upper sanctuary. If we would only close our eyes upon the objects of sin, and seek by faith in what God has taught us, to join the assembly of the redeemed in Heaven, many moments now spent in dullness, or actual grief, would become times of highest, purest joy. Sounds seraphic would fill our ears, and the joy of communion with our Saviour now, and the anticipation of the time when faith shall be exchanged for sight, and hope for fruition, would fill our hearts with holy rapture. Nothing endears a friend to us so much as to cherish the remembrance of him, though absent, and often to hold intercourse with him in thought. Nothing makes us so anxious to revisit the home from which we have been separated, as to think of those who compose the family circle, and of the joys which abound there. Nor will anything so excite our desire for Heaven, or our joy in expectation of soon partaking of its bliss, as to become familiar, in a manner, with its scenes. The thought that we shall very soon belong to that number who surround the throne of God in Heaven, washed from all our sins and clothed in the pure robe of Christ's righteousness, singing without weariness songs of praise to the Lamb forever, should excite the highest rapture of which the soul is now capable. Jesus is there, and we shall 'see him as he is.' Friends whom we loved most tenderly, and who have preceded us, are there. Christ has carried them safely through 'the valley of the shadow of death,' and they are now safe and happy in the arms of Him above, whom we now love and seek to serve on earth. Never do we enjoy, even for a moment, fellowship with that Saviour and feel our hearts burn within us, as he talks to us by the way, that we do not come sensibly nearer to *them*. The same Jesus whom they are praising in sweet strains of heavenly music is carrying us every day through the snares that beset our way. Their hearts, which once beat with warm love for us here, have ceased to beat on earth, and hence we mourn. But those spirits, now freed from all the trammels of sense and sin, shall

never cease to beat with love and joy at the bare mention of the Saviour's name. Soon too—Heaven-born thought—we shall join them. Satan shall not always be permitted to tempt us, nor sin forever to disturb our peace. It now lies like a heavy burden, or as a chain of steel it binds us to this perishable earth. But the same Jesus who 'came to preach liberty to the captives,' shall proclaim liberty to our fettered souls, and we shall be borne by angels to the bosom of our God and Saviour. And it has often seemed to me one of the sweetest thoughts in contemplating the joy of the christian in glory, that never for a moment shall he become weary. Here we rejoice for a short time in a sense of forgiveness, and then sink under a sense of sin. But there the very name of sin, as well as its nature, will be forgotten, and without even an effort we shall both serve God and enjoy Him forever. As there will be no weariness, and of course no need of rest, 'there shall be no night there,' but 'sacred, high, eternal noon.' There can be no sorrow there, for Christ's own hand shall wipe all tears away. In a word, every element of the purest happiness now known shall be there immeasurably increased, and, made as enduring as the throne of God, shall be enjoyed forever."

In committing such thoughts to paper he was accustomed to spend a portion of each day when not occupied with the duties of his school. His friends are thus furnished with an ample explanation of his habitual serenity and even joyousness. Few have ever enjoyed so uninterrupted a flow of pleasurable emotions. Never frivolous, but always cheerful. Or if ever sad, it was only during one of those brief seasons of spiritual depression to which he sometimes alludes.

During his residence as a teacher in Monroe he wrote to his friend and classmate thus :

"UNION, March 19, 1859.

"DEAR R.: This is Saturday and I know you are glad. 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice.' I am glad of course, though

*the busy employment of the week seems to make the time roll by so rapidly that I do not rejoice at the approach of this holiday as formerly. Monday morning and Friday afternoon seem nearer to each other now than ever before. Vexations will arise, but there is nothing like keeping one's self cool. If fretfulness get the control, peace and happiness are fled forever. We must learn to control ourselves before we can hope to control others. I certainly would not teach now if it were not necessary. There is a higher end which can only be attained by working now to procure the necessary means. The ministry, by God's help, is to be my profession for life, and if I am now working to get into it, this is but child's play compared with the ceaseless watchings and prayers, the ever active vigilance for God, the Church, and the souls of men, for which that sacred profession calls.

"The vast responsibilities of this office seem to frighten you and prevent your attempting them. Think of these two passages: 'My yoke is easy and my burden light;' 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.' These passages seem connected together as cause and effect. The truth of the former seems to flow directly from that in the latter. Without these promises none could preach, but with them the weakest may.

"I received a long letter from D. B. lately. He must have an uncommonly good set of boys to manage, as he never says anything about their misbehavior. He will preach, I think. He manifests a willing mind, and a desire to go and do what God bids. S. S. says he hasn't brains, and writes bitter things against himself. He has been trying to make sermons. He takes a text, and studies to divide it into heads, but can make neither *head* nor *tail* of it, and very illogically concludes that he never will be able to preach. If all reasoned thus there would be a far greater scarcity of preachers than there is now. None of us ever can preach of ourselves, but God can preach through us. The trumpet may lie for ages without giving forth the slightest sound, but the trumpeter can, with it, rouse

to action sleeping millions. So God can, through us, wake to life multitudes now spiritually dead, or, as the good old African preacher said, 'God can strike a straight blow with a crooked stick.'

TO THE SAME.

"I wrote you a short letter this morning, but feel as if I had not said all I wished. Last Sabbath, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed in our church at home, and it was my endeavor—yea, my joy, though far away—to participate in that feast, by seeking more intimate communion, in spirit, both with them and with God. The occasion, as the third anniversary of my connection with the church, was well calculated to move the hardest heart. But, strange to say, though our pastor, the Rev Mr. Houston, preached an excellent sermon, dullness of spirit oppressed me through the day. So God willed, and instead of pouring out my heart in lively gratitude and heartfelt repentance, I spent the day far from God, mourning over the depravity of my heart and the utter helplessness and wretchedness of my condition, and I trembled lest my soul should yet be lost. My sins seemed to grow heavier and heavier, and my heart harder and harder, until I sunk upon my knees, when my heart seemed to melt. Christ was with me. He was revealed as my Saviour. He took my load of guilt, and now instead of despair, hope cheered my drooping spirit. I could heartily sing

'But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt his pity move.'

He heard my cry and helped me. I wept for joy. He was surely revealed to me that night as precious. It is a time long to be remembered. And yet such is the depravity of this nature, that if God does not sustain me I shall speedily fall into sin again. When shall we be free from the body of this death? It seemed to me that Sabbath night, while I lay

weeping before God, if there was anything hateful to me in all the world, it was sin. But how often since have I sinned. And if it were not for the grace of God I should plunge into the greatest and vilest of sins.

‘You who love the Lord, indeed,
Tell me, is it so with you?’

I sometimes feel when I lie down upon my bed, and God grants me a lively hope of acceptance with him, how sweet it would be then to breathe out my soul into the arms of my Saviour, and pass immediately from the sins and sorrows of this life, to the holiness and glory of the next. I then seem to court death. These are precious moments. Yet patience must have its perfect work. When God calls, I hope to go rejoicing. Until he calls, I await patiently his coming.

“This letter is taken up entirely about myself. I wish it were not. Pride will mingle with our thoughts, though they be about our sins. Verily our whole nature is corrupt. But ‘the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin.’ It is getting late and I must close. May God guide us by his counsel, and afterwards receive us both to glory, is ever the prayer of

Your friend,

HUGH A. WHITE.”

CHAPTER III.

AT HOME AND IN THE SEMINARY—FROM JULY, 1859, TO MAY, 1861.

When he went to Union, he expected to teach two years, and such had been his success as a teacher when the first year ended, that he was urged to remain, and flattering proposals were made to him at other places. But his father had made arrangements by which the necessity for his teaching longer was

removed, and the way opened for his going, at once, to the Seminary. He accordingly came home, determined to spend the two months which intervened before the commencement of the next term, in preparation for a step which to him seemed so solemn and so sacred. He entered afresh into the consideration of a call to the ministry. On this subject he read, and thought, and prayed. During this period he wrote as follows:

“HOME, July 18, 1859.

“It is now my purpose to enter, next September, upon a course of preparation for the ministry. I have formed this purpose after much reflection and prayer. It is therefore proper, and may be profitable, to spend a day in formally dedicating myself to this work. This I now attempt to do, and also record the reasons which impel me to take a step so solemn and so responsible.”

These reasons he then records at great length. But as most or all of them occur in his letters, they are omitted here. He then concludes as follows—in a measure, summing up the whole:

“The sum of the matter, with me, is this. The Lord is my God. My duty to Him is superior to every other duty. The promotion of his glory is the chief end of my being. If I know my own heart, my ruling desire is to spend my life in that way which will most effectually attain this end. For years past the ministry has appeared to be that way. I cannot doubt that the Spirit of God, applying the word of God to my heart and conscience, indicates this to be the divine will concerning me.

“The more I reflect upon the duties required, and my own utter inability to discharge those duties aright, the more overwhelming does the work appear. I can only give myself to the Lord Jesus Christ, relying wholly on his promise, ‘Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.’

“In obedience, therefore, to the command, and in reliance upon the promise of God, I go forward, praying that he would

use me, as the instrument in his hands, for the salvation of, at least, one soul.

“And now, O God, thou great Lawgiver and Ruler of the world, and especially of thy people, receive me as an humble candidate for the holy office of Minister of the Gospel. Make and keep my heart pure, and help me to labor faithfully in thy vineyard, so that at thy coming thou mayst ‘receive thine own with usury.’ I do here, before thee, record it as my purpose to preach the Gospel. Do thou, O Lord, place the seal of thy approbation upon my heart, for Christ’s sake, and to thy name be all the glory, forever. Amen.”

On the 1st of September, 1859, he set out, accompanied by his brother Henry, for the Seminary. As the stage coach moved from the front door of the parsonage, the feelings of the mother could not be restrained. Through her tears she looked after that coach as long as it could be seen. Then turning, she walked calmly to her chamber, and said, “*This is the happiest hour of my life.*”

Of the many letters which he wrote to his family and friends during his life in the Seminary, a few only are selected, and chiefly those written to a classmate and friend, who was then undecided as to a profession.

To this friend he wrote from the Seminary, September 12, 1859:

“There were twelve in our company from Lynchburg—all Washington College boys—making one-third of all who have yet arrived. We had, of course, a very pleasant trip, and are all delighted with the Seminary, Faculty, students and all. I need not speak much of them, as you know them pretty well, and will know them better in the course of a year.

“The indecision you speak of, results in part from looking too much within and too little without yourself. Look less at yourself and more at that Saviour, ‘who loved us and gave Himself for us.’ Hope springs, not from our love to Him,

but from His love to us—for we only ‘love him because he first loved us, and gave himself a propitiation for our sins.’ Let us trust in him, and then we may put on ‘the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.’ A knowledge of your continued indecision, and a strong desire to see you here next session as a fellow-student of Theology, shall stimulate me to greater earnestness in prayer for you.”

TO THE SAME.

“Here everything emanates from and returns to the Bible. If we are not directly engaged in studying its sacred pages, we are pursuing some course which leads directly to that. I spend nearly every hour in my room, when not at meals or recitations, and find enough to make that the most pleasant place to me. Your letters do me good. They come from your heart and go to mine.

“I enter into your feelings in view of the ministry, only I do not struggle with perplexing doubts as you do. The sameness of each day’s life here almost puts me to sleep at times. The constant routine of duties and privileges, seems to pass so quietly and regularly, that like the winds, I can scarcely tell whence they come and whither they go. No visible trace is left, unless it be a deadening of the spirit, so that I read, and hear, and pray in vain. I am borne along upon the current which is to bear us all into the ministry, but unless I am better prepared, than I often fear I shall ever be, I shall pass into that stormy sea, in which that current empties itself, as helpless as a child, and wholly unfitted to contend successfully with its waves.

“Engrossed with each subject as it comes up in the course of my studies, the souls of men are forgotten. To draw back is impossible—to go forward I am afraid. But if the work in its vastness appears, if the fields white for the harvest are seen, if I realize that souls are falling into hell because no voice is uttered to warn them of their danger, then I cry, ‘Wo is me if I preach not the gospel.’

“If Christ be with us it will be a glorious work. Angels might desire to take part in it. Yet the true source of sadness is that pride, vanity, love of the praise of men, may usurp Christ’s place in the heart. Then the words of eternal truth will fall from our lips unfelt by ourselves or our hearers. And how can we teach others when we ourselves ‘need to be taught what be the first principles of the oracles of God’? How can we exhort men to repentance when our own is so shallow? How can we point others to Christ when, by reason of the darkness that is in us, we cannot see him ourselves? How can we warn men of their danger, or allure them to brighter worlds above, when there is no fear of the one nor well grounded hope of the other, in our own hearts? These thoughts make me afraid to preach. But such difficulties must be resisted and overcome. By the help of God we may conquer.

“I rejoice to think that your purpose is now formed to be with us here next session. May God strengthen you for the great work. Let us pray for each other more earnestly. ‘God is our help.’”

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. DR. WADE, OF CHRISTIANSBURG.

“UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
September 27, 1860.

“DEAR SISTER: My time is now fully occupied, so that I have no idle time in which to fold my arms and thus become melancholy. Nothing is better for the spirits than constant activity. I am therefore glad that there is always some work before me necessary to be done. My studies are more interesting this year than they were the last, and my associates are all that I could wish. D. B. is one of them, and his presence makes me feel more at home. I visit but seldom. With thirty-four such associates in the same building, I feel very little concern for other society.

“Although we are comparatively few in number, our faith is strong, that the prayers and efforts of the Church will be

abundantly rewarded by a much larger number of ministers. I suppose that H. and his bride have visited you before this. I parted with them at Lynchburg, and have since received a note from him. I would like to hear all about them. You have, of course, had full accounts from home of the wedding. I certainly wish them all the joy which they have good reason to anticipate.

“Father gave me the good news in his last letter that you and your children were getting well of your sickness. The weather has been so bad of late that I do not wonder at the prevalence of sickness.

“I hear from father very often. He seems to be getting lonesome, and as he doubtless loves all of us alike, must write to the others as often as he does to me. If so, he writes to one of his children almost every day. I will try and not let him do better than myself in this respect, and will always reply to his letters promptly. If, as it has been said of him, he lives in his children, it can certainly be said of us that we live in him.

“I received a letter from Harriet recently. She seems to be in good spirits. I hope she may continue so, and seek to cheer father and mother as, hand in hand, they go down the hill of life.”

TO THE SAME.

“A recitation in Hebrew is suspended this afternoon, and I will spend the time thus obtained in writing to you. Every bright day like this makes me wish to be at home or with you. I know that these wishes cannot be realized, nor, if they could, would they bring the pleasure we expect. A cheerful heart is not much dependent on outward circumstances, neither is a gloomy heart. The one will be cheerful in spite of clouds, and the other will be sad though the sun shines brightly and all the world smiles. I strive, therefore, to be cheerful at all times. Nature is beginning to put on a new dress. The grass is beginning to spring, and in the morning we are reminded

that 'the time of the singing of birds has come.' Our Seminary yard will soon be beautiful with the foliage of Spring, and the mocking-bird will soon be here to break my morning slumbers. The very expectation of these things cheers the spirit. And then I shall soon see those I love so dearly at home. Shall I not see you and yours at Lexington this summer? I sincerely hope so. Surely you will send, if you cannot bring, some of the little ones. Tell them I will run in the fields, catch fish, or gather flowers with them, as they may like best.

"The coming vacation will be my last. If I live a year from this time my life will really begin. It seems to me that if this were my last session, and the time for entering the ministry were only a month or two distant, I should approach it with reluctance. The trials of anticipation are trifling compared with the reality. Yet I see enough now to make me tremble. Perhaps this feeling is wrong, and joy, in anticipation of preaching, should take its place. I hope this will be my experience when the time comes. Yet it can only spring from an entire dependence on God. I hope that you and my friends do not forget me when you pray, for without a larger portion of the Spirit my ministry will be barren and unfruitful. Let me hear from you again soon, for now, more than ever, my thoughts are with absent loved ones."

At the close of his first session in the Seminary, in May, 1860, he wrote thus to a friend :

"The examinations are now over. They closed on Saturday evening, after continuing three days. It is now Monday morning. The quiet rest of the Sabbath has intervened between the past session, with all its varied scenes, and the happy light of this morning, and if any one in the world ought to be happy I am that person. For eight months past scarce a ripple has passed over the smooth surface of my life. Health has been preserved, so that I am not worn out by study, though I have worked pretty hard. The future spreads out before me many

bright hopes to cheer me on, and especially does the home in Heaven, all bright with the glory of the Father, and of 'the Lamb who is the light thereof,' cast a stream of light over the brief period which separates me from the enjoyment of that bliss."

To the same friend he says: "If a sense of sin be a just excuse for not preparing for the ministry, as some seem to think, then I ought to be anywhere else but in the Seminary. Yet I feel quite confident that this is the place for me. God and my own conscience tell me so, I think. I am no advocate for rushing ahead, regardless of the motives that influence us. Pains must be taken to ascertain whether love to God and love to souls move us to the work. If love of self sometimes springs up in the heart, what then? Why, gnash upon it, fight against it, pray against it, and faint not in prayer. And when any bad motive is found lurking in the heart, only feel as you would if, on putting your hand into your pocket, you should find a viper nestling there. If the discovery of bad motives thus affects you, their presence furnishes no good excuse for remaining out of the ministry.

"You complain of doubts as to your personal piety. I would ask, do you find repugnance in your heart to all sin? Can you say, 'It is the abominable thing I hate'? And if you can look upon sin with indifference, does that indifference distress you, and lead you to say, 'For this indifference I abhor myself'? The impenitent sinner is easy in his callousness. When he succeeds in silencing conscience, as he may do, he enjoys what he calls peace. But it is the calm of death.

"On the other hand, the true christian mourns over his insensibility. When not blessed with a sense of God's presence and love, if he mourns even more than he does for the absence of his best and dearest earthly friend, he gives the strongest proof that God is his chief joy. I really do believe that you are sincerely anxious to serve God in the way most pleasing to him, and hence I feel the utmost confidence that he will lead you in the right way."

