

Curtana † *Sword of Mercy*

A Journal for the Study of the Military Chaplaincy

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† Fore Words †

An Introduction to the First Issue

Welcome to the first issue of *Curtana † Sword of Mercy*, an independent professional journal for all military members and civilians intrigued by the manner in which the world's armed forces provide for the religious needs of their members. It is natural for new serial publications to evolve a bit as they adjust to the needs of their readers, but we suspect the major elements you find here will remain constant. Let us know what you think.

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Unpacking the Contents

First up, we offer eight articles on a variety of subjects. The first explains the choice of the journal's name. A British Marine Commando (since ordained, with a ministry of healing) relates the psychological wounds he experienced in combat. A Vietnam veteran shares an inspiring moment in the midst of war. A chaplain discusses the need to relentlessly battle against the causes of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder today. A veteran commander from Bangladesh expounds on the benefits the addition of a single Christian chaplain could offer to his nation's army. A chaplain describes a healing moment in a military hospital in Iraq. One of the military's preeminent rabbis offers insight into questions we must ask ourselves when we are approached to pray in interfaith settings. And, finally, a chaplain looks back at a tragic humanitarian effort that is representative of much of the work done by military chaplains in our modern world.

The second section of *Curtana* features several editorials certain to elicit an emotional response from some of our readers. The first two come from the pens of United States Navy chaplains, who possess divergent views of the nature of Church and State relationships in their 233 year old nation. These are followed by essays discussing a unique matrix for assessing genuine patriotism, the dangers of dehumanizing our enemies, and the benefits of removing rank from the uniforms of chaplains.

The three books reviewed in this issue all explore the interplay between religion and combat. Coincidentally, the reviews were all written by our editor (a situation *you* can help rectify by submitting a book review of your own for an upcoming issue).

The section entitled “Resurrected Biographies” provides a collection of previously published biographical notices about military chaplains. These are gleaned from a variety of public domain sources. One of *Curtana’s* hopes is to become an electronic repository for this widely scattered data. More than one hundred such biographies are included in this issue.

The next section is rather “experimental.” It includes military poetry either by or about chaplains, or exploring wartime subjects that should resonate with our readers. If there is sufficient interest, we hope to publish more poetry, and even fiction. So, let your creative juices flow.

“Curious Citations” is an unusual feature which brings together brief passages with connections to the chaplaincy. In this issue, topics include America’s War of Independence, the Russo-Japanese War, Abu Ghraib and even the future envisioned by the creator of Star Trek. They are random in their appearance, so prepare for a few surprises as you read this feature. And, should you come across any “curious” citations in your own reading, consider passing them on to us to share.

A significant amount of material included in this issue related to the American Civil War era. The reason for this is threefold. First, there was an amazing amount of material written by the participants in this historic upheaval. Second, barring restricted access to proprietary collections, all of the primary source material has entered the public domain. Finally, wartime reminiscences are inherently more fascinating than the recounting of peacetime service. That is why when people ask about our military service, we typically relate the momentous events like disaster relief or combat zone escapades, rather than the mundane routines of sermon preparation, facility management and attendance at thirty-seven weekly meetings.

A Sincere Invitation

We hope you enjoy this first issue of *Curtana*, and we welcome your suggestions and contributions towards improving the journal. Please share the journal with everyone you know who is interested in the interplay between religion and the military—in the past, present and future.

† Articles †

Whence Cometh *Curtana*?

Robert C. Stroud

Named swords are the stuff of legends. Charlemagne had *Joyeuse*; his paladin Roland bore *Durendal*; Arthur wielded *Excalibur*. And the even more “legendary” *Andúril* was forged from the shattered remnants of *Narsil* for King Aragorn.

Among the crown jewels of the United Kingdom rests a precious weapon. *Curtana* is its name. She is prized neither because she is adorned with gems, nor because she is lovely to behold. *Curtana* is, in fact, a *broken* sword. Its once sharp tip has been sheared away, and the blunted weapon has been transformed into a new symbol, the “Sword of Mercy.” *Curtana*, also known as Edward the Confessor’s sword, plays a formal role during the coronation of royalty. Quite fittingly, *Curtana* is carried between the Sword of Temporal Justice and the Sword of Spiritual Justice. A profound truth. In our world, spoken into existence by a loving Creator, both temporal and spiritual justice have their role. And yet, ever present to temper both, remains divine mercy.

This weapon once forged for battle, has become a visible reminder of the power of forgiveness. It hearkens back to the Messianic promises of the Hebrew scriptures that spears will one day be beaten into pruning hooks, and swords hammered into plowshares. Due to God’s grace, his mercy has tempered his demand for perfect holiness and justice. This is good news—espoused, albeit in different manners, by all of the so-called monotheistic faith traditions.

The dichotomy between justice and mercy bears some resemblance to the dual role of chaplains within the armed forces. In varying degrees, chaplains have found themselves viewed either primarily as clergy, or as a special class of warriors. In our current age, the Geneva Conventions formally recognized chaplains as “noncombatants,” a term which has surprisingly proven open to shaded interpretations. Onto this stage, where chaplains are officers but not soldiers—in the military, so to speak, without being *of* the military—arrives a new professional journal for religious leaders called to this unique vocation.

Curtana: Sword of Mercy will explore the history of the chaplaincy. We will honor the praiseworthy in that legacy, and censure that which falls short of the trust our fellow citizens and our nations place in us. Although the journal is intended primarily for chaplains, its contents will be of value to all who are interested in the relationship between religion and the military. Suggestions and submissions are warmly invited, but please visit our website before writing: JustWar101.com/journal.

It has been many years since the military chaplaincy has known an independent forum for its reflections and conversations. *Curtana's* birth is long overdue. As we ponder the challenges of balancing our vows to God and to nation, we hope that this humble journal will contribute to promoting both integrity and fidelity.

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Robert C. Stroud is editor of Curtana † Sword of Mercy. He retired from the United States Air Force Chaplain Service as a lieutenant colonel, having received medals from the Army and Navy as well as USAF and joint decorations. In addition to his Master of Divinity, he possesses degrees in Communications, History and a Master of Theology degree in Patristics.

After the Trauma the Battle Begins

An individual's journey from Drill Instructor to Priest

Nigel W.D. Mumford

I used to make grown men cry. I still do! Funny that. As a former Royal Marine Drill Instructor in Her Majesty's Royal Marine Commando's it was my job to break people to remake people into Marines. It was my job to change men from long haired, round shouldered, negative creatures into lean, green, mean fighting machines. Did grown men cry, you bet. With most of them you could see it but would not hear it. They managed, for the most part, to keep the raw pain quiet. It was my job to break them. The strange thing is that to become an instructor one had to have gone through the violent crucible one's self! After all it was my job to train people to kill or be killed. I thank God now that it is my job today to train people to heal and be healed, in and through the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus commanded his disciples to preach the Kingdom and to heal the sick (Luke 9:2). Something the Church seems to have forgotten about!

As a DI looking at the recruits it was not until I stepped back and thought, how did *I* get through this, that things started to change. It was not until I realized that I could truly be sending people to their death, that the grain of sand under the shell started to really irritate. Little did I know that grain of sand would turn into a jewel.

The parade ground, the geography and domain of the Drill Instructor, was indeed hallowed ground. No one, unless on parade would go near that sanctified place. Rather like church! The shouting, the bravado, the Hurrah, the culture, the whole ethos, comprised a truly defined and well oiled machine. The pathos and humiliation, the stock comments, the power, the necessity, the drive, were a spoken and unspoken blend of tools guaranteed to forge a heads up, chest out, neck in the back of the collar, well turned out, smart Royal Marine.

I joined the Marines in 1971. Fifty four of us joined from all over the United Kingdom. Some accents I could not even understand! Royal Marine basic training lasts seven months, the longest basic in any military organization in the world. One of the slogans for the Marines is "99.99% need not apply!" Nineteen of us "passed out" and finished our training. A huge failure rate. The ultimate goal, to receive the coveted Green Beret and then to hear the troop officer command, "Royal Marines, to your duties, Quick March." At precisely the moment the left foot shot forward, the left arm shot back, and the right arm shot forward, the knowledge of "*I did it!*" was written all over your face. The metal of the heel hit the ground and the Royal Marine band played "It's a life on the ocean wave..." the regimental march. And we all marched off the hallowed ground, as lean, mean fighting machines.

It was tradition to break at least one pace stick per recruit squad. To get furious and to slam the very expensive stick to the ground and watch it shatter. Often we would tell the other DIs that it was, "Time." They would be watching from the even more sacrosanct area of the DI's office. The breaker of the stick would then march back to the office to great cheers from their fellow instructors. The camaraderie and *esprit de corps* was amazing. Guilt ridden recruits would then "whip around" a hat and money would be

raised for a new stick. The stress for the recruits off the charts. I am sure you remember the chap in the TV series “Mash” who wanted to get out of the service. We often had people doing the same. Some very creative methods were used and some very sad ones; those in need of psychiatric care were “taken away.” One such occasion involved a chap who had gone to great lengths to paint a duck on the edge of the parade ground sometime during the night. It was a good painting and a very realistic duck. We left it there because it was so real. The problem really came when the recruit came to feed the duck bread crumbs taken from the galley. Not too good. He did not make it to the passing out parade. He was quietly sent back to “Civvy Street” as unfit for duty. Not too ducky!

The discipline instituted on the parade ground is vitally important to the Marine on the battlefield. To be able to unhesitatingly respond to commands so critical. Thirty years after I left the corps I had an email from one of my recruits who made it to the top, he became a regimental sergeant major. He emailed me to say thank you, he said that without the discipline I had taught him on the parade ground he would not have made it thought the Falkland Island war. It was my turn to cry. I wept at my computer when I got that messages. A recruit saying thank you. Now that is unheard of.

Perhaps one of the most feared obstacles to becoming a Marine was the submerged tunnel. This was the start of the endurance course. A short five mile course with many “events” in the way! It was to be completed within a certain time, ending at the rifle range with a high expectation of a close grouping at the center of the target. The first obstacle was to be approached by a team of three. After that you were on your own. We approached the tunnel with a plan firmly in our minds. One on one side of the tunnel, one on the other. The first to go through, hands on the top of the tunnel and legs stretched out like a torpedo. The tunnel was completely submerged, about eight feet long and about three feet across. One cannot swim in the tunnel. You have to totally rely on your buddies. One to grab you by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the pants to plunge you in, under, and then into the tunnel and to push. The job of the other chap is to grab anything as he pulls you out. All you have to do is remain like a torpedo and not move totally relying on your team. I have used this obstacle many times in my homilies on healing. It is a bit like a prayer team pushing you though the illness and Jesus Himself pulling you out the other side. Healed.

I have been “Swinging the lamp,” a Royal Navy term adopted by the Marines in the art of telling war stories. I served from 1971 till 1978. I spent the last two years of my service as a Drill Instructor. The end of my career came very suddenly. I developed a crippling fear. My fear was that one of my recruits would perish in combat. I was told in 1978 that four had died. I did not get their names. I am now not even certain it happened. I am not sure if it was false memory syndrome but I do know it was the trigger that ended my career in the Marines.

Thirty one years ago something happened in my mind. One minute I was fine. The next I could not talk. I could not make a sound for a week. When I started to speak again, I had the worst stutter. I remember trying to ask a gas station attendant to fill up my car. I could not get it out. He laughed. I clenched my fist. I wanted to hit him. Luckily I calmed down, laughed and just pointed at the filler cap in silence. The next six months was hell on earth as the affect of three tours in combat melded together in my mind and I was totally broken. My mind and body shattered. Unable to function. My mind closed me

down. Strange, I was offered a job in signals. “Sir, why would you put a chap who stutters in signals?” I asked . . . over the course of several minutes.

I heard mutterings of shell shock. I have never heard of it before. Why won't anybody tell me what is wrong with me? Why are my friends not coming to visit me in hospital? What the heck is going on in my mind? A fire alarm test in the hospital just sent me right over the edge. I had stood near a fire alarm in urban gorilla combat after an IED had made a huge mess of people and property and the memory exploded. I was in such fear that I just imploded. It was as if my own bomb had gone off in my mind. It was such internal violence and pain. You see the mental and emotional chaos was not directed at anybody, it was not in anyway an explosion but purely an *implosion*. I had no idea what was going on. Men in white coats came and plunged a dripping needle into me. Several hours later I awoke with a terrible head ache. So began a diagnosis of shell shock, now collectively known as Post Traumatic Stress disorder (PTSD).

I was medically discharged from the Marines. I was a broken man. Very unsure of myself. Hyper vigilant and always looking for lone sniper positions. I could not even go for a walk because I thought I was again in the sights of a rifle. During my combat experience I was fired at three times, blown up five times, drowned in a scuba diving accident and was struck severely in the head during a riot. That blow was so violent I was blinded by my own blood. The fear was just horrific as I could not see in the *mêlée* of the confrontation. I believed I had been shot in the head, the pain was so excruciating. There was so much blood my fellow Marines did not even recognize who I was! I tell people that I have already had nine near death experiences, and if I was a cat I would be very nervous now.

I married a wonderful and patient woman who I had to teach about PTSD; don't surprise me, never wake me up, please, no startling noises, do not come up from behind me and so on. Before we got married I had to let her know what I had been though. There is a wonderful saying, “Of course your family pushes your buttons they installed them.” Maybe 1/2% is left in me that needs to be healed. The Lord has healed my countless wounds for the most part.

I spent time at St. Paul's in New York City immediately after 9/11 and ministered to many people. My mother in her wisdom said, “Nigel God has recycled you!” She was right. I went though my own hell to better help others.

I am now an Anglican and Episcopal priest. The journey has been a lifetime in the making. The shift quite subtle and yet, upon reflection, very powerful. Obvious signposts appeared on the way where God was clearly making himself known to me. It is as if he has made it known that he wants me to see what he is seeing. The pain, the trauma, the issues of life that make up the many facets of the human being. I am now a priest and involved full time in the healing ministry. People present with all sorts of medical, emotional and generational concerns. My job is to listen, love and pray with people. Then to step back and watch the Lord heal them. Looking back with 20/20 vision at the transformation from DI to Priest was patiently directed by God. The change of venue from the hallowed ground of the parade ground to the hallowed precincts of the church has been very interesting. (We will unpack that in the next issue.)

The bottom line: “For I am the God who heals you” (Exodus 15:26).

One of the good things born out of all of these experiences is a three day program called “The Welcome Home Initiative.” The program is free for combat veterans of all wars. It is offered by Christ the King Spiritual Life Center in New York. It is a wondrous thing how God restores what is broken, and redeems what is lost. Having journeyed myself through a deep and dark valley, I count it a privilege and honor to assist others as they pass through their trials back into the light of God’s grace.

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Easter Sunrise on a Beach in Viet Nam

Marshall L. Hoffman

It was Easter Sunrise, 1969, on a beach in Phu Yen province. Rising before the dawn two chaplains and a chaplain's assistant carried three crosses to a place just beyond the reach of the surging South China Sea. Looking back, we could see the tracks the crosses made as they were drug through the sand. There we planted them, leaning slightly toward the wind and the waves. Then we sat down on logs and awaited the dawn.

Soon we three were joined by two other chaplains, a Jewish rabbi and a Catholic priest. That morning we stood on pallets and conducted an ecumenical service. We watched the rising sun illuminate the faces of a great diversity of ranks and ethnicities. Doctors and nurses came over from the combat support hospital.

Troops from the Republic of Korea (who protected our perimeter) were in attendance with their chaplain, as well as Vietnamese troops. All colors and creeds were represented, and they were all looking together toward the dawning of a new day that could be bright with hope.

We joined as one in praying that peace would rise out of the ashes of war and that broken dreams and failed policies could be healed by a love that was stronger than death.

After the service, the hospital mess hall invited us all to an Easter breakfast. After eating, some of us boarded a bus and drove into the town of Tuy Hoa to visit a Catholic orphanage. The GIs set to work painting walls and repairing equipment. The children squealed with delight as they were given horsy-back rides. Combat hardened faces seemed to soften. As we were bused back to the military compound, everybody was in good spirits. Our morale was soaring on the wings of a faith that is risen and survives even in the insanity of war.

I came out of that experience with a new respect for the spirit of unity and the bond of brotherhood that binds us together; orient and occident, north and south, east and west. The Spirit of our risen Lord is as relevant on a beach in a Buddhist country as in the Bible belt of the United States.

Jesus of Nazareth has become the cosmic Christ of faith, whose love draws a circle to include the circumferences of planet earth. We, unfortunately, often draw circles to exclude people who look and act differently.

A piece of doggerel put it this way:

He drew a circle to shut me out;
rebel, heretic, a thing to flout.
But love and me had the wit to win;
we drew a circle that took him in.

The quality I miss the most from my years as a military chaplain is the spirit of ecumenicity that enabled us to cooperate across denomination lines, in order to fulfill our mission of bringing God to man and man to God.

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The Rev. Dr. Marshall L. Hoffman is a pastor of the American Baptist Church. Following his retirement from the Army in 1992, he served in a variety of settings, most recently as an Interim Pastor in Montana.

Bringing All Guns to Bear

Encouraging one another in the fight against Suicide

Richard E. Brunk, Jr.

I was alone on a rainy street in Paris late one evening in the winter of 1970. I turned a corner and saw a man in a heavy overcoat stretched out on the sidewalk with a heavy stream of blood flowing from his left sleeve and running toward the gutter. I rushed to his side and realized quickly that there was very little of his left arm intact within the sleeve. After trying direct pressure, I used my leather belt to fashion a tourniquet just below his armpit. All the while I was shouting for help. Perhaps it was my shouting or the stemming of the flow of blood, but the man slowly roused back to consciousness. He spoke neither English nor French so my questions about what happened went unanswered. As I knelt beside him, something hard touched my temple. He had awakened enough to place something against my head. I grabbed it and threw it down the sidewalk. Only then did I recognize it was a sawed off shotgun that had been hidden under his body and overcoat. Apparently, he had shot himself in the arm.

When the police finally arrived, they seemed more concerned about returning my blood drenched belt than caring for this man. Before they left, however, one was kind enough to show me that there was still one shell in the shotgun. I realized how close I had come to becoming a victim myself. My legs trembled as I walked back to my apartment.

Eight years later, as I was studying at the Texas Tech University Health Sciences Center, I was blessed by mentors who were eager to teach a young pastor and volunteer hospital chaplain about suicidal behavior. Dr. Dick Weddige, Department of Psychiatry Professor, was an inspiring teacher. I remember a session about the rare individuals who seem to have one sole function in life; that of dying by suicide. He reminded us that encounters with such individuals are rare, but that they are truly disturbing to all who are involved. We had just had an encounter with such an individual who, despite years of counseling and medical care, a loving family and a promising career, took his life one evening. This tragic event shook family and friends, counselors, students and staff.

In Paris, I did not learn the man's reasons for desiring to die because we did not speak the same language. Years later, we failed to discover this man's reasons for wanting to die, due to the same inability to speak the same language—despite the reality that we all spoke English.

I've learned how important it is to speak the "same language" through Applied Suicide Intervention Skills Training (ASIST) classes. Chaplain Steve Kelley, Family Life Chaplain at Fort Hood and Coordinator of ASIST training, stresses the need to *hear* the reasons for wanting to die, before jumping in to provide our many arguments for that person to stay alive. I've learned suicides are not always shockingly dramatic, as in Paris, nor as incomprehensible as at Texas Tech. In fact, there have been many times when I have encountered people who are simply overwhelmed by events which have built up in their lives, or who have been knocked flat by a traumatic event.

I talk with them about experiencing tunnel vision. As stress builds, they begin to lose situational awareness and can increasingly only focus on the problem or problems that seem to loom ever larger in front of them. They can panic; they can withdraw in fear and they can do any of many crazy things. Dr. Chrys L. Parker, Adjunct Clinical Faculty, University of Texas Health Sciences Center, San Antonio, Texas, has spoken to Army chaplains at Fort Hood many times on the neurological activity which produces this result. She is a great teacher on the subject of resiliency. She has helped me understand the panic some people display as well as the “silent scream” of others in despair.

I have a personal dream that we will someday quit using terms such as, “Oh, they just want attention!” for people who threaten or attempt suicide. Every driver has experienced one or more moments of fear when momentarily losing situational awareness. I have been at a red light when the car next to me began to back up. For a split second I felt as if I was rolling forward and jammed my foot on the brake even harder. Of course, I wasn’t moving at all. For a moment, however, I was panicked. When a person is panicked by life or overwhelmed by circumstance, can we be glad when they *do* seek attention?

As chaplains and as civilian clergy, we have come to expect that certain events such as deaths of family or friends, financial losses, divorces, legal or criminal problems, war and other events can overwhelm a person’s resilience and lead them to contemplate suicide. We also know that months or years of gradually building pressure can lead a person to the same risk. I vividly recall a close friend who emerged from three successive family tragedies with the apparent strength of Samson, only to crater when the family dog was injured. Of course, it wasn’t just the dog. That was merely the proverbial back-breaking straw.

Our experience tells us certain situations or events can combine to put virtually anyone at risk. As chaplains, we are expected to have finely tuned radar to identify those at risk. I frequently tell my students to rely on that “sixth sense” that we often feel when something doesn’t seem right. I describe it as the feeling on the back of my neck as if the hair is standing up in alarm. I recognize this does not seem very scientific, but I also recognize that our brains can identify many more minute variations in facial expressions, postures and a person’s speech than we have adjectives to describe them. When a Soldier comes to me to say that something “just isn’t right” with his fellow Soldier, I take it seriously. I know other chaplains and clergy around the world understand exactly what I mean.

What I have just described, however, are some of the times when we are on the alert for suicidal behavior. Throughout the years, I have come to wonder more about the interplay certain other issues have with suicidal behavior. As I mentioned, there are those suffering from statistically rare psychiatric suicidal disorders. There are also those who for a specific period of time are at risk due to overwhelming events in their lives, whether sudden and catastrophic, building slowly, or a combination thereof.

But what of those who:

First, have been victims of abuse patterns and have somehow woven these into their own life story?

Second, have more than temporary situational depression which requires more extensive care?

Third, have experienced physical trauma, specifically Traumatic Brain Injury (TBI)?

I raise these three concerns, because I am witnessing an ever greater need for chaplains to be conversant with these issues and to actively share their insights with one another.

In the first example, I encourage an ongoing discussion concerning the relationship between child abuse, domestic violence and sexual abuse and the victims' potential for suicidal behavior later in life. I am distressed to learn how large a percentage of individuals I have worked with have experienced such issues. I know there are no quick answers, but I hope that we can address the pain so many of our service members and their families seem to be carrying with them.

I personally believe we as chaplains have access to unique hope-giving resources. That is why I became a chaplain. At times, however, I've needed to be reminded. I recall discussions at Fort Hood with Chaplain Chet Egert and Chaplain Jon Tidball (retired) where they shared great wise perspectives on grace and forgiveness as healing resources. Many of these insights are reflected in the Fort Hood Spiritual Fitness Center which LTG Rick Lynch, III Corps and Fort Hood Commander, included as an integral part of the new Fort Hood Resiliency Campus.

The evening news is flooded with stories of people engaging in the most bizarre and emotionally, physically and spiritually destructive behavior we can imagine. Can we as chaplains effectively counter this flood? This evening I walked briefly through the grocery store. It struck me that very few people smiled, even momentarily. We have something to say to the world. I'd love to hear some of the creative ways chaplains convey hope into lives around them. Do we need a chaplain's Hope website or blog to give each other a boost?

I also welcome every discussion I have with physicians and therapists on my second concern related to depressive and other disorders. I have learned from hard experience that trying to reason with someone who is under the influence of alcohol or drugs is a frustrating and sometimes dangerous effort. But what of the person who is going through medical treatment for depression or other psychological problems? Do we know as much as we should about the impact these disorders and associated medications have on people who may be seeking our help? I have spoken many times with a person who was feeling suicidal or otherwise at risk, and had them tell me that they had quit taking their medicine, had just started new medication or had somehow messed up their prescribed medication regimen. I have found it very reassuring to have medical personnel respond very quickly when I have brought such situations to their attention. Again, this is often an example of that "sixth sense" at work. Do we take the time to ask (maybe several times) to make sure that a person receiving treatment isn't experiencing some problems directly related to that treatment?

Chaplain Steve Demien and Chaplain Lance Sneath of the Family Life Chaplain Training Center at Fort Hood have provided a wealth of knowledge and support in this area. Chaplain Demien also introduced me to the process of Eye Movement Desensitization Reprocessing (EMDR) to help me sleep better without medication. My neurologist supported EMDR treatment and it made a difference. I commented to Chaplain Demien that EMDR had "changed my nightmares into dreams." One of the reasons I was so open to EMDR in the first place is that I resist taking any sleeping medication and am cautious about medications of all types.

Part of this is from hard won experience. Over 20 years ago, I was prescribed six 15 mg. tablets daily of a particular medication, after I sustained an injury. Due to a mix-up, I received 90 mg. tablets (a full day's dose) not 15 mg. tablets. I took six spread out through the day as directed on the label. When the doctor saw me in the emergency room some days later, he was perplexed by my critical condition until he read the label on the bottle I had brought with me. That mix up had nearly killed me.

Of course, there are times where I have forgotten to take medication or otherwise failed to follow the doctor's orders. Can we imagine that a person undergoing stress might be particularly prone to misunderstanding or to medication mishaps? Are we working with our health care counterparts on understanding issues and treatments which may be affecting those who come to us for counsel? I would appreciate the insights my colleagues have on this subject. Many of you have great experience in providing pastoral care to patients undergoing a wide range of treatments.

I was privileged to attend the United States Army Chief of Chaplains Summit on Suicide Prevention in Washington, D.C. in March 2009. Chief of Chaplains Carver brought together an outstanding team of leaders and instructors. It was clear by their presence and their comments that the highest levels of the Army were deeply concerned about these issues. Dr. Kay Redfield Jamison, Professor of Psychiatry at John Hopkins University, addressed several of the issues I've just raised, and I must admit, she did so in a far more memorable and comprehensive fashion than I can.

It was there my thoughts started to come together concerning my third concern. I wanted to hear about brain trauma and its impact on suicidal behavior. Dr. Jamison addressed this topic briefly and provided me with many references to begin my research on the relationship between Traumatic Brain Injury (TBI) and suicidal behavior

In November 2008, the NBC Nightly News interviewed me about our Fort Hood programs designed to counter suicidal behavior and my own experiences. My family was somewhat alarmed to hear me speak on national news of my own suicidal thoughts following a TBI in Iraq. The reality for me, however, was simple. In the months following the explosion, I suffered long periods of confusion, bouts of depression and instances where I simply struggled with crazy thoughts, including suicide. Even today, I have periods which I describe to my doctor as just suddenly wanting "to let go." None of these thoughts seem to have much to do with any particular events or unusual stressors. Sometimes they arise out of the blue during an otherwise good day. I have learned that they will happen, just as my frequent headaches, and that they will pass. I still react to loud noises, but have learned to deal with that. In a similar way, I have learned that sudden overwhelming depression is going to surprise me from time to time, but I *will* get through it.

I spoke briefly about this with some other chaplains during a break at the conference. I was surprised by how many had heard Soldiers relate similar experiences following TBIs. I believe the Chief of Chaplains Summit was a true life giving event for me. I've learned that the brain is a complex and wonderful creation. When injured, it indeed takes some time to come back on line. I am eager to learn more about this both fragile and resilient brain.

As we work together to affirm life, encourage spiritual growth and counter life-destroying behaviors, I feel it is essential that we each diligently seek to increase our knowledge and develop our resources for pastoral care. For me, one of the greatest resources is shared experience and encouragement. I recall reading Henri Nouwen's book, *The Wounded Healer*, many years ago. It struck me that we can, through faith, use our experiences to assist others in their journeys. The reality is that none of us get through life unscathed. The blessing is that we can share our experiences and wisdom, build up one another and offer healing to hurting people.

I frequently tell people I have the best job in the Army. The years have sped by. During this period of time I have met many inspiring teachers and mentors, many of them dedicated chaplains. There is always a need for more training and knowledge, but foremost is our need for encouragement and wisdom from those we work with daily.

Recommended Resources:

"Post Traumatic Stress: Implications for Combat and Medical Ministry," Rev. Dr. (Chaplain) Chrys L. Parker, Carl R. Darnall Army Medical Center, Fort Hood, TX, presented 28 March 2008.

"The Relationship of Childhood Abuse to Impulsivity and Suicidal Behavior in Adults with Major Depression," Beth S. Brodsky, Ph.D. et. al. *The American Journal of Psychiatry*, 158:1871-1877, November 2001.

An Unquiet Mind by Kay Redfield Johnson, Random House, New York, NY, 1995.

"Innovative therapy helps people move beyond the disturbing effects of trauma," by Bonnie Wells, *Amherst Bulletin*, June 15, 2007

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Chaplain (Lieutenant Colonel) Richard E. Brunk, Jr., a Lutheran Pastor, is the son of a retired Lutheran Pastor and Army Chaplain. He deployed to Iraq with the 111th EN BN, 56th BCT, 36th ID, TXARNG. He currently serves as chaplain for the Hood Mobilization Brigade, Fort Hood, Texas. His unit supports mobilizing National Guard and Reserve Soldiers preparing to deploy into combat operations. He and his wife, Terri, have five children, five grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Chaplain Brunk is also an ASIST instructor at Fort Hood.

The Utility of Chaplains in the Armed Forces

Eric Rozario

This summer I went to a church on a Sunday morning in Draper, a small town in Utah, to attend prayers. As I entered the church I noted two gentlemen wearing Army combat uniforms. Arriving late, I was searching for a place to sit and went forward and found a vacant seat beside the soldiers. I immediately recognized from their uniform and signs on their chest pockets, that they were Army Chaplains. This cross is a universal insignia of Christian chaplains in the world's armed forces. The armies all around the globe don different uniforms as designed by their respective countries; but the crosses of the chaplains are displayed prominently on all Christian chaplains of the world over. After the service I introduced myself and learned they were on a month-long training maneuver in Southern Utah. This was an unique opportunity for me to unexpectedly meet the chaplains, especially after I had attended the Chaplains Interaction 2008, just one year earlier

I was fortunate to attend the international conference which was sponsored by the Association for Christian Conferences Teaching and Service (ACCTS). ACCTS serves as the primary administrative support for the worldwide Association of Christian Military Fellowships. Chaplain Interaction is only one of their many programs. When I attended in 2008, there were representatives from four continents. In addition to myself, representing Bangladesh, participants came from Guatemala, Madagascar, Moldova, Namibia, Papua New Guinea, and Zambia. Most representatives were ordained military chaplains; another retired military officer from Moldova and I represented our nations, which are yet to welcome Christian chaplains into their ranks. I will discuss the reason for not having Christian chaplains in my homeland's armed forces shortly.

I will forever remain grateful to ACCTS and the generous chapel community at Fort Bliss, Texas, which introduced me and my wife to the tremendous contribution chaplains can make to the morale and spiritual health of military members.

Bangladesh, of course, is a predominantly Muslim country. Because of that, in our nation we only have Muslim Chaplains at the present time. They are called "Religious Teachers," and lead the religious congregations of their units and gatherings in their respective mosques. They also teach Quran to the soldiers and their children. For members of other religious faiths, at present there is no similar provision. However, because we are a Democratic country, there is no express reason such chaplains would be barred. It is the hope and prayer of the handful of Christians serving in our armed forces that we will be allowed one chaplain to travel and provide ministry and encouragement to the soldiers who are serving in the military. It would be desirable to have Christian Chaplain in the Navy and Air Force too.

Coming from a nation with a different view of the chaplaincy than commonly held in western nations, the Chaplain Interaction provided me with many insights. Likewise, since my entire military service was as an officer of the line, the conference opened my eyes to the tremendous value of meeting the spiritual needs of all of the troops, and not focusing merely on their physical and mental wellbeing.

In America an Army chaplain performs innumerable duties and discharges multifarious responsibilities. In the subsequent paragraphs I shall narrate what I saw them to perform during my visits to different units and formations in the U.S. Army in a short time of only two weeks' interaction. These are not the only duties they perform. There are so many other responsibilities they have, which could not be covered due to my ignorance and lack of space. Chaplains are spiritual guides to the soldier. They offer spiritual expert advice and psychological guidance to the soldier. A chaplain must understand the psychology of the soldiers. He has to guide the soldier in a manner so he is not depressed by his worries. A chaplain in the unit is the centre point of most spiritual activities of the soldiers. He intervenes to restore hope when soldiers contemplate suicide. Chaplains repair broken families. Only soldiers and their families understand the tremendous pressures that they are under. Civilian ministers may be compassionate, but the chaplain actually *shares* the hardships, alongside the soldier.

Chaplains play vital roles in the hospital. I spoke with a soldier who had attempted to take his own life. After seventeen years of their married life, his wife divorced him, leaving three children with him. He was rescued by his fellow soldiers and brought to the hospital. After recovering from the suicide attempt he was undergoing mental treatment, where he was also under care of a hospital chaplain. Along with mental treatment the soldier was being given some spiritual sessions with the chaplain. He learned about God and what God can do and undo in a man's life. The chaplain was his spiritual guide during this period. When I asked the soldier as to who saved him from this heinous attempt he pointed up and indicated God did. How he knew about God, he pointed to the chaplain. I asked if he would ever again attempt such thing as suicide, he said "never."

Army chaplains do another very important and difficult task. They are indispensable members of the teams going to the Next of Kin of deceased soldiers. Hearing the accounts of chaplains who have made these notifications to grieving survivors was quite moving. Once again, civilian clergy certainly offer consolation at these times, but only a chaplain conveys the credibility and solemnity of also "having been there."

Whenever units go to the field for training or under actual battle condition, their unit chaplains also accompany them. They establish a chapel in the field, which allows the soldiers including senior officers to take time and go for prayer, to find spiritual solace for their soul. I had the opportunity to visit such a field chapel during my visit to field formations in the real battle situation. The camouflaged underground chapel was such a serene place, I knelt down to pray for a while for the people who made such a wonderful arrangement in the remotest place of the field area. Even in the thick of a battle soldiers get the services of the chaplain, when they need it. Especially, those who are injured and being evacuated to the rear, chaplains do a great job in gathering the injured soldiers. The message of God is there right in the battlefield. When an injured soldier succumbs to his injury, it is the chaplain who is the first to be near him and perform his last rites before his body is evacuated and carried home to his family. Such is the impact of the chaplain in the life of a soldier that he feels that the chaplain is the messenger of God Almighty to him.

Now I shall briefly touch upon the need for chaplains in the armies which do not have them. Some Asian countries like the Philippines, South Korea, Sri Lanka, *do* make provision for Chaplains in their Armed Forces. Some other countries, such as my own, have them, but use different names. I would give an account of the need for chaplains trained and tasked as in America, in our country. Bangladesh is a small country in the

South Asian subcontinent, surrounded by India, Myanmar, and the Bay of Bengal. Located at the South Eastern part of the sub continent, our small country of 55000 square miles, has a population of approximately 140 million. The majority of the population are Muslims (about 88-90%). The rest of the population are Hindus (8%), Buddhists, Christians & indigenous sects & faiths. Christians form a very modest minority of around 0.66% of the populace. Though small, our democratic nation grants all citizens freedom of religion guaranteed in our constitution. Anybody and everybody can practice their own religion without any interference or any state control. This country is known as a moderate Muslim state with religious tolerance among its people. Extremism has no place here. Therefore, free practice of all religions has been guaranteed to its people.

Being a relatively small country (despite ranking as the seventh most populated nation in the world) our Army is also very small. And as per population, the various religious groups are represented proportionally. The percentage of Christians is modest, though there is no bar to any cast, creed or religious sect in joining the armed forces. It rests solely on the basis of eligibility and fitness, rather than by cast or creed. Although their number is very meager, the performance of Christians is not negligible. In the three services of the armed forces, there are many outstanding and bright Christian officers and soldiers, who have given and currently offer their best services to the armed forces; many have been noted for their professional excellence.

As inherited from the erstwhile British Army, the Bangladesh armed forces have provision for having chaplains for their soldiers, under a different name, as noted earlier. Every unit has provision for authorizing and appointing these religious teachers, who perform the basic duties of conducting daily and weekly prayers for the soldiers in the unit's prayer houses, known as "Masjid." The Army Rules (Instruction), provide for authorization of a Religious Teacher when the number of men practicing a religion is 120 or more in an unit or formation. As Muslims constitute more in numbers, this AR(I) applies only to them. Other religions, like Hindus, Buddhists & Christians cannot constitute this minimum number of soldiers in a particular unit / formation, so the rule cannot be effective in their cases.

In the light of this, it needs to be considered whether it is proper to have at least one Christian Chaplain ordained and posted centrally, from where he can perform his duties to a "combined" total of 120 or more Christians. There are armies, where they do have similar provisions, when the strength of a particular religion is too small to justify a locally assigned chaplain. They assign centrally located chaplains who cover regional areas. In the United States military, such provisions exist for the minority religions such as Judaism and Islam. Rabbis and Imams often travel between units (and even across military branches) to care for the members of their faith group. An arrangement such as this could easily work for a country like my own. It is hoped that some day soon this will come into being in the Bangladesh Armed Forces to provide chaplains' support to the Christian soldiers.

When serving our nation in the armed forces, it is important that we do not have to sacrifice our individual faith. Believers from various religious join together in the military to defend the land they love. All of them should be able to receive encouragement from chaplains who represent the faith they practice. Well-trained chaplains can be a true blessing not only to the adherents of their own doctrines. They

offer encouragement and comfort and remind us that God's grace is everywhere, in every sphere, every action, and every success of our life.

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Colonel Eric Rozario is a retired veteran of the Bangladesh Army. He held a number of important positions, including command of three Artillery Regiments. He and his wife have two children. Colonel Rozario is the President of the Military Christian Fellowship Bangladesh (MCFB). Like the majority of Christians in his homeland, he is a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

A Time to Embrace: “Tug, You’re It”

Jeffrey L. Neuberger

In the Book of *Ecclesiastes*, the Preacher says “*For everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven*” (*Ecclesiastes* 3:1). He then proceeds to describe those purposes in contrasting images, for example, “*A time for peace and a time for war.*” The words of *Ecclesiastes* touched my life in remarkable ways as a military chaplain in a combat zone, where I realized that though these providential times may come, we often don’t pick them; they simply happen to us.

In 2006 and 2007 I served as the wing chaplain at Balad Air Base, LSA Anaconda, Iraq. In addition to being a large logistics supply area (LSA), Balad was also home to the only “theater” hospital in Iraq. The medical staff treated American troops, Iraqi troops, Iraqi police, and civilians, among them many children. The grim results of war, most of them crimson and tragic, were seen every day. Members of our chapel team provided around-the-clock ministry to the tireless medical staff and to the endless stream of patients.

One of those patients was a young Iraqi girl, Salwa, whose legs had been radically amputated at the hip from injuries she received in a malicious mortar attack by insurgents on her home. She and her brother, who had lost portions of both of his own legs in the same assault, were in the hospital for weeks.

I watched as Salwa graduated from the ICU (intensive care unit) to the ICW (intensive care ward). Several times I walked past the ward and noticed she was not in her regular place. When I inquired about her, I was told she was in surgery for yet another painful cleaning of her wounds. I watched as she slowly became emotionally responsive to the caregivers around her. I also watched as she and her brother were attended by their mother. Like many caregivers in the hospital, I grew attached to this family without really knowing them.

Then came a day on which I was truly grateful for God’s timing. Late one afternoon I had decided to make a visit to the hospital. I arrived to see a group of people standing by a litter in the holding area near the helicopter pad. The helicopter noise was deafening. I immediately recognized Salwa’s tiny frame on the litter. Her mother stood nearby, surrounded by members of our medical staff and an Iraqi interpreter. It became clear to me Salwa was leaving us; a little girl going home. Salwa was clutching a stuffed animal, with very little emotion on her face. It would have been easy to take note of the scene and continue into the hospital. However, I couldn’t do that; I couldn’t walk past. I had to express my love and concern for this little girl and her family in *some* way . . . even though I couldn’t say goodbye in her language . . . even though I couldn’t tell her how lovely she was . . . even though I couldn’t tell her or her mother I was praying for them.

But I *could* give her a kiss. I walked to where she could see my face, offered her a smile and a little wave. I leaned down and gently kissed her forehead. Then it happened: “Tug, you’re it.” Something tugged my heart. More like “yanked” it. At that moment I lay my hand upon her forehead and said a silent *prayer* for Salwa. Language God understands. As I opened my eyes I glanced toward the armed soldier looking at me,

obviously wondering what I had been doing. I grinned and said “it’s what chaplains do.” My last glance was toward Salwa’s mother with a smile and my hand placed over my heart. Then I turned toward the hospital. It was a difficult walk; my feet were lead, my heart was heavy. A few moments later I heard the chopper lift off and slowly fade into the distance. I thought of *Ecclesiastes*: “A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing.” Goodbye Salwa. I will not see you again and I have no idea what’s ahead of you. But God understands the language of prayer.

A Time to Die . . . A Time to Weep

The “front line” for a hospital chaplain at a combat hospital is undeniably the emergency department whenever a trauma team is requested. Our duties were simple: assist wherever possible when the patient is brought in. This could mean helping remove torn, bloody clothing, cutting shoelaces to remove boots, and keeping the floor area clear around the litter.

It is also important to determine the religious preference of the patient as soon as possible from the patient administration personnel, in order to provide the most meaningful possible ministry at the earliest opportunity, and that appropriate religious rites can be offered.

It was mid-morning two days in a row when choppers announced themselves and the trauma team urgently assembled. Each of the two days a young soldier was brought in with mortal wounds. I watched an awesome team of physicians and technicians invest everything they had to saving a life: intubating the patient, stemming blood loss, taking blood samples, administering medications, inserting drain tubes, alternating CPR.