To his aunt, Mrs. Hutchinson, of Monroe, he wrote as follows :

“What can this world do for a wounded spirit? When all around is wrapped in gloom, the star of Bethlehem alone can brighten our path and guide us into true peace. This leads us to that Saviour who becomes more and more precious as earth’s joys depart. In him all the riches of consolation are found. If we trust in him he will support us in life and in death. But oh, when we forget him, and thus fail to obtain strength from him, how sad we are. But he never forgets us. Then, though weeping should endure through the whole night of our pilgrimage here, joy will come in the morning of the resurrection.

‘Then with our Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity we ’ll spend.’

“But, meantime, I desire to preach and do some good before I die. How could I wear, with joy, a starless crown in the presence of that Saviour who wore a crown of thorns for me?”

TO THE SAME.

“The attempt to find true comfort, elsewhere than in Christ, often drives from us the only Physician of souls, and thus becomes itself another source of sorrow. Why should we ever be sad? Let the little span of existence here be always looked at in connection with the bright Heaven beyond, and the former will be lost in view of the glory and blessedness of the latter. And then, when we feel the arms of Christ beneath us, and see the work to be done, the sorrows to be relieved, the souls to be saved, we become not only willing but anxious to remain, and do the work of the Lord. Then does the soul vibrate between a desire to be with God in Heaven and a desire to work for Him on earth.”

TO THE SAME.

“ A long letter from sister, lately, gives glowing accounts of the progress of her children in mind, morals and manners. According to the accounts of mothers, every child is a prodigy. Why, then, are there not more wonderful men and women in the world? As we grow in years and stature we seem to grow beautifully less in all those noble traits which shine so conspicuously in every prattling child.”

Referring to a brother who was threatened with deafness, he adds: “ Most gladly would I share my ears with him if I could. He would do so much more good with them than I fear I shall.”

As his second session in the Seminary drew to a close—early in the spring of 1861—it became painfully evident that the direst of all calamities—civil war—must come. The State of Virginia, to a large extent, was conservative. Her people loved the Union, and desired to perpetuate it. Hence much opposition was felt and expressed to the course already taken by South Carolina. But such views and feelings were crushed by the Proclamation of Lincoln issued on the 15th of April of that year, calling for 75,000 men to make war upon the States which had quietly withdrawn from the Union. This united and inflamed the Commonwealth. So thorough a transformation of sentiment and feeling was perhaps never accomplished, in so short a time, among so large a number of people. All classes and conditions shared in the excitement. It reached the schools of the country, and even the quiet Theological Seminary felt the influence of the mighty convulsion. Lectures were suspended, or but sparsely attended, and the question of remaining or hastening home, agitated every mind. Sharing in the excitement and perplexity thus produced, he wrote as follows:

TO HIS FATHER.

“UNION SEMINARY, April 22, 1861.

“MY DEAR FATHER: I may be able to labor during our approaching vacation as a colporteur. I hope I may. But events in this country are hastening on so rapidly to some dreadful catastrophe, that we can scarcely indulge the hope of doing anything except to fight and suffer. We feel the commotion here very much. Our studies and recitations are much interrupted. We all hold ourselves ready to take part in the war. Some of our number are already drilling. As to myself, I have been troubled to know what I should do. It would, of course, be much more to my taste to remain at home with you and mother. But you do not need my presence. It will blast my highest hopes to take any step which would retard or prevent my entrance into the ministry. And we certainly ought not to take up arms so hastily as men in other professions. Yet we are not exempt from military service, and hence I hold myself ready to go, whenever there is any lack of men. I will therefore drill with the Hampden Sidney Company, and thus be the better prepared to volunteer whenever it shall be necessary.

“I do not know how this agrees with your wishes. From your last letter, I am afraid that your feelings are not fully with the Southern movement. But as I now observe that your last letter was dated April 12th, some days before it was known that Lincoln's policy is coercion and war, I no longer doubt the course you will adopt. We of Virginia are between two fires. If we join the one party, we join friends and allies; if we join the other, we join enemies and become vassals. Our decision then is formed, and we will seek to break the oppressor's yoke. Our only hope, under God, is in a united resistance even unto death. The end of the bloody tragedy now begun, no human eye can see; yet in resistance is our only hope. I am resolved therefore, that with your consent—for I am not yet a freeman—I will fill the first vacancy in our

ranks, where a man is needed to fight. My soul is in God's hands, and hence I fear not him who can only kill the body. Though I thus speak, I feel more and more anxious to be at my proper work. Yes, how delightful it would be to enter at once upon the work of saving men's souls, rather than in efforts to destroy their bodies; and a feeble hope still lingers that my life will not end until I have done, at least, some little good in my Master's vineyard. But the war is begun, and I must help to finish it. May God keep the minds of all of us in perfect peace amidst the tumult that is raging around us.

Your devoted son,

HUGH."

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. WADE.

"UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, April 24, 1861.

"MY DEAR SISTER: Your letter has just been received. For your warm affection and parting blessing I most heartily thank you. These will often fill my mind and heart, if I go to the field of battle. But I have not yet fully decided what to do. If my duty to preach did not restrain me, my musket would now be on my shoulder. I have written to father to learn his wishes. If I leave soon, accept this as my parting letter. God grant that it may not be my last. But if it is, my hopes are fixed on a better world, and God's love will draw us thither. Let us not then despond, but be cheerful. Let me add one more expression of devoted love to you and yours."

He wrote to his mother on the same subject as follows:

"UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, April 25, 1861.

"MY DEAR MOTHER: Your letter, with father's, came to-day. It makes me sad to see how you and he are affected by the troubles of our country. If nothing else can brace me up to meet the coming trials with a brave and cheerful heart, a desire to support you would. Be assured, therefore, that whatever may come, it will be my highest aim to be a faithful son. Perhaps

my youth prevents me from entering more deeply into your sad feelings. The young heart is ever prone to rise and not sink. Hence, though for a time I was very much cast down, my spirits revived, and I now hope that I can meet anything that awaits me with cheerful courage. I do not seek to depreciate our danger, or to draw a veil over the sad scenes which may be just before us, but with a firm reliance on the justice of our cause, and in the help of a righteous God, we may go forward confident of success. We may suffer far more, our situation may become darker and darker, but the morning will dawn, light will again come. With hope therefore on our banner, let me go to the battle.

“God in his Providence has permitted these afflictions to befall us. And, my mother, if he rides upon the storm—if he guides it to please himself, and accomplish his own purposes, shall we murmur or repine? Shall we so far magnify our own wishes and plans, as to shut him from our view? What if our desires and purposes are thwarted, and our happiness blasted, does this make him any the less wise, or just, or good? What if darkness, that may be felt, gathers over us, is it not all light with him? Could we catch a glimpse of God, and of the blessed purposes which he is carrying out, how soon we should wipe away our tears, blush to think of our murmurings, and run with glad hearts into his arms. You know how your children used to do. They might fret and cry when their plans were crossed, but when they found that they had been wrong and you right, how gladly did they run to you, and love you all the more tenderly because you had interposed your better wisdom to control them. Thus should we all now do with our heavenly Father. The issue of all this commotion is with him. He will certainly bring light out of this darkness, and joy out of this sorrow. ‘Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.’

“That we may hasten the coming of the dawn, we must be faithful in our present position. If our hearts fail and our hands hang down, our condition will grow worse and worse. It is

our duty now to resist with brave and united hearts. Our cause is just. We sought for peace until we had almost bartered away our liberty. We went with true courage and love of country to the very brink of ruin, hoping that the North would meet us with affection and aid us in our efforts to save our once loved land. They spoke no word of encouragement or kindness, but on the contrary, have nursed their enmity and gathered their strength to ruin us. We have just eluded their grasp, and our only hope of safety is in brave resistance. We are now in this condition. God has permitted it for the best of purposes, and our duty to him, as well as to our country, our liberties, and our homes, demands that we arm and fight.

“As to myself, I shall seek to be ready to go whenever there is a call for my services. My soul is in God’s hands, mother, do n’t grieve about my body. He will take care of that too. I am now drilling in the Hampden Sidney Company, but have not joined it. I wait to hear father’s reply to my last letter. I prefer joining the Washington College Company,

“As to Tommie, dear mother, let not your heart be troubled. Has not God been very good and faithful to your other children? O! yes, blessed be his name, we believe that they are all safe. And will God now forsake you in your old age? I believe not. His word is sure. As he has saved all the rest, he will save Tommie too. ‘Lord, we believe, help thou our unbelief.’

“Tell father I received the money he sent, and thank him for it. We don’t know whether the Board will meet. My heart is full of love for all at home. Be assured of this. Mother, if you could be cheerful, it would help me to be so. But if your face is sad, mine must be too. Let us therefore trust in God and quit ourselves like men.

Your devoted son,

HUGH.”

CHAPTER IV

LEAVES THE SEMINARY.—RETURNS HOME.—ENTERS THE ARMY.—
CORRESPONDENCE FROM APRIL, 1861, TO AUGUST, 1862.

He remained at the Seminary until his second session closed. He stood his examinations, attended the marriage of a friend, and reached home about the middle of May, 1861. He was then twenty years and eight months of age. His appearance, though not indicative of serious disease, was such as to awaken some uneasiness in the minds of his friends. The professors said he had confined himself too closely to his room and his books during the winter. His father feared that the privations and exposure of the camp might be fatal to his health, and held a full interview with him, in which he sought to convince him, that considering his age, his acquisitions, his tastes and habits, he could more effectually serve both God and his country, by spending the summer as a colporteur, than by entering the army at that time. He also urged, that after spending the summer in that way, he might then, in eight months more, complete his course in the Seminary, obtain license to preach, and enter the army as a chaplain. A commission had already been sent to him from the Board of Publication, at Philadelphia, inviting and empowering him to labor in their service for such time, and in such a field as he might prefer. But the war had already begun, and this commission, of course, could not be accepted. There was a good supply of books, however, in the depository at Lexington, and he was urged to use these in the service of the Committee of Lexington Presbytery. But, having listened to his father as he always did, with the most deferential attention, he replied substantially as follows :

“Father, what you say has much force. But this is to be no ordinary war, and for young men like me to hold back will have a very bad moral effect. The superior numbers and

resources of the North will make it necessary for every man in the South, not disabled by age or infirmity, to take part in the work of resistance. I have thought and prayed much over this question for the last two months. To be entirely candid, I observed a day of fasting and prayer at the Seminary, with a view to learn what the will of the Lord is, and the result is as firm a conviction that I ought at once to take part in the defence of my native State, and especially of you and mother, as I ever felt that I ought to preach the Gospel." His appearance, manner and thoughts, impressed the memory and heart of his father in a way never to be forgotten, and under the impression thus made, he said: "Go, my son, and the blessing of God go with you." And although he fell, the blessing of God did go with him.

The students of Washington College had formed themselves into a volunteer company, with the title of the Liberty Hall Volunteers, and chosen their Professor of Greek, James J. White, their captain. Hugh at once enrolled himself as a private in the ranks of this company, under the command of his eldest brother, whom he had always loved and revered, almost as he did his father. This company was composed almost exclusively of those then connected with the College, or who were recent graduates of the College. It consisted of seventy-two in the aggregate, more than half of whom were professors of religion, and about one-fourth of whom were candidates for the ministry. It embraced an amount of intellectual and moral worth rarely equalled in any military company. On the morning of the 8th of June, 1861, they were formed in front of the Court House in Lexington. The Court House square, the main street, the windows of the houses, were crowded with the citizens of the town and of the surrounding country. They were well drilled, handsomely equipped, and made a very imposing appearance. A beautiful Confederate flag, wrought by the hands of the ladies of Falling Spring congregation, was presented in very appropriate terms by the Rev. John Miller, and received in a few pertinent words by

Capt. White. A brief address was then made to them, and prayer offered for them and their invaded State, by the father of the captain; after which, the command was given, and with solemn step, they marched away amidst the sighs and tears of the whole community. A large number in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, followed in their rear to the river, a mile below the town, then returning entered the Presbyterian Church, where prayer and praise were offered to the God of grace, who is also the God of battles.

In the first battle of Manassas, such was the gallantry displayed by this company, that they won from Gen. Jackson the designation of "more than brave young men." Twelve of them have fallen in battle. Seven have died of disease contracted in camp. Fourteen have been wounded in action. They have been in thirteen pitched battles, and many combats, in a period of eighteen months; and on no occasion have they failed to evince a high order of courage. From the casualties of battle and disease they are now commanded by their fourth captain.

As they awaited orders at Staunton, Hugh wrote to his father:

"You will be glad to hear that our destination is Harper's Ferry. We leave to-morrow morning, and are all in good spirits. The people here have been very kind, and made our condition really pleasant. Many of our men have enjoyed their hospitality at their houses, and the others have enjoyed it at their camp. Some hearts, it may be, are now swelling with the desire for military distinction, and some heads becoming dizzy with anticipations of earthly glory. But I confess I am either too cowardly or too stupid to belong to either class. They may win the laurels, provided only that our cause triumphs. And of our final success you would not doubt, had you seen the men who left town this morning to repel the enemy from our north-western border. They appeared to be good soldiers and in good spirits. But they

will have hard work amid great difficulties. Several other regiments are expected to-night. Among them we expect to see the Hampden Sidney boys. The attention of the authorities seems to be directed to the north-west. If the enemy persist in seeking to advance, or to hold the nearer points already taken, there will be bloody work. But it is of no use to prophesy evil. They have come, more are coming, and they must be met.

“I am sure it will relieve your minds of much anxiety to know that we are going to Harper’s Ferry, to meet open enemies, and not the traitors of the north-west. I write at night, amidst all sorts of noises. The boys are packing their knapsacks, laughing, talking, whistling, and singing. We are all well and in good spirits. With best love to all at home,

Your devoted son,

HUGH.”

A few days before leaving home, he wrote to his sister in Montgomery, thus :

“I expect to leave this week in brother James’ company. Though the time for us to leave home, perhaps never to return, is so near, yet we are quite cheerful. When mother first heard of our orders to leave, she was very sad, but she is now in good spirits, making preparation for our departure. She, with all of us, feels that it is a duty calling for great self-denial, yet one we must meet with cheerful courage. How wonderfully have we thus far been preserved from great effusion of blood. At Sumter and Acquia Creek we have gained bloodless victories. May God continue thus to shield us. Of course, I hope to escape death, and live to preach the gospel. But if not, living or dying, I am the Lord’s. If we are conquered, farewell forever to the bright visions of philanthropists and christians as to the civil and religious freedom America was to maintain at home and scatter abroad. But if we conquer, as I think we shall eventually, these visions and hopes may again be cherished.”

TO THE SAME.

“CAMP STEPHENS, June 24, 1861.

“Your letter was the first received since I left home. The affection expressed in it, and now, I know, following me from day to day, is a source of joy. Deprived of the pleasures of home, the love of those we have left behind is like sweet incense to the heart. The farther apart we are scattered, the stronger and tenderer are the bonds which bind our hearts together.

“I am now four miles from Martinsburg, and about six from the Potomac. We have not the comforts of home, but what we have we enjoy greatly. Last night we slept on the ground without unrolling our knapsacks, expecting to meet the enemy before morning. I spread my blanket over two large rocks firmly embedded in the earth, and fitted myself in the hollow between them. As it threatened to rain, I took my musket for a bed-fellow and held my cartridge box in my arms. Soon the rain began to fall, but with perfect indifference to this I fell asleep. I have already learned to prefer the canopy of heaven for my roof, and the stars as my lights by night. In Winchester I contracted a severe cold while sleeping in a house. Four nights in the open air have nearly cured me.

“I have found much pleasure in meeting with old friends. At Winchester nine of my fellow-graduates met. It was the largest and happiest reunion we have enjoyed since parting. Almost every day brings some new enjoyment of this sort, awaking memories of the past, and recalling joys which seemed to be gone forever. Do not suppose therefore that mine is a sad condition, calling for sympathy. We have our sources of sadness, like other people. But we also have our own peculiar joys. Indeed, one thought of the cause in which we are engaged, is enough to scatter all gloom, and fill us with gladness.

“Yesterday we heard two sermons and attended a prayer meeting. This gave the appearance, at least, of holiness to

the day, but still if you had looked into our camp you would have thought it the busiest day of the week. Some were cooking, others cutting wood, and others pitching their tents. It is painful but necessary to spend the Sabbath in this way. Our religious privations are what we feel most keenly. We seek to remedy this by a brief prayer meeting held every night after roll call. Nearly all the members of our company attend with becoming seriousness. May the trials of our country work in it a great moral reformation. If so, we may hope for true and lasting prosperity when peace shall again come. If not, God will overturn in the future as he is doing now. May he speedily redeem our world from sin and ruin.

“Give all your household my warmest love. My mind and heart are full of you.”

The first great battle in which he participated was that of Manassas, July 21, 1861. In this he was much exposed, fought bravely, but escaped unhurt. Two days after this memorable conflict he wrote to his father thus:

“MANASSAS, July 23, 1861.

“MY DEAR FATHER: I wrote to you yesterday that you might know of our safety. You will hear more of the particulars of the battle of the 21st than I have time now to give. Our Company has suffered sadly. Five are dead and seven wounded. Oh! how sad a blow is this. Who thought that our ranks would thus be thinned and so many be hurried into eternity? Where are their souls? This thought often perplexes and saddens me. I pray that I may hereafter be far more zealous in seeking to bring sinners to Christ, that if they die, they may only sleep in him. I wish that I was with you to join in ascribing praise and glory to the good Providence which preserved me in such danger. Every one in the fight was in imminent peril. Balls flew fast around and over us, and many of our brave comrades fell at our side. But brother James and I, though separated for a while during the first

charge, soon met again, and side by side we passed through the remaining scenes of the day. We are unhurt. Though our loss has been great, the field is ours. The enemy were put to flight and chased for miles. The killed on either side are not known as yet. They will number hundreds, however. The loss of baggage, wagons, artillery, and prisoners on the part of the enemy is immense. At least fifty pieces of cannon, some of them turned against their former owners, before they were out of reach, would be in itself a glorious success. But when we remember that in their attack on us, they were prepared in every way for advancing to Richmond, with haversacks filled with provisions, preparations for rebuilding bridges, confidently expecting to march over us here, and pass on in triumph to our capital—when we remember this, we may hope that their defeat will so dishearten them as materially to check their progress. It was a full trial of their strength. They fought bravely—for their regulars and best soldiers were engaged. But they could not stand the charge of bayonets. Every time we advanced, they fell back. Who would not praise God for thus overthrowing those, who, on his holy day, sought to execute their wicked purpose to crush those who sought to defend their liberties and their homes. It was an awful Sabbath. How often I longed to be with you, enjoying the privileges of the Sabbath. Even one hour would have been delightful. But God ordered otherwise. We are all in his hands. He casts down and he keeps alive. May he speedily crown our cause with complete success! If it please him, may I again see my father and mother in peace, and spend my life in preaching his gospel. The scenes in which I am now engaged are very sad; yet the taste of victory, though bought by precious blood, is sweet. But to preach would be far better.

“I have not time to give you a full description of this battle; and perhaps it would only give you the greater pain to learn what danger we were in. But surely, if God has spared us in this most protracted and bloody battle, as he has, he can

spare us in the future. There was an incessant roar of cannon and musketry for over eight hours. The hardest fighting was from eleven to four o'clock. We were in this.

“Our town has again been called to mourn. Wm. Page and Fr. Davidson have been taken. Our immediate relatives are safe. H—— M—— stood his ground bravely, and came out untouched. Give full love to all at home—especially to *mother's anxious heart*. But my love for all increases daily. Send word of my safety to sister, brothers George and Henry, and to my aunts Georgie and Martha. Warmest congratulations and love to sister Mary Lou., and greetings to my new nieces, my dear parents, and all at home. I hope to see you again in peace. But if we do not meet here again, we have a home in Heaven.”

On the 5th of August he wrote to his brother George, giving him a full and admirable description of the battle. But as many such descriptions have been written by others, and as we do not wish to tax the patience of our readers, we only give a sentence or two with which he closes the letter.

“Brother James and I heartily unite with you in praising the grace which has spared our lives in this bloody battle. He and I joined in the pursuit beyond the Stone Bridge. We saw the enemy as they passed through the woods a mile ahead of us, and we returned to attend to our wounded and dead. Night soon closed the scene. The next day we buried our dead. It rained the whole day, and that night we sat up around our fires. Bro. J. had religious service over their graves.

“It is a great victory; but may I never pass through such a scene again. Death and hell may rejoice on the battle-field, but let man be silent. May God, who has won this victory for us, now give us peace. My best love to sister Willie and the children.

Your aff. brother,

HUGH.”

The hardships endured in the service seriously impaired the health of his brother, Capt. James J. White, but though urged by his General, Surgeon, and many others, to leave the army, he persisted in remaining until September. By this time his sufferings became so great, and his symptoms so threatening, that he was constrained to tender his resignation of the command of his much loved company—the Liberty Hall Volunteers. His resignation was accepted with deep regret by those whom he had led through so many dangers and sufferings. But no one felt or could feel so sadly, on this occasion, as his younger brother, whom he had taught in college and guided in battle, and who had ever looked up to him with feelings of the tenderest fraternal affection.

Soon after he left the army, he wrote to this brother the following letter, in which it is obvious to all who knew him, he exerts himself to repress his feelings.

“NEAR CENTREVILLE, Sept. 12, 1861.

“MY DEAR BROTHER: I received your letter from Manassas. I regret the difficulties which delayed you on your way, but am glad to think that this afternoon you are in Rockbridge and perhaps now at home. I am on pickét at the house to the right of our encampment, and though the breeze is pleasant and the sun bright, I cannot restrain the desire to be with you. I feel your absence much. I have not the pleasure now of sitting in your tent and enjoying your company. I feel lonesome. But this will wear off in a few days, I hope.

“I fear you had a very uncomfortable ride last night. The rain poured down here from ten till after one o'clock. I bore it patiently for an hour, hoping to endure it to the end. But the rain wore out my courage, and I went into the house. I only bettered my condition in keeping dry. The room was close, and the company I was in rendered my night very uncomfortable.

“I fear a stage ride at night, in such a rain, caused you much suffering. But this is forgotten if you are now at home.

I see the sun going down behind the Blue Ridge. How much more beautiful it would appear if the North Mountain and the Brushy Hills formed the horizon. You must attribute this talk to your absence from me and your presence at home. Though I feel thus, my joy at your getting out of the service is great. My health is perfectly good. I am young and without any incumbrance. No one therefore is better fitted for enduring hardships. As to the danger to which my life shall be exposed in the future, I seek to commit this to Him who orders all things for His own glory. If cut down now, how much in vain has my life been. How little has been done. This thought gives me more trouble than any other. But even this may be quieted by a calm trust in One who supplies all my deficiencies by His abundant grace, and can as easily accomplish His purposes without as with me. And when the path of duty is so plain, when we stand in the breach to defend all we hold dear, when those who seek our ruin make themselves more and more hateful, by a want of every noble feeling and purpose, and by the practice of outrages which increase daily, how can we restrain the desire to inflict on them the punishment they so well deserve. This desire is in proportion to my love for those at home, and as the war has strengthened the latter, so has it also the former.

There was a considerable show of battle near Falls Church yesterday. The enemy, it is said, advanced with a brigade of infantry, six pieces of artillery, and three hundred cavalry, coming in by a flank movement to the left and this side of Munson's Hill. They were met by six hundred of our infantry, with two pieces of artillery and some cavalry. The enemy were driven back five miles, with the loss of three killed and seven taken prisoners. We lost nothing in any way. This you know was only a skirmish of almost daily occurrence. We are perfectly quiet here, and have no evidence that an advance is intended.

“A committee was appointed this afternoon to draft some resolutions with reference to your resignation. They will re-

port to-morrow. Rest assured that the affection they may express is really felt. Many of them regret your absence almost as much as I do.

Your affectionate brother,

HUGH."

To his sister, who hoped to meet him on her visit to Lexington he says: "I suppose you are now in Lexington. My presence might add something to the pleasure of your visit, and would, if proper, fill me with joy. But do not let my absence, as you hint in your last letter, detract in the least from your pleasure. I am very comfortable and happy here, and as to any peculiar danger attending my position, I am as safe here beneath the shield of God's protection, as if at home sitting beneath my own father's roof. There is a great buzzing among Editors and rumor-circulators in general. I have learned not to allow myself to be disturbed by them. I wait quietly for the order to march, and then go ahead."

"NEAR CENTREVILLE, August 30, 1861.

"MY DEAR FATHER: I wrote you a long letter a day or two since, which I hope has been received. I write now before breakfast, just as the morning sun is looking into my tent, not knowing where I shall be when that sun sets. We are expecting every day, almost every minute, an order to march. Our advanced guard has taken from the enemy some hills within six miles of Alexandria, from which our men can look into that city, and can see the dome of the Capitol at Washington. A place so near the tyrant's throne, and of such commanding importance, must be a source of contention between the two armies. It cost a struggle to gain it. Five or six of our cavalry who took the position were killed, but more than this of the enemy perished, and eight were taken prisoners.

"I have almost abandoned the hope of returning to the Seminary next session. This is a great disappointment to me, yet one from which, if my life is spared, I may yet derive great

benefit. Service in the army may give me a hardihood and experience which will help me even in the ministry. You may smile at this, and say it is easy to extract sweet from bitter when a misfortune is inevitable. So it is—and that is just what I am trying to do. It is of no use to fret and destroy both my own peace and that of others, and do no one any good. So, if the winter *is* before me, and I must contend with frost, and snow, and ice, instead of grappling with Hebrew roots and knotty points in theology, I have not a word of complaint to utter. Nor do I anticipate much suffering. With a blazing fire to warm us by day, and a sufficiency of blankets to cover us at night, we can get along comfortably. It may only fit me the better, if need be, for being a missionary in the Arctic regions. Thus you see, under any circumstances, I shall derive sweet from bitter—and heat from cold. Tell mother that I have ample clothing and covering for some time to come. When brother J. returns he can direct as to the preparation of my winter equipments. We are much pained to lose him, but his resignation is not more painful to us than it is necessary to himself. We can only repay his kindness by a life-long affection, and this the whole company will repay.

Your devoted son,

HUGH.”

“NEAR FAIRFAX STATION, September 16, 1861.

“MY DEAR FATHER: We moved from our camp near Centreville this morning, and came five miles to the east. We have a very pleasant encampment here; but the camp we left—on account of the length of time spent there, and the many comforts surrounding us—had become like home. We regretted to leave it. However, since brother J. left, the place had become lonesome to me. Every point was associated with him, and his absence made the association unpleasant. On this account I was very willing to leave it. The new scenes which now surround me, will make me more happy

“Do not think from this that I am unhappy. I am not. Absence from you all, of course, deprives me of many joys. But I am certain that we in camp are more cheerful than you are at home. We soon become accustomed to this manner of life, and enjoy it. I can truly say that, as a general thing, I am as contented as I ever was in my life.

“I have had some expectation of a visit from you. I heard that during your absence from home, attending Presbytery, you might run down on a visit to Manassas. How refreshing to us would such a visit be. Your friends here, including General and Mrs. Jackson, expressed the strongest desire that you should come. But our hopes are not realized, for I hear that you are again at home. But if you could come, I am certain that you would be gratified and we benefited. For our company’s sake I wish you would come; many of them, though not members of the church, are faithful in reading their Bibles, and serious in their attendance at our nightly prayer-meetings conducted by the professing Christians of the company in alphabetical order. For their sakes, as well as my own, I do wish you would come. You might be better able to comfort their parents and friends at home by coming and spending a short time with them in camp. In our Brigade (the Stonewall) are four Rockbridge companies—the Greys, Rifles, Artillery, and our own.

“I suppose brother J. has received the resolutions adopted by our company on the occasion of his lamented resignation. They do honor to him, to the company, and to ——, who wrote them.

Your devoted son,

HUGH.”

They soon returned to their old encampment at Centreville.

To his sister, Mrs. Wade, he writes: “It gives me both pleasure and pain to hear from loved ones at home and elsewhere. Their expressions of love, so warm and deep, are very grateful. But the anxiety they feel, by day and night for us, is the chief cause of sadness to me. They think of us as home-

less, houseless, and friendless—pinched with cold and hunger—cast forth as food for the invading enemy. I confess there is some truth in all this. That we are deprived of many comforts, every body knows and feels. We are also often subject to many hardships. But with our sorrows, we have our joys. And even if our condition were tenfold worse than it is, we would be glad to endure it for our homes. If there be one in the army who does not find it more pleasant to endure the hardships of the camp, than to be at ease at home, he ought to be, if he is not, a Yankee.

“No amount of exposure injures my health. I have often awoke from my bed of earth and pillow of rocks, more refreshed than if I had slept on feathers. I hope, therefore, that you will ease your heart of the burden of anxiety you feel for your two brothers. We hope we give in return equal love for yours. We are fighting in defence of those at home, and the greater the struggle, the greater our love for them. It is far more painful to think of our hardships amid the comforts of home than to endure them—especially with those, who, if the silver cord which binds them to this world were broken, would ascend at once to Heaven. Our bodies, what are they? Our souls, we hope, are safe. Let light from heaven then fall upon us, and it is simply impossible for this world to look dark.

“Rest assured that the tender love of a sister meets the warm love of her two soldier brothers. Let all of our anxieties cease, for God is our hope. Give our best love to Dr. Wade and all the children.

“Write to father and mother as often as possible. They did enjoy peace, but the recent fighting has excited their fears and made them very sad again.

“What a happy home your group of children must make. How happy they must be not to know what is going on around them.

Your devoted brother,

HUGH.”

To the same, he writes, October 1, 1861. "On Saturday night a violent rain destroyed at once our fire and our supper. We bought some pies, however, which afforded us a good supper. In the morning I was lying in bed wondering where breakfast would come from, when a servant came to my tent and said, there was a box for one of our company at the Colonel's tent. I went up and found the one you sent me. There was breakfast just at hand. The old ham was most timely. It supplied us for some days. On that and the eggs we lived high. Nothing too could have been more agreeable than the dried peaches. Our cook makes good pastry, and the fruit is sweet enough without sugar, which is scarce. Indeed all you sent was most suitable. Both you and they at home, have been most attentive to my wants.

"I should be delighted to see your children. A frolic with them would do much to supple my joints and raise my spirits. Belle would be large enough to follow me through the fields. Liberty thus to ramble would make me feel like a bird released from its cage. But I must forego these pleasures for the present, hoping that the time will yet come again for me to enjoy them."

To his father he wrote, September 6, 1861 :

"Amid the present excitement, matters of small moment are apt to be forgotten. I write therefore to remind you all, if you have forgotten the fact, that this is my twenty-first birthday. According to law, I am to-day a *freeman*. But really, I am far less of a freeman than formerly. Indeed what a contradiction it is to say, that I am now free, and that one year ago I was under authority. Now I am bound by military rule—kept within a field around which armed sentinels stand, whom I cannot pass without a written permission from my commander. This is only one of the ways in which my once free limbs are held closely fettered. Formerly, when you alone were my ruler, the woods and the fields were mine, and nothing kept me from a full enjoyment of all I needed. But this

morning, since the sun of my freedom has risen, how few of my former blessings do I enjoy. If that was servitude and this is freedom, let me always live a slave.

“Were I at home this morning, I should not feel like one released from control, but rather like one cast for the first time in deep water, and who shudders to make the plunge, distrustful of the treacherous deep.

“Instead of freedom from your control, I feel more disposed than ever to do your bidding—to keep closely in the path you may mark out for me. I know that you have sought to teach us independence, by making us choose for ourselves in many things. But we have all, I think, sought to know, and preferred to abide by your judgment. So I shall always do. Indeed I am not yet out of my instructor’s hands, and when I am, the difficulties which will beset my path, will call more loudly than ever, for parental instruction and advice. You see therefore, that I still look forward to years of discipline and control, before I can trust myself to my own government. Indeed I never wish to be free either from your advice or control.”

When General Jackson was ordered to an independent command in the valley, his old Brigade—“the Stonewall”—was not permitted to accompany him. He went alone, attended only by a portion of his staff. It was a great affliction to his old troops to be left. The following extract refers to this occasion :

“CENTREVILLE, October, 1861.

“MY DEAR FATHER: I do not think that any man can take General Jackson’s place in the confidence and love of his troops. I wish I could go with him, though my hardships should be more than doubled. I have learned to look up to him with implicit confidence, and to approach him with perfect freedom, being always assured of a kind and attentive hearing.

“ He addressed his Brigade, as they were formed near their encampment, just before he left. Among other things he spoke substantially thus: ‘ You were first in the army of the Shenandoah, you are first in the army of the Potomac. You turned the tide of battle on the 21st of July. You are first in the affections of your people, and first in the heart of your General.’ He closed amid the applauding shouts of his devoted soldiers; sat for an instant looking his men steadily in the face, and listening to their cheers, then turned, put spurs to his horse, and dashed off to his new and hard field of labor.”

After a fearful battle, he writes: “ Our company has been more than decimated, yet we are all willing, I trust, to fall in the same way. The necessity is on us, and let God determine what our sufferings shall be.”

Writing from Centreville to his mother, he says: “ How much I would give to be permitted to spend this Sabbath day in Lexington. We have no house of worship here, and are thus deprived of the delights of the Sanctuary. One day of sacred rest like hundreds which have passed away, uncared for, and unimproved, would be at this time a feast of fat things to my soul. We are almost entirely cut off here from the reviving influences of social worship. A prayer-meeting every night, is in part a substitute. Mother, in your anxiety for my bodily comfort and welfare, I hope you will not forget my soul. The atmosphere surrounding that, is as cold as that which surrounds my body. How much I wish that the power of divine grace was more at work within me. But though cast down I will not despair, but still trust in God.”

Of the death of a fellow-soldier, another of the “ more than brave ” Liberty Hall Volunteers—a native and resident of Rockbridge, he says: “ You have doubtless heard before this, of the death of another of our company; I refer to W J. Thompson. His body, I suppose, passed through Lexington this morning, to reach his widowed mother to-day. He was cut down almost in a day. No one here was aware of his

danger until the night before he was taken to the Junction. The next news from him told us of his death. He died of typhoid fever, rendered more incurable by some disease of the stomach. He was a professing christian, honoring the name by a character which was above reproach, and by a conduct which evinced the sincerity of his profession. He was delirious much of the time after he became ill, but was permitted to enjoy an hour or two of consciousness a short time before he died. These hours he spent in making some necessary arrangements of a secular nature, and in reading his Bible, accompanied by audible prayer. We have therefore good grounds to hope that he has entered his home in heaven, though his remains may now cast sorrow over his home on earth. He is the tenth of our company who has fallen. Surely the hand of the Lord is heavy upon us. But how little apparent good results. I greatly fear that as His chastisements have not softened our hearts and thus been made a savor of life unto life, they will prove a savor of death unto death, in hardening them, and thus rendering us vessels of wrath fitted for destruction. How shall we remedy this? How shall we avert God's anger, which seems daily to gather strength? O that all hearts would turn unto the Lord, and by penitence and faith seek the only refuge from His wrath. 'Turn thou us, O Lord, and we shall be turned.' This must be our prayer, for God alone can help us. Father, you urge me to seek to be useful. Would it be proper for me to conduct religious services whenever an opportunity offers? And should I connect the other parts of the service with a short address? If you approve of this, I will seek such opportunities."

He wrote, first playfully and then seriously to his youngest brother—a mere boy—as follows :

“CENTREVILLE, NOV. 1, 1861.

“MY DEAR BROTHER: Don't I owe you a letter? My only reason for not answering you sooner is, that my letters, no matter to whom directed, are intended for all at home. But as I wish to get another letter from you, I will direct this one to you. H. M.'s going home makes me feel like going too. Just think, after all my traveling, marching, fighting, since I left home, only one day's travel will carry me back. I can leave here in the morning, and that night, I may sleep with you in our old bed at home. Why can't I take this trip? Because I am not sick. I have done nearly everything the other boys have done, but they have gotten scratched in battle, or are sick in some way, and gone home, while I am neither wounded nor sick, and must stay here. However, I will not complain of this. It is much better to stay here well, than to go home sick or wounded. Father spent several days with us, and no doubt has told you all about his visit. Did he tell you that I would not invite him to dine with me? I did advise him, for his own good, to dine with Gen. Jackson. It so happened that day we had no bread for dinner, all we had was beef, without bread or anything else. How could I ask him to dine with me, when there was no dinner? I fear he thinks our living is very scarce and very poor. But with now and then nothing to eat—generally a plenty, and always enjoying what we have, we get along very happily.