Though heroic efforts were sustained, there are times when they are not enough; the body can only endure so much. Then it happens. The hated determination must be made. The primary physician has to call it. Everyone stops. A doctor calls out, “time of death?” Someone looks at the clock; calls out the time. Records are kept. The trauma team departs and the ER techs remain to quietly clean the area. Medical equipment is disconnected from the patient’s lifeless body.

With the greatest respect, the body is wrapped in a clean, white sheet. Because I have talked with the patient administration representative, I know the soldier’s name. I go to him, gaze at his face, touch his still-warm forehead; his hair still dusty. After a short prayer, I help the technician with the black, zippered bag. I step out of the way as the tech wheels the litter towards the small morgue. And then I hear it: “Room! Atten-shun!” One of the techs has called us all to attention to honor this young soldier who offered all he had for his nation and for the freedom of people in this distant land. Totally surprised, I notice everyone in the room comes to attention, even the team working on another patient in an adjacent ER bay. All remains silent until the fallen hero has passed out of the room.

That’s when it happened: “Tug; you’re it.” Another sudden yank of the heart. I recognize it all in an instant. He is a combat veteran and this is the first of many honors he will receive for his service: fitting, heart-felt, well-deserved, tear-stained. This is where his life ended, yet a point from which his legacy of sacrifice continues. No words sufficiently express our thanks. But God understands the language of prayer.

I pray for the family. This is what a chaplain does.

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Chaplain Neuberger began his military career as an enlisted man in the United States Navy in 1969. During his four year enlistment he completed several Mediterranean cruises aboard the aircraft carrier USS Independence. During his career as an Air Force chaplain he served at five United States bases, in Spain and Germany, and completed deployments to France, Qatar and Iraq. Chaplain Neuberger retired in 2008 after serving 23 years as a chaplain.

Prayers that Hurt

Public Prayer in Interfaith Settings

Arnold E. Resnicoff

In the Mekong Delta, it was a Protestant chaplain, Lester “Les” Westling Jr., who reached out to me as my chaplain, when I was a young and very frightened line officer. He helped me grow as a Jew, and he helped me find courage in my faith. Ultimately, he helped me decide to become a rabbi and later, after rabbinical school, to return to the Navy as a chaplain myself. With his help, I discovered my love for my Jewish faith; through his help, I was touched by his faith, and by the Christian love he witnessed through his words, his actions, and his care.

Years later, when I served as a chaplain during the terrorist truck bomb attack in Beirut, my skullcap, my kippa, was covered in blood after I used it to wipe the face of a wounded Marine, and so I discarded it somewhere amidst the rubble and misery of that terrible day. There it was a Catholic chaplain, George “Pooch” Pucciarelli, saw me without my head covered, and cut a circle of cloth from his own Marine camouflage cap to take its place. For others, the kippa was a symbol of my Jewish faith; for me, his action transformed this one into a symbol of his Christian love.

The Talmud tells the story of a Jew who bought a camel from an Arab, only to discover a precious gem hidden in the saddle, of which neither the seller nor the buyer had been aware. When the Jew returned it, the Arab’s reaction was one of respect and appreciation for the Jewish faith, for it must be praiseworthy, he said, to teach a man such honest ways.

Colleagues like Les and Pooch helped me to understand the lesson of this Talmudic story: it does not require words to effectively witness for one’s faith; it takes love. Perhaps this is the Jewish version of the teaching of the Christian saint, Francis of Assisi, who taught his disciples to “preach the gospel everywhere,” but to use words only “where necessary.” Words can help, but sometimes, as the saying goes, actions speak louder than words.

Knowing What Hurts

Another story from rabbinical tradition tells of two long-time friends. “Do you love me?” one friend asks the other. “Of course,” his friend responds. “Do you know what hurts me?” “No, what hurts?”

“How can you say you love me if you don’t know what hurts me?”

When my father died, one fellow chaplain wrote to me to accept the resurrection of Jesus, because, without that acceptance, the death of a loved one must seem truly hopeless. Thankfully, many other chaplains reached out to comfort me, not to convert me. I remember my senior chaplain, a Baptist minister, someone for whom the expression “a big bear of a man” was a perfect description, was eating at the Officers’ Club when he learned the news of my father’s death. He left his meal uneaten, came back

to the chapel, and without saying a word, he hugged me, and in that hug I understood his hopes and his prayers that my pain might be eased. For me, there was no question whether it was the note or the hug that helped—whether it was that note or that hug that was “the Christian thing to do.”

At the 1980 Navy Chaplain Corps worship service, the chaplain coordinating the conference for our base began by stressing the need for us to work together as a team during the new decade which was dawning. Inviting us to join together for a moment of prayer, he ended that very prayer in the name of the Trinity. I could not add my “Amen.” I felt out of place, excluded, as if I were not part of the group. Hadn’t I just been invited to pray with my fellow chaplains? I genuinely *wanted* to be a part of this prayer, as we faced the future together—and it saddened me that I could not.

Few chaplains would be so insensitive as to write me to say there can be no basis for comfort within Judaism, but there are many who have informed me there can be no basis for common prayer. We may work together, but we cannot face God together, as servants or as children, not even for a moment. There are times, of course, when the slight is unintentional, and the chaplain simply does not realize that inviting me to join in prayer and then using words which I cannot say is the same as inviting me for dinner and serving food I cannot eat.

There are other chaplains, of course, who do understand there are words and expressions which exclude non-Christians, but even regretting the situation they think they have no choice. They see the question of public prayer on an academic plane, and base their choice of words on theological considerations or “requirements.” Or they see the question as one of rights: *their* “rights” to pray according to their religious traditions.

For me, however, the question of sharing a moment of prayer is not an abstract intellectual question about theological requirements or religious rights; it is about theological possibilities, and religious responsibilities—to *others*. It is not a question of “interfaith relations,” a phrase which brings to mind a meeting of religious bodies, as much as it is a challenge to find ways to craft actions that show care for human beings.

And so, when I raise the issue of prayer in an interfaith setting, as I do in this article, it is an attempt to share human feelings among friends. It is an effort to let others know what hurts. And then, it is an attempt to begin a conversation about choices we might have.

Public Prayer

Prayers in our own religious services or ceremonies should never be a question, and neither the government nor the military should set limits or establish guidelines. The only question is the issue of public prayer in interfaith settings—especially official programs and ceremonies where men and women of many faiths, and those who hold no faith, are in attendance.

There is a fundamental question for some chaplains as to whether it is appropriate for chaplains to participate in such “civil ceremonies” (in contrast to religious ceremonies) at all. For some, prayers made appropriate to civil occasions “water down” the true faith and open up the dangers of “civil religion.”

My feeling is that such a danger is overshadowed by the far greater danger of the purely secular world: that it will be a place which welcomes no religion at all. A word of prayer at a civil or secular occasion can be a reminder that faith is not rightly relegated merely to the synagogue, church, temple or mosque. And, to use a good Catholic expression, it is an opportunity not for evangelization, but for preevangelization: a word of faith and hope that perhaps can make the ground a little more fertile for acts of faith that might come later. As the Rev. Jerry Falwell once said to me (and I'll mention my meeting with him again, later in this article), evangelization—witnessing—is not a sprint, but a marathon. It is essential to take a longer view of what we might accomplish with faith.

For me, this distinction between evangelization and preevangelization is linked to another distinction: between religion and faith. One of my teachers in rabbinical school was Abraham Joshua Heschel, who wrote the book (among many others), *God in Search of Man*. In that work, he says many people define religion as an “approach to God,” but he wrote that they are wrong. God reaches out to us first. God seeks us first. Understanding and accepting that premise, that truth, is faith. Then, coming together as a community to respond to that faith, based on our particular community's history and culture, is religion. And so, he wrote, religion is not an approach to God; it is a *response* to God. With our prayer, we have the opportunity to open our listeners to the idea of faith—and the power of faith, to see the particular event in which we participate within a larger perspective, even, possibly, within a larger plan. We can remind them that our religions might differ, but the basic idea of faith (expressed in another of Rabbi Heschel's titles, *Man is Not Alone*) is something that we can share.

Today, there is another reason, I think, that a word of prayer—inclusive prayer—is not only appropriate, but even crucial. Today, regrettable as it is, much of the “witnessing” of faith we see in the world consists of the battles and wars of religious groups killing others. For so many men and women today, religion seems to be part of the problem, not part of the solution. I will never forget a column by Maureen Dowd, after 9/11, when she said someone had written on the wall of a building near the Pentagon, “Please, God, protect us from those who believe in you.”

When I was asked to write a report on my time in Beirut, including the time of the 1983 suicide truck bomb attack, I wrote about one time when we were crouching down in the bunkers during a mortar attack. I remember looking around at the other men with me, and I made a simple comment. I said that we Americans probably had the only “interfaith foxholes” in the whole Mid-East. There were Muslim foxholes, Jewish foxholes for the Israelis, Christian foxholes for the Lebanese Phalangists, and so on—but only we, we Americans, had interfaith foxholes. I made the comment then, and I have repeated it many times since, that if the world had more interfaith foxholes, maybe we would have less need for foxholes altogether.

When chaplains are invited to offer a word of prayer at a civil ceremony, it is an opportunity to remind those who attend of the healing power of prayer—the way prayer can bring us together, not tear us apart. It is an opportunity to remind our listeners of our unique American experiment in interfaith cooperation: interfaith foxholes, for a military and a nation, where we can stand shoulder to shoulder with those of other faiths, or no faiths, defending ourselves against the terrors and the evil that threaten us all.

A time for a word of prayer in an interfaith setting is not a time to profess our particular faith or evangelize for our specific religion. It is not a time to reinforce the notion that those who are religious today are concerned only for their religion, and their rights within that religion. It is a time for us to struggle—all chaplains—to find a way to offer words that bring us together, and stress the values, the hopes, and even the dreams, that we share.

We can stress our shared humanity through a moment of awareness of the Presence of something larger than ourselves. It is an opportunity for shared faith.

Biblical Precedents

The writers of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were careful to choose words—such as “the Creator” (e.g. “endowed by our Creator”)—which were inclusive, rather than representing any single religion or faith group. But, we need not begin with the founders of America to understand that there are times—and ways to speak of God in general terms.

Millennia before the founding fathers celebrated this truth, it was the biblical prophet Malachi who saw the cruelty of warfare in his time and cried out, “Have we not all one Father? Did not one God create us all?” (Malachi 2:10). His fear was not that he might water down God’s word or forget the different cultic responsibilities of Jews and non-Jews. His concern was to remind the world of God’s existence and the way that God’s care binds all humanity together. In today’s world, still torn by strife, it is no “danger” to share this prophetic message and no “copout” to follow this example. Instead, affirming that all humanity has a common, loving Creator is a challenge worthy of all our faiths, and all of us as chaplains.

The pages of every newspaper reveal how religion is abused so as to tear people apart. Through a moment of prayer we can remind a cynical world that faith can and must be used to bring people together. When entire faith groups are excluded from our prayers, then a chance to face God together is lost. An opportunity to touch men and women of all faiths has become an occasion to relate to our faith group alone. Without prayer which includes all people of faith, we forsake an opportunity to teach that despite differences we must work together for the common good. In contrast, exclusive prayers offered in interfaith settings remain a harsh reminder of how separate we stand.

Each of us wears the cross, tablets, crescent or prayer wheel to identify our faith tradition—and in the future there will be more symbols, representing more faiths. But in public prayer we have the opportunity to communicate the fact that our faiths teach us to care for others, all others. Whatever a public prayer should be, it should never be cruel or uncaring.

One of the most “general” prayers in the Bible is *Psalms 117*, the Bible’s shortest book:

O praise the Lord, all you nations;
Praise Him all you peoples;
For His love for us is great;
And the truth of the Lord endures forever. Hallelujah.

Would such an inspirational prayer water down our faith?

Rights and Responsibilities

Does not each of us have the right to pray as he or she pleases? No power can ever deny us the right, or the ability, to pray. As has been written regarding the question of prayer in public schools, there will always be students praying so long as there are teachers handing out tests! We can offer prayers from our hearts at any time: private prayers between us and our Creator. In our discussions of prayer, we must be careful to distinguish between the “right to pray,” and the opportunity (and the gift) we might receive from the military—from the government—to offer a public prayer in a nonreligious setting.

And, just as we maintain the right for private, personal prayer, we have the right to pray according to our traditions in our own worship services or religious ceremonies. It is only in the very limited area of public prayer before interfaith groups, a relatively modern phenomenon, that the question of balancing the “right” of the speaker against the “right” of the listeners comes to the fore. For me, when we discuss this issue, it is helpful to remember a basic difference between the “law of the land,” at least in the West, and the “law of the Bible.” The former considers a situation from the point of view of rights, while the latter is more concerned with responsibilities.

When we accept the invitation or the assignment to participate in a public ceremony by offering a word of prayer, we understand that we are making a contract of sorts. Analogously we do not agree to participate in a wedding and then use the ceremony as the occasion to speak against the union. It seems to me, if there is a right involved, it is not the right to word the prayers as we please, but a right to be exercised long *before* the occasion: the right to decline to participate. It is the right of the chaplain who cannot in good conscience offer a “general” prayer to decline, in the same way that we may choose not to participate in baptisms, weddings, or funerals. And, since this decision is based upon genuine religious convictions, there should be no negative consequences for the chaplain declining to participate.

However, if we as chaplains *accept* the invitation, then we have a responsibility to understand our mission. We must recognize that we have been asked to add a reminder of the holy, and challenged to touch and inspire those present through a moment of shared prayer. We have not been asked to preach, or to confess our personal faith. We have a responsibility to our conscience and our faith, but we also have a responsibility to those before whom we stand. Neither can be ignored.

Practical Considerations

At the most practical level, it is well for us to remember that participation in a civil ceremony may be only a small part of our ministry, but it often lays the groundwork for much of what follows.

There is a story of a young sailor who hesitated to speak to the chaplain when he saw that the chaplain’s faith was different from his own. “Chaplain” he stammered, “I hope you won’t try to change my faith.”

“Don’t worry, friend,” the chaplain answered, “but together perhaps we can understand how our faith can change *us*.”

Parents still send their children off to the military with the reminder that if problems arise they are to go “see the chaplain.” What a wonderful basis for ministry. Because we are “religious,” our people trust that we must care about others. Often our civilian counterparts do not enjoy such good publicity. In religious history, we learn from the prophets the need to consistently demand justice—and so it is appropriate that chaplains are sought out when the military system seems unfair. We are men and women of faith, and so we are approached when others feel loneliness or pain or seek reason for hope.

When we offer public prayer, we are often being “sized up” by men and women who may one day need us. When our prayers disappoint the listeners, they may still give us another chance—or even come to us for advice! But when our prayers hurt those who hear us, we may simply never hear from them. In my line officer days I know that I would never approach a chaplain whose prayer denied my existence. When I try to teach Jewish sailors that they should approach “their” ship’s chaplain for help, I often know they will not. “He doesn’t care about me,” they tell me. “You should hear his evening prayer.”

On the other hand, we should not underestimate the healing impact of inclusive prayers. We might think it is a neutral act to offer a general prayer, but it is not. It is recognized by many as a positive action: a careful and inclusive word of prayer is an act of love.

Christian Theological Considerations

For many Christians, the New Testament gives a scriptural basis for “general” prayers. They point to Jesus’ prayer as an example. When asked how to pray, Jesus began, “Our Father, who art in heaven . . .” (Matthew 6:9 and Luke 11:2). For another illustration of “general” prayers, they point to the words of Stephen recorded in Acts 7:60, “Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.” Or “God, be merciful to me, a sinner,” written in Luke 18:13. Many of the New Testament epistles end with prayers offered in the name of Jesus, but in the Epistle to the Hebrews there is a simple prayer we might emulate today when ending an invocation or benediction, “Grace be with you all, Amen” (Hebrews 13:25).

There are verses in the New Testament, however, which some Christians understand to teach that the Christian faith requires prayer to be offered in Jesus’ name. “Whatsoever you shall ask of the Father in my name, He will give it to you” (John 16:23-26). This verse is sometimes translated a different way: “Whatsoever you shall ask of the Father, in my name He will give it to you.” This rendering seems to teach something quite different, but even keeping the first reading, how does this verse apply to the subject at hand?

For some Christians, the idea of praying with a phrase as “In His Name,” “In Your Name,” or “In the name of the Lord,” allows them to remain true to the verse and yet open enough to allow others to embrace the prayer as well.

Others, as they explain themselves to me, accept the Trinitarian understanding that where one person of the Trinity is present, all are present. A prayer to the Father, or to God’s Holy Spirit, invokes Jesus as well. And for still other Christians, any prayer rooted in the love and faith of Christianity is in fact a prayer asked “in Jesus’ name,” regardless of what specific words are used. The word, “name,” in this context means more than a title, it means being or essence. Praying in His name means praying as His representative, praying as a person filled with His Love. (One chaplain explained to me that all his prayers were “in the name of Jesus,” just as all police officers operated in “the

name of the law”—but neither they, nor he, had to say that in words every time they opened their mouths!)

Finally for those who would interpret the verse most strictly, I offer a “rabbinical” answer in terms of the struggle we share—the challenge to remain true to our faiths and yet offer something which can bring us together in faith, even for just a moment. If the verse means that prayers asking for something must be offered in the name of Jesus, is it not acceptable to offer prayers which are not petitions in a different manner?

Can we not touch or inspire persons of all faiths through a word or prayer of praise? “Whoever offers praise glorifies me” (Psalm 50:23.) Can we not offer a word of thanksgiving? “This is the day the Lord has made; we will rejoice and be glad in it” (Psalm 118:24.) Christians can heed Paul’s advice in Colossians 3:16 and Ephesians 5:19 to offer psalms and hymns, or drawing from the Roman Catholic Bible, Christians can follow the example of Ben Sirach and bear witness to God’s presence through the glory of His world: “Behold the rainbow, then bless its maker” (Ecclesiasticus 43:12).

For some Christians sharing the proclamation that “Jesus is Lord” becomes the proof of faith. “No one can say Jesus is Lord except by the Holy Spirit” (I Corinthians 12:3). Speaking these words becomes a way of invoking the presence of the Holy Spirit and therefore an important part of Christian prayer. But if we see the opportunity to offer prayer in a public setting, before men and women of all faiths, as a challenge or privilege and not a right, then the struggle must be to find other ways to proclaim our faith and other ways to make the moment holy.

My contention is that there are other ways for us all. We can search for other verses in the New Testament: “When we cry Abba! Father! It is the Spirit Himself bearing witness with our spirit that we are children of God” (Romans 8:15f). But with or without specific verses we know we witness for our faith when it fills us with love enough to care about each other.

If it is a choice between an imperfect prayer and an action which will divide us at the very moment devoted to bringing us together, then let us opt for the caring word and trust that God will understand. “The Spirit helps us in our weakness; for we do not know how to pray as we ought; but the Spirit himself intercedes for us with sighs too deep for words” (Romans 8:26). From the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, we learn that love is better than prayer . . . even better than prophecy.

Jewish Theological Considerations

In some ways it may be easier for a Jewish chaplain who is invited to participate in public prayer to offer an inclusive or general prayer. There are many verses in the Hebrew Scriptures which seem to assure us there is no special formula for prayer. From the shortest prayer in the Bible (Numbers 12:13—five Hebrew words) to the longest (Deuteronomy 9:25—one that lasted forty days and forty nights), we understand prayer as a cry from the heart. “The Lord is near to all who call upon Him” (Psalm 145), and so the exact words are less important than the act of prayer itself. After all, God hears us even when we do not use words at all. He hears and heeds the pain of slaves (Genesis 3:7) and the sighs of prisoners (Psalms 79:11).

In a beautiful discussion in the Talmud, the rabbis offer the story of the woodcutter who, lost in the woods, knows he will not make it to the congregation in time for evening prayers. “Lord,” he prays, “I am not an educated man. I do not know the prayers by heart. But, I know the alphabet, and I will recite it. Please rearrange the letters to form the prayers you know exist in my heart.”

This is not to say the wording of public prayer is not a potential problem or challenge for the Jewish chaplain. Many of the prayers I regularly offer within Jewish settings would simply be inappropriate for interfaith groups. A widespread myth has it that Jewish chaplains are not asked to modify their prayers and so it is “unfair” to expect such action on the part of Christians. The fact is that rabbis, like the Christian clergy with whom we serve, must choose words carefully in interfaith groups. If the prayers offered by Jewish chaplains seem “acceptable,” then perhaps we tread more softly—for we, like other minorities, know the pain of being ignored.

Although I pray in the synagogue that we not lose faith in the coming of the Messiah—in all the millennia of our yearning he has not yet arrived—I would not offer these words in a non-Jewish setting. If I pray for strength to reject false messiahs—false in Jewish terms—I would never do so before an interfaith group. Words which refer to the horrors of the holocaust, or the hopes of Zionism, or the State of Israel come as naturally to my lips during synagogue prayer as a reference to the Trinity might come to those of a Christian colleague, but references to the Holocaust, Zionism, or the State of Israel are seldom appropriate in non-Jewish settings, at least not without extra words to expressly explain their relevance or to show sensitivity to the needs and cares of all those present.

Some rabbis believe we cannot compose our own prayers in public, but that we are restricted to those handed down to us from the past. When these rabbis are asked to offer public prayer, they often choose to read lessons instead of offer prayer. Today it is also important for us to recognize that there are other questions of sensitivity that challenge us to be sensitive to the feelings of those gathered for prayer. An immediate example is language which does not recognize racial integrity or which excludes or wounds women.

Language that Hurts

The intention of the prayer is crucial, and some maintain that the intention is all that is important, not the impact of the words on the hearers. If the intention is not to hurt, then it is unimportant what we do to address any problem in the minds of the hearers.

Neither life nor prayer is that simple. Once we know an action or a word hurts a neighbor, it is not merely a question of right and wrong alone. It is now a question of causing “accidental” pain or consciously trying *not* to do so. In recent years we have made significant progress in becoming more racially and gender sensitive in our language. Unfortunately, when it comes to being religiously inclusive in public settings, we have a weaker track record.

Certainly we sometimes misuse language innocently. For example, following the initial advertising of the manufacturer, I always used the phrase “flesh colored Band-Aids,” until a Black friend pointed out that the Band-Aids were not the color of his flesh. Language changes. Once we know what hurts, we must change as well.

Finding a Way

The faith and the conscience of some chaplains allow them to choose words for public prayers that easily touch us all. Other chaplains, who are unwilling or unable to change the exclusivity of their prayers, choose not to participate in an interfaith prayer setting.

When I was the USEUCOM chaplain, one of my responsibilities was to host the annual International Chiefs of Chaplains conference. There, we had chaplains who had literally never prayed in a group that included others of different faiths, and “American” ideas of interfaith prayer would have been too foreign for them to comprehend—or literally “lost in the translation,” when our multi-language translators tried to explain.

And so in that setting—a setting of religious leaders—we came up with a different approach to final prayers to end the conference. We didn’t attempt to craft a shared prayer, but instead we invited all who were in attendance to offer a prayer for peace based on their specific traditions. And in the midst of incense, Gregorian chanting, and prayers in Latin, in Hebrew, and in Greek, no one felt uncomfortable simply hearing prayers for peace from such a plethora of religious traditions.

However, this approach would not work in a public ceremony where only one prayer is offered—and even in a conference of chaplains, it might be ultimately unsatisfying for those of us who still desire that moment of prayer that is truly shared: that prayer that brings us together, and allows us to make the prayer our own, through that powerful word, “amen.”

For those of us who do value that moment, and yet struggle with the challenge of how to choose words that recognize the tension between the responsibilities to one’s own faith traditions, and the responsibility to those we serve, the following ideas are offered as suggestions—and perhaps as discussion starters for further conversation:

In Your Name. Phrases such as “For your name’s sake.” and “For the glory of your name,” are found throughout the Bible; Psalm 79 uses both. Another simple, scriptural ending for prayers can be taken from Psalm 72: “Blessed be His glorious name forever.”

Invitational Ending. I have sometimes offered a prayer and ended with the invitation for all persons present to complete the prayer using the words of their own faith and of their tradition. After a few moments, I conclude with the words, “And may we say, Amen.”

Shared Images. When Abraham prayed with Melchizedek (Genesis 14) this non-Jewish priest offered a prayer to “the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth.” One modern rabbinical commentary points out that this may be the first example of persons of different faiths searching for a “shared image” in order to join together in prayer. The story may be an appropriate basis for our prayer, “in the Lord’s name,” which may allow everyone with a theistic belief system to say amen, even if the words take on different meanings within the different traditions. The Bible offers many shared images. So we may pray together to God as savior, redeemer, shepherd, creator, and king. Even the image of the Holy Spirit possesses a Jewish meaning. It comes from the Jewish idea of *ruah ha-kodesh*.

The Lord’s Prayer. Is the Lord’s Prayer appropriate for interfaith expression? Although it is based on Jewish prayers, this prayer has become the Christian prayer par excellence.

In the past Jewish scholars have generally taught that Jews should not recite it, especially because scholars recognize its title comes not from the idea that it is a prayer “to the Lord,” but that it represents the words of prayer that came from Jesus, who was recognized as the Lord. (Of course, many faith groups, including Catholics, refer to this prayer as the “Our Father,” not the “Lord’s Prayer”—which would remove one difficulty for Jews.) Perhaps today we Jews (and here I speak to my faith community) should reexamine the situation. If this prayer were offered by someone attempting to find common ground for prayer, should we Jews not respond through our participation?

Biblical Readings. We may simply offer appropriate words from the Bible as our contribution to the public ceremony. As a benediction, the priestly blessing recorded in Numbers 6 is often appropriate and welcomed by those in attendance.

Parables. Some rabbis offer a teaching, a *d’var Torah*, a Word of Torah, rather than a prayer. Could we not offer a parable or story which shares a biblical image or scriptural hope? When using the holy books of the Jewish and Christian traditions, my feeling is that we should not restrict ourselves to those we have in common. Many Christians have respectfully led devotions based on Christian New Testament readings which have included me completely. “From this story in the New Testament, which is a part of the Christian Bible, we can all learn an important message . . .”

Personal Prayers. While most of this article deals with public prayer offered aloud—a prayer to which each listener can add a personal amen—there is one additional alternative. The possibility exists for a chaplain to see his or her participation as an opportunity to offer a simple, personal prayer, perhaps asking others to do the same, in silence. I should think that such a prayer would require an introduction: “I thank you for the opportunity to offer a personal prayer from my tradition; it is my hope that something I say may touch you so that you may pray for a moment as well.”

Another alternative, linked to this idea, was one I offered in the original form of this article—but I no longer consider it a workable solution. The idea came from my experience with a Christian chaplain who earnestly struggled with the matter for months. He made two small but significant changes in his manner of offering public prayer. When he began, he no longer said, “Let us pray.” When he ended, he did not say, “In Christ’s name we pray.” Instead he said, “In Christ’s name I pray.” The problem is that I have heard Christians offering some prayers in this way, even during Presidential inaugurations, and although I understood what they were doing, almost none of my friends (at least, my Jewish friends) recognized the nuanced words of that moment of prayer. And so, instead of this approach, I strongly prefer the next alternative I will mention: the “interfaith ending.”

Interfaith Endings. It is possible to use an ending which is both particular and universal. For example, “We who are Christians offer this prayer in the name of Jesus; but all of us—regardless of our individual religions—offer it in the name of the Almighty God, Creator of Heaven and Earth.” It has been my experience that those who hear a chaplain end a prayer like this have nothing but praise for him or for her, striking a balance between a tradition of one faith group, and outreach to all.

“Words and meditation” ending. Finally, I offer the approach that I think might be the most powerful—and the easiest—of all. Psalm 19 speaks of prayer as “the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart.” God hears both. Could we not offer our prayer

in an inclusive way, with the words of our mouths, saying something like, “In His name we pray,” and then continue with a silent prayer, the meditations of our heart, continuing, “and that name is . . .”

Earlier, I mentioned the meeting I had with the Rev Jerry Falwell, which took place in September 2005, while I was working with the Air Force. When I brought up the possibility of this approach—“the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart”—he positively beamed! He told me that he didn’t know how anyone could object to such an approach, where one’s words were expressing love for God—and one’s actions were expressing, and witnessing, love for God’s creatures. He told me that at his college, at Liberty University, students who were going into education were taught that there would be a difference in the “rules of the road” for those who were going into Christian education, and those who were going into public schools and institutions. And, again, he told me what he taught his students: faith is not a sprint; it is a marathon.

Praying Together

The word, “amen,” means “it is true,” or “may it be so.” According to Jewish tradition, adopted by Christianity, saying amen is the equivalent of reciting the entire prayer (Talmud, Berakhot 53b). Because of this, the Talmud cautions Jews not to say amen to prayers of non-Jews, unless they have heard the entire prayer (Berakhot 51b). Prayer should always be taken seriously, and we must be able to make it our own before saying amen.

At the same time, the idea of joining another human being in prayer was seen as an action filled with power and hope. Setting aside our differences and praying together “opens the gates of Paradise” (Talmud, Shabbat 119b). Through a play on words, the Talmud sees hidden meaning in a Biblical verse, Isaiah 26:2. Although it is ordinarily read as, “open ye the gates (of paradise) that the righteous nation which keepeth truth may enter in,” a slight change in the vowel marks of the Hebrew renders it, “Open ye the gates of righteousness, that the righteous nation which says amen may enter it!”

In 1984 a civilian minister served as one of the visiting scholars at the annual Navy Chaplain Corps Professional Development Conference. He led us in prayer as part of his presentation, but his prayer was worded in such a way as not to include me. One of my colleagues, a Christian chaplain, approached him after the session, and told the speaker that he was unable to pray because of the anguish he had felt for me. His thoughts were on me because he recognized that I was excluded. During the next session of the conference, the speaker related the conversation to the group. He told us he had learned to think of prayer in a different light: that prayer was not only an expression of love for our God, but was also, at least at times, an act of love for God’s creatures. He was deeply touched that there could be such love among chaplains of different faiths. Not just words of love, but love. That Christian chaplain does love me, I thought to myself. He knows what hurts, and he truly cares.

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A Valley of Bones

Robert C. Stroud

The caustic smoke still billowed from portions of the Boeing 747 scattered across the rugged hills that comprise the center of Guam’s thirty miles. Eventually, we learned that 228 of the 254 souls aboard the plane had perished. But for now, there remained hope that yet another survivor might be rescued. The proud tail, bearing the emblem of Korean Air Lines, stood tall and eerily stately as it rose from the jumbled brush and scourged earth. But where was the rest of the aircraft? The smoking debris and mangled pieces of still recognizable metal provided the hazy beacons. After the shortest of briefings, we grabbed the collapsed stretchers and negotiated our way down a steep rope line to the wreckage below.

“The hand of the LORD was upon me, and he brought me out by the Spirit of the LORD and set me in the middle of a valley; it was full of bones.” (Ezekiel 37:1, NIV)

One of our roles as clergy is to immerse ourselves in the lives of those who are dying. We aid those who are relinquishing their grasp on a life, which has reached its end. And even after they let go, in the wake of death we continue our ministry of pointing to the resurrection. We help the survivors see that physical death is not really the *end* at all.

Walking with people through the valley of the shadow of death is not a burden. Most of us discover it to be a genuine privilege. To contend with humanity’s nemeses, death and dying, is an honor. Frequently, these engagements occur at bedside in clinical settings. And in ideal cases, they transpire when a believer has completed a full and meaningful life. Yet, there are radically different contexts where we stand in faith against the specters of despair. Such is the case when we are enlisted to respond to disasters.

Along with Father Raul Sanchez, our Catholic priest, I volunteered to join the search and recovery effort. As we began our ministry at the crash site, my good friend noted that according to the Roman calendar, it was the Feast of the Transfiguration of Our Lord.

Facing the Unimaginable

The accident occurred at 1:42 am. Pilot error caused the jet to crash into a hill named in honor of Admiral Nimitz, a hero of Guam’s liberation from Japanese occupation. Firefighters formed the core of the initial responders, and in the darkness they were able to miraculously rescue a score of survivors. This “search and rescue” team was swiftly replaced by a larger “search and recovery” effort. Father Sanchez and I assumed our place in the ranks of the searchers. We were informed that as we first spread out, we might still find survivors, but sadly, such was not to be the case. While the “traditional” role for clergy lies with debriefings (e.g. CISM) for survivors and caregivers, the two of us desired to leave that important function to junior hands as we girded ourselves to perform dramatically different duties.

“For we are God’s workmanship, created in Christ Jesus to do good works, which God prepared in advance for us to do.” (Ephesians 2:9-11, NIV)

Just as God prepares circumstances in which he desires us to serve, we in turn strive to ready ourselves so that we might not be found wanting. (Why else would we spend four precious years of our too-brief lives in seminary?)

One reason Father Sanchez and I felt confident in our ability to face this challenge was due to our military training. Inherent in military education is preparation for unexpected and violent contingencies. Similar instruction is available for civilian disaster respondents, and those who hope to truly be equipped to minister effectively in this context, need to avail themselves of it. Providentially, Father Sanchez had completed a year-long Clinical Pastoral Education program immediately prior to his Guam assignment. Even with that background, he assessed he was only “about 55% prepared for a mass casualty response.”

Being able to victoriously face the unimaginable requires advance preparation, as well as ongoing reliance on God.

Becoming One with the Caregivers

Following the first long day, we divided the team, volunteers all, into two nine hour shifts. Very few officers joined the “hands on” search and recovery teams. It was our duty to place the burned and mangled bodies in ebony bags and to carry the remains on drab olive stretchers to the temporary morgue. Most of the airmen who stepped forward to assume these duties were quite young, and few knew what to expect. Even those specifically trained in mortuary affairs faced an overwhelming trial that would transform their lives.

“Do nothing out of selfish ambition or vain conceit, but in humility consider others better than yourselves.” (Philippians 2:3, NIV)

Most enlisted troops remain somewhat “on their guard” around officers. Although chaplains stand outside of their command chain, we face the added wariness that many have for those who represent the “holy.” Military chaplains know better than most how conversations can change dramatically when someone in the group spies a cross approaching. Because we constitute a vague sort of “religious” talisman, we are often relegated to the “outside.”

Not so, however, when your gloved hands are among the first to reach out to touch that thing from which every instinct cries “withdraw!” As in the combat zone, where warriors respect the courage of chaplains serving in their midst, it did not take long for every member of the teams to regard their chaplain as one of them. From that precious vantage point, we were able to accomplish much. Beyond performing the same somber duties as our teammates, we spent time talking individually with each and every one of them. And those conversations were invaluable. In addition to countless discussions of faith and mortality, we offered “permission” to those volunteers utterly overwhelmed by the setting to return to their regular duties, away from the crash site. I recall more than one heavily muscled airman troubled by the ability of some petite woman to take the awfulness in stride while he could not.

Earning the complete trust of the members of our team placed us in the perfect position to offer the encouragement, hope and forgiveness they required.

Acknowledging Our Own Vulnerabilities

Most the bodies were badly disfigured by the flames which engulfed the plane when it crashed. In fact, many of them were essentially “consumed” by the raging fire. Gathering the charred remains was oddly surreal; one knew just hours earlier these had been vibrant human beings, but their current state made that fact seem very remote. There was one exception though . . . at least for me. Resting in what would have been a window seat, was the body of a beautiful young Korean girl. Two things caused me to pause for a long moment in her shadow. First, her body appeared as though it had been completely missed by the flames. She looked like she could have walked uninjured from the crash, until you drew closer and saw that her legs had been pinned by the collapse of the seat in front of her. The second reason I froze in my tracks was because this victim appeared to be the same age as my own fifteen-year-old daughter.

“Be strong and courageous. Do not be terrified; do not be discouraged, for the LORD your God will be with you wherever you go.” (Joshua 1:8-10, NIV)

God called Joshua to be courageous. However, it was to be a valor established not upon his own virtues but on God’s presence and strength. When we minister in turbulent and emotionally draining contexts, we must beware of the danger of thinking we can handle whatever comes. Trusting in our training, our innate ability, or anything other than Christ, sets us up for disappointment. Not necessarily a *catastrophic* failure, but a failure to serve as effectively as we might. As Father Sanchez says, the essential beginning point is “having a true relationship with the Lord, yourself, family and those you serve.”

Even when the response to the disaster has unfolded well, we need to remain vigilant. I had already transferred a number of bodies, and begun to think, “I can do this.” Precisely at that moment, the face of this teenager stunned me. I could do nothing more than stand right there, catching my emotional and spiritual breath. The fact is that we never—in and of ourselves—possess sufficient resources to deal with these matters in a healthy way. We must rely on our Lord. While we are engaged in the disaster, and for weeks and months afterward, we also need to take advantage of our own support network. God placed these family, friends and professionals in our lives as one of his tools for supporting our health.

Returning to a “Normal” Life

After nearly two weeks focused on the somber task of recovering human remains from the jagged ruins of a once mighty aircraft, we completed the task. Families had gathered from afar to view the site where their loved ones died. Some cried out in Hangul, “If I could only touch the ashes that would be enough for me.” Eventually an engraved marble obelisk would be erected in memory of the many victims.

Each day when I returned home on the bus I cleansed my boots with bleach and abundant water. The mud through which we trudged at the crash site was contaminated by fuel, and worse. I threw my uniform into the washer, wishing there were a setting more searing than “hot.” On this final trip home, the team leader informed us that we

were all to “retire” (dispose of) our boots; new ones would be issued to us the next day. I wasn’t sorry to be rid of those boots; I don’t believe they could *ever* truly be clean again.

“Every warrior’s boot used in battle and every garment rolled in blood will be destined for burning, will be fuel for the fire.” (Isaiah 9:5, NIV)

What a vivid image. The Hebrew soldiers were to physically destroy all of their garments contaminated by the gore of war. But this act is not merely practical; it is also symbolic. Just as *our* contaminated boots were no longer fit for service, their destruction marked a visual break with the past. And new equipment, for modern and ancient warriors alike, revealed a fresh beginning. A return to other, less bloody pursuits. Coincidentally, a powerful promise of future hope immediately follows the verse cited above: “For to us a child is born, to us a son is given...”

Assessing the Value of Our Presence

The rather unique participation of chaplains was not lost on the teams. While some were initially uncertain about us joining them, they quickly appreciated us being with them. At some point or another virtually every individual expressed their personal gratitude for our involvement. What we had faced together was grim. Father Sanchez says, “The tragedy transformed my life and left scars that still remain. Once we finished with that task I was sick physically, emotionally. Smell, tears, nightmares were some of the results.” It’s no accident that he mentions smells first in his list. Putrefaction occurs swiftly in the humidity of a near-equatorial rain forest. That was merely one of the reasons fueling the urgency of our work. The desire to provide loved ones with the fullest possible accounting of the lost, at the earliest possible moment, was another.

Nearly twelve years later, I occasionally catch a scent that transports me back to Nimitz Hill. For me, the olfactory triggers have proven stronger than the visual reminders. Like my good friend, I too had been “transformed.” The chaplain who climbed down the long rope line that first morning was not the pastor who offered a silent prayer over the crash site as we completed our duties two weeks later. Like each of the team members who grew close to one another as we shared the harsh experience, I participated in regular debriefings. I found it a bit disconcerting; I struggled to view myself as a participant, finding it difficult to suppress my innate desire to help facilitate the healing of others. Experiencing the awkwardness of being a *recipient* of crisis intervention ministry was a lesson in itself.

For we are to God the aroma of Christ among those who are being saved and those who are perishing. To the one we are the smell of death; to the other, the fragrance of life. And who is equal to such a task? ...in Christ we speak before God with sincerity, like men sent from God. (2 Corinthians 2:15-17, NIV)

Odors are powerful things. The camphor we poured into our masks did little to cover the smell of death which pervaded the scene. However, the redeeming thing about smells is that they are not only associated with traumatic memories. In truth, most often they are linked to caressing recollections of our past. To modern ears, Paul’s analogy may sound strange; to people close to the earth, it rings true. We Christians are a holy “aroma” to those around us. Whether that scent is fragrant or malodorous depends upon people’s response to the good news.

As I recall my ministry as a chaplain in the aftermath of this disaster, I am comforted by the knowledge that Father Sanchez and I plainly represented God's merciful presence to those beside whom we labored. And it was communicated without preaching. There was no need to remind anyone of their mortality—for that was painted vividly on the canvas before us. What was needed was a message of hope, "the fragrance of life." By the grace of God, I was privileged to help bring a divine and healing aroma to that somber graveyard. No sermons were required. It was enough to simply speak to others in humility with sincerity, like someone sent by a loving God.

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Editorials



Modeling Church–State Separation: The Urgent Need for Chaplains

Charles P. McGathy

If ever there were a group of professionals who need to understand and embrace the principle of church–state separation it is military chaplains. Of all clergy, it is those who represent their respective faith groups and serve as commissioned military officers who cannot afford to neglect or misconstrue the meaning and implications of this bit of American bedrock. Without its provisions, the military chaplaincy as we now know it falls apart.

Members of the clergy serve within the military because there is a little clause found in the First Amendment of the United States Constitution which reads: “Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.” Because of that guarantee, service members are entitled to worship freely and since they cannot do so without access to religious life, chaplains are provided. The military does not make ministers, priests, rabbis, or imams. There is no generic, one size fits all, chaplain. Chaplains represent their respective faiths and are endorsed by their respective faith groups to serve within the context of an institution.

The United States military is a particularly demanding institutional environment. Thus chaplains must understand why they are allowed to serve (at taxpayer expense) and how they should support and model, through their words and behavior, the ideals of a separate church and state.

Roger E. Olson offers a concise and insightful definition of the meaning of the separation between church and state. He writes, “Separation of church and state does not mean that churches and religious groups cannot attempt to persuade government toward their vision of right and wrong. What it does mean is that no church or denomination or religious organization can dominate government or hold a privileged position in the government.”