“Yesterday afternoon, all the Virginia troops in this army were assembled around the main fortification, where Gov. Letcher, standing on the embankment, spoke to them as they stood around it, and presented to the Colonel of each regiment a Virginia flag. It was an exciting scene. The soldiers looked well in their new winter suits, and their faces showed that they had brave and cheerful hearts within them.

“You closed your last letter by quoting from scripture a prayer for me. You do not know how much gratified I was at this. To know that those at home pray for me is a source of great comfort and joy at all times. How glad I am when

you join in that prayer. May this disposition to pray for me, lead to earnest prayer for yourself, and to an implicit trust of yourself to the Saviour of us all. Join with me, morning and evening, and with all at home around the family altar, in committing ourselves to Him who can alone protect and save us."

TO HIS FATHER.

"I have received your letter of the 30th ult. Your spirits seem depressed. I wish I could lighten the burden which seems to oppress you. I hope it does not arise from my absence and the circumstances around me. Could you hear the merry laugh of our boys, and see their gambols, often as joyous as ever the college campus exhibited, you would not think of us as in so sad a condition. We are now used to and contented with our position—especially since success begins to crown our arms.

"I have done a little of late in the ministerial work. Mr. Miller, the chaplain in our regiment, has called on me twice to conduct prayer-meetings. I felt some reluctance to do so, but still found pleasure in complying with his request. I made a short address at the second meeting. I am much afraid that my life will be cut off, and that I shall fall as the barren fig tree. Little has yet been done, and when shall I do more? Now is the time, but where are the fruits?"

"How much I long to sit once more within the house of God at home. But the true temple of the Lord is the humble and the contrite heart."

He adds: "I am glad, father, that you always say something in your letters for my spiritual good. My wants are far greater in this respect than you imagine. May the prayers of parents so wonderfully blessed heretofore, and the privileges we now enjoy, through the grace of God, conspire to supply my spiritual necessities."

Speaking of the conversion of a member of his company, he says, "How happy it makes me to hear of even one sinner returning to God."

Referring to his youngest brother, the only member of the family not a professor of religion, he says, "I tremble and join with you all in prayer for T. I have a sweet and strong confidence that the covenant will embrace all, and at length gather us to one home in Heaven."

He frequently concludes his letters to his parents thus: "Hoping that God will yet restore me to you and the work of the ministry, your devoted son."

To his mother he says, "I am much happier than you, I expect. Indeed I could not be more comfortable in camp. Be cheerful, mother, for God is with us both."

It has been stated that when Gen. Jackson left Centreville to take command in the valley, the Stonewall Brigade was not permitted to go with him. On his arrival at Winchester, Col. Preston was despatched to Richmond for the purpose of representing to the authorities there, the importance of reinforcing Gen. Jackson. This was accordingly done, and with others, this much-loved Brigade was ordered to follow him. This was joyful news to those who had parted, as we have seen, so reluctantly with their honored and much-loved leader. They were soon on their way, and the following letter describes their march from Centreville to the neighborhood of Winchester, in November, 1861.

"MY DEAR FATHER: According to the orders received at Centreville, and mentioned to you in my last letter, we marched from that place to the Junction on last Saturday morning. We reached the latter place about midday, expecting to take the train for Strasburg in a short time. But we were disappointed. The train did not come for us until late in the night, and we could not leave until Sunday morning. This delay was made more distressing by the rain which fell fast all Sat-

urday afternoon, and continued for some time into the night. We had to take it without any shelter, keeping one side dry by the fire while the other was drenched with rain. All that we got to eat was such scraps as we happened to bring with us, or could pick up by the wayside. But these things were forgotten when the clear sun arose on Sunday morning. We rode all day, and at sunset reached Strasburg. After exercising much patience, which, you know, is seldom found in hungry men, we got some supper, then spread our blankets in the freight cars, and were soon lost in sleep. You may know that few were able so to remember that Sabbath day as to keep it holy. Many forgot the day altogether, and were surprised when reminded of it. I sought to keep my thoughts on sacred subjects, thinking often of the delightful services enjoyed at home, and longing for the privilege of joining in them once more: The first sound too that reached my ear on entering Strasburg, just after sunset, was that of the church-going bell. I greatly desired to obey its summons, but could not. So, committing myself in secret to Him who watches over me so constantly, I fell asleep. Monday morning, we left Strasburg at 11 o'clock, and marched to this place, a distance of fifteen miles, by sundown. It was the first long march we had taken for many weeks; but the boys stood it remarkably well. My feet were blistered, but by the use of a prescription mother gave me on leaving home, they are already almost well. Our camp is on the borders of a beautiful forest, which furnishes us at once with wood for our fires and leaves for our beds. The lands around us are very rich; almost every hill is covered with flocks of sheep or herds of cattle—serving to reimpress me with the conviction that I have a glorious country to fight for.”

“WINCHESTER, December 24, 1861.

“MY DEAR FATHER: I wrote you a note as we were on our way to the Potomac. Our work is done, and last Sunday night found us encamped on the spot we left on the preceding

Monday morning. Yesterday we received an order from Gen. Jackson to report at once to him on special duty. We came joyfully at once, and our company is now acting as body guard at his headquarters. We are encamped in a pretty lot on the borders of the town, and hope soon to be very well situated.

“ You may wish to hear of our expedition to the Potomac. Its object was to destroy a dam in the river, which feeds the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. We reached the river Tuesday night, marching fifteen miles the first day and thirteen the second. We had no tents with us, and slept on the ground in the woods every night. Only two or three companies were engaged on the work at one time. The rest were reserved in case an attack from the enemy, at any point, might require a large force to repel it. Four regiments lay back about a quarter of a mile from the river. One lay just over the brow of a hill above the dam. A company of riflemen was stationed in a stone mill on the bank of the river to fire on the enemy across the river. That the men might destroy the dam without being fired upon by the enemy, a breastwork was thrown up in the night below the dam and obliquing down the river. This much was done before the enemy were aware of our presence. But protected by the breastwork on one side and the dam on the other, they were out of danger. To get to and from their work they went and returned by night. After thus working for some days, the enemy, on Thursday, opened their cannon upon the mill in which were the riflemen. One ball went through one wall and lodged in the other, and a shell burst within the mill. Our men were therefore forced to fly, but in doing so had to run a terrible gauntlet. One narrow pathway up the hill for near 250 yards was the only way of escape for them, and all along that path they were exposed to the fire of several regiments from the opposite side of the river. Our regiment, at the time, lay on the brow of the hill above—heard the incessant fire and welcomed the boys, as one by one they escaped unhurt from this shower of balls. We too were unable to give them any help, because

the enemy were so hidden behind the banks of the canal as to be concealed from our view, and so far off as to be out of the range of our guns. The firing at length ceased, and only one of our men, our townsman, Joshua Parks, had fallen. But all were not yet safe. Ten sought shelter behind the trees and were unable to move, lest their positions should be made known and thus escape become impossible. All therefore remained behind two or three trees with their dead comrade at their side, from morning till evening, afraid to move a limb from its position. As dark came on they hoped to escape then unseen by the enemy, but before the sun was down the enemy with their shells set fire to the mill, the light from which delayed their escape still longer. I really do not see how any position could be more trying than this. It equals, in thrilling interest, anything I ever read or heard of in Indian warfare.

“Danger was all around them. They were unable to help themselves or get help from others, and even night did not conceal them from their enemies. But at length the mill burned down, and all came safe from the very jaws of death. Capt. Edmundson, with several of his men, succeeded also in recovering the body of poor Parks. His life would have been saved, and the rest of the company freed from all danger, if Gen. Jackson’s order had been received in time. His order was to leave the mill when the workmen left the dam—before daybreak. But this order was not delivered to the Captain in time. It is peculiarly sad to lose a life which might have been saved—but I hope he was prepared, and certainly, as far as this life is concerned, death met upon the utmost verge of our State, in an effort to defend it against the invader, is full of glory.

“After two days more, enough of the dam was destroyed to turn off the water, and we were glad to turn our faces towards Winchester. Our whole brigade was in a very critical position. Look to the map, and you will see Williamsport in a bend of the river. On the left side of this bend is a smaller

one. Just at this point is the dam, and within this peninsula, not over a mile and a half wide, we lay all the time. From both sides, therefore, we were exposed to the enemy's guns, and only avoided them by moving about frequently from place to place, spending our nights generally in the woods, close to the river, and during the day returning to the open fields to cook our food. From this funnel, however, we escaped on Saturday morning, and reached our old camp on Sunday night.

"I wrote to you that I had seen ——. My conversation with him on the subject of religion was very gratifying. It is glorious news to hear of other similar cases. I will see —— as soon as possible, and also Mr. ——. On our march up from the Potomac I fell in with ——. He introduced the subject of religion, which, of course, was a most agreeable topic. It was the Sabbath, and much did our minds need every help to keep our thoughts in the right channel. I will seek to have further intercourse with him.

"I received recently from the Central Presbyterian office some Testaments, \$10 worth, the amount of money on hand for our regiment. These I will sell, or give away, as seems proper. *Testaments are more needed here than guns or powder.*

"Your affectionate son."

Young Parks, who was slain, was a worthy member of the Presbyterian church. His body was brought to his native place, and interred in the midst of an immense and sorrowful assembly.

The persons indicated by the blanks towards the close of the letter are young men who left home destitute of all religious concern, but who have become awakened, or hopefully pious, since they entered the army.

On New Year's day, 1862, they left Winchester, and the following letter gives a vivid picture of their march:

“BATH, MORGAN Co., Jan. 4, 1862.

“MY DEAR FATHER: I wrote you a line just as we were leaving Winchester, saying that we expected to march to Romney; but we were mistaken. You will see where we are by referring to the map. We have been on the march since the first of January, at 2 o'clock, P. M., but have come only about forty miles. It has been the worst march in every respect we have ever taken. The roads were so bad, and the wagons and horses so poor, that it was impossible to go more than ten miles a day. Our company was separated from its wagon with all its baggage and provisions, on Thursday, and we have not seen them since. By sending back men to meet it, enough food has been brought to keep us from starving. But our blankets we have not seen for two days and nights, and our tents have been sent back to Winchester to relieve the wagon of its load. To make our condition still worse, the weather has become very wintry. Thursday night we did not sleep at all—only nodded for a few moments around the fires. Our company was with the General's wagons, and behind us was a long train, whose drivers were all yelling at, and cursing, and beating their horses. We could only advance a few hundred yards at a time. When one wagon stalled, all behind it had to wait until it could move again. We were stopped in this way repeatedly, but kept struggling on from daylight until 11 o'clock at night. We were then stopped for so long a time, that we kindled large fires and prepared as best we could to remain until morning. But at 2 o'clock, A. M., General Jackson sent us an order to push forward to him, a mile and a half in advance, if possible. We started, but had not gone a fourth of a mile when we were forced to wait until morning enabled the men to get a wagon before us out of a mud-hole. By day-break we were up from our fires and working on. After getting to the General, he told us to march with our regiment. We did so, but still met with so many delays that we made no better progress. Just after dark, while we marched on, the snow commenced falling

very rapidly. You may imagine that a dreary prospect was before us. We had eaten nothing since morning, our wagon was several miles before us, we had no shelter for the night, and not even a blanket to protect us from the snow and the cold. We have seen some hard times, but this was the worst of all. Several wagons lay along the roadside, broken down; and one, with its team and all its baggage, with a soldier on the top of all, pitched over and rolled down a bank twenty feet long. None however was injured. We at last came to our camp-ground, and amid the driving snow and piercing cold, the men began to collect wood for their fires, and to seek shelter under the bushes. C—— P—— and I, with the captain's permission, returned to a barn a mile back of us, and found a bed in the hay and fodder. We slept pretty well, but were glad to leave at day-break. We found the snow only an inch or two deep, but it was freezing cold. We joined the regiment just in time to march with it. I got my breakfast at a house on the roadside. When we got within a mile or two of this place we halted while General Jackson reconnoitered to see how he should drive the Yankees away. At length we moved forward, but the fleet limbs of the enemy saved all but twenty. We entered the town therefore with no loss of life, and are quartered to-night in rooms which were occupied last night by the enemy. They were only, I hear, some six or eight hundred strong. We are in one of the houses of the Berkley Springs. This is a happy close to a most dreary march. So now let the memory of the past only stimulate to warmer gratitude for our safe deliverance from danger and hardship, and give us stronger confidence for the future. The Hand that has helped will continue to help; and now, with a happy good-night to you all, I close my letter to enjoy a good night's rest in a house by a fire.

“Your affectionate son,

HUGH.”

At a well known period in the history of this war, he wrote to his father thus :

“February 5, 1862.

“There is but one feeling with us—that of perfect devotion to Gen. Jackson. With him we are ready to go anywhere, and to endure anything. But if he is to be run down, our spirit is utterly broken, and we can never re-enter the service with cheerful hearts. But I trust his resignation will not be accepted, and if so, all will be well again, and our noble commander will come forth as triumphantly from the assaults of Southern *friends* as he has done from the bullets of Northern enemies. The Government must know how essential he is to the success of the Southern cause.”

The year for which he had enlisted was approaching its termination, and the question of re-enlistment gave him much concern. He was not long undecided. The following letter to his father explains his views on the subject :

“WINCHESTER. March 4, 1862.

“Yesterday the order came very unexpectedly for each Captain to muster his men for re-enlistment. We had to decide the question during the day. Few were prepared to decide so important a question on so short notice. After no little anxious thought, with prayer for divine guidance, I decided to re-enlist. Some of the reasons for doing so are these. Although my year expires in June, I consider it my duty to remain in the army until next fall, when the Seminary term commences, and so far as we can now see, there would be no better reason for leaving the army then than exists now. The condition of our country must become, during the summer, better or worse. If better, Gen. Jackson says my reasons would be sufficient to secure me a discharge from the service to return to the Seminary. If worse, I wish to remain where I am. I need not say how very important it is for the preservation of our army that as many of *us* as possible should stand

firm in our places, resolved never to give up the cause we have espoused. In doing this, every one must sacrifice a great deal. In my own case it cost me a great struggle, for it removes far off the most cherished object of my heart. The ministry is still before me. On it my best affections fasten, and in it are wrapped up my brightest hopes. Nothing, therefore, could give me greater pain than to have any barrier placed between me and the ministry, or to have any veil cast over the hopes connected with it. But yet there are good reasons for my remaining in the army.

“It has been to me a school which I much needed, and from it much has been learned that was almost essential to my success in the world, and which could scarcely have been learned anywhere else. Three years spent in the army, if I am spared, will do much to fit me for the ministry. Besides, how is our army to be supplied with religious reading? We have very few chaplains. Unless, therefore, there are some who will be glad to receive and distribute Testaments and religious books, this work will be woefully neglected, and the results must be disastrous. I have sought to do a little to supply this want—little indeed it was—yet, wherever the good word of God falls, we may hope for fruit unto eternal life. And if the plan suggested in one of my recent letters, to get permission, without a regular license from Presbytery, to act somewhat in the capacity of chaplain, in the absence of a regularly licensed minister, could be carried out, it would give me more liberty, and enable me to do more good.

“With such views as these, not without hesitation, I admit, my course has been chosen. I regret that time was not allowed me to consult you more fully, but in your last letter, you threw the responsibility of deciding entirely on me. I hope that it is for the best. My mind and heart are with you all at home, yet free from anxiety, because God is with us all.”

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. M'CRUM.

“Let me hear how the Seminary prospers. I cannot be there, but still I am anxious to hear how many are there. The war has put a great barrier across my path, but one which cannot be avoided. It must be crossed. If I get through safely, I shall enter upon the work of the ministry with unspeakable delight. I long to spend my life in the work of saving souls, and to be kept back now when just on the verge of commencing my work, is like being kept from home when it is just in sight. But I may do more good here than in the ministry. I bear my delay therefore, with patience.”

There were many in the Confederate army whose views and spirit were substantially the same. There were twelve or fifteen in the company to which he belonged, and the influence they exerted was eminently useful.

“WINCHESTER, March 7, 1862.

“MY DEAR FATHER: Your letter, with mother's, came yesterday. This was a real feast to me, and I reply at once.

“The army and the community here are still kept in painful suspense, as to what is to be done. The impression is general that the place will be evacuated, and some of the citizens are already leaving. But no one knows what is to be done. The soldiers only have orders to be ready to move at any time, but when, or in what direction, is wholly unknown to us. My own impression is, that Gen. Jackson will fight, unless they come in overwhelming numbers. Charlestown is their chief point of rendezvous, and if they move from there towards Winchester, a force from Leesburg can easily fall in their rear, by the help of which we could hope to defeat them. And if, as you remember, Gen. Jackson drew up his Brigade of four regiments, last summer, and watched more than an hour for Patterson's whole army to advance to the attack, we may expect him to dispute the enemy's advance now. But whatever comes, may we be ready to meet it. The only way to

have any true peace of mind is just to be ready for anything, so that, come what may, we shall be prepared to bear it. It is not however, anxiety for myself that breaks my peace. Learning, through your letter received yesterday, that you had thrown the responsibility of volunteering on T., gave me more anxiety than anything of a personal nature that has occurred during the war; yet it may be best for him. So far as this life is concerned, it is far better that every Southern man should die, resisting the Northern invader, than bow his neck to the cruel yoke he seeks to impose upon us. And as to our eternal interests, the only way to secure them, is by faithfully following the path of duty. And what duty can be more imperative or sacred than resistance to the fanatical power which now rules the North, and seeks to subjugate or destroy us? The path of the soldier, therefore, full of temptation and danger, may become the way of life to many. The instances of this among our Lexington boys, should encourage all to hope for the best."

TO HIS MOTHER.

"Your letter was a treat to me. The expressions of affection, and the accompanying prayers for me, are grateful to the heart. You expect us to move forward very soon, either to another great battle on our own soil, or to invade that of our enemies. Of course I cannot tell what a day may bring forth, but I see no reason to expect a great battle so soon. I am ready, I hope, for anything. I do not feel like turning my face homeward, however, until all at home are relieved from fear of the enemy. I wish to return to enjoy with you the pleasures of home in peace, and not to share the anxieties which now distress you. Let us only bear up with Christian firmness, and fight with courage, trusting in God, and we may hope for a speedy close to the war.

"Thank T. for the prayer with which he closes his letter to me. O! if he were a Christian, how much more willing I should be to die.

“Mrs. Gen. Jackson arrived yesterday. She came to headquarters just as Bishop Johns was about to begin evening worship. Her arrival occasioned some excitement. She looks very well. I had the pleasure of speaking to her after the service had ended. Her face, as always, seemed like sunshine.

“Bishop Johns preached for us two very good sermons. They were simple, earnest, faithful proposals of Christ to his hearers. I enjoyed them both very much, and hope they did good to all.

“Much love to one and all, but especially to you, my devoted mother, from your son,
HUGH.”

TO HIS YOUNGEST BROTHER.

“The recent disasters, and especially that at Fort Donelson, have not discouraged but aroused the army, and they are more anxious to do something to redeem our cause than ever. I am glad that the same effect has been produced among the people, many of whom ought to have been in the army long ago. No man ought to permit himself to be drafted. It is my intention now to remain in the army. Although you are not yet seventeen years of age, I wish you could be here. But, T., I am afraid to see your life in so much danger. I should tremble far more for you than for myself. If I am killed, I have a good hope, that I should at once enter Heaven, and be happy forever. This hope cheers and animates me at all times, so that while death walks on every side, no tormenting fears arise. But alas! how different with those, who, unprepared for death, meet it on the field of battle. I have heard such men cry to God for mercy in the midst of the battle, when their cry seemed louder than the roar of the cannon, and certainly pierced the heart with keener anguish.

“How then could I endure to see you placed in danger of such a fate? Will you then, at once, seek preparation for death, so that whether it meet you at home, with everything to promote your bodily comfort, or amid the horrid carnage of the battle-field, it will be without terror? Why not, at once

do so? Why wait one day, one hour longer? Everything calls you to decide quickly for God and against sin. Every day you live, out of Christ, sin is binding you more and more firmly in its fetters, and may thus hold you as its captive forever. I beseech you therefore, to break off from every form of sin. Tear yourself away from it by fleeing at once to Jesus Christ, the only Saviour from sin and death. Do you never feel anxious to be a Christian? When you sit in your room at night, with your Bible at your side, does something never whisper to you—open, read, obey that book, that you may be happy forever? I know it does. This is the Spirit of God, speaking to you. Heed its voice—search the Scriptures, and you shall find eternal life. I wish I could write more to you, but I cannot to-day. My prayers follow you day and night. But even this will avail nothing, if you will persist in rejecting the Saviour. The question of life or death, salvation or eternal destruction, must be decided by yourself. The only reason why sinners are lost is, that they ‘will not come to Christ, that he may give them life.’ It is their own fault. How will you decide? Decide at once for Christ, I do beseech you.

Your fond brother,

HUGH.”

To his mother he writes: “You have, no doubt, seen the Message of President Davis to Congress on the recent victory. It is the most becoming and beautiful thing of the kind I ever saw. It displays joy and gratitude, but no exultation nor boasting. It is the language of a man who feels his need of divine help—appreciates our danger—feels our sorrows—and rejoices in our good more than in his own. How despicable do our enemies appear in the light of this Message.

“If this Message be, as I believe it is, an exponent of the feelings of the Southern heart, it is even more cheering than the victory which called it forth. If we do not now forget the source of our power, and who it is alone that can give us the

victory, we may be assured that our God will not leave us to the will of our enemies, but will rid us of them forever."

Thus pure was his piety, and elevated was his patriotism. His thoughts and his prayers were given habitually to his God and his country.

Early in the spring of 1862, General Jackson was compelled by greatly superior numbers to abandon Winchester and move slowly up the valley. The following letter to his father describes the battle of Kernstown, the first that was fought after the evacuation of Winchester.

" March 29, 1862.

" MY DEAR FATHER: We moved from Strasburg in the morning, expecting after a slight skirmish, to spend the evening in Winchester. With merry hearts we marched on. After seeing the General's wagons safely across Cedar Creek, our company went ahead more rapidly. [His company was body guard to General Jackson.] The roar of cannon soon proved that there was some obstacle in our way. About noon, it was ascertained that we should have a battle. This had been so little expected that many had left their guns and cartridge boxes in the wagons. I borrowed cartridges from others, and went on. Our whole force could not have exceeded 3,500. Our company marched to a point within six miles of Winchester, and then turned into the fields on our left in search of our Regiment. After going nearly a mile, we reached it just in time to move with it to a new position further to the left. As we moved from the woods, the enemy's artillery opened fire upon us. Their shells passed very near us, but no one was struck. Some of the shells fired at us, struck the ground and rebounded, forming a graceful curve, and leaving a track of smoke behind them, exploded like rockets, thirty feet above our heads. But for the danger, the scene would have been beautiful.

" Our artillery passed beyond us, and to our left, drawing the enemy's fire from us to themselves. During the cannon-

ading, we lay quiet, some talking and even laughing, while others were silent and thoughtful. We were soon ordered to march beyond the artillery. The crack of the rifles and the whistling of the balls, soon told us what we must now expect. Soon volleys of musketry seemed to shake the hills with their incessant roar. I could but wonder how any one could escape. But our Liberty Hall boys moved forward at a quick step to the brow of a hill where the enemy were in full view. From this point we continued to fire about an hour. I do not remember to have seen a man near me struck, although I saw the blue-coated enemy lying dead and wounded, and now and then others would fall. A regiment on our left, perhaps the 37th, saw the enemy trying to reach a stone fence, and starting, reached it first. From this position they poured a deadly fire into their ranks, which together with our fire on their flank, soon forced them to retreat. We exulted for an instant, but they soon renewed the fire from the top of a hill. Our men were nearly worn down by constant exertion against men who were reinforced every few moments by fresh troops. They succeeded at length in getting on our right, and threatening to cut us off entirely from any way of escape. We therefore retreated, loading, and firing on them as we ran. Once, when I looked back, I saw the old "stars and stripes" waving over the ground we had just left. This vexed me more than anything else during the day. A party of us presently halted and fired into a party of them. They scattered like a flock of partridges. A little while after this, I was out of sight and saw them no more. Morrison and Lyle (their Captain and 1st Lieutenant) were with me just before we stopped to fire this last time. I did not see them again. They went too far to the right, and fell into the hands of the Yankee cavalry. If taken to Winchester, they will find warm friends. If we leave behind us when forced to retreat, as true and loyal Virginians, as are the people of Winchester, the Yankees may march through the whole land, and yet accomplish no more towards our subjugation, than the arrow which pierces the air

and leaves no trace behind. Our loss in killed, wounded and prisoners will be a little over 400. The Yankee papers acknowledge that they had 8,000 men engaged, and 350 killed and wounded on their side. These numbers may, with truth, be doubled. One of their Colonels, and fourteen of their Captains and Lieutenants were killed. Our soldiers are not discouraged in the least. Our confidence in General Jackson is undiminished, and we will follow him with as much enthusiasm as ever. I most firmly believe that God is on our side, and on this, as an immovable rock, we can rely

Your affectionate son,

HUGH."

After the battle just described, General Jackson fell back slowly up the valley, with only about 4,000 men, in the face of the enemy numbering at least 20,000. On reaching Harrisonburg, he turned to the left, leaving the great road leading from Winchester to Staunton in uninterrupted possession of the enemy. Neither friends nor foes knew where he had gone. The former, under the impression that he had abandoned the valley, were much alarmed, and the latter, unwilling to return or to pursue him, and afraid that if they continued on towards Staunton, he might fall upon their rear, concluded to take formal possession of the village of Harrisonburg, and there pillage and burn, and play the vulgar tyrant in general, so as fully to let our people elsewhere know what they had to expect if subjugated, and thus fire them with a fiercer spirit of resistance. The sensitive and refined heart sickens at the recital of their brutalities.

Jackson encamped for a short time at Swift Run Gap, in a gorge of the Blue Ridge, nineteen miles from Harrisonburg. He then crossed the mountain, to Meacham's River in Albemarle, thence recrossing at Rockfish Gap, hastened on through Staunton, towards the Alleghany, to pay his respects to Milroy at McDowell.

The march from Swift Run Gap to Meacham's River, the most laborious and painful they had ever taken, is thus described in a letter to his father :

“ We are in Albemarle county, eleven miles south of Meacham's River. Yesterday and last night we made the worst march we have ever taken. Our wagons started about 7 o'clock in the morning, but could not go over eight miles during the day and night. The troops were behind, and dark found us only two or three miles from the camp we left in the morning. The remainder of the distance we came after night-fall, wading much of the way through mud and water, ankle and sometimes knee deep. This is no exaggeration, but a simple fact. The men became perfectly reckless, and plunged into mudholes and ponds of water with a yell or a laugh. We passed a camp on the wayside, and instead of finding our wagons there, were told that they were three or four miles ahead. We complained some, but pushed on. Most fortunately we had sent on a man from each mess, to build fires and prepare supper for the rest. The thought of fire and supper cheered many a heavy heart, and when, between nine and ten o'clock, we reached our camp, shouts of laughter echoed through the woods. Every one had an Iliad of woes to recount, spiced however, always with something ludicrous, and we all made merry over the toils and mishaps of the way. To-day we have remained quiet, waiting for the troops behind to come up. To-morrow morning, we leave to go east—as some say. But where we are to go, for what purpose and with what result, no one knows. If God be our guide, all will be well.”

On the same march he adds: “ It pains me to leave the valley, yet it did me good to get into Albemarle. How pleasant it would be to spend a week or two in Charlottesville, my native place. But I do not expect this. We hear that the people of Rockbridge are becoming alarmed. It would be painful to have all communication with home cut off. But

this, and even worse can be borne, provided we can only repel the invader. If his unholy feet should ever touch the soil of Rockbridge, I sincerely hope that the undefended citizens will remain at home. It is useless to run away. Yes, let them remain in their invaded homes, calmly but firmly refusing to yield any obedience, or show any favor to those who thus come to rob and to ruin them. When I can do nothing else for my own dear home, and the loved ones there, I can pray that God would give them courage in the face of their foes, and submission to his holy will."

These fears were groundless as to his home, and the sorrow he felt at leaving the beautiful valley in which that home stands, was soon removed, for they did move the next morning, to pass, as we have seen, to Staunton, and so to the north-west.

In a letter, written at Franklin, in Pendleton County, he refers briefly to the battle with Milroy at McDowell, and to their situation at Franklin.

"Our Brigade was not in the battle. It was fought at great disadvantage on our part, but victory, at length, rewarded the resolute bravery of our troops. They fought as if resolved never to surrender. As we marched to the field after the battle, we met many wounded, who cheered us on, boasting that they had got the field at last. We hear good news from Williamsburg. May the power of the enemy soon be broken, and their armies scattered to the four winds.

"The enemy now took position before us, and we were brought forward, confident that a battle was at hand. Now, our regiment was in front. Several companies were sent forward as skirmishers. These were met by the skirmishers of the enemy, and a brisk fire began, which is usually the initiative to a general engagement. One of their shells, aimed with great precision at a point at which Gen. Winder, Col. Ronald and several of us were standing, fell within four feet of me and

exploded, covering me with earth. But, 'no one was hurt.' My escape was wholly providential. How gracious has been God's care of me. Oh! that I could thank him and love him as I ought.

"Yesterday, we remained quiet, observing the morning *as a Sabbath*, having religious services in several regiments, and in the afternoon moved back several miles to this point. [When a Sabbath as such was lost, Gen. Jackson's rule was to observe the first quiet day he could command, as a Sabbath.] We have been pursuing the enemy down a ravine, in which they can choose many positions, from which they could only be dislodged by storm at the point of the bayonet, and through a country which produces nothing but maple sugar. Not one acre in a thousand can be cultivated. We are on the march again, and en-route, I think, for Harrisonburg. We are all fatigued and our feet are sore. Otherwise we are well."

They hurry on, and the next we hear, is that having spent the Sabbath as a day of rest, at the Augusta Springs, they meet the enemy. He says to his father :

"We are in Front Royal. The enemy fled in haste yesterday afternoon. Several hundred were taken prisoners. Few were killed on either side. Captain Sheets was killed while scouting round the town. I would not have lost him for a thousand Yankee prisoners. We took the enemy here by surprise. Two Yankee trains, heavily laden with commissary stores, arrived from Alexandria just in time to fall into our hands. There were, I hear, several thousand barrels of flour and several hundred sacks of salt, with many other valuable articles. We move this morning towards Winchester, distant nineteen miles. The force of the enemy here is not known. But from what we hear, it does not exceed 10,000. Tom (his youngest brother), was left at Harrisonburg, completely worn out. Many of the boys are broken down. H. M. could not keep up with us, yesterday. He is well, but foot-sore, and much wearied.

We marched twenty-five miles yesterday, and can do the same to-day, if thereby we can only drive out the invader. Send my clothes as soon as possible, as I am much in want. Warmest love to all. I hope soon to date a letter to you from Winchester."

This hope was soon realized, for his next is dated

“WINCHESTER, May 27, 1862.

“MY DEAR FATHER: General Jackson has gained a complete victory over Banks, putting his army to utter rout, and capturing several thousand prisoners. This brilliant success began at Front Royal on Friday afternoon. Saturday morning our army pushed on towards Winchester by two routes. A part of General Ewell's force moved directly towards this place. The rest, together with General Jackson and his army, turned to the left towards Middletown, situated five miles from Strasburg and thirteen from Winchester. Banks, with about 8,000 men, had been at Strasburg, expecting us to come directly down the valley. On Friday night he heard what had occurred at Front Royal, and on Saturday morning made a hasty retreat towards Winchester. But our forces came into Middletown as his were passing through, and cut his army into two parts, forcing the smaller portion to hasten back to Strasburg. They burned the bridge over Cedar Creek, to prevent our pursuit. What became of them I have not heard. It is reported that many of them were captured, and the rest, I hope, are making all haste towards the Ohio river. We, at once, turned to pursue the other and larger portion of his forces. Ashby's cavalry charged up the road towards Middletown, as Banks passed down, and at once a panic and a rout ensued. Some of the enemy's cavalry were killed, but the most of them threw themselves from their horses and fled. Almost an entire regiment was so frightened that they could make no resistance.

“As we pursued the enemy, the road was lined on either side with wagons—many left without horses—others upset, with

their contents scattered in all directions, and towards evening we found dozens of wagons on fire. We did not halt as night came on. The Yankees at length became somewhat stubborn, and hiding themselves on the road-side, fired on our men as they passed. To be ambushed thus in the dark was fitted to throw our men into confusion. And to some extent it did so. But skirmishers were sent in search of them, and while they fought the enemy in the bushes, order was restored to the ranks. They at length gave back, and we moved on. We fell into an ambush several times, but General Jackson seemed determined not to be stopped, and we pushed on until three o'clock in the morning, when we lay down on the road side, a mile and a half from Winchester, and rested until the day broke. We rose, shook the dew from our limbs, and moved forward. I saw General Jackson ahead, watching the Yankee skirmishers, and sending some of our men to meet them. In a few moments firing commenced. The 27th Virginia, under Colonel Grigsby, drove in the enemy's skirmishers, and took the hill on which they were posted. The cannonading soon became brisk. The Yankee sharpshooters did us much more injury than their artillery, killing two of the Rockbridge battery, and wounding most of the eighteen who were wounded during the battle. Once our artillery were compelled to yield a little, but in a short time our infantry advanced to meet that of the enemy. The tide now turned in our favor. The enemy broke—our men advanced with loud cheers—then they rushed forward, driving the excited foe before them. 'Forward,' was now the command to the whole army, and in a few minutes, we were rushing through the streets of Winchester, amid the most rapturous cheers of the citizens, who had sought shelter from the balls in cellars and elsewhere, but now they ran forth frantic with delight. We paused long enough to shake hands with acquaintances whom we happened to see on the wayside. Many of the frightened and retreating foe dispersed themselves through the town, begging the people to shelter them in their houses, kitchens, or even stables. The prisoners

may be numbered by thousands. The rout was more complete than that at Manassas. Most of our troops were worn down, and stopped five miles above Winchester. It would make your blood boil to hear of the insolence and cruelty of the enemy practiced on the people of Winchester, from General Shields down to the lowest Dutchman that wallowed in the streets. But the crowning act of all was their setting fire to the town. One street was in a blaze when we entered, and a large building in the heart of the town, filled with medicine, was fired, but happily extinguished. So long as their sentinels dared to remain, no one was permitted to attempt to extinguish the fire. These are the friends who come only to protect us, and to seek a more permanent union with us. Deliver me from such friends."

We have already learned that Capt. H. R. Morrison and Lient. John Lyle were captured at the battle of Kernstown. They were immured in a dismal prison at Fort Delaware, where for about five months they endured much hardship. When the offices thus made vacant were filled, the company conferred the captaincy on the subject of these sketches. On his election, he wrote to his father as follows:

"The result surprised me greatly. I had hoped for nothing higher than the lieutenancy, and was not confident of that. But the question was decided in my favor, and with much fear I accept the position. I do not expect any increase of happiness, but an increase of responsibility, leading to much perplexity and toil. The care, the kindness, the ceaseless effort called for, will greatly increase my need of help from the grace of God. To this source I look, praying that by example and by effort the men may become good soldiers and good Christians. I ask that all at home will pray that I may be fitted for the position I now hold."

On the same subject he writes to his brother Henry :

“Promotion in itself brings neither peace nor happiness, and unless it increases one’s usefulness it is a curse. An opportunity is now afforded for exerting a wider influence for good, and if enabled to improve this aright I shall then be happier than before. My life is now given to the army, and will be spent in it, even to the end of the war. But if my life is spared to see the end, and we are successful in our struggle, it will be the delight of my heart to spend the remainder of it in the work of the ministry. I am not fond of the army. Indeed many things in it are hateful to me; but nothing is so much so as the invader of my native soil.