Sadly, within American evangelical culture, there are some who would take issue with this definition. In their view, the separation of church and state is either a misunderstood concept or a total invention. The idea that church–state separation is some bit of liberal nonsense received its highest endorsement from the influential Baptist pastor, Wally Amos Criswell. In a CBS television interview in 1984 he said, “The

notion of separation between church and state was the figment of some infidel's imagination." Baptists who know their history will recognize the irony of Dr. Criswell's remarks. It was none other than his predecessor, George W. Truett, who stated on the steps of the United States Capitol, "There must be no union between church and state, because their nature and functions are utterly different." In so doing he was following in the footsteps of his Baptist forbearers more closely than Criswell. No doubt Dr. Truett was taking his cue from Baptist interaction with America's founders. Among those who advocated strongly for a separated church and state was John Leland. Leland led Baptists in Virginia in the struggle for religious freedom. He ardently opposed the idea that the United States was a Christian commonwealth and fervently championed separating church and state. He wrote: "No national church can in its organization, be the Gospel Church. A National church takes in the whole Nation, and no more; whereas, the Gospel Church, takes in no Nation, but those who fear God, and work righteousness in *every* Nation. The notion of a Christian commonwealth should be exploded forever."

Undoubtedly there are still some around who recognize not only the justice behind a separated church and state but also the enormous benefit of this constitutional principle for the church. Widely respected religion scholar Rodney Stark points out that church and state separation is good for the progress of religion.

The church over the centuries has often lost its way when it has been in charge of countries and cultures. Think Western Europe at various points in its history, where the church's dominant status correlated with periods of arrogance and listless participation . . . history teaches that the church is often at its vibrant best in competitive, pluralistic environments, where it has to be at the top of its game.

Given the Constitutional provision for the "free exercise" of religion, the American value of equal justice expressed through a separate church and state, and the obvious benefit of such practice it seems like a "no-brainer" that military chaplains would paint a picture of an American community where every religion is respected and none is favored. And chaplains do, for the most part. However, cracks are appearing on the surface of the painting.

In a disturbing commentary published by the Military Officers Association of America, Matthew LoFiego reports on the rogue actions of some military chaplains. What is particularly disturbing is that these actions have been encouraged and supported by an "endorser." An endorsing agent holds a special responsibility that includes nurturing a healthy respect for the wisdom of church-state separation. That ought to include respecting the right of other religions to exist. One of several charges made against this endorser and his chaplains is that they "habitually denigrate all religions and religious denominations *except their own*. This denigration, which includes virulently anti-Semitic and Islamophobic statements, as well as the deprecation of Roman Catholicism and mainstream Protestantism, occurs in the *endorser's* newsletters, as well as in the speeches, media appearances, and videos . . .

The problems some chaplains are generating by neglecting church and state separation have become international headlines. In an article reported in the English version of *Aljazeera*, a troubling incident regarding chaplains was reported. It concerns the encouragement by a deployed military chaplain to convert Muslims in Afghanistan, making the United States government (by default) a mission sending agency.

In one recorded sermon, Lieutenant-Colonel Gary Hensley, the chief of the United States military chaplains in Afghanistan, is seen telling soldiers that as followers of Jesus Christ, they all have a responsibility “to be witnesses for him.” He adds, “The special forces guys—they hunt men basically. We do the same things as Christians, we hunt people for Jesus. We do, we hunt them down.” Hensley says, “Get the hound of heaven after them, so we get them into the kingdom. That’s what we do, that’s our business.”

This becomes a church–state separation issue because it reveals the apparent disdain some chaplains have toward the delicate issue of appropriate/inappropriate evangelism. It is not the mission of the United States to convert anyone to any religion, yet a high ranking chaplain through his careless remarks has provided ample ammunition for accusations from Muslims that American involvement in that country is nothing more than a new “Crusade.” Thus, failing to understand and apply the lessons of church and state separation has also hurt the state in the accomplishment of its mission.

The same endorser who had problems with respecting other religions apparently also has problems following orders. In a letter to the Secretary of Defense written by the Military Religious Freedom Foundation, a serious accusation is leveled against the Chaplaincy of Full Gospel Churches endorsing agency and the chaplains who represent her. “In a clear and blatant violation of CENTCOM’s General Order 1-A, which absolutely prohibits the proselytizing of any religion, faith or practice in Iraq and/or Afghanistan, a network of forty CFGC chaplains has engaged in the organized distribution in Iraq of Arabic language Bibles and other Arabic language fundamentalist Christian evangelizing materials to the Iraqi people. The violation of this explicitly prohibited activity by these forty CFGC chaplains was initiated, encouraged, and aided by Mr. Ammerman (the endorsing agent).”

In his evaluation of the complaint against the CFGC LoFiego concludes:

Our chaplains are there to provide comfort and spiritual guidance, not to point anyone towards a particular faith. If we cannot maintain a wall between religion and the military, we run the risk of inadvertently forming our own jihad style force. Jim Ammerman passing on a strong belief in end times prophecy, which traditionally requires a great deal of global destruction before the rapture can occur, to a vulnerable generation of servicemen, is inconceivable. But the statistics regarding how many people in uniform have contacted MRFF seem to point towards a select group of chaplains pushing this scenario, and risking turning our efforts in the Middle East into a true crusade.

How will the majority of chaplains respond; the ones who know and understand the rationale and need for church–state separation? Can the genie be put back into the bottle or is it too late to restore the reputation of military chaplaincy: a reputation of fair play in a pluralistic arena? If chaplains, especially evangelical chaplains, will speak out for church and state separation they will certainly be subject to abuse and accusations by some within their faith orientation of having “sold out.” Yet by so doing they may help preserve an institution that for over two hundred years has found a way to minister effectively within the American military.

The urgent need for chaplains to clearly understand and effectively apply the meaning of church–state separation to their ministry within the military is greater now than ever.

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The Rev. Dr. Charles P. McGathy retired from the United States Navy, following an impressive career which included an important Joint assignment. A graduate of Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary and Houston Graduate School of Theology, he returned to congregational ministry in North Carolina. He is an ardent proponent of historic Baptist teaching and University of Florida football.

Our Commitment to Church and State

J. Geddes

As the Deputy Director of Chaplaincy of Full Gospel Churches (CFGC), I am pleased with the opportunity to dispel some current misunderstandings and make a case for a historical view of Church and State relationships which has served America well since its founding.

Presently, Dr. Jim Ammerman is recovering from a minor medical procedure at the publication date of this invitation to write an editorial for the first issue of *Curtana*. As the Founder and Endorser for the CFGC, he has received some unusual criticism through some published articles in recent months. While he has purposely limited his responses with a desire to maintain certain principles, there are a few considerations meriting mention.

Beyond the basic process of getting accurate facts and the courtesy, or not, of confirming those facts directly, it is important to uphold relevant and current information when evaluating a particular perspective. The value of honest debate between different viewpoints has its place as a preferred standard when discussing those views, as opposed to the temptation of pursuing what may be called by some as “got-cha” journalism or the elevation of distorted or imbalanced elements.

Before looking at the broader “Church and State” issues that have long been discussed in our country, let me make something clear about the chaplains with CFGC whom Chaplain Jim Ammerman (Colonel, United States Army, Retired) has faithfully served for over twenty-five years. He believes they are some of the finest in the nation, having consistently distinguished themselves, as is demonstrated by the many superior evaluations received from their commanders, which highlight issues of character and excellence in ministry. While no human is perfect in all aspects, every effort is made to call upon Almighty God and to integrate lessons learned throughout different stages of life. This is true of many people of faith. All people of faith recognize they are on a journey, and none of us has fully arrived.

Instead of fueling debate simply for the sake of controversy, or some particular end result or effect, it is important to point out the evident clash in worldviews, spiritual orientations, cultural viewpoints and differing opinions.

When examining the overall issue of chaplains serving in the military, for instance, it can be said that there is a unique paradox with Church and State considerations. On the one hand, there is a viable need for separation in order to uphold their unique distinctions, contributions and boundaries. On the other hand, the two governing influences must learn how to effectively work together—both for the wellbeing of our military members and for the vitality of our nation. On a different scale, there is the example of chaplains who learn how to walk out their role as clergy and their role as staff officers. As representatives of both Church and State, chaplains are given the distinct privilege of serving both in credible and constructive ways that allow for the greater benefit of the people and the nation they serve. While not everyone is called to ministry within the

confines of an institution, it can become an incredibly meaningful and noble form of service.

More than a contracted minister in a particular field who is brought into a military community for services rendered, a military chaplain is unique in becoming part of that very culture, allowing for greater effectiveness. A military chaplain can stand apart as a welcomed member of any staff or team, a unique counselor who requires trust while offering compassion and confidentiality, a provider of sage advice to the command and a spiritual leader who provides faith specific services and facilitates genuine care for all religious needs, without spiritual compromise. A military chaplain's integration into the fabric of the military community they serve can be likened to a marriage where the two (Church and State) are admonished to become one yet remain distinctive. Both can work together with a common purpose in terms of serving the people, the institution and our nation.

Justification for chaplains (as representatives of both Church and State) has a long history that dates back to the founding days of America as instituted by President George Washington in 1775 and is confirmed through Title X which highlights the Constitutional role of chaplains in helping to provide the free exercise of religion. While history, tradition and law provide credible reasons for the chaplaincy's existence, there are other elements to consider as well. It has long been recognized that military chaplains bring with them an expertise and leadership, as any professional or staff officer would be expected to bring, to a commander. It is therefore incumbent upon the commander to rightly utilize a military chaplain as an asset to his or her command with issues regarding people and religious matters and beyond.

To serve as clergy in the military also demands a commitment to uphold the United States Constitution and the laws enacted by our nation. It is like a doctor who has made a professional vow and been trained to "do no harm," yet is also governed by laws, instructions and training that acknowledge his role as a potential combatant who is able to use firearms. Although a military chaplain holds a non-combatant status, the chaplain is not only governed by military laws and rules, but is also governed by his or her own conscience and by the policies of his or her ordaining body and/or endorsing agency. Conscientiously protecting the First Amendment rights of all military members does not require that the chaplain forego the expression of his or her own religious convictions. On the contrary, it can be argued that a military chaplain is actually the best equipped to recognize the duality of preserving the rights of both chaplains and all of the people they serve. For many citizens, nothing else matters nearly as much as their freedom to worship in accordance with their own beliefs.

Just as our nation's founders wisely protected us from the dangers of an "established" or official national religion, so too they permanently shielded the God-given right of all citizens to choose their own faith or governing worldview and philosophy.

There is a long held understanding that a military chaplain learns to "walk" in two worlds—both Church and State—at the same time, while ministering in the culture of an institution. As many know, great sacrifices have been made to not only have a "level playing field" regarding issues of faith, but to preserve the right to disagree in appropriate or protected settings, when we possess differing viewpoints.

While people of faith or no faith honestly differ in matters of faith, outlook and approach, it is important to do justice on behalf of a long-standing chaplains' organization and its founder. I am trusting that any further discussion will establish a higher bar of integrity for all, a more balanced perspective toward the broader issues related to Church and State, and motives that are inspired out of purity and justice for all. I invite your support and prayers as we all try to bring clarity when navigating the greater issues at hand in our nation!

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Chaplain Jennifer Geddes holds the rank of commander as a United States Navy Reserve chaplain. She has served in eleven different commands, including as an exchange officer with the Canadian Forces. Since 2008 she has also served as the Deputy Director of Chaplaincy of Full Gospel Churches.

An Outsider's View of the Military Chaplaincy

Weeden Nichols

During my military career (I retired from the Army over 31 years ago) I encountered good chaplains and bad. One chaplain, whom I shall never forget, was so compassionate and so pastoral as to offer, in effect, a dispensation that his parent religious body could never have authorized. (It was my misfortune that I have been always so attentive to theology, that I knew I could not accept his kind offer of relief.) I met, during the same tour in Vietnam, a senior chaplain who was self-centered, self-absorbed, extremely demanding of privilege and deference, and racist besides. As a military criminal investigator I encountered chaplains as resources and chaplains as subjects of criminal investigations. However, these do not figure in my response to this article.

During my military career, I myself experienced numerous occasions of ethical difficulty or ambiguity. This experience gave me great sympathy for others who are routinely subjected to ethical conflict or ambiguity. Foremost among those who inevitably are placed in such positions are military chaplains. They wear the uniform of their country, receive pay and privileges as military officers, and hope (in many or most cases) for the benefits of military retirement. They serve those of their own denominations or religious bodies, as well as those who adhere to other religious traditions and those who have no religious affiliation at all. They are accredited clergy of their own religious parent bodies and, as such, are obliged to uphold the theologies, traditions, and understandings of their own parent religious bodies. At the same time, they have the responsibility of contributing to the mission of the military service of which they are members (or at least not interfering with it). Many times during my career, and many times since, I have thought that those serving as chaplains would be less stressed and conflicted if they were civilian clergy accredited to the chaplaincy, compensated by their own religious bodies, and merely accommodated by the military. Unfortunately, this arrangement would result in some chaplains (like journalists) being distrusted and others (like journalists) being used by military commanders. Further, some service members would then have no access to chaplains of their own faith traditions, as some religious bodies are neither organized nor funded to supply chaplains under such an arrangement as I have described.

I would guess that many Christian chaplains, who would otherwise be troubled by such a role, find justification in the Augustinian “Just War” theory. Even though I do not believe true defense can be condemned, it has troubled me most of my life that the Augustinian “Just War Doctrine” may be unworkable. (I should be clear here and declare myself as a follower of Jesus who sees the “gold standard” of Christian behavior to be defenselessness, as modeled by Jesus, though my life has not been lived according to that standard.) To confine the use of deadly force to defense, to limit the use of force only to that necessary to overcome the attack, and to prohibit in all cases targeting non-combatants or placing non-combatants at risk, may not be possible, considering human nature and the evidence of human history. Jesus may have had the problem nailed—that one must avoid violence entirely in order to stay off the “slippery slope.” It may be that humans will always use force beyond the necessary to ensure they will prevail. It may be true that humans and human governments will always tend to represent discretionary uses of force for their own purposes, as defense. If we are to engage in defense, and to do

it in accordance with Augustinian “Just War” doctrine, then we must carefully meter the application of force so that it is just enough to overcome the attack. When conflicts are protracted, then societal disruption is protracted, and human suffering is multiplied. It has been proposed that it is more humane to apply maximum force over a short duration, than to apply a limited or metered force over a long duration. I might concede this, if extremes such as fire-bombings or atomic bombings of civilian population centers are disqualified. There have been military actions that were dispassionately ruthless, that probably limited the totality of human suffering involved, and that were of limited duration. The problem there may be that, though individual memories are short, communal memories are long. Seeds of hate and resentment, left to fester long-term, erupt later. Another related example of the “slippery slope” is the increasingly common assumption that non-combatant deaths, injuries, and suffering are merely a part of war, though they should be limited, of course, if it is possible and convenient to limit them.

I have been acquainted with Christian chaplains who subscribed to a modified Christian theology of “American exceptionalism”—America as heir to the mantle of “chosen people”—America’s will as God’s will, and vice versa. (My thought was that they should have examined what being chosen meant for the Jews.) I can’t argue, however, with the relief from uncertainty that such a position would provide to someone in the role of military chaplain in the armed forces of the United States.

It is a rare, shriveled, and ungrateful person who does not love his country. The phrase “My country, right or wrong!” is known to all of us. To some of us, it represents the epitome of patriotism. To others, it may represent the worst of knee-jerk, right-wing, so-called, “patriotism.” I had always, correctly enough, attributed the phrase to Stephen Decatur, naval hero, captain at age twenty-five, and one of the fathers of the United States Navy. The phrase was spoken by Decatur, evidently, as part of a warrior’s toast: “Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.”

The phrase is also central to a quote from Carl Schurz, Union Army General, later United States Senator, and, still later, Secretary of the Interior: “My country; and my country is the great American Republic. My country, right or wrong; if right, to be kept right; and if wrong, to be set right.” It seems obvious to me that General Schurz was consciously referring to the famous quote from Stephen Decatur, and that he intentionally used it to focus upon what he considered to be a concise definition of responsible patriotism.

These two quotes have been used to introduce any number of writings on the general topic of patriotism, but only one or the other, depending on the writer’s purpose. I am using both. I should note also that both Decatur and Schurz seem to be using the term “country” as identical to the government of the country. I will continue that meaning in this piece, but I should say also that some of my favorite “love of country and homeland” works were by persons who had no great affection for the governments of their homelands.

Decatur’s toast might be inflated in its implications, intended for effect, but it is also possible that Decatur meant exactly what he said. I believe Schurz meant what he said.

There are two kinds of people—those who divide things into categories, and those who do not. I do. I would divide those who care what their country is and what it does (and this is not everybody) into four categories:

1. Those who deny any possibility that their country might commit misdeeds or missteps, and who ignore any evidence to the contrary.
2. Those who are aware, but who consider themselves honor-bound to be loyal and obedient until and unless they become *the* decision-maker, or unless the decision-maker consults them, in which case they would exercise their best judgment.
3. Those who love their country but are aware of misdeeds and missteps, who wish to hold their country to its best values, and who therefore feel compelled to speak truth to power. (I would call this the Schurz formula.)
4. Those who renounce, deny, or reject their country upon evidence of misdeeds and missteps.

I belong to Category 3, but feel great respect and kinship for Category 2. I have more friends in Category 2 than in Category 3, and none at all in Categories 1 and 4.

I retired from the Army decades ago, my last four years having been on the faculty of the United States Army Military Police School. In my time, USAMPS was, in effect, a joint Army-Marine Corps school. Marines comprised perhaps 20-30% of the faculty, and about an equivalent percentage of students. There were token faculty members from other United States and allied services, as well as some students from other United States and foreign services. I have tremendous admiration and affection for Marines. Marines are nothing like the caricatures and stereotypes one encounters in Marine jokes. Marines are intelligent, resourceful, responsible, and courageous. I would compare Marines to my impression of Jesuits. Marines consider themselves the President's ultimate loyal force. Jesuits are also intelligent, resourceful, responsible, and courageous, and they, at least at one time (as I understand it), considered themselves the Pope's ultimate loyal force (the Vatican Swiss Guard being merely a ceremonial force). Both Marines and Jesuits arrived at their frames of reference via a leap of faith. They committed themselves to what they were going to believe, adopted a frame of reference and set of assumptions, within which they could then apply the full range of their intellects and resources. Most of my Marine colleagues understood themselves to be committed to personal loyalty to the president. Some have told me that they could never vote against an incumbent president because to do so would be disloyal. On the other hand, I have never known either a Jesuit or a Marine who was unaware when a superior did something really stupid, or who would deny that superior his best counsel if asked. On one occasion, I made a close Marine friend, a colleague of my own rank, uncomfortable—perhaps even lost his friendship—by confronting a superior who, for reasons of ego, made a decision detrimental to both the mission and the morale of the organization. It was clear that my Marine colleague considered my action unseemly, to say the least. I describe Marines in such detail in order to contrast the Marine as the epitome of Category 2 and myself as a representative of Category 3.

I would like to suggest how great the affinity between Categories 2 and 3 might be. I suggest that both categories are comprised of persons who want their beloved country to live up to its best values. I suggest that the only difference between the person who feels compelled to speak truth (as best he understands it) to power, and the person who feels compelled to remain silent until an opportunity arises to make his understandings known in a proper and diplomatic fashion, is the individual's internalization of values as to what is proper and seemly. I suggest that those who speak out regarding misdeeds and missteps, and those who silently deplore those same misdeeds and missteps, are not

adversaries, but are kindred souls with differing value formation as to what is seemly. Category 2 might ponder whether, in some cases, a higher loyalty might require speaking out. Category 3 persons, such as I, might ponder exercising a little restraint. I have no advice for Categories 1 and 4, nor would they be receptive.

In my opinion, any person who accepts the role of military chaplain and wears the uniform of his country's armed services must arrive at his own understanding of patriotism and somehow reconcile it with the theology and traditions of his parent religious body, and with his own conscience. In my opinion, one who accepts the role of chaplain must be thoughtful enough to be a member of my Category 2 or Category 3, though tensions and strains would be inevitable. If I were evaluating applicants, Categories 1 and 4 need not apply.

I wish you well as servants of God and servants of God's people.

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Weeden Nichols, Chief Warrant Officer, United States Army (Retired), enlisted in the Army Reserve while still in high school. Upon graduation he initially served in the United States Air Force. Assignments followed as an electronics instructor and as a special agent of the United States Air Force Office of Special Investigations (OSI). While stationed in Japan, he worked throughout the Far East, including Vietnam. He then transferred back to the Army as a warrant officer criminal investigations agent (CID). Weeden has been a peace and social justice activist since 1981. His blog appears at everydaycitizen.com/wnichols/.

Demonizing Our Enemies & Dehumanizing Ourselves

Robert C. Stroud

When nations war, it is in the interests of the leaders of the opposing causes to engage their people in that effort heart, mind and (if possible) soul. A soldier who cognitively recognizes the need for fighting, but does not possess a visceral animus for the foe, will only be a half-hearted warrior. On the other hand, if rulers can generate a mental *and* emotional disgust, or even hatred, for the enemy, they have a winning formula. Soldiers who not only understand their cause, but also desire the utter destruction of their opponent, are single-minded in their purpose. Such fighters win wars.

The primary means of engaging the emotional energies of warriors in the conflict is to create an *us—them paradigm*. The enemy is not like us; they do not share our values or dreams. More than that, their goals are diametrically opposed to ours. They desire nothing more strongly than to crush us and destroy all we hold precious (even “holy”). The more sharply we can draw the distinction between us and our foes, the easier it is to persuade our soldiers that “they” truly are our mortal enemies, and should be extended no mercy. This process is made simpler when ethnic or cultural differences contribute to the notion that our opponents really *are* different than us.



The Second World War provides numerous examples of extremely effective propaganda. Every “side” in the global chaos engaged in this process. Ignoring any obligation to reality, Axis and Allied propaganda units allowed their imaginations to run free; no image seemed too outrageous. The American poster reproduced here goes so far as to *literally* transform a Japanese soldier into a minion of Lucifer. “All Hell has broken loose . . . send Hirohito and Hitler to the depths of their own creation tomorrow.” A more graphic demonization of one’s enemies is hardly imaginable. When enhanced by the racist portrayal of the soldier, the picture is complete. These animals are definitely not like “us.” “They” are minions of evil who deserve to be slaughtered.

We might wish to think that in our increasingly sophisticated, twenty-first century world, such barbarism is behind us, but honesty compels us to admit it is not. True, we would never see such a shameful caricature manufactured by official governmental sources today, at least in the western world. But the us—them strategy remains alive and well as a proven method for generating emotive energy against our enemies. And, like most errors, it includes the proverbial kernel of truth. In war, us—them is a logical and evident

distinction. After all, if everyone was “us,” no external nemesis would exist. The mistake lies in the *magnitude* and intent of the valid distinction. If exaggerated, it runs the risk of becoming untrue. And no one’s life ought ever to be sacrificed for a lie. Somewhere along that scale of magnitude, prior to the actual “demonization” of an enemy, there comes a point when the object of attention is dehumanized. After all, before one can be viewed as demonic, every shred of what we would consider normal humanity must be shed.

This dehumanization, which necessarily precedes demonization, is the juncture at which we enter an ethical minefield. The candid truth is that just as no advocate of even the noblest cause is 100% virtuous, neither can even the worst enemy be *purely* evil.

This is precisely where the matter falls at the feet of the military chaplain. While other offices may logically pursue a course of an intentional alienation of our soldiers from the enemy, we must remain vigilant in considering the proper boundaries of such policies. Of course, our soldiers do need to be able to distinguish the enemy as a legitimate combat target—but they should never be allowed to forget that these valid targets are also living, breathing human beings. I recognize this is a controversial subject within military circles, but it should not be a contentious matter within the chaplain corps of democratic nations. Admittedly, to create an optimal fighting force, it is best to train a warrior to the point where they do not hesitate to pull the trigger . . . or to trigger the improvised explosive device. Chaplains should always support combat efficiency. But not at the expense of violating the soul of the soldier by transforming them into a spiritless killing machine. You see, the horrible irony is that in dehumanizing the enemy, we also dehumanize ourselves.

The Chaplaincy’s Unique Role

I recognize I do not speak for all chaplains. It is not my purpose here to present the definitive chaplains’ manifesto on this complex subject. Rather, it is my desire to speak *to* all chaplains, challenging us all to conscientiously seek to be God-led in our counsel and admonitions. This is never more essential than during war. In past centuries, some chaplains have accurately been labeled warmongers. Prior to the Geneva Conventions’ prohibition of the carrying of arms by chaplains, men of the cloth (there were no women in the ranks during those violent years) often relished the opportunity to take up arms and slay the “godless” enemy. One such chaplain during the American Civil War was a hero of the Battle of Shiloh (or Pittsburg Landing, as it was known in the North). Isaac Taylor Tichenor not only encouraged the men of the 17th Alabama Infantry to hold fast at a tenuous moment, but he was also praised for his accuracy as a sharpshooter. Ponder that for a moment. A sharpshooter does not aimlessly scatter ammunition across a chaotic battlefield. A sharpshooter carefully and deliberately takes aim . . . at an individual man or woman . . . slowly and gently squeezing the rifle’s trigger . . . extinguishing a human life.

Historians note that few conflicts are as ferocious as civil wars. In such conflicts, establishing an us—they dichotomy becomes challenging. After all, prior to the conflict’s eruption, all involved in the war were neighbors and fellow citizens. However, this inconvenient fact does not prevent propagandists from striving to do their best. The image on the next page comes from an American Civil War envelope published in the North. It moves beyond the common characterization of Confederate States of America President Jefferson Davis as devil-spawn, to a demonization of all Southern clergy. Lucifer, or his underling, inspires the sermon of an “eminent Southern clergyman.”



This image transforms the patriotic clergy of the enemy, a body which would obviously include their military chaplains, into willing pawns of evil. The well vested minister, the text says, “during an eloquent discourse, is wonderfully assisted in finding scriptural authority for Secession and Treason, and the divine ordination of Slavery.” Just as biting sarcasm was not lost on civil war antagonists, neither was the power of demonizing one’s enemies.

While it is foolish to assume that our foes are like us, with the same goals and desires, we cannot forget that however different we may be, they too are human beings. Chaplains, as people of faith, expand upon that conviction and most believe we share a common Creator. In fact, most of our faiths go so far as to proclaim that God loves each of them, (as unpalatable as it may sound) as much as he loves us. Those of us representing the Christian faith face an even more forthright rebuke to our human nature. For Jesus the Christ himself said: “You have heard that it was said, ‘You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy.’ But I say to you, Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you, so that you may be sons of your Father who is in heaven” (Matthew 5:43-45, ESV).

The chaplaincy’s reminder to retain our ethical moorings in no way means we constitute a “fifth column,” undermining our country’s military goals. Chaplains should be able to, with uninhibited conscience, support their nation’s war efforts. This is a luxury we take for granted in democracies where wars should always be based upon worthy values, such as protection of innocent lives and the preservation of human freedom. In most nations, chaplains are *volunteers*. If a chaplain can no longer support the military policies of their government, they are free to resign their commission. Thus, it can be assumed we will earnestly work toward the victory of our military. At the same moment we compassionately care for our own troops, civilians caught up in the horror, and even enemy prisoners of war.

The reason we representatives of the transcendent must retain our moral footing, even during the most turbulent of catastrophes, is because we are guardians of that most precious possession of a nation or people. We are watchmen (and women), warning of dangerous influences which are corrosive to our individual, and national, soul.

A Nobler Course

The counterpoint to avoidance of demonization, is not to overlook or minimize atrocities committed by the enemy. It does not require ignoring inhumane actions done by one’s foe. It merely mandates treating them honestly—with *truth* as the objective standard. Beyond that, it is honest enough to admit that there are those in our own ranks capable of similar horrors. God willing, criminal acts and barbarism are forbidden by our national and international pledges and mores. But, even when our culture is earnestly peace loving, there remains within each fallen human being the capacity to do evil. The cauldron of combat can open the door to these baser instincts, just as it allows vastly more “common soldiers” to emerge as genuine heroes.

With a position established upon truth, we gain two clear benefits. First, we recognize the humanity of our enemies, without casting them in a false non-threatening light. Second, we hold ourselves accountable to the rule of principles and actions that we publicly profess. Thus, we remain not only alert in terms of preparing for danger; we are

also vigilant in guarding our *own* ethics, lest we compromise them and become little better than our foes.

The proper balance is not to absolve the enemy or portray them as peaceful or virtuous when they are not. That would be foolish and merely propaganda of another sort. To say, for example, “jihadists are really no different than American patriots” would be not only dishonest but also absurd. For, while some traits such as their affection for their homeland may resemble our own, the jihadists’ fervor for imposing their worldview on all others would be utterly dissimilar.

Members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization Coalition Forces are rightfully proud of the young men and women from a variety of nations who are defending the cause of peace and freedom around the globe today. Although some of these young adults are moved to enlist in that cause due to enticements offered by recruiters, many of them would willingly serve today even without those extrinsic rewards. The United States has been blessed with an abundance of patriotic young adults of every ethnicity and numerous faiths, who understand what is at risk in the current war against terrorism. It is precisely because of their selflessness and innate “goodness” that chaplains must do whatever we can to preserve their innocence and guard them against the crippling consequences of losing their spiritual core. Protecting them from the dehumanizing effects of dehumanizing their enemy is crucial.

Clive Staples Lewis, perhaps the twentieth century’s greatest Christian writer, was a combat veteran of the “war to end all wars.” While a professor at Oxford, he served the allied cause in a highly inspirational role during the subsequent world war. Lewis lost many of his closest friends to these conflicts. During WWII, he vividly recognized the malignancy that was Adolf Hitler. Yet Lewis remained keenly aware of the dangers of demonizing our enemies, even as we willingly sacrificed our very lives in resisting them.

Suppose one reads a story of filthy atrocities in the paper. Then suppose that something turns up suggesting that the story might not be quite true, or not quite so bad as it was made out. Is one’s first feeling, ‘Thank God, even they aren’t quite so bad as that,’ or is it a feeling of disappointment, and even a determination to cling to the first story for the sheer pleasure of thinking your enemies are as bad as possible? If it is the second then it is, I am afraid, the first step in a process which, if followed to the end, will make us into devils. You see, one is beginning to wish that black was a little blacker. If we give that wish its head, later on we shall wish to see grey as black, and then to see white itself as black. Finally we shall insist on seeing everything—God and our friends and ourselves included—as bad, and not be able to stop doing it: we shall be fixed for ever in a universe of pure hatred (C.S. Lewis, *Mere Christianity*).

Demonizing our enemies is not only an offense against truth; it is destructive to our national and personal soul. For this reason, we must avoid resorting to this tactic. As chaplains, we are providentially positioned—within the military institution itself—to help protect our nations from succumbing to this self-destructive temptation. May God grant us the courage to remain true.

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Robert C. Stroud is a retired chaplain who resides near Puget Sound. He is a life member of the Military Chaplains Association, the Military Officers Association of America, the Air Force Association, and the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War. He created scriptoriumnovum.com/c.html to honor his great-grandfather’s regiment.

Chaplain's Rank

Better Service Without the Officer's Insignia

Irving H. Berg

To the Editor of the New York Times:

The announcement that Chaplains are to lose their insignia ought to cause them to rejoice instead of protesting, as I understand a hundred or more of them at Camp Taylor have done. The Lieutenant's bars with the Chaplain's crosses were always a sign of the absurdity of trying to mix two distinct offices. Ask any man who has served under this double standard whether he really thought himself capable of making good in either capacity! If a man wants to be a Lieutenant or a Captain, let him earn the right as other men do. It requires more than an elaborately engraved commission from Washington to make an officer!

On the other hand, if a minister of the gospel wants to serve his fellow men as Chaplain, let him rejoice in the privilege of wearing the insignia of that office, which knows no distinctions of rank where service is rendered, and stands in the minds of the men as perhaps the one link in the hour of deepest need with all that is dearest and best in their lives. As a man among men the Chaplain may speak to his fellow men without the intrusion of those artificial relationships which are an essential of military discipline. As an officer among officers, he is at best viewed as one apart from the rank and file. The experience of the American Expeditionary Force was anticipated by those of us who served as Chaplains on the Mexican border in 1916 and there learned that the office of Chaplain was what a man made it—not at all what many army men considered it, an unnecessary nuisance!

The Chaplains with the American Expeditionary Force, as indeed the Chaplains of the allied armies in general have made good in the highest sense. The sacrifice of devotion, the bravery of true manhood, have been recognized in every case, and the little silver cross has been the symbol of the abiding and the eternal, whether worn by priest or pastor, in the hours which have bared men's souls to reality. It is as the man of God, the comforter of souls, the friend in need, that the Chaplain wears upon his uniform a symbol more sacred even than the General's stars, and sure not less entitled to respect. Let the Chaplains honor that little silver cross as it honors every man privileged to wear it, and let them cease all worry about their military rank or lack of it! In this they will become their sacred office and fill a position of unparalleled opportunity and usefulness. Incidentally, with all ranks in the army the office of Chaplain will be recognized as indispensable to the morale and hence to the success of that glorious crusade upon which they have ventured their all.

Irving H. Berg, Formerly Chaplain, First Connecticut Infantry, U.S.A., New York, 25 September 1918. The author of this letter wrote in a day when virtually all chaplains represented religions having their source in Christianity, wearing a cross insignia accordingly. His argument applies, of course, to all religious insignia adorning chaplain uniforms.



Book Reviews



Faith in the Fight: Civil War Chaplains

John W. Brinsfield, William C. Davis, Benedict Maryniak
& James I. Robertson, Jr.
(Mechanicsburg, Pa.: Stackpole Books, 2003): 256 pages.

Recent years have witnessed a welcome increase in the number of books discussing religion during the American Civil War. The most important of these works for the study of the chaplaincy, is *Faith in the Fight*. Although it contains additional information, what makes it indispensable is the comprehensive roster of Union and Confederate chaplains which were painstakingly compiled by the editors. A future issue of *Curtana* will include supplemental information not available to the authors when their lists were compiled.

The volume is divided into three major sections. In addition to the aforementioned rosters, there are introductory essays on chaplains in each of the respective armies and a pair of articles composed of first person accounts. The primary source material is rather limited, comprising only twenty-nine pages. Even then, the selections are insightful. Included are comments offered by Chaplain William Eastman during a 1991 speech. Eastman was the Congregational chaplain of the 72nd New York Infantry.

The name chaplain is significant. He is the *chapel* man. He does not need a church. Gothic arches, pulpits, robes, high altars, choirs, responses are without meaning in his work. He is a man who can take with him a great consciousness of the divine presence and speak and act in view of that in any place and in any emergency (118).

The late Maryniak, a lifelong student of the war, penned the introduction to Union chaplains, “a procession of earnest, sturdy, and buoyant churchmen” (6). In his somewhat chronological approach to the subject, he discusses the eventual uniform guidelines, which did not exist at the outbreak of war.

There were chaplains whose denominations shunned any type of ecclesiastical uniforms in protest of the church power they implied. To these men, even the prescribed army uniform, severe as it was, must have felt theatrical, stagy, unreal; and yet, all army chaplains doubtless felt a new kind of poise and authority seeping inward to their souls from their clothing (20).

Although the chapter is more anecdotal than systematic, Maryniak includes sufficient differing perspectives to provide a clear sense of the broad sweep of chaplains who served. While providing an effective picture the Union chaplaincy, however, he displays some unseemly disdain for the influence of evangelicals on its development. One

example will suffice: “Hidden behind the guileless and openhearted image of the YMCA, Evangelicals who ran the Manhattan and Philadelphia YMCAs looked for something like a public referendum that would sweep the army clean of all its active-duty chaplains and then leave that job in their hands” (32).

Brinsfield introduces his chapter on Confederate chaplains by discussing the political positions of various major denominations. (The largest of the national denominations had already divided along regional lines prior to the war.) Despite the religious sentiments of southerners, commissioning chaplains nearly seemed an afterthought in the rush to war. Chaplains were paid “\$50 a month, \$30 more than a first sergeant but \$30 less than a second lieutenant. . . . Many church leaders were dismayed at such treatment and condemned the impoverishment of clergy appointed to the army” (58).

One difference between North and South was that the latter only commissioned clergy from Trinitarian denominations. “There were no Jewish or female chaplains, although there was at least one Cherokee Christian who served as a religious leader without commission for the North Carolina Cherokee Battalion, and one black ‘honorary’ chaplain in Forrest’s Cavalry, perhaps the first black chaplain to serve in the Civil War” (61.). The Union, by contrast, included a variety of religious sects. Indeed, consistent with the nineteenth century fascination with mediums, séances and the occult (which reached even into the White House), they even commissioned at least two Spiritualist chaplains.

The editors possess impressive credentials. Brinsfield is a retired Chaplain who has taught at West Point and the Army War College, as well as at the United States Army Chaplain School. Professors Davis and Robertson direct the Virginia Center for Civil War Studies. Maryniak was an independent scholar and lifelong student of the chaplaincy during the War Between the States.

As is true today, “the motivation for ministers to volunteer for a ministry in the armies . . . was complex and varied from one individual to another” (62). Contemporary chaplains will find it fascinating to note similarities and differences between themselves and their nineteenth century predecessors.

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***Soldiers, Commissars, and Chaplains:
 Civil-Military Relations since Cromwell***

Dale R. Herspring

(Lanham, Maryland: Rowman & Littlefield, 2001): 245 pages.

I must confess I approached this book with a bias against the linkages suggested by its title. During the Cold War I served at RAF Greenham Common when the Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces Treaty negotiated by President Reagan with the Soviets made the world a safer place. In 1991, the 501st Missile Wing hosted a Communist inspection team, there to verify all of our missiles had been removed, in accordance with the INF Treaty. Since our wing had accomplished its mission and was well on its way to its inactivation, I was one of the relatively few officers remaining at the installation. Because of that fact, I was invited to perform a duty rarely executed by chaplains; I was appointed a “Soviet Escort Officer.”

Naturally, the duties were not incompatible with my chaplaincy role, and on the contrary afforded me unique access to the Soviet inspectors. Upon their arrival and our introductions, my identity as a chaplain aroused some curiosity in their ranks. When one of them observed they did not have chaplains in their own military, a British captain interjected, “well, chaplains are essentially the same thing as your political officers.” I was aghast at his comparison of the two, and immediately corrected it. Vivid memories of that day flashed into my mind when I first encountered Herspring’s book. Despite my initial gut reaction to his thesis, I am pleased to commend the volume as a fascinating and insightful study.

The author is a respected professor who served his nation as a naval and Foreign Service officer. He began his military career as a chaplain assistant who noted, “The chaplains spent a lot of their time attempting to motivate sailors—to convince them they could do better and that the country they served was worthy of the sacrifices they might be called upon to make. When it came to questions of patriotism, chaplains were not neutral” (xi). This comes as little surprise, of course, since members of the clergy who oppose their nation’s military goals seldom enlist in its ranks. Herspring’s epiphany came when he later realized “The Soviet political officer’s primary concerns seemed to be the same things that motivated chaplains—morale, motivation, counseling, and resolving political socialization” (xii). The well-written book then sets out to validate this observation.

The book is actually a collection of individual historical studies. “With the U.S. experience as a backdrop, the rest of the book is devoted to an analysis of six other cases. They include the English Civil War, the French Revolution, the Russian Revolution, the German Wehrmacht in World War II, the post-World War II Soviet Army, and the East German experience during the Cold War” (9). His discussion of these historical contexts is excellent, teeming with valuable insights. Discussing Hitler’s military he writes, “As a German chaplain put it in a somewhat humorous fashion, ‘The navy tolerated chaplains for reasons of tradition, the army needed them to strengthen the morale of the troops, but the air force was so close to heaven that they felt they could abstain from chaplains’” (146). More seriously, he describes the “circumscribed” role of German chaplains, who were ideologically unwelcome since “they placed Christianity and the Christian God between the soldier and his Fuhrer” (138).

The introductory portion on the United States is quite thorough, especially considering its relative brevity. He outlines the evolution of the chaplaincy, observing that

One problem that haunted the army’s chaplains during the second half of the nineteenth century was the tendency of commanding officers to dump jobs on them that no one else wanted to do. In the 1870s, for example, in addition to

his normal religious duties, the army chaplain worked as a schoolmaster, librarian, post gardener, post treasurer, and manager of the post bakery (30).

He succinctly outlines major historical periods for which the typical American education is sadly lacking. During the English Civil War, “Chaplains were key and Cromwell knew it. Without their help, it is doubtful that Cromwell and his army would have enjoyed the success it did” (75). “In effect, chaplains would motivate troops, counsel them, ensure that morale was high, and provide political socialization, in the sense that they would constantly explain to soldiers how they were carrying out God’s will” (68). By contrast, the secular commissars of the French Revolution “had responsibility for political education and also for eliminating officers who were considered politically unreliable” (90). Not surprisingly, due to purges of anyone whose politics were even slightly suspect “Paris ran the risk of having the most reliable, most dedicated, and most useless military anywhere in Europe” (95).

The early Soviet commissars bore some resemblance to their French predecessors. When battling the White Army during the Russian Civil War, the communists were forced to rely on Imperial officers who were seldom suited to convincing political rehabilitation. Nevertheless, “Among his other talents, Lenin was a great pragmatist. He, better than many in Russia, realized that while most officers from the former Czarist Army did not support the values of the new regime, they were indispensable to its survival” (104). Herspring’s description of the transition from commissars to political officers, with significantly different duties, is crucial to understanding the state of their armed forces as the Soviet Union dissolved.

In the East German military “It was up to the political officer to convince soldiers that going to church was not the thing that a good NVA [National People’s Army] soldier did” (204). Justice arrived when the German Democratic Republic collapsed alongside the Berlin wall. Although some members of the NVA were permitted to join the German armed forces, “Political officers were not permitted to join the Bundeswehr. As advocates for the despised world of communism, they were told their services were no longer needed” (215).