“Tom has joined our company recently. I feel most anxious about his soul. This is now more than ever under my influence and in my hands. This thought makes me tremble. I can only pray that God would visit him with His grace and save him. Let us never forget him in our prayers; for it may be that while you pray he is exposed to all the dangers of the battle, or possibly just on the verge of eternity. If unprepared, how sad will be his end. The thought is dreadful. Let us trust in God, and be instant in prayer.”

The next battle in which he participated was that near Harrisonburg and at Port Republic.

“BROWN’S GAP, JUNE 11, 1862.

“MY DEAR FATHER: General Jackson has fought two more very hard battles; defeated the enemy both times, drove him as far as he wished, and then extricated himself and saved everything from the trap set by the enemy to catch him. Our regiment was not in the thickest of either fight, and no one of our company is hurt, though the balls have made holes in some of their clothes. Our army had fallen back to Port Republic, and we hoped to rest for several days, and prepare for another campaign. With these thoughts, we were lying

in our camp, on Sunday morning, the 5th instant. A bright sun made all around look beautiful and cheerful. We were expecting soon to meet for public worship, and to spend the day in calm and holy communion with God and his people. Suddenly, artillery opened fire within sight of us. The enemy had come up the south side of the Shenandoah, and were trying to destroy the bridge at Port Republic, which was our only way of escape, if the enemy pressed upon us. Their cavalry at the same instant had dashed into Port Republic, seized Major Crutchfield, of General Jackson's staff, and the General himself had to run fast to slip them. They had a piece of artillery in Port Republic. He passed near, and gave them *some order*, and dashed on to our camp, ordered the long roll to be beat, and in an instant we were pushing down the road. Our infantry pickets had now cleared Port Republic of the enemy, retaken Major Crutchfield, with the guard over him, and captured that piece of artillery. Our artillery was already in position, firing at the enemy across the Shenandoah. We came up just in time to witness the beautiful scene. The Rockbridge and Alleghany batteries fired with great accuracy, and every shot told with wonderful effect. The enemy were in the open bottom, we on a commanding bluff. They were soon thrown into disorder, and ran off in a hurry. We saw them, their guns glistening, their flags and all, and it did us good to see them in such a hurry to get out of our country. We remained where we were to guard the position; but it was soon evident that the main army of the enemy was advancing from Harrisonburg. This was only a feint to attract our attention, cut off our only way of escape, while their main force advanced from the other side to crush and seize our whole army. This was their plan. One part was already foiled, and in a wink General Jackson was moving the rest of his army to check their advance from Harrisonburg. The artillery soon opened, four or five miles from us. It grew faster and louder, till there was an incessant

roar, which made everything quake. It was more incessant, louder, and continued longer than any other cannonading I ever heard. It lasted from 10, A. M., to 3, P. M., which, with the cannonading near us in the morning, made the fight with artillery alone continue over six hours on that day. The report came to the infantry that our forces were falling back, and we received the order to withdraw from our positions. This, however, was soon countermanded. We remained in our places, and from the sound we could tell that the enemy were giving way. How earnest was our prayer that God would grant us complete success, and our prayer was answered beyond our highest expectations. The enemy were driven back five or six miles, and after dark we were recalled to camp, back of Port Republic, to hear more particularly of one of the hardest battles of the war, in which an inferior force, retreating, and attacked by one larger and fresher than itself, yet rallied so rapidly, and resisted the enemy so bravely, that he was compelled to give back and retreat. It was one of our most wonderful victories. But our work was not yet done. We must attend to the force on the south side of the river. The morning dawn found us marching on a foot-bridge constructed over the south branch of the Shenandoah, and down the south bank of the river. General Jackson, as usual, was leading us. It was venturing a great deal to attack this force of the enemy. They were not so numerous as we, but there were at least two, and, I believe, three brigades of infantry, besides cavalry and artillery. We must fight them, too, in a narrow bottom, between the river and the mountain. And if the enemy towards Harrisonburg should return, they could take the first position we had on Sunday morning, and compel us to yield. But 'nothing venture, nothing win;' so we go ahead. We saw the effects of our fire the day before. Dead and wounded Yankees lay along the road, and the trees and houses were badly torn by the balls. This was but the ante-chamber. We would soon enter upon more horrible

scenes. Our regiment, with the second, passed under the fire of the enemy's cannon into the mountain side. We climbed back and forth over ridges and through the thick tangled brush, till we were worn out. We were once very close to the enemy's cannon on the mountain side, and thought our duty was to charge it. But no, we must march back, while General Taylor's Louisiana brigade advanced to this work. They did it nobly; took the enemy's battery, though they were forced to give it up; but it was retaken, however, afterwards. We marched to the rear, and were left there till we heard the shouts of our boys in pursuit of the enemy. The issue of the day long hung in doubt. Our men were several times repulsed, and the cheers of the enemy, with the evil reports of some of our own men, made us fear the worst. But we put our trust in God, and felt confident of success. Soon our hopes were realized. The enemy was in full retreat, which became in a few minutes a perfect rout. Eight or nine pieces of artillery, almost if not all they had, were taken. Their ambulances, with their loads of wounded, were left to fall into our hands, and hundreds of men and arms were captured. The work was well and completely done. We pursued them seven or eight miles. But the enemy were on our side, and if we followed farther they would shell us as we returned. We came back, therefore, in the woods, on the mountain side, to conceal us from the enemy, who were now on the opposite bank of the river, then struck a road leading to the turnpike across Brown's Gap, and at one o'clock that night I dropped my weary limbs on the top of the Blue Ridge, at the corner of old Albemarle. We had now escaped the enemy's reach, and left both portions of their army defeated. We are now in a position where we can rest in safety, or move in any direction we choose. The enemy have not crossed the river at Port Republic. General Jackson had the bridge burned to prevent them from getting behind and pursuing him.

“I consider these two victories by far the most wonderful he has gained. The enemy formed a concerted plan to catch and destroy our whole army. General Shields had sent two brigades of his division up the south bank of the Shenandoah. He, I think, joined Fremont in the Valley, and was in the fight on Sunday. General Tyler commanded them on Monday. Their whole plan was foiled, all of our baggage was saved, both portions of their army driven back, and much of their artillery, with many prisoners, was taken. In the management of this affair General Jackson has shown great skill; while at the same time Providence has aided him in a most wonderful manner. Had the enemy returned from Harrisonburg three hours sooner, they would almost certainly have compelled us to retreat with great loss, and turned our victory into a defeat. But God guides our General, and enables him to venture much, to run great risks, and yet to gain the most brilliant successes. Let praise be given to His great name for His recent favors to us.

“You have heard, of course, of Colonel Ashby’s death. He was killed in a heavy skirmish near Harrisonburg, on Friday evening. A most noble sacrifice to our holy cause. It is felt by us all as a personal affliction. The sun shines brightly to-day, and all is cheerful in camp.”

After this battle, they rest near Wier’s Cave for a few days, and he writes to his mother thus:

“We are to-day near Wier’s Cave, and encamped in a beautiful grove, greatly enjoying rest in the shade. Yesterday afternoon a party of us visited the cave. It was a delightful recreation, especially to those accustomed to the hard service of the soldier. It made us feel as though it would be possible onee more to lead a quiet and civil life, and take part in the pastimes which make such a life happy. We then took a roll in the Shenandoah, and returned to camp clean and in good spirits. A good night’s sleep has almost prepared us for

another of General Jackson's tremendous flank movements. Our present encampment is too pleasant for us to expect to remain in it long, and we confidently expect the order to march very soon; but in what direction, or to what point, no one can tell. All are willing, however, to go wherever General Jackson bids; having implicit confidence not only in his integrity and fearless courage, but also in his skillful generalship. His recent success has greatly increased our admiration for him. The campaign was splendidly conducted. He not only extricated his whole army from a trap skillfully set for him, but defeated one portion of their army, holding the other in check at the same time, and on the next day utterly routed the second portion, capturing nearly all their artillery, five or six hundred prisoners, bringing all off safely before the first could sufficiently recover from the shock to attack us. Yes, the whole North-Western army conspired to catch and destroy our General and his troops, but it signally failed. It is true, at one time they had surrounded us. In their own favorite language, they 'had us in the bag;' but then they had no man brave or skillful enough to tie the bag and hold us in. My warmest love to all at home. How I long to see you."

He wrote to his father, urging him to visit the army:

"I think you will enjoy the visit, and you know it will be a rich treat to me. I greatly desire to see you again. Nothing, certainly, but a clear and strong conviction of duty, with an approving conscience, could keep me contented in this painful separation from the dearest earthly objects. But when death comes near, as it does so often here, it brings the Christian so near to God and heaven—the centre around which he hopes to meet those he loves best—that he almost forgets his temporary absence from earthly home and friends. The parental threshold, and especially the family altar, are certainly very dear, but our true home is in heaven.

"Our company still acts as body-guard to the General. Our situation is very pleasant. We are relieved from many

things that used to annoy us ; and a fine band often regales us with its music. We have also some leisure time for reading such books and tracts as we can get, and for enjoying the society of each other and of friends from a distance, who frequently call on us. I sometimes fear I shall not only become contented, but even pleased with this mode of life. I used to wonder how one could choose the life of a soldier. I thought its dangers and hardships would make it irksome in the extreme. But we quickly become accustomed to these things, while the excitement of an active campaign imparts pleasure, which is much enhanced by a firm conviction of the justice of the cause for which we struggle. I feel now that if taken back to my former quiet life, it would be, at least for a time, somewhat irksome. And, indeed, did not the ministry, with its most blessed work, hold the supreme place in my heart, I could be a soldier for life. But as my former desire to preach has not been weakened, but rather increased by my experience in the army, I am exceedingly anxious to close this life and enter upon that. When I shall be gratified, I cannot tell. God, who has manifested himself in the storm which has broken over our country, and now rages around us, must bring us peace again. If he does not, men on both sides will become worse and worse, and war cannot end. The humble prayers of God's people can do much more to end it than all the bullets and bayonets of our soldiers. And while it lasts, the former alone can make the latter successful.

“If you come to see us, bring us some tracts and testaments. I can readily find persons who are more than willing to receive them. Any one would be surprised to find how welcome he will be on a visit of Christian love to the tents of the soldiers. They will listen to his words, and thank him for any manifestation of love for their souls. I wish I could do more of what conscience bids me do, and what I know there is so much joy in doing. Why should so little be done in the army for the eternal interests of the men? Chaplains are

scarce, and the few who are here are so restricted in their salaries that they cannot defray expenses.

“I hope and pray that your visit here may not only gratify the longings of a son’s heart, and the wishes of many true friends, but also do much to excite Christians to greater activity and awaken the impenitent to a sense of their sin and misery. If Christians were only as prayerful and active as they should be, how much good might we not expect to result. Nearly one-half of our company are professing Christians; and in our regiment I know there is a very strong religious element, which, if active, might restrain much sin and promote very much the cause of Christ.

“Several letters have just been received from various members of our family. They are a rich treat. These are visits from those I love, which revive my spirit when drooping, and heighten my joy if they find me happy. Your contemplated visit to brother George will be very delightful. I am sure it has been a source of joy to our Synod to welcome back some of the loyal sons of Virginia who have fled from the land of tyranny and oppression.

“When you have an opportunity, remember me, with great affection to the Professors in our Seminary; and to any other friends with whom you may meet.

“Your affectionate son,

HUGH.”

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. M’CRUM.

“Our life, at present, is so much better than it has been for several months that we are having a delightful time. It is true, the sky is our roof, and the earth our bed, but then it don’t rain, and we are not marching; and when a box comes in from home, we live and feel like princes. I am sorry that father could not visit us, but hope he will still do so. He will feel quite at home at General Jackson’s headquarters, with the General and Dr. Dabney. The latter is very busy, but

preaches whenever he has an opportunity. I heard him last Saturday, then twice on the Sabbath, when about two hundred soldiers received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at his hands. This was a spiritual feast indeed. The religious element in our company is very strong; sufficient, I hope, to control all other elements, and give tone to the whole body. We hold a brief meeting every night, just after roll call. The man whose turn it is stands up, while the rest stand around him. He reads a chapter, sometimes sings a hymn, then leads in prayer. There is some profanity, but this is lessening. Why should not the army be a school for the reformation of the wicked? Such it has proved to J. W and J. R. They are now perfectly sober men and good soldiers. I am much gratified at the accounts I receive of your prayer-meetings held in our behalf. The prayers of those at home greatly strengthen and encourage us in the army. I will endeavor to remember you all at your hours of prayer. Yet we are so drawn about from one place and employment to another that I have scarcely a moment for connected, sober thought. As for instance, to-day I have been soldier, cook, and *washer-woman*. Around me, as I write, some are cleaning their guns, others are putting away the remnant of our dinner, some are washing plates, and some are trying to sleep. I am sitting on my knapsack, with a tin pan as my writing desk. I write a sentence and have to stop to do something or to talk to some one. Yet amid all this commotion my thoughts keep their direction homeward. Like the needle, they may be changed a little by the objects near me, but they soon turn again towards the home circle and hover around the much loved place.

“I saw —— as I passed through W lately, dressed out in a fine suit. A man in fine clothes now is an offence. But *he* is excusable, as he is not fit to be in the army.”

They were not permitted to remain long at their delightful encampment near Wier's Cave. They crossed the Blue Ridge at Rockfish Gap. On reaching Charlottesville he became very

unwell, so much so that at the earnest persuasion of friends and with the consent of the surgeon, he determined to leave his company under the command of Lieut. G. B. Strickler, and made a very unexpected visit to Lexington. His health was not seriously impaired, but his flesh was wasted and his strength exhausted by the toils and privations of the preceding three months. Within a less period than that he had marched four hundred miles, and been engaged in five battles, besides several combats. When he left his company at Charlottesville he was wholly ignorant of its destination; but soon after reaching home, he became convinced that the army was on its way to Richmond. He was, with great difficulty, induced to remain until the tidings came that the fighting around Richmond had actually commenced. Then neither friends nor physicians could prevail with him to remain another day. When he heard of the part his company acted in the famous charge at Gaines' Mill, under the command of Lieut. Strickler, he became greatly excited, and said: "All the money in the world could not compensate me for the pain I feel at not being with them. But if they only conquer, this will moderate my sorrow;" then hurrying away, he reached the field just in time to discover that they *had* conquered. The first of that series of memorable battles, that at Mechanicsville, was fought on the birth-place of his father, and that at Ellyson's Mill in full view of the cemetery where the remains of his ancestry had been buried for more than one hundred and sixty years. "I fought," said a descendant of the same ancestry, and of the same name, "in sight of my father's grave." Well might he have added, they have not only invaded my native State, and sought to rob us of our homes, but their missiles of death have broken down the inclosure, and plowed up the earth around and over the graves of my fathers. Some of those ancestors were among the brightest ornaments of the old Hanover Presbyterian Church, under the pastoral charge of Samuel Davies.

In that desperate fighting, the youngest brother of Captain White—so often written to or mentioned in these letters—a youth then not seventeen years of age, took an active part. No language can express the emotions kindled in the heart of the father by the thought of such fighting, around such a place, by such a boy. And the tear starts now at the remembrance of that venerable mansion, in which the founders of the Presbyterian Church in Eastern Virginia were wont often to meet for consultation and prayer, now all riddled with cannon balls, thrown in part, no doubt, by Presbyterian hands. “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.”

During his visit to his friends, he wrote to his aunt, Mrs. Hutchinson, of Monroe: “You will be surprised to receive a letter from me written at home. I rejoiced to find myself in the warm embrace of my mother, on Sunday night. Two days before, I was with the army on its march through Albemarle, with no idea of leaving, though I was much reduced in strength by sickness and the hard service of several months past. Brother James, who was with us for several days, urged me to stop, and readily securing the surgeon’s permission, I yielded and came home. The joy of getting here, and the rest of a few days, have refreshed me very much, and I hope soon to return to my place in the army. It is really painful to be absent, to be lying at ease here, in the lap of luxury, while others, my comrades, are bearing the burden of the service, or perhaps struggling with our enemies. I would not remain at home now, for any consideration. Our army seems to be making its way to Richmond. The great struggle there must come off soon. McClellan cannot abandon the effort without a battle. The people of Richmond are calm and full of confidence, resulting, I believe, from their trust in God. How I long to see our army burst the chains which bind our State, and set her free once more.

“Gen. Jackson’s efforts in the valley, his terrible blows upon the enemy, falling so fast and with such slaughter, have stunned and driven them back, while the people have regained

their confidence and cast their fears away We hear that Fremont and Shields have left the valley for Eastern Virginia. If this be true, the upper valley will be free from their hateful presence. But unless we can whip them badly at Richmond, this part of the State will still be exposed to their ravages."

During the same visit, he wrote to his brother Henry :

"All the delights of home cannot make one rest satisfied when a battle is imminent which may decide the fate of his country, and in which his comrades will take part. I wish the battle at Richmond could take place at once, but would be very sorry to be absent. Not that I have become indifferent to cannon balls or fond of danger. Safety is more to my taste, but you understand my feelings. I only hope and pray that Gen. Jackson may be as richly blessed at Richmond as he has been elsewhere. I do believe that God has him in His special favor, and guidès him in all his course. Otherwise he could not run such risks in safety, and gain the most brilliant successes, when circumstances make defeat and ruin seem so inevitable. May the same divine hand continue to preserve and bless him." He adds: "I long for the time when I can enjoy the pleasures of home in peace. But for the present, my duty and happiness are in the army. God bless you in your glorious work, as a minister of the Gospel."

On another occasion he writes to the same brother :

"Rest satisfied therefore that duty bids you stay at home ; mine is to remain in the army, and I am willing to do it for the glorious cause in which our young Confederacy is engaged. If we give up, everything is lost. If we struggle on, endure hardships, exert our utmost strength, and put our trust in God, who has so far been very gracious to us, we may hope after a while to taste the most blessed fruits from these present distresses.

“My chief source of sorrow is, that I can do so little, or rather that I do so little for the cause of my Saviour. Father seems to think the army a glorious field for usefulness. To him, doubtless it would be. But what have I done? I hope my influence for good has been felt in our own company—but to how little extent! I can only look to God to give me the heart to work, and then open up paths of usefulness for me. If I really wish to do good in the world, it must become a subject of constant study, followed by ceaseless effort. I am very glad to hear that you are so comfortably situated. You have nothing now to hinder you from doing much good. May God grant you this great privilege. It is a pleasing subject of thought to me, especially on the Sabbath, that father, two brothers and a cousin are all preaching the gospel. I do not forget to pray for you. May I soon be permitted to join the number, and give my energies to the same good work.”

Having reached his post just after the defeat of McClellan, he wrote to his father from below Richmond:

“BELOW RICHMOND, July 3, 1862.

“MY DEAR FATHER: I sent word to Dr. Brown this morning, who had promised to forward the news to you all, that all of my company were safe. This is due only to the merciful protection of God. They have been in two of the most important and bloody battles fought during the past week—on Friday and Tuesday. The fighting was desperate, and their escape is very wonderful. T. was in the battle on Friday, but has fallen back sick.

“Yesterday and to-day a calm has rested on the bloody field, broken only by an occasional discharge of cannon, heard afar off in the direction of James River. The enemy is on the banks of the river, if he has crossed, as is the report. Their army must be greatly weakened and demoralized. Many of the prisoners represent their soldiers as broken-spirited, rebellious, and ready to desert. Yet McClellan still has a large

force, and if reinforced by Shields and Fremont, may attempt to move up the south side of the river. But he can never have so fair a prospect of taking Richmond as he had before. He possessed every advantage in the late battles. He had worked hard for twelve months, had raised an immense army and equipped his troops in the best manner possible. He came within sight of the great prize, and fortified himself strongly in the faces of our men. We made the attack on his own positions, drove him from every one, capturing thousands of his men, nearly one hundred pieces of artillery, and killing two of his men to the loss of one on our side. Ought not this to be regarded as decisive? Can they ask any fairer, fuller test? The truth is, their soldiers are not actuated by the spirit which animates ours. They can make a grand show, blow their trumpets, and bluster about their flag, but are quick to choose between defeat and death. Considering what they have at stake, the former is far the better of the two. But it is not so with us. Our earthly all is at stake.

“Best love to all at home. I feel far better contented now that I am at my post again, although my heart longs to be at home in peace.

Your affectionate son,

HUGH.”

And when the army moved nearer to Richmond he wrote as follows:

“GLENWOOD, July 14, 1862.

“MY DEAR FATHER: T. and I have been as much at home for several days past as we could be anywhere, except in Lexington. Our brigade is encamped on uncle Hugh’s farm, within a few hundred yards of his house, and I have been permitted to spend my nights and take my meals here. I found T. here, and he remained until yesterday, when he obtained leave to make a short visit to our relatives at Hilly Farm in Hanover. His health has improved, and though not firm enough to endure a severe campaign, he is comparatively well. I think he

had better remain with us and make a third trial of his strength. If he breaks down again, he can then apply for a transfer to the cavalry service. This I am very reluctant for him to do, unless it becomes necessary. My own health is perfectly good, and I am fattening and strengthening daily.

“I had much pleasure in seeing my relatives in and around Richmond. Uncle Hugh and aunt Ann have been very kind, doing, indeed, just what makes me feel most happy—making me feel perfectly at home.

“Yesterday I went to Richmond in uncle Hugh’s carriage, and had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Hoge preach. I enjoyed the service greatly. Gen. Jackson was present, and immediately after the benediction, all eyes were turned upon him, and the crowd gathered uncomfortably close about him. The General seemed uneasy, really appeared confused, pushed for the door, and vanished almost in an instant. I could but smile to see him fairly conquered and made to run.

“I see in this country no such ghastly figure as famine, which many seem to think walks abroad, making all the people as ghost-like as itself. Nor is disease as prevalent as was expected. Though we are near the Chickahominy Swamp, we are on its south side, and the atmosphere is as pure, while as delightful a breeze is now stirring, as I ever felt in the mountains.

Your devoted son,

HUGH.”

TO HIS AUNT, MRS. H.

“With mountain barriers all around you, I suppose you feel quite safe from Northern bayonets.

“The token of remembrance, inclosed in your letter, took me quite by surprise. I, of course, thank you most heartily for it, and accept it as a new evidence that you still remember me with affection. In this view I prize it highly. But do not imagine that the war has impoverished me. This it cannot do. I had nothing before the war, and hence I am entirely safe in this respect. I have neither houses nor lands nor money to

trouble me, and if it were not that my friends are terrified for their own safety and that of their goods, I should be as independent and free from apprehension, as the wild Indian who calls all the hills his own.

“But though I have been thus far full of hope, and perhaps more cheerful than was proper, in a time so full of suffering, yet I confess that the late success of the enemy in the west has saddened, though it has not disheartened me. But I will not censure, lest I betray my ignorance. It is much better to provide for the future than to grieve over the past. And if reverses destroy that self-confidence in which we had wrapped ourselves, and lead us to gird on afresh the weapons of war, they may prove a blessing in the end. I am exceedingly anxious to remain in the army until the struggle is over. If conscience would permit, most gladly would I enlist for the war. But if the pulpits are vacant, the country is lost. I must therefore, if possible, return to the Seminary in the fall. I will remain, however, in the army until that time, and if the skies are any brighter, and I am alive, I will resume my course of preparation for the ministry. In this work I desire to live and die.

“I see something in the camp to admire, and something to censure, but, in the main, my belief in the doctrine of total depravity is confirmed and strengthened. I am glad, however, to say, that in our company I can see no increase of any form of sin. Only one or two ever swear, and I have never seen one intoxicated. The Bible is the constant companion of nearly all, and several, I think, would make a profession of religion if the opportunity were offered.”

On another occasion he writes: “We are cheerful. But this does not arise from forgetting our homes, nor from indifference to what is to come, but from a calm purpose to meet and bear the worst. There are rumors of peace. Should the North return to reason, their mad career be checked, and peace smile upon our Southern Confederacy, it will be another

of the wonders which God is working in the world at this time. Nations crumble in an instant, and from their ruins others arise as quickly. May a merciful God work this miracle of deliverance for us. God only can do this, and send us back to the peaceful pursuits of civil life. It would give me great joy to carry out the cherished plans of my life which are now suspended. I wish to preach the Gospel. Any other occupation would be pursued only as an affliction. Yet other pursuits are inevitable now."

He was ever considerate, in a remarkable degree, of his mother's comfort. One of his chief sources of anxiety at the approach of a battle, was that she might be prepared for her sad share in its results. He would write to her beforehand, to prepare her for it. On the eve of one of the most desperate of the eight battles, in which he bore an active part, he wrote her a letter full of the tenderest filial love, and expressive of the strongest faith. He concludes this letter in these words: "Mother, don't be anxious about me. I have a sweet assurance that my soul is safe, and as to my body, that is only dust."

And then when the battle was over, his first effort was to find time to communicate the intelligence of his safety to all at home; and a form of expression he used on such occasions was this, "May the anxious heart of my devoted mother now be comforted." Truly, his was the heart, and the tongue, and the life, of a devoted son.

TO A FRIEND AND CLASSMATE.

"Your letter was received yesterday, and read with pleasure and profit. The account you give of your religious experience agrees so well with my own that I could but feel the warmest sympathy for you in your struggles with unbelief and fear. Yes, when sin separates us from God, heaviness and gloom must oppress us. We would give the whole world, were it ours, for one smile from our Heavenly Father's face. But

while we thus suffer, Jesus stands with open arms to receive us, if we will but trust ourselves in his hands. It is unspeakably precious to exercise trust in God—in his grace, his power and his promises. The little child, when frightened, flees to its mother's arms, and in a moment, its fears are gone, and it sleeps securely on that mother's bosom. Thus we, timid children, of little faith, should flee to Christ. Why may we not do this at all times? Unwillingness to do it is alike displeasing to God, and disquieting to us. Christ has endured the wrath of God due to us for sin. How bitter was the cup he drank for us. Yet he drank it all. He endured the curse for us, so that we have no part of it to endure. Then let us neither doubt nor fear. We cannot make ourselves holy. Sin is all that we can call our own. Holiness is the gift, the free gift of God, through Jesus Christ. Let us accept that gift, and all the powers of earth and hell cannot prevail against us. Agreement in these great matters unites us tenderly together. Therefore write about them, and we will endeavor to prove helpful to each other in *this* warfare."

TO THE SAME.

"The recollection of the scenes passed at college is pleasant, and yet there are mingled with it some things which cause no little sorrow. It is the thought that days, and weeks, and years are flying away and hurrying us on to the judgment, while I am doing so little to prepare for that great day. You seem to utter the language of my heart when you mourn for the deadness of your own. 'I hear, but seem to hear in vain.' I try to pray, but my lips refuse to utter the language, because I lack the spirit of prayer. How often do I rise from my knees mourning over the solemn mockery which I have been rendering to God under the pretence of worship. I cannot conceive of a worse condition than that in which my soul sometimes is. But yet it is all my own fault when our heavenly Father hides his face. We know that our Saviour sympathizes tenderly in

the sufferings of his people. We know that he felt keenly when he found the disciples whom he had taken with him to watch 'heavy with sleep.' So he feels for us when we are pierced with anguish on account of 'the sin that remaineth.' And, blessed be God, there are times when the love and sympathy of Christ are sweet to our taste—when standing beneath the cross, and looking up to the Lamb of God, we can say '*our Saviour.*' Such moments are rare; but yet one half hour thus spent in the morning, sheds a fragrance over the whole day. How I long to reach that state in my progress when this sweet sense of my Saviour's love shall abide with me forever. But we have need of patience, for such attainments are not made in a day. And yet by 'patient continuance in well doing'—by committing our souls into his hands and waiting upon him, we may make great and rapid progress in the divine life. The anniversary of my public profession of faith in Christ is fast approaching, and I feel somehow a reluctance for it to come. There are so many sins which I ought to have overcome, and so many opportunities for doing good which I did not improve, that I am filled with fear and shame. But hope cheers my drooping heart when I look up to that arm which I know is able to destroy sin where it remains, and to perfect good where it is begun.

"In Christ 'all the fullness of the Godhead dwells.' Let us come to this fountain and receive this blood of purification into our souls. This is the only true preparation for God's service, either in the ministry or out of it. I shall do what good I can in my present line of life, yet the infinitely higher interests of the church open wider and more blessed fields of labor."

In illustration of the purpose just expressed of seeking to do good in every line of life, it may be stated, that from a very early age he sought to be useful to the colored people—beginning with his father's servants. This people were greatly attached to him. He was at home but twice after entering the

army, and that for a very short time. And yet the usual portion of each Sabbath at home was spent in the colored Sabbath School. Many of these people manifested the deepest sorrow when they learned that they should see his face no more. One good old man, a member of the same church with himself, said to his father with many tears, "I am very sorry he is gone. But you may be *sure* that *he* is in heaven." His manner of approaching this class of people, or of encouraging them to approach him, was so open, frank, and cordial, that they were always pleased to meet him. He often said, "It pains me to know—as I am obliged to do—that if this war lasts long, the colored people will be the chief sufferers."

The mother of a young man belonging to the army called at the Lexington parsonage to inform her pastor that her son seemed much interested about his soul, and, indeed, she hoped he was a Christian, and would embrace the first opportunity to connect himself with the church; and then, weeping as she spoke, added: "Your son Hugh has been very kind and faithful to him. As he did not belong to his company, and as he could not easily see him, he wrote to him; and soon after he went over to his camp, asked him to walk with him. They went together into a grove, a considerable distance from the camp; and, after conversing fully with him, he proposed that they should unite in prayer; then, kneeling at the root of a tree, he prayed for the soul of my son, and now I hope he is a Christian."

They were members of the same congregation at home, but in the army one was a private in the ranks of one company, and the other was the captain of another. Yet, unmindful of the difference in their military rank, intent only on the good of the young man's soul, he sought him out, then sought a retired place in a distant grove, and there, with the heavens above and the damp earth beneath their bended knees, he called on God to save his friend.

At the close of a prayer-meeting in the lecture room of the Presbyterian Church, the congregation were reminded of the

near approach of their stated season of communion, and any who might desire to connect themselves with the church on that occasion were requested to make their wishes known to the pastor. As the audience dispersed a gentleman was observed lingering at his seat. It was a soldier who was at home on sick furlough. As the pastor approached, he took his hand and said: "I had hoped to connect myself with the church at the next communion, but I shall be compelled to return to the army before the time arrives. Your son, Captain White, had two conversations with me at different times, when we were marching together, in reference to my soul, and my purpose has been fully formed for some time to join your church. I am very sorry I am obliged to leave."

These are instances selected from among many which illustrate his fidelity in seeking the salvation of the souls of those with whom he came in contact. During his last brief visit at home, there were a number of sick and wounded soldiers in Lexington. With some of these he had no personal acquaintance; but it is believed that he visited, conversed, and prayed with most or all of them. It is well remembered that he more than once left the most attractive company to perform a service of this sort. He was remarkably free from what Dr. Johnson calls "a whining pretension to goodness." He seldom or never spoke in the presence of others of his religious emotions. If he did so, it was ordinarily to those like-minded with himself, and at times and in places deemed appropriate to a theme so delicate and so sacred. In such society and in such places he was judicious, but communicative. Many of his letters evince how freely he could pour out his heart to a friend whom he knew and loved.

Discriminating between mere talk about himself and words fitly spoken in defence of the truth and Author of the gospel, he was ever ready to avow his love for that truth and his veneration for its Author, as well as his fixed aversion to everything mean and wicked. His gentleness and modesty never degenerated into pusillanimity, nor his piety into fanaticism. He

well knew how to be habitually cheerful without being frivolous, and how to commend true religion to the cultivated, natural taste of irreligious men, so as to secure their respect, if he could not their allegiance, to the Saviour he so much loved. The consequence of this was, that if, during his life in college, he entered a room filled with the gayest students, provided only they were gentlemen, he was received with gladness; and although his presence effectually restrained every form of vicious excess, it never diminished the harmless vivacity of the party. God graciously taught him at an early age that important, yet rare and difficult lesson, how to be at once the cheerful companion and the consistent and useful Christian. If that was said in his presence which he regarded as untrue or wicked, he ordinarily dropped the conversation abruptly, and expressed his dissent by silent sadness, rather than by a bold and ill-tempered resistance. An intelligent gentleman traveling with him in a stage coach, became the silent but interested listener to a conversation between him and a man much older than himself. in reference to the main point then at issue between the North and the South. The man, though a Virginian by birth, had sold and *pocketed* his servants, then gone to Illinois and turned abolitionist. All this leaked out in the course of the conversation. "And when this discovery was made," said our informant, "with a countenance expressive of the deepest sorrow, blended with the profoundest contempt, he at once became silent, and refused to hold any further intercourse with his misguided and unprincipled fellow traveler." His course would have been somewhat different, but for the disparity in their ages.

This sketch of his character will explain in part his singular usefulness among persons of all descriptions.

We left the subject of these sketches enjoying the hospitalities of his friends in and around Richmond, after the signal defeat of the invader. But such enjoyment was of short duration. The enemy, under the command of a man by whom the defeated McClellan had been superseded, now sought to

reach Richmond by a more circuitous route. Their new commander, "with great swelling words of vanity," protesting that so far in this war he had "only seen the backs of his enemies," and "only sought repose in the saddle," reinforced by the shattered remnant of his predecessor's defeated forces, was moving in the direction of the Central Railroad, aiming to reach that road at a point some sixty or seventy miles west of Richmond. The Stonewall Brigade was ordered to move towards the same point. They accordingly left their pleasant encampment, and passing through Louisa, made a stand in Culpeper. During the brief period of comparative quiet now enjoyed, he wrote as follows:

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. DR. WADE.

∴ MADISON COUNTY, July 23, 1862.

"MY DEAR SISTER: Mr. Hilton, of our regiment, starts for Christiansburg to-morrow, and right glad I am to drop you a line of congratulation upon the new light which has recently appeared in the west and in your house. Another star has risen to give light to the world—another child to gladden the heart of its mother—another niece to amuse and delight its uncles. And this is your daughter and my niece. It is a real pleasure to turn away one's thoughts from the war, with its scenes of deadly strife, of bloodshed and destruction, to the quiet pursuits and joys of the home circle. I never felt happier than when I sat down recently at home, where no clash of arms could be heard, and where all was peace. I hope it will not be long until I can see and play with the little ones of your house.

"But our faces are now turned towards Washington, and although we are idle now, I hope that our generals are only preparing for an advance. If invasion is feasible, we ought to try it, that the burden of the war may be laid upon the homes of our enemies, to teach them how sore a thing it is when it comes to our own doors. If we remain idle after our victories,

it only requires a short time for the Yankees to recover from their defeat and panic. They are well nigh frightened to death for a while, but if we leave them in possession of all their cities and their homes, they feel secure, and soon create a new excitement in favor of the war, and push forward the poor Dutch and Irish to fill their broken ranks. If the men refuse to volunteer, they can be forced out, and we may soon expect to see another immense army gathering around us. But they have been thoroughly whipped at Richmond; their effort is seen to be foolish by their own people; and without doubt we shall ultimately be free.

“When our army came back to Richmond from the lower Chickahominy, we had a delightful time with friends and relatives. Among others I saw Wm. S. White, Jr., whom I had not seen since he left Lexington, some eight or nine years ago. He fought bravely at Bethel in the beginning of the war, and at Ellyson’s Mill he fought under very affecting circumstances, working at his gun for hours in full view of the graves of his sires. What could inspire a man with higher, holier courage than the sight of such a place at such a time?

“I also saw another cousin, George A. Jones, who was so badly wounded in one of the many battles around Richmond. He seems to be comfortable now, and doing well. But I fear he is yet to suffer more than he anticipates. It is thought by some that the ball is yet in his foot, although the surgeon thinks that it inflicted the wound without permanently entering. Aunt M——, his mother, is quite well and cheerful, greatly delighted to breathe the pure Southern air, untainted by the presence and the breath of our cruel invaders. Their family suffered from the depredations of the enemy only to the amount of one thousand dollars, which was so much less than many of their neighbors suffered, that they estimate that as nothing.