Herspring does draw valid parallels between chaplains and their secular counterparts. The grand *distinction* between the alternatives, however, lies at the very heart of the matter. Most chaplains consider their religious duties vastly more important and central to their identity than their morale functions. Herspring acknowledges this. “[Chaplains] also provided spiritual comfort, something that political officers did not do—*unless one considers preaching a secular ideological doctrine to be a spiritual undertaking*” (8). Ironically, many religious scholars would consider an overriding, life-governing principle or system to constitute precisely that—an individual’s religion or faith. A person who “preached” an idol such as a political system (of any hue) would, from that perspective, become a priest or chaplain of that “religion.” Thus, a political officer who proclaimed giving one’s life for the State was the highest (even eternal) good, would bear an even closer resemblance to a traditional chaplain. This remains a matter for deeper study and discussion.

The story of World War II Germany is perhaps the most complex in the volume, as the Nazi government employed both chaplains (reluctantly) and political officers (enthusiastically). Coincidentally, Hitler had been a *Bildungsoffiziere* (Training Officer) “whose task was to talk to their comrades in an effort to maintain discipline” in the wake

of the 1919 navy mutiny in Kiel. “Given his personal background as what amounted to a political officer, it was not surprising that he supported the idea of morale or political officers in the Wehrmacht when the issue was raised” (149). Despite the atheistic fascism of the Nazis, Germany’s deeply engrained Christian heritage demanded the presence of chaplains. Hitler had no choice but to acquiesce to this expectation. Yet he never trusted religious leaders unwilling to replace their orthodox creeds with a religious devotion to National Socialism. “The Nazis would continue to be suspicious of chaplains to the very end. One task that would be assigned to the new National Socialist Leadership Officers would be to watch over the actions of chaplains to ensure that they did nothing to undermine the war effort” (147).

Herspring’s study is invaluable, especially in terms of analyzing the failed Communist model which rejected the presence of chaplains to minister to the spiritual needs of soldiers, sailors, airmen and marines. In fact, recent years have marked a significant increase in the number of nations commissioning chaplains for their armed forces.

Returning to the Second World War for a final potent image of the contrast between chaplains and political officers, we see a local Nazi administrator confident enough to attack the chaplaincy directly in 1938. “No chaplain has been in a fox hole. The chaplains are bastards. Christianity and Judaism are the same. He who stands on the Bible has Palestine as a homeland, not Germany” (139). Ironically, although he intended the linking of the two faiths as damning slander, his final sentence rings true and noble.

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Broken Churches, Broken Nation

C.C. Goen

(Macon: Mercer University, 1985): 256 pages.

It is no surprise that periods of bloody conflict, such as the American Civil War, draw more attention than the years leading up to them. However, a volume such as this raises the question of whether the pre-war years may teach more valuable lessons than the battles themselves.

This book will be of value to all students of American religion as well as civil war enthusiasts. It will be of particular worth to thoughtful chaplains who recognize the complex challenge of equitably balancing military, ecclesiastical and personal loyalties.

Professor Goen describes the internal fracturing of the nation’s three most broadly distributed denominations during the decades preceding the war. He persuasively argues their surrender to regionalism forged a searing imprint on the national psyche. When churches abdicated their role to preserve *spiritual* unity in the face of disagreements

over how to effectively deal with the issue of slavery, many politicians began to regard dissolution of the nation's *political* bonds as inevitable. Henry Clay, the Kentucky statesman known as the “Great Pacifier” for his skill at creating agreement, wrote:

I tell you that the sundering of the religious ties which have hitherto bound our people together, I consider the greatest source of danger to our country. If our religious men cannot live together in peace, what can be expected of us politicians, very few of whom profess to be governed by the great principles of love? (106).

The author goes so far as to allege the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist denominations “that divided to avoid further controversy between their contending factors wittingly pointed the nation toward rupture and war” (169). And once war was on the horizon, some clergy (especially radical abolitionists) were its most rabid advocates. “As early as 1850, Aaron Chatterton, a Disciples of Christ preacher in Iowa, had declared: ‘I am for war, open war—a war of conquest and extermination’” (176). The strong emotions of clergy on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line resulted in no shortage of volunteers to serve as chaplains. Indeed, many clergy accepted regular line commissions or enlisted in the ranks. The large number of Christian clergy (both North and South) who preferred the carrying of arms to the carrying of the cross during the war merits further study.

Even when there was no malevolent intent, and feelings of regret and affection lingered between the regional factions, the severing of bonds and widening chasm affected not only the church, but also the nation itself. “According to a growing consensus among Civil War scholars, a major factor in the nation’s breakdown was this deepening sense of alienation, even isolation . . .” (125).

The author argues that the Church was the sole institution with the potential to help the young nation end slavery without bloodshed. He lays the guilt for that failure at the feet of the Church’s leaders. “The fatal flaw in antebellum church leadership was that ecclesiastics were less distressed by the evils of human bondage than concerned with the tasks of institutional maintenance” (180). This should serve as a reminder to all—and especially to chaplains—to never value the transitory preservation of a temporal institution above the defense of justice and truth.

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A nineteenth century illustration accompanying the editorial on “Demonizing Our Enemies” in this issue of Curtana shows graphically how the North came to view Southern clergy. Taken from a printed envelope “cover,” it portrays a demon leaning over the shoulder of a clergyman gazing into the opened Scriptures. Below the image it says “An eminent Southern clergyman, during an eloquent discourse, is wonderfully assisted in finding scriptural authority for Secession and Treason, and the divine ordination of Slavery.” It can be found on page 56.



Resurrected Biographies



Joseph Ryan Abram

Confederates States of America Chaplain
(8th Tennessee Infantry)

Source: *Southern Poetry* by Henry J. Stockard
(New York: Neale Publishing, 1911): 198-204.

Abram J. Ryan (1839-1886). This writer is known both as “Father Ryan” and as “the Poet-Priest.” He was born of Irish parentage, in Norfolk, Va., but the family removed to St. Louis, where the boy received the training preparatory to entrance at the Catholic Seminary, of Niagara, N.Y.

Through a deep spiritual conviction he was ordained into the priesthood, and at the opening of the Civil War was chosen a chaplain, though his fiery enthusiasm for the cause of the South often led him into the ranks. This intense devotion is vividly shown in his fierce lyrics, “The Sword of Lee” and “The Conquered Banner.” For a long time he refused to accept the results of the struggle, and used much of his time in lecturing for the aid of the widows, orphans, and maimed soldiers of the South.

His last years were spent in the faithful pursuit of his ministerial duties—in Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia—editing at one time *The Banner of the South*, and venting in it his indignation upon the iniquitous Reconstructionists. He died in a Franciscan monastery, at Louisville.

There is a prevailing note of melancholy in many of Ryan’s poems—attributable, very likely, to the loss of an early love. One of his longer pieces, “Their Story Runneth Thus,” leads one to this conclusion. Still, his songs are wholesome. They deal with the serious experiences of life—its disappointments, changes, defeats, end; but there is an abiding faith through all. From a technical point his work is defective. He recognized this himself, for he tells us in his preface: “They were written at random—off and on, here, there and everywhere, just as the mood came; with little study and less of art, and always in a hurry.”

[Here follow four of his poems: “The Conquered Banner,” “The Sword of Robert Lee,” “Death,” and “Presentiment.”]

† Curtana †

George F. Adams

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(Union Hospitals in Massachusetts)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:10-11.

Adams, George F., D.D., was born in Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 3, 1802, and died in Baltimore, Md., April 16, 1877. His father, Seth Adams, removed to Ohio in 1805, and settled first in Marietta, and afterwards in Zanesville. Mr. Adams was baptized in 1812, by the Rev. George C. Sedwick. He was licensed to preach in 1822. In 1824 he entered the preparatory school of the Columbian College, graduated from the college in 1829, and was principal of the school during the year 1829-30. While still pursuing his collegiate course he was elected pastor of the Central Baptist church, Washington, at that time worshipping in the city hall, which, however, was soon after merged into the E Street church.

During his college course he also spent several of his vacations with the Rev. Dr. Ryland as missionary in Eastern Virginia. He was ordained at the Navy-Yard Baptist church, Washington, April 22, 1827. In 1830 he settled in Falmouth, Va., as principal of a female school, and as the assistant of the Rev. R.B. Semple, pastor of the church in Fredericksburg, of which he soon became himself the pastor, continuing such until December of 1835, supplying at the same time the pulpit at Falmouth, and also of one other church. In January, 1830, he became pastor of the Calvert Street Baptist church, Baltimore, where he was useful and successful. In 1842 he became general missionary for the State of Maryland, visiting and stimulating all the churches. In 1843 he preached to the Hereford, Gunpowder, and Forest churches. In 1848 he accepted the pastorate of the Second Baptist church, Baltimore, where, during thirteen years, he labored with great success.

In 1860, Mr. Adams became pastor of the Hampton Baptist church, but the war occurring, he served for a short time as chaplain in the Confederate army. He was arrested and imprisoned for a while at the Rip-raps. [*Likely a reference to Fort Wool, on the small artificial island called Rip Raps, built to protect the access to Hampton Roads.*]

In 1862 he returned to Baltimore, and was appointed State missionary, serving in that capacity until 1865, when he took charge of the Atlantic Female College at Onancock, Va. In 1867 he was called a second time to the pastorate of the church in Hampton, where he remained for nine years, until, his voice failing, he resigned, and removed to Baltimore, where he was appointed a city missionary, laboring as such with great fidelity until nearly the day of his death, which was caused by a cancerous affection of the throat.

As a preacher Mr. Adams was instructive and stimulating. His style was clear, simple, and forcible, and his sermons were rich in Christian experience. During a ministry of more than fifty years he had labored faithfully for the advancement of every good cause, baptizing hundreds of converts, and giving much of his time to the cause of missions. Sunday-schools, temperance, and the distribution of religious publications. One who knew him well has said, "He was one of the four ministers who, in 1830, laid the foundation of the Maryland Baptist Union Association, and to him more than to any other man are we indebted under God for the origin and present glorious success of that body, numbering then only 345, now over 10,000." Mr. Adams also wrote and published numerous articles of interest in our religious periodicals, and was for one year the editor of the *True Union*, published in Baltimore. He had also in preparation a "History of the Maryland Baptist Churches," a work for which he was specially fitted from his intimate acquaintance with the churches, and which he undertook at the request of the M.B.U.A. He left it unfinished at his death, but it will be completed by the Rev. John Pollard, D.D., of Baltimore. Dr. Adams received the degree of D.D. from the Columbian College.

† Curtana †

James Madison Anderson

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(40th Virginia Infantry)Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 98-100.

This is the story of a minister who overcame early disadvantages of education, and became by dint of careful study and native endowment, one of the most polished and graceful preachers in Virginia. From untoward circumstances in youth, he has risen step by step to the most important positions in his church. In all this advance, there has been nothing of rude ambition or doubtful expedients. He still has the modesty of his boyhood. Honors have sought him. He is far removed from the arts that seek prominence, or bid for popularity. Without ostentation he quit himself fully of every responsibility.

He was born in the county of Amelia, on the 28th of June, 1837. In his early boyhood he was sent to such schools as the community in which he lived afforded. In the year 1850, his parents moved to Lynchburg, Virginia. His parents, although of highly respectable families, were poor, and he spent several years in the service of one of the citizens of that city, making his own livelihood by honest toil. During this period and in the fall of 1851, he made a profession of religion in the old church on Church Street, of which the Rev. John C. Granbery was pastor, (known now as Centenary). Mr. Anderson had been a regular Sunday school scholar, and had thought much on religion, praying often; in fact he cannot recall the time when he was destitute of concern on the subject of his salvation. His circumstances had never before been so favorable for giving attention to this important matter, and he resolved to make good use of his opportunities. Revival services were in progress, with conversions. He was anxious to become a Christian. He however was young and timid. Night after night he went to church, hoping that some one would give him some encouragement to go to the altar. No one came to him, perhaps because of his youth, At length. God helped him to take his place among the penitents.

After several days of dark sorrow for sin, and earnest prayer for pardon, he obtained the desired blessing. He at once became a zealous Christian. At the first opportunity he connected himself with the church. He was punctual and regular in all his duties. He cannot remember that in all his early religious life, he ever failed to be present at preaching, prayer-meeting, class-meeting, Sunday-school or Bible class, when attendance was practicable. His close attention to his duties obtained for him the confidence of the entire church, and produced the belief in the minds of his brethren, that he was destined to be of much service to the cause of Christ. He was blessed with the special friendship of one of his pastors, Rev. D.P. Wills, who more fully directed his attention to the subject of preaching, and in various ways gave him aid and encouragement. Preaching soon became the all-absorbing subject. By day and by night it pressed upon his mind. To proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ to his fellow men seemed to him to be the noblest of all employments.

In 1854, he began preparations for the work of the ministry by improving his education. He attended schools, first in Lynchburg, then in Buckingham County. In 1856, he was licensed in that county at a Quarterly Meeting held by Rev. H.H. Gary, as local preacher.

In December, 1856, he went to Randolph Macon College, where he remained only for a few months, leaving in June 1857.

In November, 1857, he was received as a probationer into the Virginia Annual Conference, at its session at Elizabeth City, North Carolina. His first appointment was the Lancaster circuit, with the Rev. B.R. Duval. In 1858-9, he was on the Westmoreland circuit with the Rev. Lloyd Moore. At the Conference of 1859, held in Lynchburg, he was ordained deacon by Bishop John Early, and was sent to Rock Creek and Howard circuit, as preacher in charge.

At the Conference of 1860, he was sent to the Patterson Creek circuit, in Hampshire county, (now in West Virginia). He remained but a few months. The excitement of the approaching war made it unfavorable for our church in that section. The Presiding Elder withdrew Mr. Anderson, and assigned him to the Warrenton circuit, which had lost its pastor by death.

At the Conference of 1861, he was appointed to the London circuit. Early in the spring, Leesburg was captured by the Federal army, and it became necessary to leave this place. In May, 1862, he entered the Confederate army as chaplain of the 40th Virginia Regiment. He remained in the army for seventeen months, and endured many hardships, but had the pleasure of seeing many of the brave men to whom he preached, become soldiers of the cross. At the Conference of 1863, he was appointed to the Elk Run circuit, in Rockingham County. His labors on this circuit were considerably hindered by the incursions of the Federal forces. His Conference studies were interrupted through the years of war, and he was not ordained Elder till 1864, in Lynchburg, by Bishop Early. From that Conference he was assigned to Culpeper circuit, but the section was so devastated by the Federal army, that it was impossible to work with hope of success at that time. He spent the major part of the year on the Scottsville circuit.

The Conference years of 1865-6-7 were spent on the Fluvanna circuit. God blessed his labors with extensive revivals. The two following years he was on the Madison circuit. The fruits of his work were in an improvement in the condition of the membership, and many accessions. During the next four years he served the Albemarle circuit, where every year he witnessed the grace of God in converting the people. The three succeeding years he served the Atlantic circuit. On this field the Lord honored his preaching with more than ordinary success. There were revivals every year. Much money was raised for the various interests of the church. Debts which had long been a discouragement to the people were paid. The church property was greatly improved. A parsonage was built and paid for, and a surplus was left in the treasuries of the parsonage, and of two of the churches. At the Conference at Richmond in 1876, he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Danville district, a large and difficult field, which he has served with fidelity and to its improvement. In 1879, he was assigned to the Charlottesville district, his present work. He has been married twice, first to Miss Jackson of Fluvanna County, and then to Miss Robbins of Accomac County.

† Curtana †

Jeremiah W. Asher

United States Army Chaplain

(6th United States Colored Troops)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:44.

Asher, Rev. Jeremiah, was born in North Branford, Conn., Oct. 13, 1812. Ruel Asher, his father, was born in the same place. Gad Asher, his grandfather, was a native of Africa, from which he was stolen when about four years of age, and brought to East Guilford, now Madison, Conn., and there sold to Linus Bishop, who gave him his biblical name.

Mr. Asher was licensed to preach by the First Baptist church of Hartford, Conn., and he became pastor of a church in Providence, R.I., soon after, where he labored with much acceptance. Subsequently he became pastor of the Shiloh Baptist church of Philadelphia. In this field his talents and labors were highly appreciated, and he speedily secured the respect of a numerous circle of friends. Finding that his church was heavily burdened with debt, he sailed for England to secure funds for its extinction. He carried credentials with him from leading Baptist ministers of the city of Brotherly Love, attested by the mayor, and he was received with kind greetings and considerable gifts by the British churches. After his return he entered upon his pastoral labors with renewed vigor, and he had the happiness of seeing the Shiloh church increasing its numbers and growing in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. For a time he was a chaplain to a colored regiment in the army. [The 6th United States Colored Troops.]

He died in the enjoyment of a blessed hope. Mr. Asher was a clear thinker, an able gospel preacher, a Christian of undoubted piety, and a minister widely known and highly respected by Baptists and by other Christians of both races.

† Curtana †

Peter Francis August

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(15th & 58th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 48-49.

The chivalrous cavalryman, General Stuart, used to sign his name “yours to count on.” If Frank August is not of that sort, then none of that sort are among us. He never smote with look or word any absent man. The thought of any interest with which he was charged receiving hurt through his slackness never occurred to any church or army official. His bones would have been by the sea gate at Pompeii. The crowd might have rushed in flight for safety, but he would have never moved. Such is August. He was chaplain when Lee surrendered. A quiet, spare gentleman withal. The Church has a true son in him; the Conference a member of high qualities. He is a native of Fredericksburg, Va. While a little boy his parents moved to the city of Richmond, where he grew up to manhood, and where, in his youth, he spent about eight or nine years in several excellent schools.

In the spring of 1842 he was converted and united with the Shockoe Hill Methodist Episcopal church. During the fall of the same year, feeling that he was called to the work of the ministry, he made arrangements to prosecute a course of study preparatory thereto. The years 1843, 1844 and 1845 he spent at Hinton Hill school, Lunenburg county, of which the now venerable and Rev. John C. Blackwell, D.D., was the principal. At the session of the Virginia Annual Conference held at Randolph Macon College, near Boydton, he was admitted a probationer in 1846, and appointed to Charlottesville. He has been in the Virginia Conference ever since, and has received the following appointments since the first named: Powhatan, Elizabeth City, North Carolina;

Fredericksburg, Randolph Macon College and Boydton, Charlottesville (second time), Loudoun, Fairfax, Rock Creek and Howard, Hampton and Fox Hill, and Winchester; appointed by Bishop Andrew a chaplain in the Confederate army November, 1861, which position he retained until General Lee's surrender; next appointment, 1865, Harrisonburg; Edenton, North Carolina; South Buckingham, Liberty; Murfreesboro, North Carolina; Salisbury, Maryland; Gordonsville; Wesley Chapel, Petersburg; Boydton, Williamsburg, which he is now filling.

† Curtana †

Joseph L. Barlow

United States Army Chaplain

(125th New York Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:80.

Barlow, Rev. Joseph Lorenzo, was born at Kent, Litchfield Co., Conn., Oct. 27, 1818; ordained in 1853 at Seymour, Conn., where he was settled as pastor of the Baptist church one year. He subsequently held pastorates at Sandisfield, Mass.; (Greenfield Center, Stillwater, Broadalbin, and Lansingburg, N.Y.; Bridgetown, Conn., Dundee and Bloomingdale, Ill.; and he is now the pastor of the church in Menomonee, Wis. Mr. Barlow baptized about 400 converts in connection with these pastorates. His labors have boon extensively sought by pastors in seasons of special religious interest. During the war he was the chaplain of the 125th Regiment of N.Y. Vols. He was captured by the Confederates at Harper's Ferry, in 1862, when two weeks out, and resigned his commission the following February, owing to broken health. He is still, at the age of sixty-two years, in active service and doing an excellent work for the church to which he ministers.

† Curtana †

John R. Baumes

United States Army Chaplain

(61st New York Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:88.

Baumes, John R., D.D., was born at Carlisle, N.Y., Dec.28, 1833; graduated with honor from Madison University in 1857, and shortly after began legal studies in New York City. Being convinced, however, of his duty to preach, he gave up the law, and in the spring of 1858 returned to Hamilton to take a theological course. Immediately after completing his theological studies, in 1859, accepted the call of the Baptist church at Westfield, Mass., where he was ordained and remained ten years. In 1861, after a short period spent in the chaplaincy of a New York regiment [the 61st New York Infantry], became pastor of the First church, New London, Conn., where he remained until 1863, when the health of his wife having become impaired, he removed to Springfield, O., and assumed the charge of the First church of that city. Here, in a few weeks, Mrs. Baumes died. A second church being formed in Springfield, Dr. Baumes became its pastor, and labored with great success until 1872.

In 1872, Dr. Baumes became editor and proprietor of the *Journal and Messenger*, of Cincinnati, O., then in a declining state and embarrassed with debt. In a few years he succeeded in extinguishing this debt and in greatly extending the field and influence of the paper. In 1876 he sold his interest to Dr. G.W. Lasher, and, after a year or two of rest, began the publication of the *Baptist Review*, a quarterly which has already secured a paying list of subscribers. Dr. Baumes resides near Cincinnati, O.

† Curtana †

William Wallace Bennett

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(Post: Richmond, Virginia)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 31-32.

In the paragraphs succeeding, is an epitome of the life and labors of the minister who was chairman of the Virginia delegation in the last General Conference, and is the President of the oldest Methodist College in the South. He has prepared works of enduring value, revived from ashes the Richmond Christian Advocate, hazarded his life by sailing through a blockading squadron, in the hope of gathering in England Bibles for the Confederates, made campaigns in and out of the State for a college endowment, with all tokens of a complete success, besides spending successful and arduous years in the pastorate and eldership. His ability in the pulpit, in debate and with the pen are well known in the church.

He was born in the city of Richmond, Virginia, February 24, 1821, and reared under the influence of Methodist teaching and preaching of the old school. Converted in Portsmouth, Virginia, in 1839, under the ministry of that excellent man of God, Rev. Gervas M. Keesee. Received on trial in Virginia Conference November, 1842. In 1843-44 in Louisa circuit as junior preacher with Rev. Francis S. Mitchell. On Bedford circuit in 1845 as junior preacher with Rev. B.H. Johnson. On Powhatan in 1846-47. Stationed at Charlottesville 1848-49. Studied at the University of Virginia in 1850, and graduated in several schools the same year. Stationed at Washington city in 1851, the first preacher in charge of the newly formed Southern Church.

In 1852 was appointed chaplain to the University of Virginia; but after partial service compelled to resign on account of failing health. On Loudon circuit 1854-55. Presiding Elder on the Washington district from 1855 to 1861; at Centenary, Richmond, 1862-63; superintendent of Soldiers' Tract Association, and chaplain in Southern army to the close of the war. Ran blockade at Charleston in the winter of 1865, and visited England to procure Bibles for the Southern army. On Nottoway circuit 1866. In 1867 appointed editor of the Richmond Christian Advocate, and continued in that office until 1877, in which year elected President of Randolph Macon College. Received honorary degree of D.D. from said college in 1867. Author of "Memorials of Methodism in Virginia," "Narrative of the Great Revival in the Southern Armies during the late Civil War between the States," "A History of Methodism for our Young People." A member of every General Conference since 1858.

† Curtana †

John D. Beugless

United States Army & Navy Chaplain

(2nd Rhode Island Infantry & United States Navy)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1291-92.

Beugless, Rev. J.D., was born in Delaware Co., Pa., Oct. 18, 1836. In his eighteenth year, his father having removed to Philadelphia, he became acquainted with the Baptists, and he was so thoroughly convinced of the harmony of their principles with divine revelation that the following year, upon a profession of faith, he was baptized into the fellowship of the Eleventh Baptist church, Philadelphia. In 1856 he entered the university at Lewisburg, from which he graduated in 1860.

After leaving the university he was for a time an assistant to the editor of the *Christian Chronicle*, the Baptist paper of Pennsylvania. Subsequently he was ordained as pastor of the Pawtuxet church of Rhode Island. Then he served as chaplain of the 2^d R.I. Infantry until wounded in the battle of the Wilderness. He was mustered out of the volunteer service with his regiment in June, 1864, and was commissioned by President Lincoln a chaplain in the navy July 2, 1864, which position he still holds. He has seen active service in peace and war in almost all the lands and waters of the globe. He participated in the two assaults on Fort Fisher.

He is president of the Association of Naval Chaplains of the United States, an organization having for its object the increased efficiency of the corps. Chaplain Beugless has culture, intellect, and piety; he is fitted by character, genius, and broad education for any position in his profession on sea or on land.



John Davenport Blackwell

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(18th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 49-50.

He is the Bayard of the Conference. His presence is courtly dignity. Nature quited [*sic*] herself well in fashioning a well nigh model of manly grace and form. If the environments mould the life, a crooked and dwarf soul would be a surprise in such enswarthment [*sic*].

Dr. Blackwell inherited a rich dowry—character, sound mind and Methodism. God nourished his soul, and he himself has never allowed his natural parts to lie fallow. His religious proclivities have compounded in intensity. He has been a man of thought and books. He is, without controversy, if not the first, the equal of any as an expounder of the word of God. He has held all positions but the Bishopric.

The parents of Dr. Blackwell were John and Rebecca Blackwell. He was born June 17, 1822. His grand parents by both lines, were persons of very decided characters. The paternal grandfather was of the Quaker faith, and noted among the large circle of his acquaintance, for his peculiar love for the truth. The grandmother was an Episcopalian, and a high-toned lady after the old Virginia stamp. The maternal grand parents, John

and Ellen H. Davenport, of Frederick County, Virginia, were among the first, perhaps the first, in that section who espoused the cause of Methodism, and were eminent and influential Christians. The parents of Mr. Blackwell were both members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and noted for their life-long and ardent devotion to the cause of Christ. His father, John Blackwell, was one of the first who united with the Methodists in Fauquier County. Almost immediately on entering that communion, he was placed in official relations to the church, and as steward and class-leader, efficiently labored in the Master's vineyard, convincing all by an unswerving consistency, that he was seeking a heavenly inheritance. Rebecca Davenport, his mother, was distinguished for intelligent piety. The late Dr. John A. Collins, of the Baltimore Conference, one of the gifted ministers of American Methodism, said years ago to the subject of this sketch, "Your mother's faith and counsel have borne me through many a trying hour. Ah sir, she was a book!" Blessed with such parents, it will surprise none to learn that Mr. Blackwell professed religion at the early age of fourteen and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. His early advantages for education were good. For many years he was a pupil of Captain J.B. Smith, of Fauquier, then a student in the large boarding school in Warrenton, conducted by the late Professor R.M. Smith, and graduated at Dickinson College, while the lamented Dr. R. Emory was President, and the eminent scholars, John McClintock, D.D., LL. D., and William H. Allen, LL.D., were on the faculty.

In the fall of '46, Mr. Blackwell entered the Methodist ministry in the Virginia Conference. His labors have been given to the following appointments in the order named: Bedford, as colleague of the venerated J.W. Childs, and afterwards as preacher in charge. Hampton, Farmville, R.M. College, chaplain; Fairfax; Washington City; Warrenton; Union, Richmond; Nottoway; Trinity, Richmond; Granby St., Norfolk; Chaplain of 18th Virginia infantry one year; Warrenton a second time; Amherst; Presiding Elder Murfreesboro District; Cumberland Street, Norfolk; Presiding Elder, Lynchburg district; Presiding Elder, Charlottesville district, and now pastor of the Washington Street Church, Petersburg, Virginia.

Mr. Blackwell has never turned aside from the regular work of the ministry, though he has not been without flattering invitations to do so. Twice offered the Presidency of Wesleyan Female College, Murfreesboro, and once elected to that position; when Martha Washington College was inaugurated, he was urged by prominent trustees to accept the Presidency; elected to the Presidency of R.M. College on the resignation of the late Dr. Duncan and several times proffered the same position in colleges further South; he has persisted in thinking it best for him to remain in the regular itinerancy. Entirely free from prejudice against serving the cause of God in our literary institutions, he has hitherto preferred the unincumbered [*sic*] work of preaching the word.

† Curtana †

Adam Clarke Bledsoe

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(15th Virginia Cavalry)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 131-32.

It would puzzle any friend of Mr. Bledsoe to say what he lacks as a successful minister. He has a splendid presence—portly and graceful. His face beams with intellect and benignity. His voice is of rare compass and richness—orchestral. Old Dr. Tom Bond said

that Maffitt could repeat the multiplication table with such a pathos that at twelve times twelve all would be in tears. Bledsoe has the tenderness of the Irish orator and a compass that Maffitt never had. The swell and roll of Bledsoe's voice would carry a wave of melodious words to the verge of ten thousand hearers.

Though he speaks, always from meagre notes, often without a line, he never loses command of his voice nor hesitates for a word. It is hardly worth while to say that every seat is filled in his church. He is at his best in revival services. His off-hand exhortations are tremendous. He will lead in a solo (and he is almost unrivalled as a singer) and the verses become a sermon of song—a musical oration, well-nigh resistless. He has the directness and the aptness of illustration of Moody and the wizard tongue of Sankey. Great success attends his ministry. There is nothing of petty selfishness in Bledsoe. He is broad, genial and transparent. He has high, pure aims. His flocks are devoted to him. His popularity as a preacher is equalled by that of a pastor. Surely he ought to succeed to the Episcopal chair of "Uncle Hubbard" Kavanaugh.

Mr. Bledsoe was born in the county of Buckingham, Virginia, on the 12th day of February, 1839. His parents were pious Methodists, who carefully brought him up in the fear of God, and in the love of their church. In infancy they dedicated him to God in baptism, Rev. Anthony Dibrell, of honored memory, performing the ceremony. His childhood and youth were spent in Fluvanna County, where his parents lived and worshipped God for years, and where a house of worship was erected and called by his father's name—a monument to his memory. His mother was a woman of fervent piety, and her son owes his early devotion to the cause of Christ, and his success as a minister of the gospel, in a great measure, to the early training and the prayers of that sainted mother.

While a student at Emory and Henry College, in 1858, Mr. Bledsoe was soundly converted during a great revival at that institution, in which over seventy-five students professed religion. Soon after his conversion he was appointed leader of a class of young men, which position he held as long as he remained at College. In the year 1860 Mr. Bledsoe graduated with high distinction, having been a very successful student, always standing high in his classes, and bearing off some of the first honors of the institution.

When Mr. Bledsoe gave his heart to God and became connected with His Church, it was a step taken for life, never to be retraced. To serve God was to be his chief business. His religion was of a deep and fervent character. It made him happy and led him to active service in the cause he had espoused. He soon felt the drawings of the Holy Spirit leading him to proclaim the gospel, and in October of the same year of his graduation he was licensed to preach. One year from that time, in 1861, he resolved to make it his life work to preach Jesus and Him crucified (whom he loved with unusual ardor) as the great Healer, to his suffering and dying fellow men. It is a little remarkable, in connection with this family of four brothers, that two of them are physicians for the body, and two physicians to the soul.

Mr. Bledsoe's first appointment was to the Albemarle circuit as junior preacher under Rev. J.L. Clark. His labors in this field lasted only two months. A vacancy occurring at Harrisonburg, Virginia, he was appointed to that place, where he remained two years. In November, 1863, the country having become involved in war, he was appointed chaplain to the Confederate army, and was assigned to the 15th Virginia cavalry. This position he held until the close of the war.

Being left at the surrender without any pastoral charge, Mr. Bledsoe established a Classical Boarding School at Scottsville, Virginia. This school he kept up for two years with increasing success. In this position his sphere of usefulness was an important one, having numbers of young men committed to his charge, upon whose hearts and minds impressions for good were being made which many of them would carry with them through life. But his heart was set on the special business of preaching the gospel, and in November, 1868, by the advice of his friends, he gave up his school and applied for regular work. At this Conference Mr. Bledsoe was appointed to Louisa circuit, where he remained two years. During this period the circuit was wonderfully blessed with revivals. In 1870 he was sent to Pungoteague circuit. Here he was so much afflicted with chills and fevers that he could only remain one year. In 1871 he was appointed to Central church, Portsmouth, Virginia, where he had a great revival, and left a fine reputation, not only with his own charge, but among the people of the cities by the sea. In 1872 Mr. Bledsoe was sent to Trinity church, in Richmond, Virginia. In this charge he labored four years with great success. In the second and fourth years of his labors with that people the church was blessed in an unusual degree with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. More than three hundred souls professed to find peace in believing. In 1876 the subject of this sketch was appointed to Court street church, in Lynchburg, Virginia, where he remains now, in his fourth year. Here also his labors have been signally blessed by the Great Head of the Church. More than one hundred souls have professed saving faith in Christ. Mr. Bledsoe's wonderful gift of voice, which enables him to lead the service of song with surpassing sweetness and power, has been used by him to the glory of the Great Giver, and, by his blessing, has been a great power in the revivals which have everywhere attended his ministry.

† Curtana †

Emmons P. Bond

United States Army Chaplain

(14th Connecticut Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:112.

Bond, Prof. Emmons Paley, son of Joseph and Esther (Ford) Bond, was born in Canterbury, Conn., Sept. 6, 1824; in 1840 taught a school in Tolland, where he was converted; baptized in November, 1840, by Rev. Sylvester Barrows, and united with the Tolland Baptist church; fitted for college in the Connecticut Literary Institution; entered Brown University in 1846, and graduated in 1851, meanwhile having been an assistant teacher in the Worcester Academy from February, 1849, to August, 1850; studied for the ministry at the Hamilton Theological Seminary, N.Y.; in October, 1852, settled with the Baptist church in New Britain, Conn.; ordained Dec. 2, 1852, and remained till August, 1865.

During this pastorate, from November, 1864, to May, 1865, was chaplain of the 14th Conn. Vols. in the Army of the Potomac. Became principal of the Connecticut Literary Institution at Suffield, and filled that chair five years; in October, 1870, settled with the Baptist church in Agawam, Mass., and remained about three years; in 1873 was chosen Professor of Latin, Greek, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Peddie Institute, N.J., and after three years became acting principal; in May, 1879, settled with the Baptist church in Wethersfield, Conn., where he now (1880) labors; wrote the Sunday-school

Expositions for the *Christian Era*, of Boston, from January, 1873, to December, 1875; a man of universal talent and strength.



Jabez S. Boyden

United States Army Chaplain

(10th Michigan Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:123.

Boyden, Rev. Jabez S., was born in Essex Co., N. Y., in 1831; brought to Michigan while still an infant; baptized in Mooreville, in June, 1850, and educated for the ministry at Kalamazoo College, from which he graduated in 1856. He settled at once as pastor in Novi, and was ordained in November of the same year. His successive pastorates were, in Flint, four years; in Novi, again, three years; in Howell, four years; in Franklin, Ind., one year; in Ypsilanti, seven years. During all this time he was continuously in the pastorate without the intermission of a single day. At Novi he baptized 117; in Flint, 63; in Howell, 163; and during the time of the Franklin and Ypsilanti pastorates, 163.

While pastor at Flint he was one year chaplain of the 10th Regiment of Mich. Vols. Infantry. In August, 1879, he became financial secretary of Kalamazoo College, and is at present residing in Kalamazoo, engaged most vigorously in the work of securing an adequate endowment for the college, and the means for defraying its current expenses.



Jabez M. Brittain

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(38th Georgia Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:136-37.

Brittain, Rev. Jabez Mercer, of Georgia, youngest child of Henry and Louisa Brittain, was born May 4, 1842, near Lexington, Oglethorpe County. His grandparents came into Georgia from Virginia in 1797, and settled in Oglethorpe County. His father was a soldier under Gen. Floyd in the Indian war of 1814, and was clerk of the Court of Ordinary for Oglethorpe County for many years. His mother was a meek and pious woman, who devoted herself assiduously to the training of her children. Mr. Brittain was prepared for college by Prof. T.B. Moss, a distinguished educator in Lexington, Ga., and entered Franklin College, now the University of Georgia, in January, 1859, graduating in 1861.

He enlisted in the Confederate army in September, 1861, and became attached to Lawton's brigade in Stonewall Jackson's division. After taking part in several engagements, he was appointed chaplain to the 38th Georgia Regiment in the summer of 1863. He took an active part in the great revival which occurred in the Army of Northern Virginia, and baptized many converts. In August, 1864, he resigned his commission on account of a severe family affliction, and was exempted from further military duty. He returned home and engaged in farming for three years, after which he taught in the institutions of learning at Dalton, Acworth, and Conyers, and he is now principal of the Connigton Male Institute. He has also continuously engaged in pastoral work for Baptist

churches in Whitfield, Gordon, Bartow, Rockdale, and Newton Counties, and he has filled acceptably the position of moderator of the Stone Mountain Association.

Mr. Brittain was converted in 1857. and the same year was baptized by Dr. P.H. Mell and joined the Antioch church, Oglethorpe County. He was ordained in the fall of 1863.

The frequent descent of genuine revivals in the churches of his charge proves his faithfulness and excellence as a minister; while the constant unanimity with which he has been called by his churches, and the various and numerous tokens of affection he has received from their members, show the appreciation in which his services are held. Though he is a well-educated man and a thorough Christian gentleman, his greatest ambition is to excel in winning and training souls for the service of Christ.

† Curtana †

William F. Broaddus

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(Post: Charlottesville, Virginia)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:137-38.

Broaddus, Wm. F., D.D., was born in Culpeper Co., Va., April 30, 1801. His mind developed rapidly, and he soon secured and held a prominent position among his associates. He married at the early age of eighteen, and was converted at the age of twenty. In April, 1824, he was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry. He settled in Middleburg, Loudoun Co., Va., where he conducted with great success a large school for young ladies, serving at the same time as pastor, Mount Salem, "F.T." Bethel, Upperville, Long Branch, and Middlebury churches. In this field he labored most successfully for sixteen years, serving the churches in some cases without compensation, and in others for merely a nominal salary. Antinomianism at that period held sway over this entire region, and its advocates exerted themselves to the utmost to render futile his plain gospel teachings and faithful labors. But the truth gradually won its way, until a complete revolution was made in the views, feelings, and actions of individuals and churches, so that no more exemplary and fruitful churches can be found than those in the region where Dr. Broaddus began his ministerial career. The denomination at large knows but little of what they really owe to him for having been the means of driving out a "dead orthodoxy," and planting in its stead a vital, active Christian life.

In 1840 he removed to Lexington, Ky., where he engaged in teaching and preaching, serving, besides other churches, those at Versailles and Shelbyville. About the year 1851 he returned to Virginia and accepted an agency for the Columbian College, Washington, D.C., to raise an endowment fund for that institution. In this he was quite successful. In 1855 he accepted an invitation to become pastor of the church in Fredericksburg, Va., where he was soon instrumental in building a handsome church edifice, and in gathering a large and efficient congregation. Still retaining his strong predilection for teaching, he opened here a school of a high grade for young ladies, which was conducted successfully for several years. In 1859 he undertook an agency for raising money in Virginia towards the endowment of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Returning to Fredericksburg on the successful accomplishment of this agency, he resumed his pastoral labors, and continued them until 1863, when the city was occupied by U. S. troops and the inhabitants scattered over the State.

Dr. Broaddus was held for a while by the U.S. authorities as prisoner in the “Old Capitol” at Washington, and by his gentlemanly bearing, genial humor, fund of anecdote, and straightforward, manly conduct he won the kindest regards of all who came in contact with him. Many a lonely hour did he lighten up in the old prison-house as he narrated, in his peculiarly interesting way, to friends grouped around him, various adventures that he had met with in the diversified course of his eventful life.

Dr. Broaddus, soon after his release, removed Charlottesville, Va., and became pastor of the church in that place, which position he held until 1868, when he resigned and returned to Fredericksburg to prosecute an agency under the appointment of the General Association for the education of the children of deceased and disabled Confederate soldiers. This labor he carried on with great success until 1872, when the further prosecution of the work became unnecessary. Dr. Broaddus was enabled by his persevering efforts to keep at school for several years some thousands of poor children with the money raised for that purpose.

For a brief period subsequent to this he devoted himself to the work of a voluntary and independent evangelist, preaching wherever invited, until blindness and increasing bodily infirmities prevented the further prosecution of these congenial labors.

He died in Fredericksburg, Sept. 8, 1876, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon Mr. Broaddus by the Columbian College in 1854. As a man, Dr. Broaddus was genial, gentle, and courteous. His constant and varied intercourse with all classes of men gave him a shrewd insight into the more recondite workings of human nature. His companionship was as attractive to the young as it was to the middle-aged and the old. His home was open to all, and troops of friends have rested beneath his hospitable roof. As a peace-maker he was pre-eminent, and the blessings of many a household rested upon him for his judicious and kindly counsel. To every good work he gave his voice and his money, and frequently his personal labor, so that many now rise up to call him blessed. As a preacher, he was earnest, persuasive, practical. Obligated for years to combat the erroneous views of those who abused the doctrine of God’s sovereignty, and necessarily polemic in many of his earlier discourses, he nevertheless held tenaciously to the fundamental doctrines of grace, while he urged men everywhere to prove their new spiritual life by new spiritual works. A very large number, many hundreds perhaps, were converted through his instrumentality; and as a consequence no name in the long list of faithful Virginia ministers is more earnestly loved and tenderly revered than that of William F. Broaddus.

† Curtana †

Alexander B. Brown

Confederate Army Chaplain

(Braxton’s Virginia Artillery Battalion)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1310c-10d.

Brown, A.B., D.D., LL.D., was born in Amherst Co., Va., Oct. 20, 1821. He professed conversion when he was about twenty, and was for a time an Episcopalian, but his sincere desire to know the will of Christ soon led to a change of views, and he was baptized into the fellowship of the Mount Moriah Baptist church by Rev. S.B. Rice, M.D.

Young Brown took charge of a school at seventeen, and has been teaching during a great part of his life. He spent one year as a student at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), where he won a fine reputation, and accomplished a two years' course in one. He purposed returning the next session, but circumstances changed his plans.

At the age of twenty-five he entered the University of Virginia, and reveled in the advantages of that great institution. Dr. Brown has made splendid progress in almost every branch of learning. Not long after he professed conversion he began to speak of Christ to others, soon he was licensed, and in 1845 he entered fully into the work of preaching the gospel and became an appointee of the State Mission Board in Lewis County, where he was successful in his work. In 1850 he became pastor of Arbor and other churches in the Roanoke Association. In 1854 he went to Hollins Institute, Roanoke County, where he spent three years in successful teaching. In 1857 he took charge of the Hampton church, where he gathered much fruit for the Master, and gained the reputation of being one of the ablest preachers in the State.