“T—— paid them a short visit at Hilly Farm, and was much pleased with all he saw, and especially, I think, with all he ate. He feasted on peaches, pears, apricots, &c.

“We saw Aunt E—— also. Her home near the eastern extremity of Broad street, is very comfortable. She has been greatly troubled and excited by the Yankees, but now *laughs all over* at the way they have been driven off.

“Give my warmest love to Cousin H—— and all the children—they are too many now to mention all by name. T. would write, but he has so thoroughly exhausted himself by writing four full pages of foolscap to father, that it is impossible.

“Your devoted brother, HUGH.”

Soon after the writing of the foregoing letter the battle of Cedar Run occurred. In this he bore an active part, but so rapid were the movements of our army after this that he failed to write a full description of that memorable engagement, from which he and his youngest brother, so often referred to in his letters, escaped unhurt.

All that he wrote respecting this battle may be found in the following hasty sketch to his father, written near Gordonsville, August 13, 1862 :

“My whole company passed safely through the recent battle in Culpeper. The favor of God to us calls for the highest praise. O, that we could all learn to lean upon and trust him at all times.

“I was greatly pleased with the behavior of my boys in the fight. The loss in our Brigade was only twelve or fifteen killed, and as many wounded. This is very surprising, as we advanced through an open field upon the enemy, who fought under the cover of woods—at least they were driven to this position from the open fields, and were soon driven thence also. The pursuit was very short, for night soon covered all the field with darkness. Several pieces of artillery were taken, together with four or five hundred prisoners, while the enemy were driven entirely from the field, leaving their dead and many of their wounded in our hands. We slept that

night just where the enemy's cannon had been placed, and expected to awake at daylight to follow up the pursuit.

"During the night a brilliant cannonade was kept up for several hours. As Gen. Jackson could not push on after the Yankees himself, he was determined to make the shells follow them. We stood and observed the scene with great interest. We could see the flash of our cannon, sometimes the bright track of the shell, and then the bursting of it. The shells were poured all through the woods into which the enemy had run, and we hear from prisoners taken afterwards that they did them much harm. They made a feeble effort to reply to our guns, but with no effect.

"As one or two of their shells fell within our Brigade, we concluded to move our beds a short distance and then slept until morning. Why we did not pursue the enemy I cannot understand, unless the report that Burnside was trying to cut us off at Orange Court House, was true. But this is certain, we have met the boastful outlaw, Pope, and whipped him thoroughly, and this, I trust, will discourage the Yankees still more, and fill our hearts with more lively hope and confidence in God.

"We lost our Brigadier Gen. Winder. He was struck in the side with a shell and died in a few hours. He was a most gallant soldier, and by his admirable discipline, was not only keeping the Brigade efficient, but was making it better, I think, than it ever was before. His last words exhibited a noble spirit. 'Tell my wife and children,' he said, 'that I died like a brave soldier.'

"Our loss in the 2d Brigade was very heavy. The 'Dixie Greys,' from Roanoke, were almost destroyed. Our total loss is over a hundred killed, and several hundred wounded.

"The scene on the battle field was more like the pictures of battles than any I had ever witnessed. As we, on the left, moved forward and gained the top of a ridge before us, we could see the line of battle extending around to the extreme right, all along which the smoke rolled up in great clouds, and

to allow us to sleep at night. They have sometimes split the trees under which we were lying, but we have thus far escaped without injury. General Stuart has just captured three hundred prisoners, destroyed a large number of Yankee wagons, bringing off the horses, and found the trunks of General Pope and thirty other officers at a railroad station. He took a fine uniform coat, marked 'General John Pope.' Our Major saw this coat. We thus annoy the Yankees a little, though it costs us hard service and allows us little to eat. But our wagons have just arrived, furnished us abundantly with bread and bacon, and we are all right once more. The Yankee artillery still continues to roar, but all are as merry in camp as if the enemy were a thousand miles off. It is wonderful how indifferent men can become to the most horrible scenes. T. is now behind the army, sick with the jaundice. He is able to go about, and I have just heard that he was with a citizen, making his way towards Gordonsville. He has the surgeon's permission. I deeply regret that I did not see him again, and furnish him with more money before he left. He must be transferred to the cavalry, for he cannot stand the infantry service.

"The order has just come to cook three days' rations, and it is probable that we shall move forward in the morning. But no one knows.

"This has been very little like the Sabbath. With spirits saddened by hunger and fretted by the constant roar of artillery, we have been kept in an uncomfortable frame of mind. The busy preparations for to-morrow prevent any enjoyment of the Sabbath. However, Dr. Stiles is to preach to the Brigade this afternoon, and I hope to hear him. It requires a great struggle to keep the busy scenes around me from driving all devotion from my heart. They ought to have a contrary effect. I ought now more than ever to seek my strength, my happiness, my all, in God. How could I live without him? With him no storm can disturb my peace, no danger can come nigh, no harm can befall which will not do me good.

“I feel greatly relieved at T.’s absence. I hope he may not return until the shock of battle I see approaching is past. I can but feel confident that all will be well when it does come. God will give us the victory, and enable us to crush the infamous man who now leads ‘the grand army of the glorious Union.’ When Lincoln presides, with Halleck as military chief at Washington, and Pope as the first commander in the field, how can they triumph over our leaders, who are as distinguished for their piety as they are for their bravery and skill.

“I send you three hundred dollars. Of this I wish you to appropriate one hundred dollars for T.’s outfit for the cavalry, one hundred to be held subject to my order, and one hundred as a donation to the Confederate States Bible Society and our committee for the publication of religious tracts and books.

“Give my warmest love to all at home. You are constantly in my mind and firmly engraved upon my heart. Write when you can to your devoted son,
HUGH.”

The tone of this letter differs from all his former letters. It manifests a strong presentiment of the terrible conflict in which he so emphatically predicts that our army was to conquer, and in which, though unknown to himself, he was to fall. The satisfaction he expresses at the absence of his young and much loved brother, almost warrants the supposition that he expected to fall. Alas! alas! he never heard from us more, nor we from him until the sad tidings came of his death.

Nothing is better known than the rapid and prolonged march of the Stonewall Brigade, and others under Jackson’s command, for the purpose of getting into the rear of the enemy. In this they were successful. They marched sixty-two miles in two days—the 26th and 27th of August. Gen. Longstreet sought to unite with Gen. Jackson, but was delayed by encountering the enemy on the way, and thus, for two days, Jackson, with a very inferior force, held the army of Gen. Pope in check. During these two memorable days the issue was still undecided.

The fighting however, was desperate, and some of Virginia's noble young sons perished. Among these were Henry R. Paine, of the Rockbridge Artillery, and Wm. C. Preston, of the Liberty Hall Volunteers, both natives of Lexington, and both highly distinguished for their accurate scholarship, their consistent piety, and their indomitable courage.

When the approach of night closed the conflict on Friday, the 29th of August, Colonel Baylor, acting Brigadier of the Stonewall Brigade, sent for Capt. White, and proposed that a prayer-meeting should be held at his quarters. This proposal met a prompt and joyous acceptance, and the young Captain conducted the meeting. On the ensuing morning, Gen. Lee, reinforced by the arrival of Gen. Longstreet, renewed the attack, and then came one of the most desperate and sanguinary conflicts on record, which ended in the total defeat of the enemy. But to the counties of Augusta and Rockbridge, the victory was dearly bought. The former lost her loved and honored Baylor, the other her brave young Captain Hugh A. White. On Friday night these officers mingled with many of their comrades in prayer and praise, and on Saturday afternoon, they passed almost at the same instant, from the carnage of the battle-field to the purity and peace of heaven. As fellow-heirs of the grace of life, they were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

The Sabbath and the sermon spoken of in the preceding letter, were the last our dear boy ever heard or spent on earth, and the prayer-meeting conducted by himself in the tent of Colonel Baylor, on the night preceding his death, was the last he ever attended. As the last charge was made, when the issue of the desperate struggle was extremely doubtful, and when it was rendered more so by the fall of acting Brigadier Baylor, who was bearing the colors of the 33d Regiment, our brave young Captain rushed forward, seized the colors as they fell, waved them in view of the Brigade, advanced in front, until clouds of smoke hid him from the view of his own com-

pany and of his comrades-in-arms, when he fell, and was found by his company as they advanced in pursuit of the retreating foe. It is not known that any human eye saw him fall, or whether he spoke or even breathed after the murderous missile entered his breast. But we needed no dying words to assure us of his safety. We needed no other farewell than that contained in the preceding letter.

A dear friend—herself afflicted much in the same way—wrote thus to his mother: “May the tender Jesus who said, ‘Weep not’ to his own mother in the extremity of her sufferings, say the same to you, dear friend. What need have we to look away from the surroundings of our dear ones’ deaths, to forget the battle and the blood, and all the awful circumstances through which they passed into the pure presence of God. Think of it—the exchange of the boom of cannon for ‘the harpers, harping with their harps’—the shrieks of furious enemies for the hallelujahs of angels—the fierce onset for the ‘Come, ye blessed of my Father’—the madness of war for the boundless peace of Heaven. These were the exchanges your precious boy made when he breathed out his life into the hands of his Saviour. For himself, he felt nothing but a holy joy, as our Willie* did, and if he turned his thoughts to the

* Wm. C. Preston, son of Col. J. T. L. Preston, of Lexington, Va., who fell in the same battle.

The following extract is taken from a sketch of his life and death, published in the Central Presbyterian:

“‘Don’t distress yourselves about me, boys, I am not afraid to die,’ he said to his comrades, as they pressed anxiously around him. There spoke the considerate friend—the chivalrous young soldier—the fearless christian. Of the few remaining hours of his life, little is known. Thus much we are permitted to know. His beloved Captain, Hugh A. White, was with him on the morning preceding his death. Turning to the Surgeon, Willie asked if it was possible for him to survive; he received a negative answer. ‘Could you get a letter to my father?’ he asked of Captain White. Upon being reminded of the difficulty, he acquiesced and said: ‘Then I will deliver my messages to you.’ These undelivered messages are forever sealed up in the bosom of the noble young leader, who fell, instantly killed, a few hours later.”

Thus let the names of these martyrs in the cause of their country go down to posterity together.

anguish of his father and his mother at his loss, it must have been with the triumphant assurance that the trust in Jesus which they had taught him, and *which was strong enough for him to die by, was also strong enough for them to live by.*

“You are an honored mother to have reared such a son for immortality. He did not need long years to fit him for a life with God, and if he has gotten home the soonest, without the toilsome march, you will not think *that* cause of sorrow, dear friend. If he could leap from the heavenly heights to-day, would he not say something like this: ‘Precious mother, there is no need of tears for me. I had all the happiness earth can give. I had a sweet, beautiful life with you all, and without the trial of any grief, am translated now to the full possession of the bliss of God’s redeemed. Rejoice in my joy’

“His dear father and you have my tears and prayers. What have I else to give?

“Yours in like faith and sufferings,

M. J. P.”

From a large number of letters written to his family and friends, it is deemed advisable to insert extracts from only three. All these relate chiefly to the time and manner of his death. As to the slight discrepancy which appears in two of these accounts of the posture in which he was found, it is sufficient to remark, that one saw him before and the other after he had been turned from the posture in which he fell.

The first of these extracts is from a letter of General Thomas J. Jackson to Rev. Dr. Dabney. The General says:

“In the second battle of Manassas I lost more than one personal friend. Among the number was Capt. Hugh A. White. We were members of the same church, and had been colabors in the same Sabbath-school. His Christian labors were not confined to times of peace. In the army he adorned the doctrine of Christ, his Saviour. When Testaments or other religious works were to be distributed, I found him ready for

the work. Though his loss must be mourned, yet it is gratifying to know that he has left us a bright example, and that he fell, sword in hand, gallantly cheering on his men, and leading them to victory in repelling the last attack of the enemy upon that bloody field.

“Very truly your friend,

“T. J. JACKSON.”

The following extract is from a letter to his brother from one who served with him as first lieutenant, and who succeeded him as captain, and who was wounded on the previous day :

“DEAR SIR: I have endeavored to procure all the particulars of your brother’s fall, but have only partially succeeded. Many saw him just previous to his death, and several very soon afterward, but I can find no one who saw him in the interval between the time when he was struck and when he expired, if there was any. The reason seems to be this: Immediately before he was shot, the brigade had been ordered to charge, but had not proceeded far before it was thrown into considerable confusion, partly by obstructions in the line of march, but principally by the fierce resistance of the enemy; and it was just at this juncture, when companies were separated from their regiments, and officers from their companies, that your brother, eager to meet the foe, and undismayed by the circumstances which had produced a temporary confusion in his regiment, having advanced far to the front with his sword in one hand and his hat in the other, calling on his men to follow him, *fell* unobserved near the spot already hallowed by the blood of the gallant Colonel Baylor. Before his fall, and probably at the moment the fatal missile entered his noble bosom, he was bearing the standard with which Colonel Baylor fell while leading the brigade to the charge.

“But although on account of the confusion, his death was unobserved, his presence was soon missed, and a member of

his company, fearing he had been injured, proceeded to look for him, and soon found his body. He was lying on his face, resting it in his hands, and his pistol and his unsheathed sword lay by his side.

“He was afterwards ‘buried on the field’ by a few of his little band, assisted by some friends from other companies.

“Thus fell our beloved Captain, mourned not only by the company that had followed him so long, but by every soldier who knew him. We loved him not only as a soldier, but also and especially as a Christian gentleman. As a soldier and officer he was a model; to his company he was exceedingly kind, but his kindness never assumed the form of partiality. He was just. In the camp he devoted himself exclusively to the promotion of its interests, temporal and eternal. In action he was perfectly fearless, yet his courage was controlled by a sound discretion. On such occasions he was possessed with a peculiar enthusiasm—an unconquerable zeal and determination to meet the foe, and consequently he was always seen among those gallant spirits who go farthest in the direction of the foe. His command never was ‘*go on,*’ but always ‘*come on.*’

“As a Christian gentleman he was also a model. Such earnestness of disposition—such nobility of soul—such sublimity of purpose—such humility—such devotion to Christ’s cause, not inducing noisy demonstrations, but those quiet, irresistible movements, which are like the silent flow of deep streams. How rare are such characters! I have never known one as young as he, so faultless. His piety was active—a real living principle whose movements and influences were seen and felt, not only by his fellow Christians, but also by all who came in contact with him. His efforts to secure the salvation of his company were unceasing, and to compass this end he was much in prayer, and abounded in good works. As often as circumstances permitted, he distributed religious reading—tracts, newspapers, memoirs, &c.—among his company and sometimes in the regiment. It was also his custom, as occa-

sion offered, to assemble his company nightly before the door of his tent for religious services.

“We deeply mourn his loss, and feel that his place can never be filled. But

‘Though lost to sight, to memory ever dear.’

“It gives me unspeakable pleasure thus to bear testimony to the inestimable worth of your noble brother.

“Your friend,

G. B. S.”

The last extract is from a letter to Rev. Dr. Brown, of Richmond, from one who, at the time, belonged to the Rockbridge Artillery, but who was soon after promoted to a place on Gen. Jackson’s staff. Dr. Brown published this extract in the Central Presbyterian. The writer says:

“The ‘Stonewall Brigade’ received the attack well; was flanked by a strong body of the enemy, fell back a few rods, changed front and again advancing, drove the enemy with great slaughter from the field and the cover which they sought. The result to our dear old brigade was fearful. Col. Baylor, commanding, was mortally wounded, and O! how sad I am to tell you, that our dear friend, Capt. Hugh A. White, of Lexington, the noblest of soldiers, fell pierced through his body, when in advance of the brigade, with hat and sword in hand, calling to his men, ‘come on, come on.’ I have seen no one myself who saw him fall. Just after this success of our brigade we advanced with our battery to cover their advancing columns. The ground was strewn around with the gallant, dearly loved veterans of our old Stonewall Brigade. Beyond was the long line of blue-coated hirelings, who paid for their crime with their life’s blood.

“I stood leaning against my gun, waiting for orders and watching the tide of battle as it steadily receded from me. Soon one of the Liberty Hall Volunteers came up, and, with

tears rolling down his cheeks, told us his brave Captain was lying there in front of us.

“I ran forward, and there, *too true*, was my best, my noblest friend, with his sweet, lovely face upturned, his eyes gazing upon that world where his spirit had gone, and his body in its last, long sleep.

“His sword had been already taken away. I found and took off his Bible and several letters. It was indeed heart-rending as we gathered around. Dear, *dear* Hugh, the purest, the truest, the best of us all. May we of his companions who are spared, live to love and serve our God more and better, and die to meet him in our home above. What a blessed ministry did we anticipate in his! How full of the promise of usefulness were his amiable, attractive qualities, his accurate and increasing attainments, and his quiet, yet earnest, active piety. But I must say no more, though of this subject my heart and head are full. Our victory is great. Again let us turn to God—may his goodness lead us to new repentance and obedience.

J. P. S.”

God was good in giving this son, good in making him what he was, and no less good in taking him away, just when and as He did. The belief is sincerely entertained, that neither vanity nor ostentation prompts to this effort to perpetuate his memory. But as it was the ruling desire of his heart to make this bad world better, and as the bitterest grief of his parents on account of his early death, flows from the consideration that he did not accomplish this by living, this effort is made so to perpetuate his existence on earth that, being dead, he may yet speak. Well may the old ask, why are we feeble, withered, fruitless branches spared, and they, so young, so fresh, so fruitful, taken away? God's ways are not our ways, neither are his thoughts ours. He may render the youth like this, who dies at twenty-two, accomplish far more for man's

good and His own glory than they who live to three-score and ten years.

The young are not likely to find a more striking illustration of the truth, that "the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," than his life furnishes. He was habitually cheerful and happy. Seeking to enjoy everything in God, he enjoyed God in everything, and thus even the vicissitudes of life ministered to his comfort. His life was beautiful, and his death safe, honorable, and useful.