When Dr. J.A. Broadus resigned the pastorate of the Charlottesville church in 1859, a hearty invitation was extended to Dr. Brown to succeed him, and he accepted the call, to the deep regret of his loving people in Hampton. He had here a congenial university atmosphere, and he studied and preached with grand results. The writer remembers hearing Prof. Lewis Minor Coleman, the scholar, and the skillful artilleryman, say one day at his camp-fire in the most loving and glowing terms, "Dr. Brown more completely than any man I ever heard *has my exact range. He hits me every time.*"

Relating this to Dr. Brown one day, he seemed touched by this tribute of his noble friend, and he replied, "Ah! I fear that when I had Coleman's 'range' I was shooting over the heads of the rest of the congregation." The breaking out of the war suspended the university, many of the best men of his church went into the army, and Dr. Brown felt constrained to resign his pastorate the second year of the war and go back to his old place as professor in Hollins Institute.

In 1864 he became a missionary chaplain in Carter's artillery battalion, Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and bore no mean part in the labors of those great revivals during which over fifteen thousand of Lee's veterans professed faith in Christ. Many of his sermons to the soldiers were rare specimens of what a great professor has defined true eloquence to be, "*Logic set on fire.*"

In the winter of 1864 he returned to Pittsylvania County, and became pastor of several churches, which he served successfully until September, 1881, when he came to fill the chair of English in Richmond College. Dr. Brown's seventeen years of quiet country life were diligently improved, and he brings to his college duties native ability, ripe scholarship, "aptness to teach," and the power of a profound thinker. No man in Virginia is heard with more pleasure on the platform or in the pulpit by intelligent people than Dr. Brown. Devotedly pious, and of pure life, Dr. Brown is admired and loved by multitudes of friends, and many prayers ascend to God that he may be long spared to grace the position he fills, and leave his impress on the young men who gather around him in our grand old college.

Edwin T. Brown

United States Army Chaplain
(2nd Ohio Cavalry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:144.

Brown, Rev. E.T., was born March 22, 1818, in Lancaster, Pa. His father died when he was young. He was apprenticed at an early age in Greensburg, Pa.; there he was converted, and joined the only church in the place, the Methodist, but he would not be immersed by one who had not been himself immersed. He was baptized by a Baptist minister. Brother Brown joined a Baptist church in Virginia. He soon after entered Recton College, and studied till ill health compelled him to cease. While at this school he was licensed to preach, and in 1842 he was ordained.

Brother Brown was pastor at Mount Vernon, Wooster, and Warren, O. Hundreds were baptized by him in these places. He was appointed chaplain in 1863 in the 2^d Ohio Cavalry. After the war he moved to Sedalia, Mo., and was a missionary of the Home Mission Society. He built a good house of worship in Sedalia, and one of the best west of the Mississippi River in Clinton, Mo., and another substantial edifice for railroad men in Sedalia, and when he had installed a pastor over the last church of his care in Sedalia he fell dead with paralysis, June 9, 1871. The memory of Mr. Brown is precious to large numbers, and his works will bless him for generations.

† Curtana †

John Bryce

United States Army Chaplain
(United States Army War of 1812)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:155.

Bryce, Rev. John, was born of Scotch parents in Goochland Co., Va., May 31, 1784. His parents were strict churchmen, and he was confirmed in the Episcopal Church. Under the preaching of the celebrated Andrew Broadus, at the age of twenty-one, he was convicted of sin, was converted, and united with a small Baptist church in his native county. About the same period he was admitted to the bar. He soon began to exhort sinners to repent, and in the course of two or three years was ordained. For a considerable period he practiced law and preached the gospel in Richmond and Lynchburg. He was master in chancery some years under Chief Justice Marshall. In 1810 he was chosen assistant pastor of the First Baptist church in Richmond, the aged and infirm Rev. John Courtney being the nominal pastor. He remained in this position (except during a brief period in which Rev. Andrew Broadus filled it) until 1822.

He was one year chaplain in the U.S. army, during the war of 1812-15. In 1822 he accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Fredericksburg, Va. After preaching there two years he became pastor of a church in Alexandria, Va., where he remained one year, and then returned to Fredericksburg.

Mr. Bryce was one of the principal movers in the erection of Columbian College. He was also an active member of the American Colonization Society, and at one time liberated about 40 of his own slaves and sent them to Liberia. In 1827 he moved to Georgetown,

Ky., where he established himself in the practice of law. and took a prominent part in the political affairs of the State, as well as in the establishment of Georgetown College. In 1832 he located in Crawfordsville, Ind. Here he remained ten years, preaching and practicing law, and representing his county in the State Legislature at least one term. In 1844 he was appointed surveyor of Shreveport, La. This was pending the annexation of Texas to the United States, and Mr. Bryce is supposed to have been President Tyler's confidential agent in that important affair. After his term of office expired he was elected mayor of Shreveport. While here he performed the most important work of his life in the ministry. When he arrived at Shreveport, in 1844, he supposed there was not a Baptist church or another Baptist preacher within 200 miles of him; when he left there in 1851 there were about 20 churches and two Associations in that region. He was instrumental in accomplishing this great work while the ground was contested by Bishop Polk. In 1851, Mr. Bryce returned to Kentucky, and the next year took charge of the Baptist church in Henderson, in that State. Here he spent the evening of a long and eventful life. He died July 26, 1864.

† Curtana †

James F. Buist

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(17th South Carolina Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:158.

Buist, Rev. James F., was born Sept. 29, 1839, in Charleston, S.C. His parents died when he was eight years of age, but his uncle, E.T. Buist, D.D., took him in charge. He was educated at Furman University. He was baptized in 1859, and ordained in 1860.

During the war he was a chaplain in the army, and since its termination he has been pastor of the Philadelphia and Saltkehatchie churches. He has been moderator of the Barnwell Association for several years.

His father and uncle were distinguished Presbyterian ministers, one of his brothers is a pastor in the same denomination, while another and himself are in the oldest church in Christendom, to whose members Christ preached when he was on earth. The long pastorates of James, and the frequency of his election as moderator of the Association, show the esteem of his brethren for him.

† Curtana †

George Bullen

United States Army Chaplain
(16th Maine Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:159.

Bullen, George, D.D., was born in New Sharon, Me. He graduated at Waterville College in the class of 1855, and at the Newton Theological Institution in the class of 1858. He was ordained as pastor of the church in Skowhegan, Me., June 13, 1860, where he remained until, in 1863, he accepted an appointment as chaplain in a regiment of U.S. volunteers. He ministered to the Wakefield Baptist church, 1864-67, and entered upon

his duties as pastor of the church in Pawtucket, R.I., in 1868, and continues in this relation at this time. Colby University has just conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

† Curtana †

W.B. Carson

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(14th South Carolina Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:188.

Carson, W.B., D.D., was born in Pickens Co., S.C., Dec. 14, 1821. Mr. Carson took an unusually extensive course in the academical institution in Wetumpka, Ala. He joined the Presbyterian Church, the denomination of his ancestors, at eighteen. In 1849 he entered the theological seminary in Columbia, S.C., but after a very thorough investigation of the subject of baptism, he was baptized by James P. Boyee, D.D., LL.D. After he graduated he spent six years as pastor in Gillisonville, Beaufort District, now Hampton Co., S.C. where the society combined high culture, integrity, and piety in an uncommon degree. In 1859 he became editor of the *Southern Baptist*, in Charleston, S.C., which position he occupied until the war caused the suspension of the paper. During this period its circulation greatly increased.

Although opposed to secession, he went with his native State. He volunteered as a private, but was soon after made a chaplain, he, however, always went into the ranks in battle. After the war he was for two years principal of the State Academy at Reidville, Spartanburg Co., S.C., and for the same period of the Gowensville Seminary in Greenville County. In 1873 the Furman University conferred upon him the title of D.D. He is at present pastor of the old Kirkland, now Smyrna, church, in Barnwell Co., S.C. He has written somewhat extensively for papers and reviews.

[The following comes from the Minutes of the Forty-Second Anniversary of the State Convention of the Baptist Denomination in S.C. (Columbia: E.R. Stokes, 1862): 155. "Rev. W.B. Carson writes: 'The camp hymns are in great demand, and I think are doing much good. Much of the time formerly spent in card-playing is now spent in singing these sweet hymns. Please send me one thousand copies of the hymns, and some eight or ten thousand pages of tracts. Many may be distributed among the surrounding regiments.' Again he writes: 'The tracts and hymns are always eagerly received by the soldiers. I hope and believe many of them will bless you and your 'labor of love' in eternity for the instruction and comfort afforded them. Reading is taking the place of hurtful amusements.'"]

† Curtana †

J.A. Chambliss

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(Davis' Mississippi Brigade)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:199.

Chambliss, J. A., D.D., the able and popular pastor of the Citadel Square church, Charleston, S.C., was born at Athens, Aug. 30, 1840, his father, A.W. Chambliss, D.D., being at that time pastor of the Baptist church at Athens, and teacher of the University Grammar School. The subject of this sketch studied in the preparatory department of Howard College, Marion, Ala., to which place his father had moved, until 1855, when he entered Georgetown College, Ky., and remained two years, returning to Marion, where, in 1858, he entered Howard College, graduating with the first honor in 1859. In the fall of the same year he entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville, and was graduated alone—*the first graduate*—in May, 1861. He professed conversion at eleven years of age, and was baptized at Marion, Ala., by Rev. J.H. DeVotie. His convictions in regard to preaching became settled and permanent when at Howard College, and God raised up friends to enable him to complete his education there and at the seminary, first, in Jeremiah Brown, and then in ex-Gov. John Gill Shorter, two of God's noblemen: both are now gone to their reward.

Graduating at the seminary in his twenty-first year, he immediately settled as pastor of the church at Sumter, S.C.; but the war coming on and bringing years full of anxiety and interruptions, by calls to labor among the soldiers, he accepted a chaplaincy in the army and resigned his charge of the church, severing ties of the tenderest and most loving character.

In 1866 he settled for a brief period as pastor of the Aiken, S.C., church, removing in 1867 to Richmond, Va., at the call of the Second Baptist church of that city. This pastorate continued four years, until the expression, by the pastor, of opinions on the communion question not in unison with those of the church, led to his resignation. That the Christian love and confidence of the church were retained by him is evidenced by the present to him from the church, at parting, of a purse containing nearly \$1000. For one year Mr. Chambliss taught a large classical and English school in Richmond, preaching constantly in the city and vicinity.

In the summer of 1872 it became known that his views were substantially in harmony with those of the denomination at large, and he received several calls from different churches. In October, 1872, he accepted the call of the Citadel Square church, Charleston, where he still remains. Nothing but eminent abilities and an unimpeachable character, added to untiring exertions, could have given Mr. Chambliss the success in life he has met, and obtained for him the love and confidence he has ever received. Should he live he will undoubtedly take rank among the highest in the denomination, and accomplish results that will make his name honorable in the annals of Christian labor. Mr. Chambliss is gentle in manners, and is universally popular. His churches have always been enthusiastically attracted to him, and he seems to possess in the highest degree the magnetic power of winning the affections of all who come in contact with him. As a preacher, he is simple, earnest, forcible, and pre-eminently evangelical. There are few more effective preachers of the simple, soul-saving truths of the gospel.

[The following comes from the Minutes of the 43^d and 44th Anniversary of the State Convention of the Baptist Denomination in S.C. (Columbia: F.G. Defontaine, 1864): 184. "Rev. J.A. Chambliss, of Sumter, will go during the coming week, under appointment of the Board, to Gen. Johnston's army. Brother Chambliss' church has set the praiseworthy example of giving their pastor for two months to this work—while they continue his salary."]

† Curtana †

Needham B. Cobb

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(14th North Carolina Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:237.

Cobb, Rev. N.B., was born in Wayne Co., N.C., Feb. 1, 1836; graduated at Chapel Hall, at eighteen, in 1854; taught school in Cabarrus County and Goldsborough till 1857, when he read law with Chief Justice Pearson, and practiced in Pitt, Wayne, and Green Counties till October, 1859, when he left the Episcopal Church, in which he had been a vestryman for several years, and was baptized by Rev. H. Petty, and ordained in Wilson in 1860, the Presbytery consisting of Revs. Levi Thorne. I.B. Solomon, H. Petty, G.W. Keene, W.C. Lacy, and J.G. Barclay.

Mr. Cobb was chaplain of the 4th [sic] N.C. Regiment for a time, and rendered distinguished service to the cause of religion as superintendent of army colportage from 1862 till the close of the war. After the war ended Mr. Cobb, in connection with Dr. J.D. Hufham, edited the *Daily Record* of Raleigh for six months; he then became corresponding secretary of the Sunday-School Board, and has since served as pastor of the churches of Elizabeth City; Second church of Portsmouth, Va.; Shelby, N.C.; Tilesville, Rockingham, and Fayetteville, and has taught much in connection with preaching. Mr. Cobb is the Baptist statistician of North Carolina, and at present the president of the Baptist State Convention.

† Curtana †

Timothy R. Cressey

United States Army Chaplain

(2nd Minnesota Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:294-95.

Cressey, Rev. Timothy R. was born at Pomfret, Conn., Sept. 18, 1800; died at Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 30, 1870; converted to Christ when twenty years of age, and soon after answered affirmatively what seemed to be God's call to preach the gospel. He graduated from Amherst College in 1828 and from Newton Theological Seminary in 1830.

His first settlement was at Hingham, Mass., in March, 1831, where he remained three and a half years, and then went to the South church, Boston. While in college he solemnly dedicated himself to the work of home missions, and in June, 1835, he most gladly improved his first opportunity of going to the West and becoming pastor of the church at Columbus, O. Here he remained seven years, building the church edifice still in use, and leaving a broad and deep mark for Christ on the church and in the community at large. Here also he lost his first wife, Mary Peck, and married his second, Josephine Going, daughter of the late Rev. Jonathan Going, D.D., then president of Granville College, who still survives her husband, living at Des Moines. A two-years' pastorate of the First church, Cincinnati, was succeeded by an equal length of time spent as an agent of the Bible Society for Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana.

In July, 1846, he became pastor of the church at Indianapolis, Ind., remaining six years. During these years he secured the erection of a new meeting-house seating 400 persons, with rooms for Sabbath-school and other purposes. In addition to pastoral duties more than sufficient for the strength of an ordinary man, there was added, immediately on his entering the State, the labor of corresponding secretary of the Convention. It was also his duty to make a careful examination of all applications for home mission aid, while as trustee of Franklin College he attended all the meetings of the board, though they were held twenty miles away by carriage-drive. He also gave much attention to general education, preparing by request of a State Convention, in 1847, an address on common schools, which is believed by many to have proved a great turning-point in that work.

In May, 1852, he became pastor at St. Paul, Minn., being the third Baptist minister to enter the Territory. After two years thus spent, home missionary work began in real earnest. Though fifty-four years old, he spent the summer and autumn journeying on foot through the southern part of the Territory, and sometimes was compelled to walk a dozen or more miles without seeing a human being. Seven years were mainly employed in such work, preaching the first sermon ever heard in many places, and having much to do with the organization of not a few churches. He frequently rode on horseback sixty miles in the depth of a Minnesota winter to preach in a log cabin. All appointments were sacredly kept. In Minnesota, as elsewhere, he took a deep interest in educational matters, drawing up in 1854 the charter of a Baptist college, the enacting of which by the Legislature was due mainly to his individual efforts.

In August, 1861, he became chaplain of the 2^d Minnesota Regiment of Volunteers, and gave to his country two years of unfaltering devotion. He was pastor two years at Kendallville, Ind., and one each at Plainfield and Olney, Ill., after which, in 1868, he removed to Indianola, Iowa, where he spent two years abounding in labor and success.

In May, 1870, he removed to Des Moines. and, after six weeks rest, he accepted an appointment as railroad missionary, to begin labor the 1st of September; but on the 31st of August sudden and severe sickness quickly removed his spirit to the enjoyment of heavenly freedom. His last words were, "My work is done; I am going home."

Obstacles furnished him the inspiration of success and not the discouragement of defeat. He seemed to seek the most difficult fields of service. He recognized the simple, earnest preaching of the gospel as God's instrument to secure man's salvation. In his discourses he loved especially to dwell on the doctrines and character of Christ. He was a Christian of great spirituality of mind. Our denominational history in Ohio, Indiana, and Minnesota could not be written without making mention of his work and worth. He left three sons in the ministry.

† Curtana †

William Andrew Crocker

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(14th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 37-39.

There is no page so engaging as the story of a worthy life. Where unselfish work is done under stress of bodily pain and untoward surroundings, the interest is heightened. Mr. Crocker pressed forward in his holy vocation, often handicapped by a spinal malady and other ills, sometimes with nerves almost wrecked, sometimes in the midst of war, and then among the ruins of the civil strife. God has owned his faithful servant. The church is his debtor. His sermons have the grace and strength that come from study and polish. They are not without the holy unction. The Conference love and honor such men. There is a peculiar drawing of the heart toward him whose early Christian life has the gentle leadings of Providence, as seen in the lines that follow this paragraph. It is better to listen to him than to attempt to narrate in our own words this part of the sketch:

“I was born in Isle of Wight county, Virginia, November 4th, 1825. My father died when I was about four years old. His triumphant Christian death, as related to me by my mother, made an early impression on my mind. As far back as I can recollect, there was fixed in my mind the purpose to be a good man like my father. This pious resolution was cherished and confirmed by her careful religious instruction. Recalling the experience of my early childhood, I cannot doubt that I was the subject of Divine grace at an early age. I did not, however, make a formal profession of religion until the summer of 1841, in the 18th year of my age. This occurred at Bonus’ meeting house, near Smithfield, during a revival conducted by Bro. Michaels. From a little child I had cherished a desire some day to be a preacher. No sooner was I converted than this early wish was revived, and the conviction made upon my mind that I must become a minister. There was no doubt on my mind that such must be my future calling. I was but a boy, and much preparation was to be made, but this one idea was in my mind, and shaped my thoughts and plans. Though not as yet a prophet, I felt that I was a son of the prophets, and the spirit of prophecy had fallen upon me. In a few weeks after my conversion, I found myself actually engaged in a missionary work among the negroes of the plantation—reading the Scriptures to them on Sunday evenings around their cabin doors, and holding prayer-meetings among them. As the result of these juvenile efforts, a most powerful revival took place among them and numbers of our own servants, and others of the neighborhood were converted.

“In October of this year, at my own request, I was sent to Windsor Theological Institute, near Baltimore, then conducted by the venerable Francis Waters, D.D. There I remained about two years, and such was the ardor with which I prosecuted my studies, that my health completely broke down, and I was compelled to return home, and seek recreation, and rest. In the Fall of 1843 the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church was held at Smithfield. My health being still too feeble to return to my studies. I was advised by Drs. Thomson and McGuigan, Bro. Whitfield, and other leading members of the Conference to enter the itinerancy. I was but eighteen years of age, and in feeble health, wholly unqualified in my own judgment for so high and holy a calling as that of the Christian ministry. I earnestly desired to spend at least three more years in preparing for it. But they urged that it would be a benefit to my health, and was in the line of my preparation, that I might do some good; and so soon as my health was sufficiently recovered I could return to school. Influenced by these considerations. I timidly consented, and was sent to Charles City and New Kent circuit, as assistant to Rev. Thos. Taylor. The good people showed me much affection, and God blessed my labors greatly among them. At the next Conference I proposed to return to school, but fortunately, or unfortunately, God only knows, my brethren would not consent to it, and I was thus led from year to year to postpone it until it was too late, and as a consequence. I have never realized the hope of my early years, of being an ‘able minister of the New Testament.’

“During the first years of my ministry I was much exercised on the subject of becoming a missionary to the heathen. My own church not being prepared to send out any missionaries, I made application to the American Board of Foreign Missions, thinking they were organized on the Catholic plan of the American Tract Society; but when I learned from them that I must subscribe to the doctrine of Calvinism, I withdrew my application. The hope of becoming a missionary was cherished for several years, but in this also I was disappointed.”

He has filled successively the following charges, viz: Charles City and New Kent, from November, 1843, to November, 1844; Hampton, 1844-45; Sussex, 1845-46; Abingdon, 1846-47; Hampton, 1847-48. In November of this year he was married to Frances K. Jennings, daughter of William Jennings, of Hampton. Sussex, 1848-50. From November, 1850 until November, 1853, on account of the ill-health of his wife, he was left without appointment at his own request.

In November, 1853, he was assigned to Princess Anne circuit; 1854-56 to Heathsville circuit; 1856-57, Lynchburg; 1857-58, Princess Anne circuit; 1858-59, Norfolk. At the close of this year he was so disabled that suspension of ministerial work was a necessity. His nervous system was much shattered. He found a suitable retreat on the shores of Currituck Sound, in North Carolina, where he resumed pastoral work. Dr. McGuigan, the President of the Conference dying about this time, he was called upon to fill his unexpired term. The war prevented the discharge of the duties of the office and he resigned it, and entered the army as chaplain, and continued to the Fall of 1863. Bad health and the exigencies from invasion by the enemy compelled him and his family to retire to Campbell county. In 1865 he began to serve his old charge at Heathsville—a year of remarkable success. “At Fairfield, on the first Sunday in 1866, at the close of the afternoon sermon, an invitation was given to penitents and sixty kneeled for prayer.” A great revival ensued. His own heart was blessed during this pastorate.

At the end of the year, at his suggestion, a needy preacher was put in this place, and he undertook to restore the walls of Zion in the ruined town of Hampton, where there was at that time no minister either in the counties of Elizabeth City, or Warwick. One hundred dollars was all that could be raised. There was no parsonage. God blessed the effort to rebuild the waste place. In 1867 eighty were converted.

In November, 1870, there was a union of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church with the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Mr. Crocker, with other ministers of the former, received appointments from the latter body, first going to Heathsville circuit; and in 1872 serving on Westmoreland for four years; in 1876, Presiding Elder Northern Neck district. In 1878 the district was consolidated with Randolph Macon district, and he was assigned to Richmond circuit.

† Curtana †

Robert Nelson Crooks

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(Hospital: Richmond)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 96-97.

Soldier, chaplain, pioneer preacher in mountain lands, he has a noble record. He has preached a quarter of a century and is just at his prime. He has built nine churches and two parsonages, and repaired or rebuilt many old preaching edifices. In the hospitals in Richmond he saw great revivals. During his ministry he has received into the church thirteen hundred persons. His own notes, though brief, have much interest:

“I was born in Greenup county, Kentucky, March 16th, 1830. My father Abraham Crooks, was born in Prince William county, Va. His grand father and mother came from Ireland. My mother’s maiden name was Catherine Conrad, from London county, Va. Her grand-father came from Netherlands, and her mother from Holland. My father was a farmer—a member of, and deacon in the Missionary Baptist church for many years. My mother was a member of the Methodist church, but died when I was eight years old.

“My educational advantages were limited to the ordinary country schools. I was religiously disposed from my youth—the fear of God was always before me. I do not remember to have ever used a profane oath, or to have been intoxicated. In August, 1852, I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on probation at Warwick’s school house, in my native county, under the ministry of Rev. Hugh Rankin, and the next year I was baptised with water, and received into full connection by the Rev. S.A. Rathburn on profession of faith.

“For more than a year I was painfully exercised on my call to the ministry, to which, I did not readily get consent of my mind. In March 1855, I was licensed to preach by the Greenup circuit Quarterly Conference, Rev. C.M. Sullivan, Preacher in Charge, Rev. J.P. Medley, Presiding Elder; which, in August recommended me to the Western Virginia Annual Conference. At Buffalo, on the Great Kanawha, I was received in the Annual Conference in September, 1855, Bishop Early presiding. My first appointment was Wyoming Mission, lying in the counties of Wyoming, Raleigh, Fayette, Boon and Logan, West Virginia, having twenty-seven preaching places to fill in four weeks. In 1856, Paintsville circuit in Kentucky, junior preacher with Rev. Joseph Wright. This appointment had thirty-one preaching places in four weeks. In 1857, ordained deacon by Bishop Pierce, received into the Conference, and sent to the Boothsville circuit, a new work in the counties of Harrison, Marion, and Tyler, West Virginia. In 1858, Rowlesburg circuit along and among the mountains of the Cheat river, West Virginia. In 1859, ordained Elder by Bishop Andrew, and appointed to the Rowlesburg and Boothsville circuit, lying in six counties of West Virginia, with twenty four preaching places. In 1860, Weston and Jacksonville, West Virginia.

“In June, 1861, I volunteered as a soldier, and served for six months as First Lieutenant of company ‘I’ 31st Virginia Regiment in the command of Generals Garnett, Henry Jackson and Ed. Johnson, and under General R.E. Lee in that remarkable systematic campaign in the Alleghanies, advancing and retreating, marching and countermarching, in, up, and down the creeks and rivers. (Oh how cold!) until we went into winter quarters on the top of the Alleghany Mountains, almost in perpetual frost, as if we were hunting a healthy place in mid-winter to freeze out the rest of the life that had not been marched out.

“In November 1861, I resigned my commission as Lieutenant and came to Richmond, and was put in charge of Rockett’s Chapel, by Rev. J.D. Coulling, Presiding Elder, where I remained until June, 1862, when I received an appointment as chaplain in the

Southern army, and was assigned to duty at Chimborazo Hospital, Richmond, Virginia, where I remained until the close of the war, May, 1865. August 6th, 1863, I married Miss Susan Ann Scully, in the city of Richmond, a Virginia lady of Irish and Scotch descent, a Methodist, and of a Methodist family.

“At the close of the war I was unable to return to the west. The Rev. J.D. Coulling, Presiding Elder, sent me to the Peninsula to look after the scattered and returning Methodists. I gathered together the churches in Henrico, Charles City, and a part of New Kent, to which I preached until the Conference in Danville, November, 1865, at which time I was transferred by Bishop Early from the West Virginia Conference to the Virginia Conference. From this Conference I was sent to York and Hampton, and served two years. The third year I was returned to York, Hampton and Fox Hill being formed into a charge to themselves. In 1868-9, Bertie circuit; in 1870, South Bedford circuit; in 1871-74, York circuit; again in 1875-79, Bertie circuit; 1880, Hanover circuit.

“During my chaplaincy at Chimborazo Hospital, my labors were greatly blessed of God. We had several very extensive revivals, in which hundreds were converted. We are also hopeful of having led many to Christ on their couches of affliction and death, as we heard them shouting as they crossed the last river.”

† Curtana †

W.G. Curry

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(5th Alabama Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:302.

Curry, Rev. W.G., son of Allen H. Curry, was born in Monroe Co., Ala., Sept. 11, 1843; was baptized in 1858, at fourteen years of age; removed to Louisiana the same year, and was there licensed to preach at the age of sixteen, and spent some time at school in that State; returned to Alabama in 1860, and entered school at the Newtown Academy, and obtained a liberal education; in 1861 entered the Confederate army as a volunteer, and served as a private soldier two years, when, in consideration of a faithful discharge of duty, he was made chaplain of the 5th Alabama Regiment, in which capacity he served to the close of the war. He was ordained to the ministry while in the army, at Orange Court-House, Va., by order of the Pineville church in Alabama, of which he was a member, Drs. Quarles, J.W. Jones, W.F. Broadus, and Rev. Mr. Marshall acting as the Presbytery. On returning home he became pastor of Monroeville, Bellville, Pineville, and Bethany churches, a relation which he sustained with eminent success until he undertook the work of evangelist, in 1877, under appointment of the Alabama State Mission Board, in which position he rendered most successful service for two years. After this he returned to the pastorate at Snow Hill, Ala. Mr. Curry is a fluent speaker and a gifted preacher. He is one of our most trusted pastors, and he is still growing in all the elements of ministerial power.

† Curtana †

James DeLany

United States Army Chaplain
(18th Wisconsin Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:323.

DeLaney, Rev. James, one of the best-known ministers in Wisconsin, was born in Ballymore, County of Galway, Ireland, in February, 1804. Here and at Castlereagh he passed his early childhood and youth. His parents were Catholics and of Celtic blood. In the faith of this church he was educated with the most painstaking care. Relations on his father's side were Roman Catholic priests. A brother ministers at a Catholic altar, and he himself was designed by a devoted mother for the same office, but being left fatherless and motherless while quite young, that hope sank with his mother into the grave.

At the age of twenty-one he left his native land forever, and went to the city of London to seek a livelihood. After much hardship and many disappointments, and a sore struggle with poverty, in a moment of desperation he enlisted in the English army. His destination was Madras, one of the principal points occupied by the East India Company, which he reached with 224 comrades in January, 1827. These early steps in his life are only links in a wonderful chain of providences. Long and rigid discipline had made him an expert as an artilleryman, and in 1830 he was detailed, with the corps with which he was connected, on special artillery service to Maulmain, in Burmah [*sic*]. This brought him under the influence and preaching of the American missionaries Judson and Kincaid, then located at Maulmain.

In Mr. DeLaney's early life, after the death of his mother, he enjoyed for a time the society and instruction of some devout Catholics, mostly women connected with an orphanage. These teachings he regarded as of the highest value, and although his mind was dark as midnight on all the vital doctrines of God's Word, and especially on his plan to save sinners through the death of Christ, these early lessons in regard to his relations to his Maker and his law, his own depravity and corrupt nature, had much to do in restraining him from open vice, and prepared the way for his receiving the gospel. The earnest preaching of Mr. Kincaid at once found its way to his heart. After some weeks of most pungent conviction for sin, he obtained a joyful hope in Christ, and was baptized by Mr. Kincaid, March 23, 1831, in the Saluen River, about twenty-five miles from the "Hopia Tree."

Subsequently, in conversation with Dr. Judson, he spoke to him of the work of the Christian ministry; pointed out to him the broad valley of the Mississippi in his own land, and its great need of home mission labor, and urged upon him the work of preparation. He at once, through the influence of the American missionaries, secured his release from the English army and came to America. He entered Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, and took the usual ministerial course provided at that early day. Upon leaving the institution at Hamilton he was called to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Broadalbin, N.Y., where he was ordained Jan. 10, 1838, and married to Tirzah A. Platt, April 2, 1839. In 1839 he was called to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Ticonderoga, N.Y. After serving the churches as pastor at Granville and Kingsbury, N.Y., he came to Wisconsin in 1844, and settled with the Baptist church at East Troy. Here he remained seven years, gathering one of the largest and most useful churches in the Territory. He was pastor at Horicon, Sparta, Port Washington, and Whitewater, Wis.

For six years he was exploring missionary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society in the State at large. He was the general missionary of the Wisconsin Baptist State Convention for three years. In addition to these labors, Mr. DeLaney supplied the vacant pulpits of a score or more of feeble Baptist churches, and in the early history of the State

made frequent tours of exploration to visit the outposts and frontiers to find and feed the scattered flock of God. Many of these tours made along the Wisconsin and Mississippi are as full of wild adventure, thrilling incident, and heroic endurance as those made by his revered friend and father, Kincaid, along the Irrawaddy and the Saluen. Mr. DeLaney's name stands connected with almost every institution bearing the Baptist name in the State. He was one of the founders of the State Convention, he took an active part in establishing Wayland Academy, and he was prominent in forming nearly all the Associations in the State.

During the war Mr. DeLaney was chaplain of the 18th Regiment of Wis. Vols. He was present with his regiment at Pittsburg Landing. It is not possible to give the results of Mr. DeLaney's labors, as he has not preserved all the facts of his long and useful services to the Master. Frequent revivals have blessed his ministry. Strong men in the pulpit, able professors in institutions of learning, and pillars in the churches East and West were led to Christ through his preaching. Missionaries converted by his instrumentality have been sent back to Asia, where he himself found a Saviour. But chiefly in his missionary labors will Mr. DeLaney be best known and longest remembered.

† Curtana †

Frederic Denison

United States Army Chaplain

(1st Rhode Island Cavalry & 3rd Rhode Island Heavy Artillery)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart

(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:327.

Denison, Rev. Frederic, son of Isaac and Levina (Fish) Denison, was born in Stonington, Conn., Sept. 28, 1819; studied in Bacon Academy and the Connecticut Literary Institution; graduated at Brown University in 1847; in the same year settled with First Baptist church in Westerly, R.I., and was ordained; served that church, in two pastorates, for fifteen years; settled with Central Baptist church in Norwich, Conn., and remained five years; settled with Central Falls Baptist church in Rhode Island; served as chaplain in the army for three years, with 1st R.I. Cavalry and 3^d R.I. Heavy Artillery; settled again in Westerly, then in New Haven, Conn., then in Woonsocket, R.I., and lastly in Providence, R.I.; baptized over four hundred persons; favored with special revivals; author of the following bound volumes: "The Supper Institution," "The Sabbath Institution," "The Baptists and their Principles in Norwich, Connecticut," "The Evangelist, or Life and Labors of Rev. Jabez S. Swan," "History of the First Rhode Island Cavalry," "Westerly and its Witnesses for Two Hundred and Fifty Years," "Picturesque Narragansett, Sea and Shore," "Illustrated New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket," "History of the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery Regiment," "Picturesque Rhode Island," also of sermons and addresses; and of poems and articles numberless in secular and religious periodicals; a corresponding member of Rhode Island Historical Society, and Wisconsin Historical Society; member of Soldiers and Sailors Historical Society of Rhode Island; the first Baptist Historical Registrar of Rhode Island.

† Curtana †

Thomas Devan

United States Army Chaplain

(Hospital: New York)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:330-31.

Devan, Thomas T., M.D., was born in New York City, July 31, 1809; graduated from Columbia College in that city in 1828, and later, at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Early in life he became connected with the First Baptist church in New York, under the ministry of Dr. Cone, and he was a very influential helper. In 1844 he and his admirable wife, the daughter of David Hale, editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, went as missionaries to China. Mrs. Devan died within two years; the doctor's health failed so as to interfere with his preaching; he was transferred to the mission in France, where he remained through the stirring period from 1848 to 1853, when lie returned home.

Dr. Devan left a large remunerative practice to enter the ministry, and since his return he has continued to preach. He was army chaplain during the war; has been pastor at Nyack, N.Y., and West Hoboken, N.J.; has frequently supplied the churches of New Brunswick, where he resides, and is spending the evening of life doing good as he has opportunity, and beloved by his brethren.



J.H. DeVotie

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(2nd Georgia Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:331-32.

DeVotie, J.H., D.D., was born in Oneida Co., N.Y., Sept. 24, 1813. He was baptized on the morning of Sabbath, Dec. 4, 1831, at Savannah, Ga., by Rev. H.C. Wyer. The First Baptist church of Savannah licensed him to preach the gospel on the 21st of October, 1832, immediately after which he pursued a course of study in theology at Furman Theological Seminary, located at High Hills of Santee, Sumter District, S.C., under the instruction of Jesse Hartwell, D.D., and Samuel Furman, D.D. He was ordained by Dr. Jesse Hartwell and Dr. Joseph B. Cook, at Camden, S.C. in 1833, and in this place he served his first pastorate of two years, while a student at the seminary. He moved thence to Montgomery, Ala., preaching there one year; became pastor of the Tuscaloosa church, which he served four years; was then called to the charge of the Marion, Ala., church, remaining fourteen year; serving one year as financial secretary of the Domestic and Indian Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, of which he was also president for a number of years. In 1856 he was called to Columbus, Ga., where he lived fourteen years, resigning the pastorate in 1870, and taking charge of the Griffin, Ga., church, which position he retained for two years, 1871 and 1872. He still resides in Griffin, although he has for several years been the aide and efficient corresponding secretary of the State Mission Board of the Georgia Baptist Convention. Under his management that board has been very successful.

A strong Baptist, he never shuns to declare the whole counsel of God, yet Pedobaptists love and respect him. As a money-solicitor at our Conventions he has few equals, and his exquisite tact and inimitable humor make him a welcome and useful member of our religious assemblies. In person he is heavily built, rather beneath the average height, and dignified and deliberate in his movements. No man possesses in a greater measure the love and confidence of his Baptist brethren, and at the same time the respect and esteem

of other denominations, and of the community at large. His sermons are full of feeling, and are of that high order which comes from men of the loftiest intellect, culture, and sensibility, and while they affect the hearts of the humblest believers, they excite the admiration of the most fastidious and cultivated.

At the beginning of the war he served for a brief time on the Georgia coast as voluntary chaplain, declining from conscientious motives to receive pay. Though laboring in the ministry for more than forty years, he has not been without a field of labor for as much as two months at a time, having baptized not fewer than 1500 professed converts. If there is any credit to be attached to the removal of Mercer University from Penfield, he is entitled to his share of it, for he offered to the board of trustees, of which he is a member, the first set of resolutions on that subject.

His influence in Georgia, as it was in Alabama, has always been commanding, resulting in a large measure from his great good sense, sincere piety, consistent life, ardent labors, and exalted intellectual powers. In his long experience he has been tried by many and deep afflictions, but all the while a spirit of sweet and pious resignation has thrown a mellow radiance around his life and character.

† Curtana †

William Emory Edwards

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(Post: Drewry's Bluff)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 140-41.

The likeness of Rev. William E. Edwards in the group of pictures on a near page *will* arrest the eye of the reader. It is true to the life; complexion fair, with a tinge of pallor; eyes blue, hair very light. His movements are quick, without being nervous and restless. His frame is rather slender; his stature a little under medium height. There are evident marks of the absence of firm and robust health, and yet he performs his regular work as pastor and preacher without exhaustion. There is toughness in the fiber. He possesses wonderful vitality. He would be recognized wherever his father is known, as a son of the Rev. John E. Edwards, D.D., to whom he bears a striking resemblance. With less breadth of chest, and a more prominent nose, he is a sort of facsimile, in mould and feature, of his father. His mother was a Miss Clark, of Prince Edward county, Va., in which county he was born, June 10th, 1842. His elementary and early education was obtained in Richmond, Norfolk, Petersburg and Lynchburg; these being the cities in which his father was stationed during his boyhood. He professed conversion when a little more than fourteen years of age, in 1856, during a revival in Centenary church, Richmond, Va., under the ministry of his own father. From a meagre memorandum from his pen, we take out this line. He says: "The impression which had followed me from childhood, that I must preach the gospel was deepened from the moment of my conversion, and fixed my determination to enter the ministry."

He entered Randolph Macon College in 1858, and after pursuing his studies under the disadvantages of frequent interruptions occasioned by protracted attacks of disease he graduated in June, 1862. The following November he joined the Virginia Annual Conference, at its session in Petersburg. It was during the war, and he received a merely nominal appointment. Soon thereafter, he applied for and received a chaplaincy in the

Confederate army, under a commission, in the summer of 1863, and was appointed as post chaplain at Drewry's Bluff, which position he held to the close of the war.

At the termination of hostilities, he was called, in the summer of 1865, to take the pastoral over sight of all that remained of the old Dinwiddie Street charge, in Portsmouth, Va. He found the church edifice in ashes, the congregation scattered, the membership disbanded, and the church register in the custody of a preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North.) By dint of effort he succeeded in rallying a few of the disheartened, not to say demoralized, old Methodists, and enrolled their names, and thus secured the nucleus of a church organization. Through the kindness and Christian courtesy of the authorities he obtained the use of what was then known as the second Presbyterian church as a place of worship. By the close of the Conference year, the station was put upon a footing to receive a regular pastor.

At the Conference of 1865, Mr. Edwards was appointed to the Manchester station, where he remained two years, gaining a strong hold on the affections of his people, and rendering valuable service to the church. He was then appointed for 1867-68 to Charlottesville. In 1869, he was in Farmville, and then two years at Centenary, Lynchburg, where his labors were crowned with success. At the Conference of 1872, he was appointed to the Granby Street charge, Norfolk, Va. Here he remained for four years, intrenching [*sic*] himself in the love and esteem of his charge, and leaving it in a prosperous condition. From Granby Street, he was sent to Monumental church, in Portsmouth, Va., where he is now closing the fourth year of his pastorate. His labors have been eminently blessed in this charge. A revival of almost unparalleled interest occurred in 1879, in which a hundred souls were converted in the brief space of ten or twelve days.

Rev. William E. Edwards is a student. He uses his pen much, not only in the preparation of his sermons, but also for the press. His discourses give proof of careful and wide investigation. His matter is well winnowed and set on paper in order and at length, and yet he never uses notes or manuscript in the pulpit. He possesses a philosophical cast of mind. His discussions, however, are never dry and prosy. His imagination is a strong faculty in his mental endowments. Passages of rare beauty and impassioned eloquence, ornament and coruscate in his discourses. Withal he is modest almost to diffidence, shrinking from any display of his “shining arms.” As a pastor he is diligent, and wins the respect and affection of his flock. With each year there is an added ring to the circle of his growth in culture, and a steady progress and development in all the elements that crown the man of mark. If his slender frame does not yield to the pressure of mental exertions and the tax of pastoral service, a future charged with enduring usefulness to the church, and of honor to himself lies ahead. He was ordained deacon in Lynchburg, Va., by Bishop Early in 1864; and Elder by Bishop Pierce, at Norfolk, in 1866. He has been twice married, and has the usual heritage of a Methodist preacher—a houseful of children.

† Curtana †

Thomas B. Espy

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(31st Alabama Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:379.

Espy, T.B., D.D., was born in Cass Co., Ga. in 1837; educated at Howard College, Ala.; three years a chaplain in Confederate army; pastor two years at Athens, Ga.; then became pastor two years of First Baptist church, Little Rock, Ark.; in 1873, in connection with T.P. Boone, became editor and publisher of the *Western Baptist*, at Little Rock, which was suspended in 1879. He then became connected with the *Baptist Reflector*, and at present is connected with the *American Baptist Flag*, St. Louis, Mo. Dr. Espy has engaged creditably in four public discussions. His residence is Little Rock, Ark.



Samuel Field

United States Army Chaplain
(12th Rhode Island Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:393.

Field, S.W., D.D., was born in North Yarmouth, Me., April 28, 1813. He was baptized by Rev. Alonzo King, pastor of the Baptist church, June, 1830; fitted for college at the academy in his native place, and entered Waterville College in 1832; completed a course of four years study, but took his degree at New York University in July, 1836; was associate teacher with Rev. Nathan Dole one term in the North Yarmouth Academy; entered Newton Theological Institution, and graduated in 1839; was ordained at North Yarmouth as an appointed missionary to Assam, Oct. 3, 1839. Rev. Baron Stow, of Boston, preached the ordination sermon on the occasion. As the board were compelled for want of funds to inform him that no missionary could be sent out for two years, he was under the necessity of settling as a pastor. His first charge was in Methuen, Mass., of seven years; his second in Hallowell, Me., of three years. In his third and last, by the lamented death of his former pastor, Rev. L. Bradford, he became pastor of what was the Pine Street, now the Central Baptist, church, Providence, R.I. After ten years labor he resigned in 1859.

He was engaged in preaching in Providence and its vicinity till 1862, when he was appointed by the governor of Rhode Island chaplain of the 12th Regiment R.I. Vols. Served the full term of the enlistment, and was in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va. Heart and hand had full employ on that terrible day and for many days after. He was highly favored in his religious work by the co-operation of Col. Geo. H. Browne and Lt.-Col. James Shaw, Jr. He is still a resident in Providence, and a member of the First Baptist church, preaching in various places as occasion calls for his services. In 1877 the Central University of Iowa, Rev. L.A. Dunn, D.D., President, conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.



John Fletcher

United States Army Chaplain
(9th Michigan Cavalry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:400.

Fletcher, Rev. John, was born July 9, 1832; was baptized by Rev. J. Inglis in February, 1851; was ordained pastor of the Baptist church in Ceresco, Mich., March, 1859.

Subsequently he served the churches in Sturgis and Edwardsburg; was chaplain of the 9th Regiment of Michigan Volunteer Cavalry one year, ending with August, 1865; accompanied his regiment in Sherman's marches of that winter. Soon after leaving the army he became pastor of the church in Plainwell, and remains yet in that relation. In 1876 he had leave of absence for a few months, and meanwhile supplied the pulpit of the E Street church in Washington, D.C. That church called him to its pastorate, and he was inclined to accept the call. But the unanimous and earnest wish of the church in Plainwell, and a written petition signed by a large proportion of the citizens, and the action of a public meeting called to remonstrate against his leaving, changed his plans. Mr. Fletcher, during the fifteen years of his pastorate in Plainwell, has performed an almost incredible amount of pastoral work, constantly maintaining several preaching stations besides filling his own pulpit. He is the only pastor the church has had, and he has seen it grow to one of the largest in the State. He is a true bishop after the apostolic model.

† Curtana †

Moses D. Gage

United States Army Chaplain
(12th Indiana Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:430.

Gage, Rev. Moses Dwight, was born Jan. 4, 1828, at New Woodstock, N.Y.; baptized at fourteen, and licensed in 1856; was educated at Alfred Academy and Rochester University. He became pastor, and was ordained at Bedford, Ind., in 1860, and in 1861 served the Pendleton and Muncie churches. From 1862 he was three years chaplain of the 12th Ind. Vol. Regiment, under Grant and Sherman, and wrote a history of the campaigns.

In 1865 he became pastor at Franklin, Ind., for two years, helping to revive the college there. In 1867 became pastor for four years at Junction City, Kan., and built a \$5000 church edifice. In 1873 he moved to California, and was three years pastor at Marysville, when he located at Camptonville as pastor and teacher. He is an able preacher, a fine scholar, and a popular educator; has written extensively for the religious and educational press, and served in various official positions in Baptist Associations and Conventions.

† Curtana †

John Gano

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:433-34.

Gano, Rev. John, was born in Hopewell, N.J., July 22, 1727. His family was of French origin, and its name Gerneaux. Mr. Gano's father was a pious Presbyterian, and he felt inclined to follow in his father's religious footsteps, but an examination of the subject of baptism led him to take the Saviour's immersion in the Jordan as his model and to unite with the Baptist church of Hopewell. With a new heart, a Scriptural creed, and a call from Christ to preach the gospel, he was ordained May 29, 1754, and became pastor of

the Scotch Plains church. He removed to the South after a two years settlement at Scotch Plains, where he remained till 1760. In June, 1762, the First Baptist church of New York was constituted, its members having received letters for this purpose from the parent church at Scotch Plains. Immediately after their organization they called Mr. Gano to be their pastor. He accepted the invitation, and held the position for twenty-six eventful years. His ministry was greatly blessed in New York, and the church that commenced its ecclesiastical life with twenty-seven members soon became a power in the future Empire City.

Mr. Gano was deeply interested in the Revolutionary struggle, and when fighting began he entered the army as chaplain to Gen. Clinton's New York brigade, and performed services which rendered him dear to the officers and men with whom he was associated. Nor did he ever shun the scene of danger, though his duties were entirely peaceful. Headley, in his "Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution," says, "In the fierce conflict on Chatterton's Hill, Mr. Gano was continually under fire, and his cool and quiet courage in thus fearlessly exposing himself was afterwards commented on in the most glowing terms by the officers who stood near him. In speaking of his conduct on that occasion, he said, "My station in time of action I knew to be among the surgeons, but in this battle I somehow got in the front of the regiment, yet I durst not quit my place for fear of dampening the spirits of the soldiers, or of bringing on myself an imputation of cowardice." Headley states that when he "saw more than half the army flying from the sound of cannon, others abandoning their pieces without firing a shot, and a brave band of six hundred maintaining a conflict with the whole British army, filled with chivalrous and patriotic sympathy for the valiant men that refused to run, he could not resist the strong desire to share their perils, and he eagerly pushed forward to the front."

Any wonder that Washington should say of chaplains like Mr. Gano, and there were other Baptists of his spirit, that "Baptist chaplains were the most prominent and useful in the army"? On the return of Mr. Gano to New York at the close of the war he could only find thirty-seven members of his church; these he gathered together again, and the Lord soon gave him and his people a gracious revival, which imparted strength and hope to his discouraged church. In May, 1788, he removed to Kentucky, and became pastor of the Town Fork church, near Lexington. He died in 1804. Mr. Gano was the brother-in-law of Dr. Manning, the first president of Brown University, whose ordination sermon he preached. He was one of the earliest and most influential friends of Rhode Island College. He went everywhere to further Baptist interests. He had a fund of energy greater than most men, and an intellect which could grasp any subject. He was regarded in his day as "a star of the first magnitude," "a prince among the hosts of Israel," "a burning and a shining light, and many rejoiced in his light." One of his sons, Dr. Stephen Gano, was for thirty-six years the beloved pastor of the First Baptist church, Providence, R.I.

† Curtana †

James Powell Garland

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(52nd & 49th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 113-14.

Mr. Garland is wanting in nothing that makes up a model of physical grace and manly form. His face is Grecian, and would have invited the chisel of the sculptor. He is tall and

erect without any lordliness of look or carriage. If we are not in error, there is some of the Pocahontas blood in his veins. The tinge of olive, the straight raven hair, the upright bearing, the continence of words are the croppings out of Indian traits. His manner is easy and quiet. He does not aspire to the chief place in conversation. He is never guilty of monologue in company with or without flashes of silence. His observations, however, are pithy, and sometimes of subtile [*sic*] humor, perhaps with gentle satire—a lancet dipped in chloroform. He is possessed of the gifts and graces, as speaker, student and pastor that command the first places in the Conference.

He is the son of Samuel Meredith and Mildred Irving Garland, and was born in Amherst county, Va., November 9th, 1835. His parents being members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he was reared under its influence, and received from it his early religious impressions. He made a public profession of religion during a revival conducted by Methodist ministers, and held in an Episcopal church in his native county. This was the first revival of religion, under the ministry of the Methodist church, he had ever witnessed, and he at once joined that church.

He very soon became exercised on the subject of entering the ministry, but continued to prosecute his studies, at that time attending Higginbotham Academy in Amherst county, and afterwards completed his education at Emory and Henry College, at which institution he graduated in June, 1857. Returning from college, he immediately commenced the study of the law, intending to make that the profession of his life. He continued, however, to be greatly exercised on the subject of a call to the ministry, and finally abandoned the law, was licensed to preach and received on trial into the Virginia Annual Conference, at its session in Portsmouth, Virginia, November, 1858.

From this Conference he was sent in charge of Appomattox circuit. His ministry on this circuit was attended by extensive revivals, resulting in about one hundred and fifty conversions. His second year was in charge of Cumberland circuit, which was also blessed with extensive revival work. In 1860, he was sent to Fincastle, at that time embraced in the Virginia Conference. Here he was returned the second year, and in the following August formally resigned his charge, and entered the Confederate army as chaplain of the 52nd Regiment of Virginia Infantry, then under General Loring in the valley of the Kanawha. He remained with this Regiment until the following winter, when he was transferred to the 49th Regiment Virginia Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia, and was present at the battles of Chancellorsville, Winchester, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, Coal Harbor and other engagements. In the fall of 1864, on account of ill health, he resigned the chaplaincy, and was appointed in charge of Amherst circuit, where he was continued four years. In November, 1868, he was appointed to Manchester, and then to Trinity, Richmond, remaining at each of these stations two years, and both were blessed with gracious revivals. From Richmond he was sent to Portsmouth in charge of what was then known as Dinwiddie Street station. Here he remained four years, during which time he projected and completed Monumental church, as a memorial of Robert Williams, the pioneer of Southern Methodism. From Portsmouth he was sent to Petersburg in charge of Market Street station, and is now filling his fourth year there.

† Curtana †

Thomas A. Gill

United States Navy Chaplain
(Peacetime Service)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:454-55.

Gill, Rev. Thomas A., the son of John S. Gill, of Philadelphia, Pa., was born in that city Feb. 8, 1840. After the usual preparatory training, he entered the Philadelphia High School, and was graduated in his sixteenth year. Soon after this, he entered successively for short intervals the offices of Francis Wharton and Wm. Henry Rawle, distinguished lawyers of his native city. On leaving the service of the latter, the next few years were spent with his father, whose purpose was to associate his eldest son with him in his business.

During this period—in his nineteenth year—he was converted under the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Cathcart, and was baptized into the fellowship of the Second Baptist church, Philadelphia. In April, 1861, as the result of personal conviction, and the judgment of the church, he entered the university at Lewisburg to prepare for the gospel ministry. The late war being then in active progress, his collegiate course was interrupted by two short terms of service in response to the exigencies growing out of the invasion of Pennsylvania by the army of Gen. Lee, and the subsequent burning of Chambersburg. Graduating in the university at the close of the war, he entered the Theological Seminary at the same place, and completed the prescribed course in July, 1867. In July of the ensuing year he was called to the pastoral charge of the First Baptist church, Germantown, Philadelphia, and in October following ordained to the Christian ministry. Resigning his pastorate in impaired health in August, 1871, he sought the same month the benefits of a tour abroad, traveling extensively in Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land.

Reluctant, after his return, in 1872, to re-enter the pastorate, from considerations of health, he was at length nominated by President Grant as a chaplain of the navy, and confirmed by the Senate, Dec. 22, 1874. In the following year, April 8, he was married to Marie Antoinette, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. E.H. Nevin, of Philadelphia. On the death of his wife, in May, 1878, at Vallejo, Cal., while chaplain of the naval station there, he returned to the East, and was attached to the flag-ship “Tennessee,” of the Atlantic Squadron, where he has been officiating as chaplain up to the present date. Mr. Gill possesses scholarly attainments, deep piety, a vigorous intellect, an unblemished reputation, and the warm regards of all that know him.

† Curtana †

Charles M. Gordon

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(36th Mississippi Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:460.

Gordon, Rev. Charles M., president of Meridian Female College, Miss., is a native of Mississippi, where he was born in 1839; educated at Mississippi College; began to preach in 1860; was chaplain of 36th Miss. Regiment in the Confederate army. After filling several important pastorates, and among them one at Natchez, Miss., he was called to Meridian in 1875. In connection with his pastorate he took charge of the female college, but at the end of two years gave up the church, and has since devoted himself to the college, preaching occasionally in the surrounding country.



John Cowper Granbery

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(11th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 59-60.

Professor Granbery is first among us as an expounder of the Scriptures. As chaplain in the Confederate forces no claim has come forward to challenge his precedence there for fidelity to his commission. He marched on foot with the men, ministered to them, and was shot down by their side. He shared the lot of a common soldier in the field. He shirked no danger in the fight. The wound in the head that smote him down was reported as mortal, and he was left among the slain. He was captured and recovered, with but the ruin of the sight in one eye.

In matters of doctrine or duty his voice always commanded assent, for he had mastered the theology of his church, and he had illustrated the whole round of duties. He was ready to serve his brethren, but shrank from every appearance of courting popularity. The winnings arts for personal ends were an abomination to him. He is without brusqueness, “techyness,” exclusiveness, or pretentions [*sic*], without starchiness, or owlish look of wisdom, but rather a genial man without anecdote, and with a head mounted with a mansard roof. He has been twice married.

He was born in Norfolk, Virginia, December 5, 1829, and in the Spring of 1844 was converted and joined the church. He graduated at Randolph Macon College in 1848, and in November of that year was admitted into the Virginia Conference on trial. His first year here was as junior preacher in Eastville circuit; the second, he was stationed in Farmville. Two years he was pastor of the Third Street church, Lynchburg. In a revival at the close of his second year in that place, his health broke down, and he could not attend the session of the Conference, nor take work for the next year. 1854 he was junior preacher on London circuit; then two years pastor at Randolph Macon; one year at Charlottesville; two years in Washington city; two years chaplain of the University of Virginia. The day after the commencement of that institution in 1861, he joined the Eleventh Virginia Infantry, at Manassas, as chaplain, and continued with them until the Fall of 1863. He was at that time appointed by the church a missionary to the army of Gen. Lee, and in that office he served until paroled at Appomattox C.H., April, 1865. A few weeks afterwards he became pastor of Market Street church, Petersburg, and remained until the Fall of 1868. He was four years at Centenary, Richmond, and nearly three years at Broad Street. In September, 1875, he removed to Nashville, Tennessee, having been elected a Professor in the Vanderbilt University. He is at this time in that University, Professor of Practical Theology, and acting Professor of Moral Philosophy. He has served in the General Conference.



David E. Halteman

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(15th Illinois Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:490-91.

Halteman, Rev. David Emory, pastor of the First Baptist church in Delavan, Wis., is a native of Montgomery Co., Pa., where he was born Aug. 28, 1834. His ancestors in the paternal line were German Mennonites. The family came to America from Germany in 1698, and settled at Germantown, Pa. This old town was the birthplace of three successive generations of the family. His mother was Scotch by birth, although her parents emigrated to America when she was a child. When the subject of this sketch was four years old his father removed to Ohio and settled at Dayton, which became subsequently his home. Mr. Halteman's earliest religious instruction came from his godly Presbyterian mother. He attended the Sunday-school of the First Baptist church in Dayton, O. At twelve years of age he was converted and baptized into the fellowship of the First Baptist church in Dayton.

When seventeen years of age he was licensed by the church of which he was a member to preach the gospel. He was educated at Granville College (now Denison University) and Rochester University. He was formally set apart to the work of the Christian ministry by a council called by the Baptist church in Bloomfield, Ill., in December, 1857. This church he supplied six months. Having received an invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Marengo, Ill., he entered upon his labors there in July, 1858, and continued in this relation eleven years. The church was small in numbers, and during his pastorate of eleven years it grew to be the largest in the Association, the membership being over 400 when he closed his labors there. The meeting-house and parsonage were built during his pastorate. Frequent revivals, in two instances of great power, blessed his ministry. In July, 1869, Mr. Halteman accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church in Delavan, Wis., one of the most important churches in the State. He began his ministry there in the autumn of the same year, and has continued it with fidelity and success up to the present time. Though it is of twenty-three years duration it has been confined to two fields, and the results abundantly show the advantage of faithful labor in a prolonged term of pastoral service. He has frequently been tempted by calls to other important fields, but has uniformly declined to consider them, feeling that, as a rule, the more permanent the pastoral relation the better is the cause of Christ served. He has been, an indefatigable worker in the study, in visits among his people, and in the State.

During his ministry he has preached 4120 times, including sermons at Conventions, Associations, councils, dedications, and funerals. He has received 856 members into the two churches of which he has been pastor, 505 of whom were baptized by him; adding 180 persons baptized into other churches, he has immersed altogether 685 persons. His ministry builds up the churches strong doctrinally, develops generous habits of benevolence, and establishes the members in spiritual life and power. Just now his church is erecting a fine house of worship.

For eight successive years Mr. Halteman has been the president of the Wisconsin Baptist State Convention, and an active member of its board. As a presiding officer of a deliberative body he has few superiors, displaying rare tact, impartiality, and familiarity with parliamentary law. At the dedication of meeting-houses his services have been in frequent requisition.

During the war he served as chaplain of the 15th Regiment Ill. Volunteers one year, but his pastoral relation was not disturbed while he was absent.

Frank, open-hearted, generous to a fault, he has fulfilled in a high degree the promise with which he began his ministry. He has for many years taken a leading part in the denominational work of the State. If personal qualities, acquired knowledge, large experience, purity of aim and life, are of any value in the ministry, our brother is fitted to do the best work of his life in years yet to come.

† Curtana †

John B. Hamberlin

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(Mississippi District)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:491-92.

Hamberlin, Rev. John B., pastor at Vicksburg, Miss., a descendant of Deacon Wm. Hamberlin, who accompanied Richard Curtis and his company of Baptists to Mississippi in 1780; graduated at Mississippi College with the first honors of his class in 1856, and at Rochester Theological Seminary, N.Y., in 1858; pastor at Clinton and Raymond, Miss., from 1858 to 1862; two years chaplain in Confederate army, during the rest of the war was State superintendent of army missions. After the war he established Meridian Female College, and supplied Meridian and several surrounding churches, and edited *The Christian Watchman* and *College Mirror*. This excessive labor impaired his health, and he retired to the Gulf coast. Here he began a missionary work that resulted in the establishment of eight churches on the line of the New Orleans and Mobile Railroad, and the Gulf Coast Association. He became pastor at Vicksburg in 1880.

† Curtana †

Josiah Dickinson Hank

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(Colonel Porterfield's Command at Philippi)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 103-05.

[Apparently, Reverend Hank was appointed to a Confederate chaplaincy position in West Virginia, but was prevented by the rapid Union advances, and his subsequent illness, from assuming his military duties.]

The war gave to the Virginia Conference one of its most efficient, popular and valuable ministers. The persecutors of our church in West Virginia have made us debtor to them for Hank. And there is a certain fitness of things in the venerable Jehu Hank, of honored memory among the fathers of the Conference, having a son in the same body.

The service of the younger Hank so long in an extreme point of the Conference confines, has localized his reputation. The Maryland section of our work is eager to monopolize him. And the Elder who has a first class man is too shrewd to tell his brethren in the cabinet of his good luck—they might want to share it. There is a floating notion that away across the Chesapeake Bay is a bright preacher, and a mighty builder of congregations and churches. If a Richmond pastor happens to saunter towards the Eastern shore, he will prick up his ears when Methodists mention Hank. He is held in honor for his many social qualities, wise energy and ability. He is tall, spare, erect and composed. His

sermons are vertebrated. There is bone in them, but not wholly skeleton. There is grace and finish. The delivery is grave, measured and magnetic.

We have had the favor of a charming narrative from him covering an interesting period of his life, which we use as superior to any notes of our own:

“I am the eldest son of Rev. Jehu Hank of the Baltimore Conference. I was born in Louisa county, Va., on the 13th of October, 1835, while my father, then a member of the Virginia Conference, was preacher in charge of that circuit. In 1837, my father was appointed to Caswell circuit, North Carolina, and consequently fell into the North Carolina Conference, by the division of the Conferences which occurred that year. He located the same year on account of failing health, and settled in Monroe county, West Virginia. There my boyhood was spent on my father’s farm attending such schools as the country afforded. I professed religion when I was ten years old at a Quarterly Meeting held at Mount Horeb church in Monroe county, under the ministry of Revs. Adam Bland and James Aiken of the Baltimore Conference, and united with the Methodist Episcopal church immediately. I was licensed to exhort by Rev. Edmund H. Warren, of the Baltimore Conference in December, 1854. The license was renewed in November, 1855.

“About this time the Rev. Jacob Brillhart, of the West Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who had previously established an appointment at Mount Horeb church, organized a class at that place under the auspices of the church, South, which I joined as an exhorter, and was licensed to preach that same fall, (1855). After being licensed as a local preacher, I entered the classical school of Joseph P. Godfrey, at Clifton Academy, in Pittsylvania county, Va. There I pursued my studies for two years, preaching on Sunday as often as I could. A revival broke out in the school during this time, which resulted in the conversion of nearly all the students, and many outside of the Academy. I was received on probation in the Western Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at its session in Charleston, W.Va., September, 1857, Bishop Pierce presiding, and was appointed junior preacher on the Covington circuit, S.T. Mallory, Preacher in Charge. In 1858, I was sent to the Western circuit.

“On the 12th day of September, 1859, I was ordained deacon by Bishop Andrew in the city of Parkersburg, and stationed in Buchanan, Upshur county, Va. In 1860, I was stationed at Clarksburg, Va. I was here when the war broke out, and remained until Colonel (afterwards General) McClellan took possession of the place. As the troops entered the town on one side, I rode out on the other side and went to West Milford, where I remained several days, hoping to be able to make my way to Colonel Porterfield’s command, which was in camp at Phillippi [*sic*], Barbour county, to which I had recently been appointed chaplain. But McClellan moved rapidly through the country, attacked and defeated Porterfield’s forces, driving them back upon Beverly, thus cutting me off within his lines.

“I worked my way through the mountains, avoiding the roads in order to escape scouting parties, which were scouring the country in every direction, and finally succeeded in reaching my father’s house, where I stopped to rest a few days before resuming my journey to the command. But the fatigue and excitement through which I had just passed, brought on a severe attack of typhoid fever which came near ending my life. A remarkable circumstance occurred during this illness. Dr. Shannon Butt, the father of the Revs. Butt of the Baltimore Conference, was my physician. After exhausting his skill on my case, he despaired of my life. I remember distinctly his telling me that he could do nothing more for me, that I must die and that probably that solemn event was very near.

He kneeled at my bedside, and from a full heart, poured out a fervent prayer on my behalf, arose, pressed my hand in silence and tears and left me.

“I was at first much surprised. I had not thought that I would die. After the first shock was over, my mind became calm and trustful. Motioning my father to my side, who put his ear close to catch my feeble whisper. I said, ‘though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.’ After this all was blank to me for several days. My father tells the rest.

“He says that after the doctor left, I sank rapidly. My mother and sisters, too much affected to remain in my room, retired to one adjoining. My father staid by me with his fingers on my pulse, until it seemed to cease, and I to gently breathe my last. He then covered my face, and reported to my sorrowing mother and sisters that I was dead. After remaining with them some time, he went down stairs and started out to look at a spot on the farm that he had been thinking of converting into a family burying ground, and to select a place for my grave. On the way he stopped and said to himself, ‘Surely my boy is not dead, I cannot think his work is done.’ Turning back, he went immediately to my room, uncovered my face, took hold of my cold, pulseless hand and gazed upon my rigid face, and with a sigh, said sadly, ‘Yes he is dead—he is dead.’ Just then, in obedience to a sudden and unaccountable impulse, he caught up a small looking glass and held it close to my open mouth, and thought he detected a slight dew on its surface, on withdrawing it. He then poured a spoonfull of wine into my mouth. In a short time he gave me another spoonfull of wine, this time I coughed slightly, and made a feeble effort to swallow. A third spoonfull of wine a few moments afterwards was swallowed. Slight pulsation ensued, respiration followed, and gradually I took up the slender threads of life. In a few days I awoke to consciousness, and slowly returned to health. I often fear, lest I fail to fulfil the inscrutable purpose for which I was thus providentially snatched out of the very jaws of death.

“After my recovery I went back to Pittsylvania county, where I had attended school, and on the first day of June, 1862, was married to Miss Annie Berger, second daughter of Captain Samuel Berger, late of that county. There I remained during the rest of the war, having charge of my mother-in-law’s servants and farms, her sons all being in the army, and preaching as opportunity offered at the various churches on the South Staunton circuit in the bounds of which I lived. As many of the preachers of the West Virginia Conference as could meet together, did so annually during the entire war. They elected a president, went through the routine of Conference business, and appointed the preachers every year in order to keep up the organization of the body. Only a few of the charges, however, could be filled by the preachers thus appointed, owing to the occupancy by the Federal forces of nearly the entire territory of the Conference. The United States officers looked upon all our preachers as enemies to their government, and never failed to treat them as such, whenever they fell into their hands. Being beyond the Conference bounds, I was never able to attend one of these meetings, but was regularly reappointed to the Clarksburg station, Clarksburg district, every year of the war.

“In the fall of 1866, I was transferred to the Virginia Conference, and in compliance with a unanimous petition from the Quarterly Conference of South Staunton circuit, in whose bounds I had been preaching for four years, I was appointed to that circuit. In the fall of 1867, I attended the Virginia Conference for the first time, and was ordained Elder by Bishop Dogget, and reappointed to South Staunton circuit. This year my wife died. In 1868, I was appointed to Wicomico circuit, where I remained two years. In the fall of 1870, I was married to Miss Laura E. Wailes, daughter of Dr. Wm. H. Wailes, of

Salisbury Md., and sent to King and Queen circuit, where I remained four years. In 1874, I went to Middlesex circuit, where I remained two years. In 1876, I was sent to Dorchester circuit, Md., where I remain up to the present.

“I here record with profound gratitude, that with the exception of the first three years, my ministry has been blessed with revivals everywhere I have travelled, from the mountains to the sea shore. In September of this year, 1880, I will have been in the active work of the ministry twenty-three years. I have filled seven circuits and two stations.”

† Curtana †

Augustus M. Haskell

United States Army Chaplain
(40th Massachusetts Infantry)

Source: *Harvard College Class of 1856 Secretary's Report, 1899*
(Cambridge: University Press, 1899): Volume 1:40-41.

Rev. Augustus Mellen Haskell died in Roslindale, Boston, Mass., Feb. 24, 1893. He was born in Poland, Me., Jan. 24, 1832, and was the son of Rufus and Susan [Merrill] Haskell.

He had taught school at Oxford and New Gloucester, Me., before he entered Hebron Academy in 1851 to fit for college. In 1852 he entered Waterville College, and from there in 1855 joined the Senior class at Harvard, graduating in 1850. After graduation he taught for a time in Mr. Stephen H. Weld's private school at Jamaica Plain, and also in the high school at Braintree, Mass. He entered the Divinity School of Harvard University in 1858, graduating in 1861.

Dec. 4, 1861, he married Catharine Woodman, daughter of Moses and Charlotte Ridout Woodman. He was ordained as pastor of the Independent Congregational Church in Barton Square, Salem, Mass., Jan. 1, 1862. He was drafted into the U.S. army in 1863, but before doing any service as a private soldier was elected chaplain of the 40th Reg. Mass. Vols., and entered the service in that capacity, Sept. 11, 1863. He resigned his position as chaplain, March 6, 1864.

Resigning his charge at Barton Square, Salem, he was installed as pastor of the Unitarian Church in Manchester, N.H., in September, 1866. Dec. 24, 1867, he was married to his second wife, Anna Johnson, daughter of Samuel Johnson, M.D., of Salem, Mass.

Resigning his pastorate at Manchester in 1869, he was installed as pastor of the First Unitarian parish in West Roxbury in May, 1870, where he remained till April, 1889, resigning his position on account of ill health. While in West Roxbury he had preached some at Roslindale, and after closing his pastorate at West Roxbury, acted as pastor at that place (not installed) till February 1892, when he terminated his work there.

He was taken with pneumonia, Feb. 19, 1893, and his death was caused by heart failure in the evening of Feb. 24, 1893. He left a widow and two sons (by his first wife) surviving him.

His sons were both fitted for college at the Roxbury Latin School. Mellen W. graduated at Harvard in the class of 1883, received the degree of A.M. at Harvard in 1885, and that of

Ph.D. at Göttingen, Germany, in 1889. He became assistant professor of mathematics in the University of California. The second son, Augustus S., graduated at Harvard in the class of 1887, and received the degree of civil engineer (C.E.) from the Lawrence Scientific School in 1888. He became civil engineer and surveyor in Portland, Oregon. He was married June 16, 1891, to Nina S. Albee, of Boston, by whom he has two daughters, Edith Anna, born April 15, 1891, and Catharine Lucy, born Dec. 4, 1892. At the funeral of Mr. Haskell, for which the Methodist Society of Roslindale tendered its church building, and which was largely attended by people of all denominations, his classmate, Rev. Charles Noyes, of North Andover, read the Scripture selections, and Rev. Charles F. Dole, of Jamaica Plain, made an address of eulogy.

Mr. Haskell was editor of a Memoir of Samuel Johnson, and of his lectures, essays, and sermons, and also of a volume of his “Oriental Religions.”

† Curtana †

Jeremiah H. Hazen

United States Army Chaplain

(47th Illinois Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:515.

Hazen, Rev. J.H., for many years a pastor in Illinois, now laid aside in consequence of injuries received while a chaplain in the army, is a native of Pennsylvania, and was born Sept. 10, 1824, of Massachusetts Puritan stock on the father's side, and on the mother's of Scottish descent, his grandmother having come from the Highlands of Scotland. He was converted at twelve, and licensed to preach at seventeen, by the First church of Providence, into whose fellowship he had been baptized. He studied at Providence Academy and at the Northwestern Institute, Sharon, Pa., taking, subsequently, a two years' course in theology in a private class under Dr. John Winter. During the twenty-eight years of his pastoral service he has labored with churches at Salem, where he was ordained in 1844, Georgetown, and Meadville, Pa., and in Illinois at Brimfield, Peoria, and Amboy.

During the war he served in the army both as chaplain and as surgeon, and by injuries and overwork was completely disabled. His present home is Amboy, where, though released from active service, he shares the sympathy and esteem of his brethren as a true man and “a good minister of Jesus Christ.”

[Chaplain Hazen's service must have been particularly demanding, as he enlisted on 20 September 1861 and resigned his commission just a year later, on 1 November 1862.]

† Curtana †

James C. Hiden

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(Wise's Legion & Hospital: Charlottesville, Virginia)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:522.

Hiden, J.C., D.D., is a young man of uncommon native powers. To enjoy his conversation is a treat, and to hear him lecture, a feast. Born at Orange Court-House, Va., Nov. 5, 1837, he spent three years in the Virginia Military Institute as a cadet, graduating in July, 1857. Elected as Professor of Ancient Languages in the Chesapeake Female College of Virginia when nineteen, he occupied that chair one year, and then entered the University of Virginia, where he spent two years, pursuing a wider range of study. He was ordained at Orange Court-House, Va., in 1859, and served the Hillsborough Baptist church, Albemarle Co., as pastor during the last year he spent at the university.

During 1860 and 1861 he taught a private school at Orange Court-House, then entered the Confederate army as chaplain, and served throughout the war. Afterwards he taught school at Orange Court-House, and at Staunton; in 1866 he was elected pastor of the Fourth Street Baptist church, Portsmouth, serving two years, when he was called to the care of the Wilmington, N.C., First Baptist church, which he served for more than six years. In March, 1875, he was called by the Greenville church, of South Carolina, which call he accepted.

He is well read, a superior preacher, and a fine scholar. He possesses great physical strength and powers of endurance, and yet those who know him best would rather meet him in the field than on the platform or forum. His mother is a niece of Jas. Barbour, who was governor of Virginia, U.S. Senator, Secretary of War, and minister to England, and she is a sister of Philip P. Barbour, who was a member of Congress and justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. She is still living. Dr. Hiden has a fine fund of anecdotes, and tells them remarkably well. As a speaker, he is clear, vigorous, original, unique. He is a true and noble man, and those who know him best love him most. Still young, of good constitution, an ardent student and full of energy, he may naturally expect to attain a high degree of distinction.

† Curtana †

Thomas Williamson Hooper

Confederates States of America Chaplain

(Hospital: Liberty, Virginia)

Source: "Rev. T.W. Hooper"

Confederate Veteran 24 (1916): 83.

Rev. Thomas W. Hooper D.D., died at the home of his son in Culpeper, Va., on November 26, 1915. He was born in Hanover County, Va., November 2, 1832. He graduated from Hampden-Sidney College and also from the Union Theological Seminary, in Virginia, and was ordained as a minister of the Presbyterian Church in the following year, 1858. He served as pastor of different Churches in his native State, his pastorate of the Church at Christiansburg being especially notable in that he served it from 1865 to 1870 and was called back to that Church in 1888 and continued in its service until his retirement in 1906. Dr. Hooper was greatly beloved and highly honored by all who knew him.

An injury to his right hand in infancy prevented Dr. Hooper from serving in the ranks of the Confederate army, but he served as an army chaplain while also serving as a pastor of Liberty Church. He was Chaplain of the U.C.V. Camp at Christiansburg.

[In Lead Me to the Rock, which was published two years after his death, Chaplain Hooper wrote with firsthand knowledge: “Some of you are warned by the gray hairs that mantle your brow, and by the furrows where care has traced its history of sadness and sickness and sorrow, that you will soon be passing away. . . . Dear old pilgrim! Weary traveler through this weary world, let me give you “a word in season for him that is weary.”]

† Curtana †

William Howard

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(36th Alabama Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:549.

Howard, Wm., D.D., was born in Manchester, England, Dec. 17, 1828. In early life he ran away from home. For several years he was occupied as a cabin-boy in a sailing-vessel. While thus engaged he made the acquaintance of Rev. A.P. Repiton, D.D., at Wilmington, N.C. This good brother took him to his home and adopted him as a son. Through his instrumentality he was converted, and baptized in 1847. He early indicated strong powers of native intellect. Cherishing high desires for thorough education, he entered Howard College, Ala., in 1849, and graduated in 1852, receiving the degree of A.M. in 1854. In January, 1855, he became pastor of the Gainesville church, Ala., in the charge of which he continued until the close of 1860, when he assumed the pastorate of the First Baptist church in Galveston, Texas. At different times, while living in Alabama, he served as pastor at Providence and Sumterville churches, Ala., and Macon and Enterprise churches, Miss., preaching to them once a month.

During the war he acted as a chaplain and general missionary in the Confederate army. For several years he was moderator of the Bigby River Association, Ala., and was for some months general agent in Texas of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. He has represented Alabama and Texas in the Southern Convention, and in May, 1876, at Buffalo, N.Y., represented the same Convention in the general Baptist anniversaries. For several years he has been president of the Texas Baptist Sunday-School Convention. Baylor University conferred on him the degree of D.D. in 1870. He is a student, possessing a library rich in the variety, rarity, and number of its volumes. He is ranked by no minister of the “Island City.” His commencement sermons at Baylor University and other educational centres have given him a prominent place among Southern ministers. He holds a warm place among the Galveston people.

† Curtana †

Thomas Hume, Jr.

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(3rd Virginia Infantry & Hospital: Petersburg, Virginia)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:558.

Hume, Rev. Thomas, Jr., son of the Rev. Thomas Hume and Mary Ann Gregory Hume, was born in Portsmouth, Va., Oct. 21, 1830. He enjoyed excellent opportunities both at home and at the collegiate institute of the city. At the age of fifteen he entered Richmond

College, where he obtained the degree of A.B.. followed by that of A.M. His studies were continued at the University of Virginia, where, after graduation in several schools, his course was interrupted by a serious illness. While at the university he was one of the editors of *The Literary Magazine*, and president of the Young Men's Christian Association. As he purposed devoting himself to the business of teaching, he accepted the professorship of Latin, French, and English Literature in Chesapeake Female College, near Old Point Comfort, but had not fairly commenced work when the war broke up that prosperous institution. During his residence there the church in Portsmouth, of which he was a member, corresponded with him with regard to his duty to enter the ministry, and learning that his informal services with the Christian Association had been blessed, urged upon him the propriety of accepting a license to preach.

Having entered the Confederate service at the opening of the war, he was soon called by the 3^d Va. (Infantry) Regiment to officiate for them, and he received an appointment as their chaplain. The authorities, however, soon transferred him to the post-chaplaincy at Petersburg, Va., a very important hospital station, around which the lines of a protracted siege were fast closing.

Since the war Mr. Hume has been at various times principal of the Petersburg Classical Institute (at the same time supplying country pulpits in Sussex and Chesterfield Counties, Va., Professor of Languages and Literature; in Roanoke Female College, Danville, Va., pastor of the Danville Baptist church, and of the Cumberland Baptist church, Norfolk, Va., and Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Norfolk (Female) Collegiate Institute. His interest in literary pursuits, especially in English studies, has accompanied but not interfered with his regular devotion to the higher work of the ministry. Mr. Hume is an earnest and forcible preacher and a successful pastor. As a writer he is vigorous, classical, and chaste, and among the younger of the Virginia ministers is marked for his genial social qualities, his intellectual acuteness, and his accurate and varied attainments.

† Curtana †

John J. Hyman

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(49th Georgia Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:566.

Hyman, Rev. John J., was born Sept. 21, 1832. He is principal of the Mount Vernon Institute, at Riddleville, Ga. He was ordained April 12, 1863, and served all through the war as a chaplain of the 49th Ga. Regiment in Gen. Lee's army, and was considered one of the best chaplains in the army. During the war he baptized 260 soldiers, and since the war he has been a great worker both as pastor and teacher. He is an earnest, faithful pastor, a good preacher, and has served as moderator of Mount Vernon Association.

† Curtana †

John L. Johnson

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(17th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:605.

Johnson, John L., LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Mississippi, was born in Virginia in 1835. After receiving a liberal education at the University of Virginia, he was ordained in 1860. During the war he served as chaplain of the 17th Va. Infantry, and subsequently as pastor of the colored Baptist church at Lynchburg. After the war he was two years pastor at Portsmouth, Va., and about as long at Free Mason Street, Norfolk. He then retired to the country, engaging in literary pursuits, supplying some churches, and teaching in the Albemarle Female Institute. For some months he supplied Dr. Fuller's church in Baltimore. He also taught for a time in Roanoke Female College. He accepted his present position in 1873. While discharging the duties of his professorship he has also engaged in preaching at Oxford, Miss., and in the surrounding country. Dr. Johnson is the author of "The University Memorial" and a number of published sermons.

† Curtana †

David Jones

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:610-11.

Jones, Rev. David, A.M., chaplain in the Continental army, was born in White Clay Creek Hundred, Newcastle Co., Del., May 12, 1736. His parents were Morgan and Eleanor (Evans) Jones, and his grandparents were David and Esther (Morgan) Jones. Esther Jones was a sister of Enoch and Abel Morgan, well known Baptist ministers, who were children of Morgan ap Rhyddarch, a famous Baptist minister, who resided in Llanwenog, South Wales. Mr. Jones was baptized May 6, 1758, joined the Welsh Tract Baptist church, and was one of the pupils of Isaac Eaton, at Hopewell Academy, N.J., but studied divinity with his cousin, Abel Morgan, at Middletown, N.J. He was ordained Dec. 12, 1766, as pastor of the Freehold Baptist church, Monmouth Co., N.J. While there he was impressed with a desire to preach the gospel to the Indians, and was the first Baptist missionary among that people.

No doubt the example of David Brainard influenced his heart, and the wretched condition of the poor red men for this and for the future life prompted his course. They then occupied what is now the State of Ohio, and he made them two visits. His first began May 4, 1772, and ended in August; his second began Oct. 26, 1772, and ended in April, 1773. He kept a journal of his missionary labors, which was published in 1773, and was reprinted in New York by J. Sabin, in 1865. Mr. Jones continued his pastorate at the village of Freehold until his outspoken views in favor of the rights of Americans rendered him unpopular, and in April, 1775, he became pastor of the Great Valley church, Chester Co., Pa. In that year the Continental Congress recommended a day of fasting and prayer, and he preached a sermon before Col. Dewees's regiment, entitled "Defensive War in a Just Cause Sinless" which was printed and extensively circulated. He took high ground even at that early day in favor of independence.

In 1776 he was appointed a chaplain in Col. St. Clair's regiment, and was at Ticonderoga, where, just before battle, he delivered a patriotic address, which roused the courage of

the soldiers to a high degree. Subsequently he served under Gen. Horatio Gates and Gen. Wayne, and was in many battles, and always proved himself to be a wise counselor and a devoted patriot. He was at the Paoli massacre, and narrowly escaped death. While the army was at Valley Forge he frequently showed his devotion to the cause, and was highly trusted by Washington. When news arrived that France had recognized our independence, he preached an appropriate sermon to the troops at the Forge. He continued in the army until the capitulation at Yorktown, and then retired to his farm in East Town, Chester Co., adjoining the farm of his old commander, Gen. Wayne.

In 1786 he became pastor of the Southampton church, Bucks Co., where he remained until 1792, when he returned to the Valley church, with which he remained, part of the time as senior pastor, until his death. When Gen. Wayne was appointed to the command of the army, and undertook to put down the Indians in the Northwestern Territory, he induced Mr. Jones to accompany him as chaplain, and he acted in that capacity during 1794-95-96, and was present at the treaty of Greenville.

When the war of 1812 broke out, although seventy-six years of age, he again volunteered his services, and was appointed chaplain by his old companion in arms, Gen. John Armstrong, then Secretary of War, and he served under Gens. Brown and Wilkinson until peace was declared. He then retired to his farm and devoted himself to its cultivation, and also to arboriculture, of which he was very fond. He thus passed the evening of a busy life, varying it with visits to his relatives, both near and far, preaching wherever he went, and often writing for the press on public affairs, in which he never ceased to take a deep interest.

Mr. Jones was a prominent member of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, of which he was moderator in the year 1798, and was often appointed on committees to answer queries or to settle difficulties among the churches. When the great Winchester defection occurred in the church of Philadelphia, and a majority of the members followed Elhanan Winchester, who had become a Universalist, or as he was then called a Restorationist, Mr. Jones was one of the ministers appointed by the church to advise them in their troubles.

Mr. Jones died at his farm, Feb. 5, 1820, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and was buried at the Valley church-yard. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Thomas Roberts, Rev. Wm. E. Ashton, and Rev. William Latta. The Rev. Dr. William Rogers delivered a funeral sermon on the next Sunday. The following notice of Mr. Jones appeared in Poulson's *Daily Advertiser*: "In sketching the character of this venerable servant of the Cross, truth requires us to say that he was an eminent man. Throughout the whole of his protracted and eventful life Mr. Jones was peculiarly distinguished for the warmth of his friendship, the firmness of his patriotism, the sincerity and ardor of his piety, and the faithfulness of his ministry. In the army of the Revolution he was a distinguished chaplain, and was engaged in the same arduous duties during the last war. As a scholar he was accurate: possessing a mind of superior texture, he embellished it with the beauties of classical literature and the riches of general science. The Fellowship of Brown University, in the year 1774, as a testimony of respect for his learning and talents, conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts."

In early life he studied medicine, and his services during the wars were often called for, and, although not a physician, yet he frequently prescribed when applied to. Mr. Jones was the author of several works: 1st. A journal of two visits made to some nations of

Indians on the west side of the River Ohio, in the years 1772 and 1773. 2^d. A treatise on the work of the Holy Spirit. 3^d. A treatise on laying on of hands. 4th. Another on the same subject, in reply to a broadside of Rev. Samuel Jones, D.D. 5th. “Peter Edwards’ Candid Reasons examined.”

Mr. Jones was married Feb. 22, 1762, to Anne, daughter of Joseph and Sarah Stilwell, of Middletown, N.J., and had issue: 1st. Morgan, who died near Wheeling. Va. 2^d. Eleanor, who married John Garrett, and died at Garrettsville. O. 3^d. Mary, who married Archibald McClean. 4th. Horatio Gates Jones, who died at Philadelphia. All his children left issue. In danger he knew no fear, in fervent patriotism he had no superiors and few equals, in the Revolutionary struggle he was a tower of strength, especially in the section now known as the Middle States, and in piety he was a Christian without reproach.

[A 1776 sermon preached at the front by Chaplain Jones can be found in the “Editorial” section of this issue of Curtana † Sword of Mercy.]

† Curtana †

Jesse H. Jones

United States Army Chaplain

(1st Massachusetts Infantry)

Source: *Harvard College Class of 1856 Secretary’s Report, 1899*

(Cambridge: University Press, 1899): 50-51.

Rev. Jesse Henry Jones, son of Charles and Elvira (Holmes) Jones, was born at Belleville, Ontario, Canada, March 29, 1836. As his father was a minister, he resided in various places, and received instructions under various teachers. He was finally prepared for college at Holland Patent, Oneida County, N.Y., by the Rev. J. W. Bradin, and in 1853 entered the Sophomore class of Hamilton College. After remaining there a year, he went to Williams College, but at the end of his Junior year his father moved to Cambridge, and he accordingly entered Harvard in August, 1855. After graduation he spent some time in New York State, and then went to Battle Creek, Mich., where he farmed and read law. In the fall of 1858 he joined the Andover Theological School. After graduating from the seminary, he was ordained as a minister, May 19, 1861.

He was appointed chaplain of the 1st Reg. Mass. Vols., but did not serve long in that capacity. Sept. 24, 1861, he was commissioned captain of Co. I, 60th Reg. N.Y. Vols., and resigned his commission, Jan. 27, 1864.

He was married, Sept. 15, 1862, to Clara D. Dodge, daughter of Chester Dodge, of Oswego County, N.Y. From 1865 to 1869 he was pastor at Antwerp, Jefferson County, N.Y.; from 1869 to 1871 at Natick, Mass.; from 1871 to 1873 at East Abington (now Rockland), Mass.; from 1874 to 1880 at North Abington, Mass.; from 1881 to 1882 at Schroon Lake, N.Y.; and from 1882 to 1890 at North Abington, Mass. Since then he has been without a charge, and at present lives at Halifax, Mass.

In 1876 he was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives from North Abington, Mass.

Since 1882 he has been the editor of the “North Abington Public;” at an earlier time he was the editor of “The Equity,” a monthly journal of Christian Labor Reforms, and of the “Labor Balance,” a quarterly published in 1877 and 1878.

He was a member of the Knights of Labor from 1881 to 1890, serving in that body as Master Workman, Worthy Foreman, Recording Secretary, and as delegate to the National Assembly at Richmond, Va. Likewise he has been a member of the “Society for the Suppression of Vice,” and of the “Institute of Christian Mutualism.”

He has delivered many addresses on labor reforms before the Knights of Labor and elsewhere, was one of the speakers at a meeting held in 1884 in Faneuil Hall to commemorate the name of Wendell Phillips, and delivered the Memorial Day oration at Rockland in 1876.

His writings have been numerous. Among them may be mentioned a volume published in 1865, entitled “Know the Truth, a critique on the Hamiltonian theory of limitation;” “The Kingdom of Heaven,” a religious, historical, and ethical work published in 1871; several tracts, especially “The New Shorter Catechism,” “Holy Marriage,” and “Scientific Marriage,” besides a score or more of poems. In addition may be cited an article in the “International Review” for July, 1880, on “The Labor Problem from the Labor Reform Side.” In 1897 he edited and published an unpublished speech of Wendell Phillips, under the title of “His Last Rattle.” His writings on social questions have attracted the attention and commendation of the Russian reformer, Count Tolstoi.

† Curtana †

James J. Kane

United States Navy Chaplain

(United States Frigate Potomac)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:635.

Kane, Chaplain James J., U.S. Navy, was born in the city of Ottawa, Canada, Oct. 18, 1837; was sent to Europe at an early age; spent two years at a French, and four years at a leading English, college; in consequence of ill health was compelled to give up his studies, and went on a voyage to the Arctic regions. He followed the sea for several years, rising to the command of a vessel. In 1857 joined the Methodist Episcopal church. In 1861 was baptized in the Delaware River by Rev. Jos. Perry, pastor of the Mariners’ Baptist Bethel of Philadelphia. Feeling called to preach the gospel, Mr. Kane made preparation to enter upon a theological course at Lewisburg, Pa.

The civil war breaking out, he entered the naval service as an officer, and during the four years of the conflict performed the additional duties of a chaplain. At the close of the war he entered the theological department of Lewisburg, Pa., and graduated in regular course in the class of 1867. He was ordained to the ministry the year previous in the Mariners’ Baptist Bethel, in order to file his application for a chaplaincy in the navy. By the special request of Admiral D.G. Farragut, Mr. Kane was commissioned as chaplain in June, 1868; has served in various ships and stations since that time. In 1870 he spent one year at Harvard Law-School. Chaplain Kane is the author of the work, “Adrift on the Black Wild Tide.”

[Chaplain Kane's book is his intriguing account of a dream he experience about a near-death, out of the body experience while suffering from Yellow Fever. The introduction reads:

“Coming events cast their shadows before.”

The autumn of 1863, which was the third year of the great American Civil War, found me attached as Executive officer to a gunboat of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron, which was then under the command of the late lamented Admiral D.G. Farragut. The fatal yellow fever was raging in the fleet, and at Pensacola, on the bay of that name, where we were stationed, it was especially virulent.

In addition to my naval duties, I was acting as Pastor for a Union Church outside of the Navy Yard, officiating also as a voluntary chaplain among the seamen, and was consequently brought daily into contact with the fever, in the hospital and private houses.

Never will I forget the consternation and dismay throughout the fleet when, in the month of August, thirty cases of fever developed in one night. The naval surgeons, although able men in their profession, had seen but little of this much-dreaded plague, and apparently were unable to cope with it; several of their number fell as victims, showing that the post of danger is not always at the cannon's mouth.

The Navy Yard immediately became impregnated with the malarial poison, and the fever spread with great rapidity. Strong, stalwart men who had stood unmoved by earthly fear in the stern ordeal of battle, and had often faced death on the stormy deep, now trembled and paled before the presence of the dreadful scourge, whose relentless grasp regarded neither rank nor power. Officers and men were swept off and buried without ceremony. A corpse was seldom kept an hour above-ground.

I could relate many thrilling incidents that happened under my own observation, but I would not burden this little book with any but strictly relevant matter. Many, under other circumstances, would have left for a more congenial climate, but the exigencies of war required that the Navy Yard should be well guarded, and thousands were ready to take the place of those who fell at the post of duty.

As the season wore on, the death-roll became formidable. I was in the midst of the plague and its havoc, and I fully expected, from day to day, that my turn as a victim would come, consequently I often pondered over the future life, and this may have had something to do with the following singular dream and the subsequent vision—its fulfillment.

† Curtana †

Josiah Keely

United States Army Chaplain
(13th Maine Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:640.

Keely, Rev. Josiah, son of Rev. George Keely, was born in England May 20, 1806. He was baptized by his father June 18, 1826, ordained Dec. 21, 1843, as pastor of the church in Wenham, Mass., where he remained until called to the church in Saco, Me. He continued to act as pastor of this church for eleven years, when he resigned, having received an appointment as chaplain of the 13th Maine Regiment, Jan. 1, 1864. The hard service of military life undermined his health, and suffering from disease, he was taken to St. James Hospital, New Orleans, where he died June 24, 1864.

† Curtana †

George Knox

United States Army Chaplain
(3rd Maine Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:666.

Knox, Rev. George, was born in Saco, Me., Oct. 24, 1816, and fitted for college at the academy in Yarmouth, Me. He graduated at Waterville College, in the class of 1840. Having spent a year at the Newton Theological Institution, he was ordained as pastor of the Baptist church in Topsham, Me., where he remained for four years, when he removed to Cornish, where he was pastor two years, and then to Lewiston, where his relation with the Baptist church in that city continued for thirteen years. He had two brief pastorates after leaving Lewiston, one at Brunswick, and the other at Lawrence, Mass. While acting as chaplain of the 3^d Me. Regiment in the late war he died, in Virginia, Oct. 31, 1864.

† Curtana †

John James Lafferty

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(62nd Virginia Infantry)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 107-08.

Mr. Lafferty was born in the county of Greensville, Virginia, on the 20th of April, 1837. He was the only child of George and Elizabeth Lafferty. His mother was a Lightfoot, of the family from England that settled early in tidewater Virginia. His grandfather, Charles Lafferty, about 1810, emigrated from Ireland to America. He was a gentleman of fortune and fiery temper. The British Government annoyed him in the lucrative, and (probably considered) patriotic, vocation of making Irish whiskey. In a great heat and contempt for British Rule, he sold his fine estate and left his native land and the business of furnishing his countrymen with their national beverage, and sought the shores of America. He had some years previous carried off and married Lady Macfarlane, against the protest, vigilance, and arms of her father. She was the grandmother of the subject of this sketch.

Of the church predilections and choleric disposition of Mr. Charles Lafferty, his grandson once had a hint. The young itinerant made a pilgrimage to a distant city to pay his respects to his venerable ancestor. The alert and judicious household deemed it discreet not to press upon the High Church patriarch the information that his grandson

was a Methodist preacher. The old gentleman, though in his ninetieth year, made disagreeable use of his cane, on occasions.

Mr. George Lafferty was also a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal church, leaving to his heir an excellent prayer book, and a lot of empty champagne baskets. The Rev. George W. Charlton, of the Virginia Conference, (who officiated at the marriage of the parents of Mr. John J. Lafferty,) was wont to praise the contents of the baskets. They have been since put to the harmless and homely use of carrying soiled linen to the laundry. The book remains an ornament, and idle.

The father of the preacher with a number of gentlemen, in March, 1838, were drowned in the James by the sinking, in a storm, of the ferry-boat at Osborne's, where the old public road from Petersburg to Richmond crossed the river, twelve miles below the latter city. His son was an infant. It was a curious coincidence that the first circuit Mr. Lafferty travelled included the site of this abandoned ferry. He visited the spot with the Rev. Charles Friend, of Chesterfield, who, owned the premises, and who gave a minute account of the accident, that left a babe an orphan. It was a sad errand. The loss to the boy was measureless. Mr. George Lafferty was represented to be a person of superior parts. He left large interests, of which the fatherless child received two or three thousand dollars. The harpies devoured the bulk. One was enabled to leave a picayune position in Virginia, and suddenly flourish in a Southern State on great acres. A curse fell on the men concerned in this cruel and vile deed. Mildew and blast came upon their estate, business and family.

The boy was educated first at a classical academy in Hicksford (the shiretown of his native county); afterwards at a preparatory school of Randolph Macon College, at Ridgeway, North Carolina; and at Emory and Henry College, and the University of Virginia. In the Spring of 1857, while a medical student in Petersburg, Virginia, he was converted under the ministry of the Rev. John E. Edwards, and joined the Virginia Conference at the session in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, in November of the same year, and has continued a member ever since.

Mr. Lafferty was a chaplain in the Confederate army, and present at several of the chief actions of the Army of Northern Virginia. In 1864 he was attacked by a severe malady which was thought at the time by the surgeon to be a fatal illness. He was so disabled as to forbid regular duty with the army in the field. While contemplating a resignation, he was appointed by the Secretary of War, at the request of the General in command, on special service with the army in the Valley of Virginia with the rank of a major of cavalry, and in this position he remained till the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

At the close of the war, he returned to his home, in Albemarle county, Virginia, and joined the Rev. R.W. Watts in a series of revivals in that county. At the meeting of the Conference, in the fall of 1865, he was granted a supernumerary relation on account of injury to his health while chaplain in the Confederate service. In 1866 he removed to Lexington, Virginia, and for a number of years conducted a prosperous newspaper of reputation in that section of Virginia. When the Chair of Journalism was established at Washington College, under the Presidency of General Robert E. Lee, Mr. Lafferty was selected to give instruction in that department. In 1874 he became associate editor of the "Richmond Christian Advocate," and at the Conference of 1877 was appointed editor of that journal, which is his present position.

† Curtana †

Samuel Summerfield Lambeth

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(10th Virginia Infantry)Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 105-07.

The boy by the Secretary's table within the chancel—the handsome boy with round, unwrinkled cheeks, fair brow and glittering eyes is Sammy Lambeth, one of Paul Whitehead's Assistant Scribes and the nimblest mind in the Conference. The bulge on one side of his face marks the position of a heavy quid within. Turn to his picture on another page. Do you think it possible that he is forty-two? But it is even so. Time has touched with furred feet as it passed over him. His heart is as young as his face. He has been dowered with rare gifts—a rich tuneful voice, quick parts, pleasing features and cheering social graces. He is a rapid student, and his governed resources are like the cartridges in the Henry repeater, needing but the touch of a spring to shift forward and be ready for use. He is popular among the pews and in the gallery—inside and outside the church. We take it he would rank with Moore in size, and is as bright as the poet.

He was born in Richmond city, Va., February 1st, 1838. He was the child of pious Methodist parents, and both at home and in the Sunday-school, he was carefully instructed in the truths of the Bible and the peculiar doctrines of his church. His early educational advantages were good, having enjoyed a mental training of at least nine years in some of the best English and classical schools of his native city. He spent one year as copying clerk in the second Auditor's office in the capitol, and when Mr. James Brown, Jr., was removed from that office by his political opponents, he opened a Stock Broker's office in Richmond, and for more than twelve months employed "young Lambeth" as his clerk and assistant. Determining to make of himself an editor, if practicable, "young Lambeth" entered the printing office of Charles H. Wynne, Esq., who then published the "Richmond Christian Advocate," to acquire a practical knowledge of the art, and better qualify himself for his chosen vocation in life. Here he remained for two years and a half, acquiring a thorough knowledge of the business as a compositor and proof-reader.

In 1855, in the early part of the year, under the ministry of Rev. John E. Edwards, D.D., he professed faith in Christ and joined the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Richmond, in which church his father was a steward and trustee. Soon after his conversion, he felt that he was called of God to preach the gospel. After consulting with Dr. Edwards, his pastor, he determined to pursue his studies at Randolph Macon College, then located near Boydton. Here, in addition to other studies of the Academic department, he was instructed in theology by Dr. Granbery, the Chaplain, and Dr. W.A. Smith, the President of the College, and sought to qualify himself for the great work to which he had been called.

On the 22^d of October, 1856, he, together with Robt. N. Sledd, was licensed to preach the gospel by the Quarterly Conference of Randolph Macon College. For one year he was a local preacher, preaching in various places as frequently as the way was opened by Divine Providence. At the Conference held, November, 1857, in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, he was received on trial into the Virginia Annual Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His first appointment was to Lexington circuit, as the colleague

of Rev. J. R. Waggener, where he remained two years, witnessing and assisting in revivals which nearly doubled the membership of the circuit. In November, 1859, he was appointed in charge of the Appomattox circuit. In 1860, he was sent to Harrisonburg station, where he remained until the secession of Virginia, when, by request of the 10th Regiment Virginia Infantry, he entered the Army as chaplain of that Regiment, and was the second commissioned by the State of Virginia.

In November, 1861, he returned to the regular work of the Conference, and was sent as preacher in charge of Lexington circuit, where he had commenced his itinerant work, and where he remained two years more, witnessing the conversion of many scores of souls. In 1863, appointed to Cumberland circuit, where he remained for two years, and at the close of the war, by request, opened a school for boys and girls, which he taught only one session. In 1865, he was in charge of Powhatan circuit. In 1866-67-68 and '69, he was stationed in Suffolk, Virginia. At the Conference of 1869, he was sent to Charlottesville. In 1870, he was appointed to Elizabeth City, North Carolina, remaining two years, and then entering upon the pastorate of Main Street church, Danville, where he remained four years. During his pastorate here, the membership of the church was doubled, an old debt of \$3,000 was paid, and about \$12,000 subscribed and collected to complete the church edifice. In Danville his health, which had for five years been feeble, completely failed for two years, yet through the indulgence of his parishioners, who showed him every mark of kindness and love, he was enabled to retain the pastoral charge, until his health was comparatively restored. In 1876, he was placed in charge of Granby Street station, Norfolk city, where he is now completing the fourth year of his pastorate. For seven years "young Lambeth" has been an Assistant Secretary of the Virginia Conference. He has been twice married. On May 17th, 1859, by Rev. J.R. Waggener, to Miss Alice H. Graham, of Augusta county, Virginia; and by Rev. W.G. Starr, on January 28th, 1870, to Miss Virginia J. Parker, of Nansemond county, Virginia, by whom he has three children.

† Curtana †

Augustus H. Lung

United States Army Chaplain
(33rd New York Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:725-26.

Lung, Rev. A.H., was born in Rush, Susquehanna Co., Pa., Nov. 1, 1826. He received his first lessons at school from Benj. F. Bently, now Judge Bently, of Williamsport, Pa. At the age of eleven years he found Christ, and was baptized at thirteen by Rev. Davis Dimock, and became a member of the Rush Baptist church. For two years he taught school. He then became a student in Hartford Academy, in Northeastern Pennsylvania, and after two and a half years was admitted into Lewisburg University, and graduated in 1853. He entered the theological seminary at Rochester, N.Y., and completed his course in the class of 1855.

Acting as a supply, he preached as opportunity offered until May, 1857, when he became pastor of the Baptist church at Canandaigua, N.Y., and was ordained the following August. Here he labored with marked success until the breaking out of the war.

In January, 1862, he was commissioned as chaplain of the 33^d Regiment N.Y. Vols. While on the Peninsula, Va., he was attacked with severe illness, and for several days lay in the hospital at Fortress Monroe at the point of death. Recovering, he remained with his regiment until it was mustered out of service, a little before the battle of Gettysburg, after which he resumed his pastorate at Canandaigua. In September, 1864, he was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Germantown, Philadelphia. Here his ministry was signally blessed in the conversion of many souls. In 1866 he laid the cornerstone of the chapel now known as the Second Baptist church of Germantown, and his church dismissed a colony to aid in forming the organization.

In 1867 he was permitted to enjoy the most gracious revival of his whole ministry. In a single year he gave the hand of fellowship to 202 new members, 179 of whom were received by baptism. In 1868 he planted a mission in Lower Germantown, erected a chapel, and organized a church, which became the Third Baptist church of Germantown.

He became its pastor, and remained with it with much success until June, 1872. In that year he was called to take the pastorate of the Trinity church of Camden, N.J. He is now in his ninth year with this church, which has grown from 90 to about 400 members. Mr. Lung has baptized 712 persons during his ministry. He is a member of the board of trustees of Lewisburg University and of South Jersey Institute. He is also a member of the board of managers of the New Jersey Baptist Education Society and of the American Baptist Historical Society. He is a diligent worker, a conscientious Christian, and a successful pastor.

† Curtana †

Asa M. Marshall

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(12th Georgia Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:750.

Marshall, Rev. Asa M., for many years one of the most beloved ministers of Georgia, was born in Jones County, Dec. 20, 1832, of parents who were pious and consistent Baptists. A.M. Marshall was left an orphan at seven; at twenty he professed religion and united with the church; entered the Freshman class of Mercer in 1856, and graduated in 1860, studying with a view to the ministry, he was ordained in the fall of 1860 and in the following year became chaplain of the 12th Ga. Regiment, and served through the entire war, preaching to the soldiers, nursing the sick, and taking part in those grand revival movements that occurred among the troops which resulted in the salvation of so many.

After the war he returned home and entered upon pastoral duty, which he has continued to the present time, serving various churches in Putnam and Greene Counties. As a preacher, he is plain and unaffected, earnest, and forcible. His whole aim seemed to be to edify his churches, hold up the Cross and win souls to Christ. He is a man of genuine piety, and during his entire ministry has maintained a consistent and godly character. He is a strong friend of missions and Sunday-schools.

† Curtana †

Asher E. Mather

United States Army Chaplain
(22nd Michigan Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:759-60.

Mather, Rev. Asher E., was born in Canada in 1823; son of Deacon Alonzo T. Mather. The family removed to St. Lawrence Co., N.Y., in 1828, and to Michigan in 1836. He devoted some time to teaching, and then engaged in business in the city of Detroit. His attention was early turned to the gospel ministry, and many of his brethren thought he was called of God to this work before he could overcome his fear lest he was not qualified for it. At length, in 1851, turning away from pursuits that promised large pecuniary returns, he became pastor in Mount Clemens, where he was ordained in August, 1851. This pastorate continued only for a year, but was specially attended with the blessing of God. The Tabernacle church, in Detroit, of which he had been a deacon, called him to be its pastor, and he accepted the call. But the plans of the church could not be carried out with the means at its command, and after a brief period he removed to Romeo, where a small church was in a depressed condition. During the next four years his work was greatly blessed, a good house of worship and a parsonage were built, and the church, which had been aided by the American Baptist Home Mission Society, became self-supporting. His next pastorate was in Pontiac, and continued nine years. These were years of prosperity.

At the opening of the war he rendered valuable service in raising a regiment of volunteers, and became its chaplain. He was absent from the church a year in this service.

In 1866 he became district secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and for ten years engaged in work for that society with great earnestness, and with constant tokens of divine approval. Having led in the organization of the church in Caro, in 1876, and the erection of its house of worship, he became, soon after, pastor in Portland, where he is now engaged in earnest work.

No Baptist in Michigan is more fully acquainted with the churches throughout the State, and none have rendered a service more widely felt. He has assisted at the dedication of more than fifty houses of worship. It was at his suggestion that the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society of Michigan was formed, the first society of its kind in the country. He served the State Convention as its secretary for seven years, and in 1879 was made its president.

**W.D. Mayfield**

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(3rd South Carolina Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:763-64.

Mayfield, W.D., D.D., pastor of Central Baptist church, Little Rock, Ark., was born in South Carolina in 1837; began to preach in 1856; chaplain of the 3^d S.C. Regiment, in the Confederate army; after filling several important pastorates in his native State he became

pastor at Helena, Ark., in 1868; from 1874 to 1877, corresponding secretary of the Southern Baptist Publication Society; then removed to Nashville, Tenn., and began the publication of the *Baptist Reflector*; he also published a literary magazine called *Happy Home*; at the close of the year 1879 he removed to Little Rock. Dr. Mayfield is a fine writer, and as he is yet in the prime of life, much may be expected from his vigorous pen.

[In Far, Far from Home, Dick Simpson et al write: "Mayfield is not listed in the standard works on Confederate chaplains. But documents found with the muster rolls of the regiment prove beyond a doubt that he was indeed its official chaplain. One such document—a notarized pay voucher signed by Mayfield and authorized by the colonel commanding, J.H. Williams—shows that he was paid \$175 for services rendered as a chaplain from 31 January to 15 May 1862.]

† Curtana †

Hugh B. McCallum

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(15th South Carolina Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:764-65.

McCallum, Rev. H.B., was born in Knox Co., Tenn., Jan. 9, 1837, and spent his childhood at Gravesville, in the northeastern part of that county. In his thirteenth year his father removed to Knoxville. Here Hugh spent his time from 1849 to 1853. In 1852 he entered East Tennessee University, and remained several terms. During the fall of 1852 he was converted, and was baptized by Dr. Matthew Hillsman in December of that year. He was soon impressed with the duty of preaching the gospel, and resolved to devote his life to that work. In 1854 he entered Union University, Murfreesborough, Tenn., intending to take a full course, but his health declined so rapidly that he remained but ten months.

By advice of his physicians he visited Florida in December, 1856, and remained till spring. By doing this for two or three years he was restored to comparatively good health. In 1859 he settled in Camden, S.C., and continued meanwhile to study theology.

The following year he enlisted as a private, and was mustered into service in the Confederate army. In 1861 he was called to the chaplaincy of his regiment, and was ordained at the call of his church, and served as chaplain during the war. At the close of the war he settled in Sumter District, S.C., and preached to country churches.

In 1867 he removed to Florida, and in 1869 he located at Lake City, and was soon chosen to the pastorate of the church there. The little organization, with no house, was soon built up to an effective church, and one of the best houses of worship in the State erected. In 1873 he was induced to commence the *Florida Baptist*, and published it two years, and then transferred it to the *Christian Index*, of Georgia. Mr. McCallum is a man of ability and energy. He is a ready, forcible writer and speaker, and by his pen and his preaching has done much to strengthen the Baptist denomination in the State.

† Curtana †

Henry D. Miller

American States Army Chaplain

(15th Connecticut Infantry)Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:793.

Miller, D. Henry, D.D., was born in the Isle of Jersey, Oct. 31, 1827. His mother was the daughter of one of the heroes of Bunker Hill. His father was a native of England. On the death of his father Mrs. Miller returned to Boston, where her son received his first training. He was graduated from the Wesleyan Institution in 1845. In 1849 he received the degree of A.M. from Madison University. Soon after the time of his graduation he embraced the views of the Baptists, and was licensed to preach by the Stanton Street Baptist church in New York. In 1847 he was ordained as pastor of the Baptist church in North Stonington, Conn. In 1849 he organized a church of seven members under an old elm-tree in Yonkers, N. Y., where he remained until 1857. In that year he settled in Meriden, Conn., and in 1861 was commissioned as chaplain of the 15th Regiment Conn. Vols.

After two years of service in the field, he settled as pastor of the First Baptist church of Trenton, N.J. In 1866 he received the degree of D.D. from Lewisburg University, Pa. In 1867 he accepted the pastorate of the Broad Street church of Elizabeth, N.J. In 1872 he settled with the Worthen Street church in Lowell, Mass., and in 1873 accepted a call from the Plymouth church in New York. In 1875 he took charge of the Noble Street church, Brooklyn, where he has been eminently successful. Dr. Miller succeeded Rev. Dr. Dowling, some years since, in the editorship of the *Baptist Memorial*, in which he continued for several years, until its sale and removal from New York.

**Leonard H. Milliken**

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(13th Tennessee Infantry)Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:793.

Milliken, Rev. L.H., was born Aug. 21, 1813, in Logan Co., Ky. He was educated in Nashville, Tenn., graduating Oct. 3, 1838. He professed religion Dec. 27, 1832, in Logan Co., Ky., and was baptized into the fellowship of the Whippoorwill Baptist church, Law County, by Rev. R.T. Anderson, and ordained at the instance of Pleasant Grove church, by Revs. Wm. Warder, O.H. Morrow, and R.T. Anderson. Mr. Milliken spent a year in evangelistic labors in North Alabama; came to Memphis, Tenn., in the winter of 1839, and took charge of the First Baptist church one year. In the winter of 1841 went to Somerville, Fayette Co., Tenn., where he remained teaching, and preaching to Somerville Baptist church until the winter of 1851, when, upon invitation of the church of that city, he removed to Aberdeen, Miss., where he labored six years. In the spring of 1856 he accepted a call to Jackson, Miss., where nearly four years were spent. In 1860 he removed to his plantation in Hardeman Co., Tenn., near Grand Junction, to recruit his health from excessive and long-continued labor.

In 1862 he became chaplain of the 13th Tenn. Regiment, C.S.A., and he continued in that office until the winter before the close of the war. Since the war he has been engaged in

teaching and preaching the gospel. Through his efforts a substantial house of worship has been built in La Grange, Tenn., costing \$5000, and the foundation of another has been laid in Somerville, Tenn., the county seat of Fayette County, the estimated cost of which is \$8000, with a fair prospect of completion. Mr. Milliken is possessed of more than ordinary ability and of great piety.

† Curtana †

James Nelson

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(II Corps Artillery)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:833.

Nelson, Rev. James, was born in Louisa Co., Va., Aug. 23, 1841; was converted at the age of fourteen, and joined the Elk Creek church. He was educated at Richmond and the Columbian College, graduating at the latter in 1866, with the degree of A.M.; was licensed in 1859, and ordained in 1863.

While a chaplain in the Confederate army the great revival which occurred among the troops of Northern Virginia had its origin in his labors in connection with those of the Rev. Mr. Marshall, of Georgia. Immediately after his graduation Mr. Nelson became pastor of the Baptist church in Georgetown, D.C. In 1871 he resigned his charge there, and became the evangelist and Sunday-school missionary for Maryland and the District of Columbia, and during the four years of his services in this capacity hundreds were converted and baptized, and a number of new churches formed. He is at present the useful pastor of the Farmville Baptist church, Va. He is a forcible writer, and occasionally contributes to the religious papers of the denomination.

† Curtana †

Charles H. Noyes

United States Army Chaplain
(Union Hospitals in New York & Massachusetts)

Source: *Harvard College Class of 1856 Secretary's Report, 1899*
(Cambridge: University Press, 1899): 62-63.

Rev. Charles Noyes, son of Rev. Dr. George Rapall and Eliza Wheeler (Buttrick) Noyes, was born in Petersham, Mass., Oct. 26, 1835. He was fitted for college at the Hopkins Classical School of Cambridge, and later at the Cambridge High School. He is the present class chaplain.

After leaving college he attended the Cambridge Divinity School, from which he was graduated in July, 1859. In January, 1860, he was installed as pastor of the Unitarian Society of Brighton, Mass., but resigned his charge in 1864, owing to ill health. He served as volunteer nurse at Fredericksburg, Va., after the battles of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, but returned home to accept the position of post chaplain at Galloupe's Island, Boston Harbor, to which he was appointed in May, 1864.

From the time of leaving the United States service, up to the present time, he has been engaged in continuous ministerial work, first in Northfield, Mass., where he was settled

until June, 1872. In the mean time, however, he spent the winter of 1868-69 in New Orleans, preaching at the Church of Messiah. The winter of 1875 he was settled in Cincinnati as pastor of the Church of the Redeemer. After that he was for some time at Clinton, Mass., resigning his pastorate there in May, 1882. The winter of 1882-83 he spent preaching at Portland, Oregon, and in the spring of 1884 he was installed at North Andover, Mass., where he has since remained as pastor of the Unitarian Church.

He has served at various times on school committees. He has written numerous school reports and addresses, which have appeared in various magazines and papers. In 1895 he delivered an historical address at the 250th anniversary of the founding of the Andover Unitarian Society, of which he was and is now the pastor.

He was married, Jan. 5, 1860, to Mary L. Hyde, daughter of Isaac Hyde, of Cambridge, Mass. They have had three children: Mary Eliza Noyes, born Dec. 6, 1860, married, Aug. 16, 1882, to E.C. Forbes, of Clinton, Mass., and died Oct. 21, 1892, leaving three children; Edith Rapall Noyes, born Aug. 14, 1862, and married, Feb. 23, 1887, to Charles D. White, of Winchendon, Mass.; and George E. Noyes (H.U. 1894), born April 2, 1873, who took a prominent part in the Latin play of "Phormio," given at Cambridge in 1894.

† Curtana †

William B. Owen

Confederates States of America Chaplain

(17th Mississippi Infantry)

Source: *Four Years Under Marse Robert* by Robert Stiles

(New York: Neale Publishing, 1904): 143-54.

It is said that more than five hundred men professed conversion in these Fredericksburg meetings, and this statement is based upon careful figures made by the regimental chaplains, and particularly by Rev. William Owen, who really began these meetings, and was practically in charge of them. Some of the chaplains were very uncommon men. My father, who was in the ministry more than fifty years and had a very wide experience with men, expressed the highest estimate of them.

Easily the most marked man among them, however, was the Rev. William Benton Owen, chaplain of the Seventeenth Mississippi Regiment. My recollection is that he had been a private soldier and was commissioned chaplain, because he was already doing the work of one—yes, of half a dozen—without the commission. Of all the men I ever knew, I think he was the most consecrated, the most unselfish, and the most energetic, and that he accomplished more that was really worthy of grateful recognition and commendation than any other man I ever knew, of his ability. By this I do not mean to imply that his ability was small, but simply that I do not include in this statement a few men I have known, of extraordinary abilities and opportunities.

"Brother William," as we used to call him, was also a man of the sweetest, loveliest spirit, but of the most unflinching courage as well. After he became chaplain he never felt it right or fitting that he should attempt to kill or wound a man, so he never fired another shot, yet he was seldom back of the actual line of battle. It may give some faint idea of his exalted Christian heroism to say that his regular habit was to take charge of the litter-bearers in battle, and first to see to the removal of the wounded, Federal as well as Confederate, when the former fell into our hands; and then to attend to the burial of the

dead of both sides, when we held the field and the enemy did not ask leave to bury their own dead.

It will be remembered by Federal soldiers that the American Tract or Bible Society published Testaments with the United States flag on the fly leaf, and, on the folds of the banner, the printed words, "If I should fall, send this to - - -," space being left for his home address, which each soldier was supposed to write in the appropriate place. Dear Brother William could not always burden himself with all these Testaments taken from the dead soldiers' pockets; but because that was not possible, he used to carry a little blank book in which he would copy the home addresses of the dead soldiers and would afterwards write to their friends, telling them where they were buried, and, if possible, how their bodies might be identified.

After one of the bloody repulses of the enemy at Spotsylvania in 1864, Brother William was, as usual, out in front of our works, utterly unconscious of his own heroism or his own peril. He had removed the wounded of both sides and taken note of our dead, and was making his memoranda of the home addresses of the Federal dead, when a Minie ball struck his left elbow, shattering it dreadfully. He was at once carried to the field hospital, and some of Barksdale's (now Humphreys') men sent word down the line to me. As soon as our guns were disengaged I galloped to the hospital to see him; but when I arrived he was under the knife, his elbow being in process of resection, and, of course, was unconscious. My recollection is that I saw him but for a moment only. Much as I would have given for even so little as one word from him, I could not possibly wait, but was obliged to return to my post.

I never saw him again. As usual, after one of these death grapples of '64, Grant slipped off to his left and we to our right, this time too far for me to get back. In a few days we heard that Mr. Owen was in Richmond and then that he had been sent home, and our hopes grew bright that he would ultimately recover. But no; he was never really a strong man; indeed he was one of the few small and slight men I remember in the entire brigade, and, besides, he was worn and wasted with his ceaseless labors. He never really rallied, but in a short time sank and passed away. Few servants of God and man as noble and consecrated, as useful and beloved, as William Owen have lived in this world or left it for Heaven.

† Curtana †

Vincent Palen

United States Army Chaplain

(Hospital: Virginia)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart

(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:879.

Palen, Rev. Vincent, was born Jan. 17, 1810, in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., of Methodist parents. He experienced religion in 1828, although he did not then make a public profession. In 1833 he became a full member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a preacher. After filling a circuit appointment he held a protracted meeting at McAllister's church, near Harrisburg, Pa., at which 120 persons professed conversion. From these converts a church was organized, of which he was chosen pastor. Some of the candidates for membership refusing to accept sprinkling as baptism, he was led carefully to investigate the subject of baptism, and became convinced that immersion is the only Scriptural

mode, He was baptized in the Susquehanna River at Harrisburg, by Rev. E. Thomas, a Winebrennarian minister, and was ordained to the ministry in that body. After a pastorate here of sixteen months (during which a meeting-house was built), followed by a brief engagement at Baltimore, he united, in 1843, with the High Street Baptist church in that city, May 25, 1845, after which he was ordained, Rev. S.P. Hill, D.D., preaching the sermon. From this time until the outbreak of the war his time was divided among evangelistic, missionary, and pastoral labors.

The beginning of the war found him at Portsmouth, Va., from which he was sent to Richmond, and imprisoned as an “alien enemy.” He was, however, soon released, and on reaching Washington was appointed a hospital chaplain. He discharged the duties of this office with efficiency and unflagging zeal. In this and other ways he rendered very important service to the government during the great struggle. At the close of the war he was, with one exception, the last hospital chaplain mustered out of the service, and he was then transferred to the regular army as post chaplain. In December, 1869, in consequence of chronic ill health, he was at his own request retired from active service. He has since resided in Camden, N.J. As his health permits he continues to fill up the measure of his usefulness by preaching and other Christian ministries.

† Curtana †

James H. Parks

United States Army Chaplain

(Hospital: New York)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:885.

Parks, Rev. James H., was born in New York City, July 13, 1829. He was converted in the year 1847, and united with the Reformed Dutch Church. Soon after he commenced a course of preparation for Rutgers College, having the Christian ministry in view. But health failing, and a series of circumstances arising which brought the subject of Christian baptism to his attention, he was compelled to make a thorough examination of Scriptural teachings upon this subject, which resulted in his being immersed on profession of faith on the 2^d of July, 1854.

He afterwards pursued a post-graduate course at Columbian College, Washington, D.C., and received the degree of Master of Arts from that institution upon examination. He was also honored with the degree of A.M. from Princeton College, N.J. He was ordained to the ministry May 28, 1856. He has been pastor of the Baptist churches at Stamford, Conn., Bedford, N.Y., Pemberton, N.J., Manayunk and Calvary, Philadelphia, and is now successfully laboring with the Linden Avenue Baptist church at Dayton, O. He also performed faithful service as a chaplain in the army at Washington, D.C. during the late war. His pastorates have been successful and efficient. His views of doctrine are clear, strong, and Scriptural, and are always fearlessly enunciated. He is a positive Baptist, perhaps the more so because his own prejudices, instilled from early childhood, were each successively removed by a specific investigation and a conscientious study of the Word of God.

† Curtana †

Peter Archer Peterson

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(12th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 73-75.

At the desk of the Secretaries in the Virginia Conference, is the serene, yet busy man who keeps the journal, attends the Cabinet, and is ready to wrestle in debate with the stoutest champions. He shows a superb physique, when he is up and animated by a close discussion. He is a model of manly grace of figure. His voice is round, flexible and penetrating. He has a knack of saying wise and plausible things in a persuading way. He excels on the Conference floor. On the hustings he would be well nigh irresistible. It is told that when a boy at a mass meeting to raise troops for the Mexican War, where noted speakers failed to arouse the patriotism of the crowd, he, without a moment's thought, "gave an exhortation" that stirred the wildest enthusiasm. It was his first speech. It is said that an eminent man, who heard him, begged him not to enlist in the war, but to study law. The stripling shook his head and went to the Rio Grande in the Virginia Regiment.

He has the magnetism that draws men. The Virginia Conference make their boast on Archie Peterson as a genuine specimen of the old time Methodist preacher. They rely on his judgment, and know his heart is right. He is busy himself, and has the art of setting others to work. Churches grow under his hand. He is the son of William M. and Martha A. Peterson; was born in Petersburg, Virginia, September 28th, 1828. When just fourteen years of age, he professed religion under the ministry of Rev. Joseph Carson, at a meeting held in the village of Ettrick, in Chesterfield county, near which place he was residing with his parents. He immediately joined the church, uniting with the society then worshipping on Plumb Street in Petersburg, and from which sprung the High Street station, of that city.

In 1846, he entered the army for the war, then existing between the United States and the Republic of Mexico, and was elected a lieutenant in company "E" raised in Petersburg, and which formed a part of the First Regiment Virginia Volunteers. He served honorably in the field, until the close of the campaign in July, 1848, when he returned to his native place and resumed his former pursuits. On the 28th of December following, he was united in marriage with Lucy Ann, daughter of George Williamson, of Petersburg.

Soon after professing religion, he was strongly exercised about entering the ministry, but limited educational advantages, and particularly his entrance into the army, seemed to extinguish all hope in that direction, and for a time the subject was laid aside. Upon his return from Mexico, however, his former impressions revived and deepened daily, and finally the conviction of a call to preach became so strong, that he determined to close his now promising secular business, and to offer himself for the itinerant work. In 1860, he was appointed class-leader by Rev. Nelson Head, pastor of High Street station; and in September, 1851, with the unanimous consent of the Leaders' Meeting, the Rev. F.J. Boggs, preacher in charge, gave him license to exhort. In September, 1852, the Quarterly Conference gave him a recommendation to the Virginia Annual Conference, by which he was admitted on trial into the travelling connection at the session held in Fredericksburg, Virginia, in October of that year, Bishop Capers presiding. He was

admitted into full connection and ordained deacon by Bishop Pierce, at Norfolk, December, 1854, and ordained elder by Bishop Early, at Richmond, December, 1856.

The first appointment filled by Mr. Peterson was Dinwiddie circuit, to which he was sent as junior preacher with Rev. Jesse K. Powers. In 1853, he was put in charge of Mecklenburg circuit, and had a prosperous year; in 1854, on the Gloucester circuit where he labored for two years with great success; in 1856, was transferred to Amelia circuit, and from there in 1857 to Fincastle circuit, Botetourt county, a “border” appointment, where the feeling then unhappily existing between the adherents of the Northern and the Southern Methodist churches, rendered the outlook exceedingly discouraging. But soon better counsels prevailed, peace returned, and the close of the year witnessed large accessions to the church. In 1859, he was sent to Amherst circuit, and served two years.

In the fall of 1860, he was appointed to succeed Rev. Charles H. Hall, at Dinwiddie Street, Portsmouth. In this pleasant charge, then containing six hundred members, his labors were soon greatly increased by the presence of a large body of Southern troops brought together by the opening of the civil war. In May, 1862, the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth were evacuated by the Confederate forces, and Mr. Peterson having reason to apprehend that the Federal authorities would not permit him to continue his pastoral relations, if indeed he should be allowed personal liberty, deemed it best to retire, and so left with the Southern army, in which he was soon after commissioned as Chaplain. He served efficiently in this capacity to the 12th regiment of Virginia infantry until the following November, when he was appointed by Bishop Early Presiding Elder of the Lynchburg district. Here he remained four years, and was then (in 1866) appointed to Union Station, Richmond, where he served one year, the exigencies of the work requiring his transfer to Cumberland-Street, Norfolk. In the latter charge, which increased greatly under his administration, he remained four years, at the expiration of which time he was made Presiding Elder of the Norfolk district, and spent four years in that work. From the Norfolk district he was appointed, in 1875, to Clay-Street station, Richmond, where, for two years, considerable success followed his labors. In 1877 he was transferred from Richmond to Main-Street station, Danville, Virginia, where he is serving at the time this sketch closes. He has been a member of four General Conferences, namely: 1866, 1870, 1874 and 1878. He served eight years as a member of the General Book Committee, and is now a member of the Parent Board of Missions. He is one of the secretaries of the Conference.



George Henry Ray

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(4th Virginia Cavalry)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 79-80.

The pulpit work of Mr. Ray is instructive and engaging. His discourses have marks of judicious study, familiarity with literature and the best writers on the Scriptures. His sermons are polished shafts, like the arm of “the godlike Pandarus, Lycaon’s son,” when

At once the arrow to the notch he drew,
The sinew to his breast; and to the bow
The iron head. Then, when the mighty bow

Was to a circle strained, sharp rang the horn;
With deadly speed the eager arrow sprang.

Mr. Ray is tireless in labors and endowed with rare gifts in the conduct of affairs and with many engaging qualities. He was born in the district of Columbia, near Washington city, on the 21st of October, 1832, and is the son of Enos and Elizabeth Ray. His ancestors settled in what is now Anne Arundel county, Md., in the first Protestant settlement, under Lord Baltimore, and were members of the church of England. His early education was had at Columbian College, a Baptist Institution near the city of Washington. His friends designed him for the legal profession, and at the time of his conversion, he was studying law under Judge Bradley of Washington city. In November, 1849, under a sermon preached by Rev. J.A. Duncan, D.D., from the text "Who will this day consecrate himself to the service of the Lord?" he was awakened and converted, and shortly after joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Emory Chapel, where his father has been a leading member and steward for sixty years. In 1853, he followed the movings of the Spirit of God, and gave himself to the ministry of the Gospel, and began to preach under the Presiding Elder in June of that year, and was received on trial in the Virginia Conference at Lynchburg the ensuing November, and was sent as helper to Springfield and South Branch circuit, now divided into four or five pastoral charges. He was subsequently appointed to Fauquier circuit; Clay Street church, Richmond; Fredericksburg, Winchester, Harrisonburg, in all of which places his labors were greatly blessed. In the fall of 1860, he was appointed Chaplain to Randolph Macon College, where he took the course, and graduated in the schools of mental and moral philosophy and political economy; at the ensuing Conference, November, 1861, he was appointed pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Washington city, but for political reasons declined to go, and became Chaplain in the Confederate service, and was present at some of the chief engagements around Richmond.

This year he was married to Miss Jennie Chambers Scott, daughter of Mr. E.C. Scott, and grand-niece of Judge E.R. Chambers, of Virginia. He was subsequently sent to Louisa circuit, and thence to Union Station, Richmond. During the latter part of the war, he was engaged as agent of the "Richmond Christian Advocate," then the Conference property, and raised a large amount of money to relieve the Advocate of its debts, and to send religious literature to the Confederate soldiers. At the close of the war, April, 1865, having no pastoral charge, he went to a plantation owned by his wife in Nottoway county, where he supplied destitute portions of our work, in that county as well as in Prince Edward and Lunenburg. He stayed here eleven years, and the mission field he then developed, is now largely self-supporting, and supplied by two or three of our most effective men. In 1876, he was again returned to Richmond, and stationed at Main Street Methodist Episcopal Church, now Park Place. He spent two years on the Prospect circuit. He has served on the examination and other Conference committees, and has for years been prominent in the Sunday school work, frequently serving as chairman of that committee, and is active as the School Secretary of the Virginia Conference. In 1878, he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Eastern Shore district, which is his present position.

† Curtana †

Lewis Raymond

United States Army Chaplain
(5^{1st} Illinois Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:961-62.

Raymond, Rev. Lewis, was born Aug. 3, 1807, at Walton, Delaware Co., N.Y. When he was about seven years of age the family removed to Sydney, in the same county, now called Sydney Centre. His conversion occurred at twenty-three, when he was baptized by Rev. S.P. Griswold, one of the veteran ministers of New York. In July, 1831, he was licensed by the Sydney church, and for a while united preaching with his business as a builder. His first pastorate was at Laurens, in Otsego County. After two years of successful labor he removed to Cooperstown, where he remained eight and a half years. By this time his brethren had found in him uncommon qualifications for usefulness in revival labor, and in 1841 called him to that sphere of service. Three years were spent in such labor in New York and in Northern Pennsylvania. In June, 1844 he removed to the West, being called to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Milwaukee. The church was very small and feeble, but grew under his ministry, and erected its first house of worship. After four years in Milwaukee he was called to Chicago as pastor of the Tabernacle church, succeeding Rev. H.M. Rice, who had died of cholera. After three years he again engaged in revival labors. In 1854 he removed to Sandusky, O., organizing a church there, which, however, after one year, he gave up to Rev. J.D. Fulton, and he entered the service of the Ohio State Convention.

In 1857 he accepted a call to a new organization in Aurora, Ill., the Union Baptist church; in 1859 he went to another new church at Peoria; at the end of a year he entered the army as a chaplain, continuing in that service to the end of the war. Since that time he has been engaged as an evangelist, and in labor with feeble churches. His life has been one of energetic service in a spirit of great enthusiasm and personal devotion. And the fruit, in souls added to the Lord, has been abundant.

† Curtana †

John J. Renfroe

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(10th Alabama Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:969-70.

Renfroe, J.J.D., D.D., was born in Montgomery, Ala., Aug. 30, 1830. He was baptized by A.N. Worthy, Aug. 30, 1848; ordained at Cedar Bluff in 1852. The earlier years of his life were spent among a rude, uncultured people. Entering the ministry when young, with great difficulties in his pathway, he has by persistent and faithful effort made his way to the front rank of preachers in the South. During the first years of his ministry he was eminently successful as pastor and preacher, baptizing large numbers into the various churches in Cherokee and Calhoun Counties of which he was pastor. While diligently engaged in leading sinners to Christ, he was earnest and aggressive in his defense of "the faith once delivered to the saints." This led him into frequent controversies with ministers of other denominations. The results of these conflicts never made his brethren blush for his defeat, but his almost uniform success made them confident when their cause had been committed to the strong young pastor.

Unusual native ability, hard study, faithful, effective service, commanded the attention of the denomination, and on the 1st of January, 1858, he was called to the pastorate of the

church in Talladega. The last three years of “the war between the States” he spent in Virginia, the efficient and beloved chaplain of a regiment in the Confederate army. At the close of the war he returned to Talladega, resuming his pastorate. The beautiful brick building in which the church in Talladega now worships is a lasting monument of his indomitable energy and untiring zeal. He is still the pastor of the church in Talladega, enjoying the unquestioning confidence and deepest Christian affection of the entire membership.

His practical, pointed, and able contributions to various religious periodicals during almost the entire term of his public life have given him a wide reputation, and made him a power in the denomination. The current questions of the day always command his attention, and he is ever ready to defend the tenets of his church.

In 1875 Howard College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. To him more than to any other is due the credit of inaugurating the State mission work in Alabama. When almost all were opposed he stood firm, and contended earnestly for what he conceived to be best. Results have demonstrated his wisdom and rewarded him for all the efforts made in this direction.

Dr. Renfroe is a man of strong convictions, with courage to follow wherever they lead without hesitation and without wavering. An [*sic*] humble man of God, who has spent his life and sacrificed himself in the service of his Master. The latter years of his life have been made bitter by severe bereavements and affliction. Amid repeated sore troubles and hard trials, rapidly recurring, he has made it manifest that he is a trusting child of God, a good servant of Christ, who can endure hardness as a good soldier of the Cross. To-day no minister in Alabama occupies a larger or more tender place in the affections of his brethren, no man has more of the confidence and respect of the denomination to which he belongs.

† Curtana †

Wilbur Fisk Robbins

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(56th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 137-38.

He is of an old Methodist family, and has quit himself of the ancestral devotion to the church with continued attachment to it and earnest zeal in its behalf. He has had success in liquidating old church debts, building new houses of worship, and repairing others. The work has prospered under his hands. He served in the Confederate army as chaplain. He is a vigorous preacher, active pastor, and popular.

Mr. Robbins was born and raised in the county of Accomac, Va., converted to God in his eighteenth year, under the ministry of Rev. James Brindle, of the Philadelphia Conference, at Downing’s church, Atlantic circuit, and immediately connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Some of his ancestors were the first Methodists of the Eastern Shore of Virginia and Maryland. His mind was, in early childhood, imbued with the doctrines and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon after his conversion, he was deeply impressed that it was his imperative duty to prepare for the ministry, but the magnitude of the task, and his incompetency for such an important

work, caused him to turn his attention to another pursuit, hoping that in time these convictions would cease. His soul, once filled with peace, now seemed but an aching void; for more than three years he remained in a state of spiritual distress. Finally at the solicitation of the Rev. John F. Chaplin, and the members of Downing's church, he consented to receive license from the Quarterly Conference of Atlantic circuit. He immediately set about "redeeming the time" by attending an excellent school, conducted by the late George H. Reden, of Maryland.

In 1861, the Quarterly Conference of Atlantic circuit requested the Philadelphia Conference to leave that charge unsupplied, (owing to the agitation of the slavery question), when George W. Matthews and W.F. Robbins were called, by the circuit, as pastors. The following October, a large majority of that membership agreed to be transferred with their church property (eight churches and a parsonage) to the Virginia Annual Conference. Mr. Robbins was recommended as a suitable person for the travelling connection in the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which met in Norfolk the following November. They also entrusted him with the necessary papers to effect the transfer of membership and church property, through Dr. L.M. Lee. At the Conference of 1861, Mr. Robbins declined to become a member, though urged to do so by several influential members of that body, but consented to take work under the Presiding Elder, the Rev. J.D. Coulling, and was appointed to Gloucester circuit, as assistant to Rev. John B. Dey. In November 1862, he was recommended by the Quarterly Conference of Gloucester circuit, for admission in the Annual Conference held in Petersburg the same month. He was appointed at that Conference to Albemarle circuit, and reappointed in the following year. In 1864 he accepted the chaplainship of the 56th Virginia Regiment, and continued in that relation until the surrender of the army under General Lee. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Early in Lynchburg, November, 1864, and ordained Elder by Bishop Pierce in Norfolk, November, 1866. In May, 1865, he was sent by Bishop Early to take charge of Culpeper circuit, reappointed to that circuit in November, 1865, and in November, 1866. The following March he was married to Miss Bettie T. Hume, of Orange county, Va. In the summer of 1867, he was stricken down with typhoid fever, which rendered him unfit for the itinerant work; in the following November he asked for, and obtained a supernumerary relation.

In 1869 and 1870, he was appointed to Rappahannock circuit; 1871 and 1872, to the Batesville circuit; 1873, to Dinwiddie circuit; 1874, 1875 and 1876, to Berkeley station; 1877-78-79-80, to West Amherst circuit.

† Curtana †

Charles H. Roe

United States Army Chaplain
(65th Illinois Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1008.

Roe, Charles Hill, D.D., who died at Belvidere, Ill., June 20, 1872, was a native of King's County, Ireland, where he was born Jan. 6, 1800. He was the son of a clergyman of the Established Church, and was educated by his father in English and classical studies, with a view to a course at Trinity College, Dublin, and to orders in the English Church. When he was fourteen years of age his father died, and the plan of study thus made for him was interrupted. Through the instrumentality of an Irish Baptist minister he was converted,

and became a Baptist. In 1822 he entered Horton College, Bradford, Yorkshire, England, then under the presidency of Dr. Steadman. Having completed his course there, he became pastor of the church at Middleton, a daughter of Dr. Steadman having become his wife. With the work of this pastorate he associated extensive preaching tours in the surrounding country. This service brought him so much in contact with the destitution of right religious teaching as to interest him greatly in the aims and measures of the English Baptist Home Mission Society. In 1834 he became secretary of that organization, and remained in that office until 1842, when he became pastor of an important church in Birmingham. Here, as in former spheres of service, his labors were richly blessed. He was a co-laborer in Birmingham with the well-known John Angell James, who, in his book entitled "Nonconformity in Birmingham," speaks of the 700 new members added to the church under Mr. Roe's ministry, of the 1200 children in the Sunday-school, and of the various organizations of Christian labor which had been formed under his guidance.

In 1851, Mr. Roe came to this country, and, after a brief stay in New York and Milwaukee, settled in Belvidere, Ill., as pastor of the Baptist church there. Here, again, his work was fruitful, and the church grew not only in numbers but in spirituality. During the war he was for a portion of the time chaplain of a regiment. He also, later, visited England in behalf of the educational work among the freedmen. Upon his return to this country he served two years as pastor at Waukesha, Wis., succeeding Dr. Robert Boyd. Two years subsequently were spent in the service of the University of Chicago, of which he was one of the founders, and with this his public life ended, the final close coming soon after. The funeral at Belvidere was very largely attended, the sermon being by Dr. J.C. Burroughs, who was followed in an address by (Gen. S.A. Hulburt, (Gen. A.C. Fuller, and other eminent citizens of Illinois.

Dr. Roe, while beloved for his Christian virtues, and as a spiritual, eloquent preacher, was honored by all classes of men for his sterling manhood. In both England and the United States he stood among the stalwart men, and achieved a work whose fruits, in the long succession of seed-sowing and harvest, must be permanent.

† Curtana †

William Rogers

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1009-10.

Rogers, William, D.D., was born in Newport, R.I., July 22, 1751. It is stated that he was the first, and for several days the only student of Rhode Island College. He was then but fourteen years of age. He graduated in 1769. A comparison has been drawn between Archbishop Ussher and Dr. Rogers in their talents and in their relations to the universities in which they studied. Ussher, it is asserted, was the first student of Trinity College, Dublin, he says himself that he was "among the first." The archbishop was one of the most learned men that ever lived; and Dr. Rogers, with no claim to his great learning, reflected the highest honor upon his *alma mater*. In 1770 the Saviour revealed his pardoning love to him, after which he united with the Second Baptist church of Newport. In May, 1772, he was ordained pastor of the First Baptist church of Philadelphia. He sustained this new relation for three years, with great advantage to the struggling

church; its congregations were largely increased, and men like Dr. Benjamin Rush came to hear the eloquent young preacher. When Pennsylvania raised three battalions of foot for the Revolutionary war, the Legislature appointed Dr. Rogers their chaplain. Afterwards he was a brigade chaplain in the Continental army. For five years he followed the fortunes of the Revolutionary army as an unwearied and honored chaplain.

His relations with Washington were intimate and cordial. Dr. Reuben A. Guild quotes the following from an English gentleman who visited Philadelphia in 1793: "After traveling through an extremely pleasant country we arrived in Philadelphia and waited on Dr. Rogers. Dr. Rogers is a most entertaining and agreeable man; we were with him a great part of the time we remained in the city, and were introduced by him to Gen. Washington. The general was not at home when we called, but while we were talking with his private secretary in the hall he came in, and spoke to Dr. Rogers with the greatest ease and familiarity. He immediately asked us up to the drawing-room, where were Lady Washington and his two nieces."

Dr. Rogers was for many years Professor of Oratory and Belles-Lettres in the University of Pennsylvania, a position which was never more worthily filled by any of his honored successors. His popularity in Philadelphia and throughout the country was remarkable, and it was limited to men of no special opinions, religious or political. He belonged to the Masonic fraternity, and frequently addressed his brethren on public occasions. He was in the General Assembly of his adopted State during the sessions of 1816 and 1817. He was a member of the various societies in Philadelphia which existed to promote knowledge, relieve misery, and spread gospel light. A gentleman of refinement, with learned attainments, a large heart, and an unswerving faith in the blessed Redeemer, Dr. Rogers necessarily lived in the affections of all that knew him. And when he passed away, April 7, 1824, it was universally felt that our country had lost one of its best citizens, and our denomination one of its brightest ornaments.

† Curtana †

Frank B. Rose

United States Army & Navy Chaplain
(14th New Jersey Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1010.

Rose, Rev. Frank Bramwell, was born in Tuckerton, N.J., April 5, 1836. At the age of six he removed to Philadelphia, receiving a public-school education, finishing at the High-School in 1852. He was converted at the age of twelve, in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He resigned a responsible position in a bank in 1859 to enter the ministry of the Methodist Church; was ordained thereto by Bishop Levi Scott, and appointed first to Freehold and subsequently to St. James church, New Brunswick, N.J. In September, 1862, he was appointed by Gov. Olden, of New Jersey, chaplain of the 14th Regiment N.J. Vols., serving as such for three years, until the close of the war, participating in the battles of Locust Grove, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Monocacy, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, etc.

At the close of the war he announced his clear conviction of the more Scriptural faith and practice of the Baptists, and received baptism on profession of faith, in the winter of 1865, at the hands of Rev. William S. Hall, in the Enon church of Philadelphia. The same

year he was duly ordained to the ministry by direction of a council of which D. Henry Miller, D.D., was moderator, and accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Camden, N.J., serving it four years. In 1870 he was appointed by President Grant chaplain in the U.S. navy, and has since served in the South Atlantic and Pacific, upon the flag-ships “Lancaster” and “Pensacola,” and upon the “Potomac” and “Constitution.” Whilst unassigned to active naval duty, in 1879-80, he served the Second church of Camden as pastor for eighteen months. Now (1880) he is on board U.S. training-ship “Constitution,” the “Old Ironsides” of the war of 1812. Mr. Rose is a cultured and talented minister, who enjoys the confidence and affection of his Baptist brethren.

† Curtana †

Adoniram J. Rowland

United States Army Chaplain

(175th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1012-13.

Rowland, A. Judson, D.D., was born at Valley Forge, Pa., Feb. 9, 1840; was baptized at Lawrenceville, Pa., by Rev. W.H.H. Marsh, Jan. 6, 1858; entered the Sophomore class of the university at Lewisburg in 1859. and graduated with first honors in 1862; was ordained at Lawrenceville, October, 1862; was chaplain of the 175th Regiment Pa. Vols. from September, 1862, to July, 1863; entered Rochester Theological Seminary in the fall of 1863, and completed the full course of study in 1866. In July, 1866, became pastor of Mount Auburn church, Cincinnati, O., which position he resigned in 1868 to assume the presidency of the Mount Auburn Institute, a school of high grade for young women. In 1870 he became pastor of the First church, Pittsburgh, Pa. In 1872 he accepted a call to the Tenth church, Philadelphia, where he still remains. He has for years been a regular correspondent for several denominational journals, and has published a number of sermons and reviews. In 1879 he preached the doctrinal sermon before the Philadelphia Baptist Association. He is a member of various educational and missionary boards, and is prominently and actively engaged in the general work of the denomination. He received the degree of D.D. in 1880 from the university at Lewisburg.

Dr. Rowland is a man of superior mind, pleasing manners, studious habits, extensive learning, and exemplary piety. As pastor of a large and influential church, he magnifies his office, and is very highly esteemed in love for his work's sake. His sermons are rich in original thought and Bible knowledge, clear in expression, and impressive in delivery. His writings show enlarged acquaintance with books and men. He has gathered a large library of choice and standard works, which he utilizes with rare ability. He is the first and the successful editor of *Our Young People*, a very able monthly journal for the older scholars in our Sunday-schools. This paper deserves the great circulation it has already secured, and under its gifted editor it will be a still greater power among the young.

† Curtana †

William B. Royall

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(55th North Carolina Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1013-14.

Royall, Wm., D.D., was born July 30, 1823, in Edgefield District, S.C. From six to thirteen resided in Charleston, S.C. For two years was a pupil of Furman Institution, Fairfield District, S.C., then under charge of his uncle, Prof. W.E. Bailey. Entered South Carolina College, Columbia, Sophomore class, when fifteen years old, and graduated in 1841 in a class of sixty. He enjoyed the rare advantages of instruction, under Dr. James H. Thornwell, in logic and metaphysics; Dr. Wm. Hooper, in languages; Bishop Stephen Elliott, in evidences of Christianity; and Dr. Francis Lieber, in political economy; to the instructions of the last named he has ever felt most deeply indebted. After graduating, taught as an assistant in a high school in Charleston, and studied law two years under Hon. Henry Bailey, attorney-general of South Carolina. Trained by a grandfather, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and taught by Rev. Charles Lanneau, in a Sunday-school class out of which came six preachers. He does not remember the time when he was not the subject of religious impressions. In the great revival of 1835, under the fervent preaching of Richard Fuller, D.D., he became a subject of God's saving power. Always satisfied that it was his duty to preach, he was so impressed with the idea of ministerial sanctity, as illustrated by that devout and eminently holy man of God, Basil Manly, Sr., who baptized him, that not until he had studied law two years did he fully determine to heed the call to preach. For one year he studied theology under Dr. W.T. Brantly, Sr., and Dr. Thomas Curtis, Sr. He supplied Dr. Brantly's place each Sabbath morning while that good man was lying on a bed of death, stricken with paralysis; was ordained in Charleston in 1844; preached four years to five different churches in Abbeville and Edgefield Districts, S.C., two years in Georgia, and four years in Florida. In 1855 was elected to a professorship in Furman University, and continued to preach to three churches for five years. In 1859 was elected Professor of Languages in Wake Forest College, N.C.; resigned his professorship in 1872. In 1872 founded Raleigh Baptist Female Seminary, and, when his health failed, transferred it to his son-in-law, Prof. F.P. Hobgood, under whose administration it has become a noted seat of learning.

During the war served for fourteen months in Virginia and North Carolina as chaplain of 55th N.C. Regiment, has baptized over 1500, of these about 400 in connection with one church, which he served ten years, in North Carolina, named Flat Rock—a mother of churches; baptized 220 whites and blacks during one revival in Wayneville church, Ga., which he served; was pastor of twenty churches, for terms varying from two to ten years; has taught successfully in the seminaries of Bryan and Calvert, Texas, and since September, 1875, has been president of Baylor Female College, Independence, Texas. As a scholar and a preacher he stands in the first rank. Is now head of a female seminary at San Antonio, Texas.

† Curtana †

Miles Sanford

United States Army Chaplain
(27th Massachusetts Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1028.

Sanford, Miles, D.D., was born in Connecticut, and preached for a time in the Methodist denomination, but changing his views, he became pastor of the First Baptist church in

Chicago, then editor in Detroit. He afterwards returned to Massachusetts, and labored in the pastoral office at Boston, Gloucester, and North Adams, and during this latter pastorate he also served as chaplain in the army. Following this he served the American Bible Union as financial secretary, and after retiring from this position he accepted the pastoral charge of the First church of Salem, N.J., where he labored for about two years. During this period he was a member of the board of trustees of the South Jersey Institute. He had fine talents and high culture, was an able preacher and an efficient pastor, and he was loved and honored by all who knew him. He died at Salem, N.J., while pastor of the First church, Oct. 31, 1874.

† Curtana †

James B. Searcy

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(26th Arkansas Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1037.

Searcy, Rev. James B., a prominent minister in Arkansas, was born in Alabama in 1838; in 1857 removed to Bradley Co., Ark.; was ordained in 1860; and was chaplain of the 26th Ark. Regiment in the Confederate army. In 1872-73 he traveled over the State as superintendent of missions and ministerial education; has filled the important pastorates of Warren and Monticello, but his labors have been mostly confined to country churches; wrote for *Arkansas Baptist*, and attracted attention as a vigorous writer and clear reasoner; wrote one year for *Central Baptist*, St. Louis, Mo.; a regular contributor to *The Baptist*, Memphis, Tenn., for ten years; corresponding editor of *Western Baptist*; at present Arkansas editor of *The (Memphis) Baptist*. He is a very able minister and a devoted Christian.

† Curtana †

Josephus Shackelford

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(4th Alabama Cavalry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1095.

Shackelford [*sic*], Josephus, D.D., was born in Portsmouth, Va., Feb. 6, 1830; baptized by Rev. Martin Ball, in Mississippi, in 1849; graduated from Mercer University in 1855, and ordained the same year at Pontotoc; after a brief missionary work in Memphis, Tenn., he accepted the presidency of the Baptist Female College at Moulton, Ala., in 1856, which was flourishing until broken up by the war. He then entered the army of the Confederate States as captain of cavalry, and became chaplain in 1863. Retiring from the army in 1864, he reopened his school; constantly had charge of churches while he was teaching. In 1865 he commenced in Moulton the publication of the *Christian Herald*, then the only Baptist paper in the State. It was published for some time in Tuscumbia, and then in Nashville, until purchased by the proprietors of the *Christian Index*. He was pastor in Tuscumbia for quite a number of years. In 1870 he removed to Forest City, Ark., as pastor, and was president of the Baptist College in that place. Returned to Alabama in 1879, and took charge of the high school at Trinity, where he still presides, having charge of several churches. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by the

Alabama Agricultural College in 1872. Dr. Stackelford stood for many years as our most distinguished minister in North Alabama.

[It is curious that the Baptist Encyclopedia should misspell Chaplain Shackelford's name, since the military records are clear in substituting an "h" for the "t." Alabama Baptists by Wayne Flint says "The venerable Josephus Shackelford of Moulton and Tusculumbia not only established a Baptist paper for north Alabama but began a Baptist mountain school as well."]

† Curtana †

Hezekiah Smith

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1065-66.

Smith, Hezekiah, D.D. Fortunately for the writer of this sketch of Dr. Smith, the materials for doing it are abundant in the interesting memorials furnished by Dr. S.F. Smith for Dr. Sprague's "Annals," and in the centennial discourse of the late Dr. Arthur S. Train, of Haverhill.

The birthplace of Hezekiah Smith was Long Island, N.Y. He was born April 21, 1737. His college life was spent in Princeton, N.J., where he graduated in 1762, under the presidency of that prince of pulpit orators, Rev. Samuel Davies. He was ordained at Charleston, S.C., but assumed no pastoral charge at the South, although he preached constantly as opportunity presented. In 1764 he came to New England, and preached for some time in the west parish of the town of Haverhill, Mass., to a Congregational church, where his labors were greatly appreciated and much blessed. As, however, he was a most conscientious Baptist, it could not be expected that he could long sustain such a relation as this. The circumstance which led him to make Haverhill the scene of what proved to be a most successful ministry is thus related by Dr. S.F. Smith:

Mr. Smith now resolved to return to New Jersey, where several of his relatives resided. The day was fixed for his departure from the scene of his labors and successes. In the morning several young persons came to visit him, deeply affected by the prospect of losing their loved and revered teacher, by whose instrumentality they had been brought to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. They exhibited their ardent affection towards him, and expressed the wish that he would baptize them. Still they found him fixed in his determination. Notwithstanding, they ventured to utter their conviction that he would soon return and be their minister. He replied, "If I return, your prayers will bring me back." The same day he proceeded to Boston, and the day following commenced his journey to Providence. But after he had advanced eighteen or twenty miles, the words were impressed with unusual weight on his mind, "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you." Stopping his horse, he mused awhile on the occurrence. He soon proceeded, but was shortly after arrested again by the same passage. Yielding to the impulse, he turned his horse, and rode back to Boston. Here he found two

persons, sent by his friends in Haverhill to solicit his return. He readily accepted their invitation, and went back the next day to Haverhill, where he was received with many expressions of affection and gratitude.

The church in Haverhill was organized May 9, 1765, and its pastor publicly recognized Nov. 12, 1766, and he held that position for forty years. Faithful to the trusts that were committed to his hands, he felt it to be his duty no less than his privilege to preach the gospel in the regions beyond the field of his own special cultivation. Accordingly, acting under the direction and by the advice of his church, he would start out, accompanied by one or two of his members, to make evangelizing tours through destitute sections of New Hampshire and the district of Maine. Returning from these towns, he would call the church together, as the apostles did in primitive times, and rehearse the wonderful things which God had wrought by their hands. Persons holding Baptist views, but living too far away from any church of their own faith and order, would be brought into vital relations with the Haverhill church. In the course of time the population would increase in the places where these persons lived, and there would be encouragement to form Baptist churches out of these scattered materials. "Thirteen churches" we are told were thus established by the action of the Haverhill church and the evangelizing labors of its ministers and members.

In connection with such friends of religious freedom as Backus, President Manning, his friend and college classmate, and others of kindred spirit, he labored incessantly to have the Baptists delivered from the oppression which they suffered from the standing order. He took, moreover, the deepest interest in the prosperity of the new college which had been established in Rhode Island, and at one time was absent nearly nine months collecting funds for it.

When the war of the Revolution broke out, he was appointed chaplain in the American army. Here he was brought into terms of intimate relations with Gen. Washington, and enjoyed the confidence and friendship of that great and good man. As soon as he could be released from his duties in the army he gladly returned to his beloved church, and took up his ministerial and pastoral work where he had laid it down. Preaching in the sacred desk, and from house to house, literally "in season and out of season," making his evangelical tours through different sections of New England; his coming was everywhere hailed with delight, now in the "backwoods" of Maine, now among the grand old hills of New Hampshire, and now attending the meetings of the corporation of Brown University in Rhode Island; such is a picture of the life of one of the busiest ministers of his times.

"He often expressed the wish," says Dr. S.F. Smith, "that he might not outlive his usefulness, and his desire was graciously fulfilled. He preached for the last time, among his people, on the Sabbath, from John xii. 24: 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' The sermon was unusually impressive, and a revival of religion followed, to which it seemed introductory. On the Thursday succeeding he was seized with paralysis, and spoke no more. His life-work was finished and its record complete. He lay a week in this condition, and died Jan. 22, 1805, in the sixty-eighth year of his age and the forty-second of his ministry."

It is not difficult to assign the place which Hezekiah Smith will always be regarded as having held among the Baptist fathers of New England. It is safe to say that no man did more than he to give character to the denomination which had to fight every step of its way in securing for itself a foothold, and at last a permanent home in the Eastern States.

There was no good cause in which he did not take an interest. He lived a most useful life. Like one of kindred spirit who came after him—Dr. Baldwin, the summons to depart and be with Christ came suddenly, but found him prepared for it. Devout and loving hands laid him away in his grave, with many of his own parishioners sleeping by his side, and his own dust mingling with that of the friends of his youth and the co-workers of his riper years.

† Curtana †

Benjamin Cleviers Spiller

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(13th Virginia Cavalry)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 60-61.

The Conference claims in Mr. Spiller a member with a record of enviable merit. Success rewards his faithful ministry, and judgment in the administration of church business has ever marked his public career. The sterling virtues of the itinerancy are crowned in his life. Self-denying, careful for the things of God, diligent and watchful, he holds an honored place in the hearts of his brethren, and is valued highly both for his ability to edify the church and his private worth. His parents were Patrick and Louisa Spiller; he was born in Northumberland county, Virginia, May 13th, 1819. His mother was a pious woman. He professed conversion at Rehoboth church, Lancaster circuit, (then in the Baltimore Conference), under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Eskridge. In August, 1845, he joined the Methodist Episcopal church.

He was exercised on the subject of entering the ministry, but taught school. In 1846 and in 1847, was licensed as an exhorter, and in 1848 as a local preacher, spending the remainder of that year on the Lancaster circuit, with Rev. Stephen W. Jones, of the Virginia Conference, the first preacher from the Virginia Conference after the division of the church. He was received, with seven other young men, at the session of the Conference in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, in November, 1848. His first appointment was to Prince Edward circuit, with Rev. J.D. Southall, senior preacher. His second year (1849) was to Princess Anne circuit, with Rev. William Reed as preacher in charge. In 1850 Hanover circuit, with Rev. J.C. Garlick as senior, whose health failed, and Mr. Spiller was in charge until just before Conference. In 1851-52, to Goochland. In 1853 he married Miss Susan E. Nuckolls, of Goochland, and served Appomattox; in 1854, Camden circuit, North Carolina; in 1855-6, New Kent; 1857-8, Mecklenburg; 1859-60, Southampton; 1861, Randolph Macon circuit; 1862-3-4, chaplain in the Thirteenth Regiment Virginia Cavalry. At the close of the war he was appointed to Goochland; in 1866-7-8, Goochland; in 1869-70, he was placed on the supernumerary list; in 1871-2-3-4, to Goochland; in 1875-6-7-8, served in York circuit. In all of his appointments the Lord has blessed his labors, and hundreds of souls have been converted.

† Curtana †

Joseph Stockbridge

United States Navy Chaplain

(American Civil War Service)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1111.

Stockbridge, Joseph, D.D., U.S.N., was born in Yarmouth, Me., in 1811. He pursued his preparatory studies at the academy in his native village, and was a graduate of Bowdoin College in the class of 1830. He studied law at the Harvard Law School, and practised his profession for a few years in his native State, and then took up his residence in New York, where he became a Christian. Having decided to enter the ministry, he spent two years at the Newton Theological Institution. Among his classmates there were Rev. Drs. A.H. Granger, G.W. Samson, H.G. Weston, and President M.B. Anderson, of Rochester University.

Having received an appointment as chaplain in the U.S. navy, he was ordained in New York in 1842, the sermon being preached by Rev. Dr. William R. Williams, from the appropriate text, Acts xxvii.24, "God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." In the discharge of his official duties Dr. Stockbridge has visited many parts of the earth, and occupied several stations as chaplain on land.

He has also had intimate connections with the public press, both religious and secular. As a correspondent of *The Watchman*, under the signature of "Mallah," he has furnished a large amount of matter, especially in the form of interesting and instructive letters from foreign lands. He has made himself especially conspicuous in resisting the tendency to appoint so many chaplains from the clergy of the Episcopal Church, claiming that under a government having no state church the leading denominations of Christians may reasonably demand a proper share of representation among the chaplains of the navy. In 1868 he received the degree of D.D. from the University of Western Pennsylvania. He is now (1881) in Europe, having been placed on the retired list.

[Apparently, Chaplain Stockbridge was a noteworthy early advocate of basing chaplain billets on the principle of allowing all "leading denominations" a percentage.]

† Curtana †

Thomas H. Stout

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(Undetermined Unit)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1115.

Stout, Rev. Thomas H., was born at Orange Court-House, Va., July 23, 1835; baptized in Kentucky in 1852; in 1854 he began to preach, and entered Mercer University, Ga., as a student; has spent several years as teacher in Georgia; was a soldier and a chaplain for some time during the late war. From 1862 to 1867 he was the successful pastor at Blakely. In 1867 he became president of the Baptist Female College of North Georgia; at the same time he was pastor of various churches. In 1869 he became pastor at Lumpkin; in 1872 at Thomaston; in 1878 at Talbotton and other neighboring churches. In January, 1879, he accepted the pastorate of the First church in the city of Troy, Ala., and there, as in Georgia, his labors are being honored with success. Six years he was clerk of the Rehoboth Association, and seven years of the Georgia State Convention, he received the degree of A.M. from Mercer University in 1873. He is an active and able minister of Christ.

[Current databases do not list Chaplain Stout, although there Thomas Stouts (with various middle initials) serving the Confederate ranks in Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina and Tennessee.]

† Curtana †

George B. Taylor

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(25th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1133-34.

Taylor, George B., D.D., eldest son of Rev. James B. Taylor, D.D., and Mary Williams Taylor, who was the daughter of Elisha Williams, a Revolutionary soldier, and aide of Gen. Washington, and afterwards pastor of the Baptist church at Beverly, Mass., was born Dec. 27, 1832, in Richmond, Va. He was educated at Richmond College, and graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1851, after which he was engaged in teaching in Fluvanna Co., Va. Subsequently, he entered the University of Virginia, and after a three years' course graduated in most of the schools of that institution. While a student at the university he was ordained to the ministry at Charlottesville, and during the remainder of his university course served as pastor of two country churches in the vicinity. After leaving the university, he became the first pastor of the Franklin Square Baptist church, Baltimore, and continued in that relation two years. From Baltimore he removed to Staunton, Va., and became pastor of the church in that place, where he remained about twelve years, during which time the church was greatly prospered.

After the beginning of the war, he, with the consent of the church, acted as chaplain in Gen. Stonewall Jackson's corps during the entire campaign of 1862, and subsequently officiated both as pastor and chaplain of the post, until the close of hostilities. He also visited the Army of Northern Virginia at the time of the "great revival," and took an active part in that remarkable work of divine grace. In 1869 he became chaplain of the University of Virginia, a position adorned by some of the ablest clergymen in the State, and served during the usual period of two years, at the termination of which he was recalled to the pastorate of the Staunton church. He returned to that place, and remained until 1873, when he was appointed by the Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention missionary to Rome, with the special duty of administering the affairs of the Italian mission.

For two years Dr. Taylor was associated with the Rev. F. Wilson, D.D., in editing *The Christian Review*, and during that time contributed to its pages some valuable articles. Since January, 1876, he has, in connection with the evangelist, Sig. Cocorda, conducted *Il Seminatore*, a monthly Baptist magazine in the Italian language, contributing frequent leading articles. He has also added several volumes to our popular literature, having written the "Oakland Stories" (four juvenile volumes), published by Sheldon & Co., New York; "Coster Grew" and "Roger Bernard" (religious stories for youth), "Walter Ennis" (a tale founded on early Virginia Baptist history), and "Life and Times of James B. Taylor," besides several smaller volumes, published by the American Baptist Publication Society.

He was one of the recording secretaries of the Southern Baptist Convention from 1856 to 1866. In 1872 he received the degree of D.D., from Richmond College, and also from the University of Chicago. Dr. Taylor was married in 1858 to Susan Spotswood Braxton,

great-granddaughter of Carter Braxton, one of the Virginia signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The mission at Rome is one that lies near to the hearts of all Baptists, and especially Southern Baptists. Six years ago serious troubles had embarrassed the work in that city. It was necessary to find a man who should be both gentle and wise, to whom the whole management of the mission must be intrusted [sic] if any permanent good was to result from it. Dr. Taylor was thought to be such a man, and accordingly he was urged to accept the position. This he did, and sailed with his family from New York in July, 1873, for Rome, where he soon won the confidence of the evangelists and churches. From the very day of his arrival he made himself felt as a prudent and persevering laborer for the Master. The vexatious troubles vanished, and the mission began at once to thrive, and has been steadily advancing ever since, so much so that the Italian mission is now the most flourishing of all the foreign work of the Southern Baptist Convention. A convenient chapel has been secured at the cost of about \$25,000, situated in one of the most eligible positions in the city, being a few steps only from the Pantheon and from the University of Rome. The mission comprises 10 stations, 9 evangelists, and nearly 150 members; and churches have been either established or strengthened at La Tour, Milan, Modena, Naples, Bari, Barletta, Venice, and in the island of Sardinia. In reference to Dr. Taylor, Dr. Prime, editor of the *New York Observer*, wrote: "He is a man of decided character; with a clear and vigorous intellect, a tender and glowing heart, and such a sound judgment as secures for him the respect and confidence of all who represent Protestant missions in Rome. . . . These missions form an important part of the great work now in progress for the spread of evangelical religion in this land of papal darkness. To the eye of unbelief it may seem the day of very small things. But it is enough to plant the seed, and the rains of heaven will descend upon it to the redemption of Italy. Now is the time to sow the seed of the Word. Dr. Taylor is able to extend his missions and multiply the number of laborers just as fast as he has the means to support them. And you may be certain that he is judicious, careful, and wide-awake."

† Curtana †

James B. Taylor

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(25th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1146.

Taylor, Rev. James B., Jr., the second son of Dr. J.B. Taylor, was born in Richmond, Va., Oct. 22, 1837; was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Jeter, Dec. 19, 1852; and was a student at Richmond College, the University of Virginia, and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. While pursuing his theological course the war commenced. He joined the army, and was appointed a chaplain in Gen. W.H.F. Lee's command, in which position he was very useful. At the close of the war he was called to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Culpeper, which position he held for ten years, and where a large harvest was reaped for the Master. At the beginning of his labors there the church numbered only 28; at its close 320 had been added to its membership, besides which 500 conversions had taken place in protracted meetings in which he had assisted.

The ravages of the war had left the church edifice in Culpeper almost in ruins; but in a little while, through the exertions of Mr. Taylor, it was so repaired as to become one of

the most commodious and beautiful buildings in that part of the State. In October, 1875, he accepted an invitation to become pastor of the church in Wilmington, N.C., which position he still holds. He has published an exceedingly popular little pamphlet entitled "Simple Truths," a catechism for infant classes, which has passed to a third edition, and which has been, or is to be, translated into the Yoruban tongue and the Italian language, requests to that effect having been made by the missionaries at those stations. Mr. Taylor has also delivered some very popular addresses at literary commencements.

† Curtana †

Arthur G. Thomas

United States Army Chaplain
(Union Hospital: Pennsylvania)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1135-36.

Thomas, Rev. Arthur G., was born in New Columbia, Pa., Feb. 23, 1827; ordained to the work of the ministry in Freeport, Ill., March 18, 1858. He has also served as pastor with much acceptance in the following places: Baltimore, Md.; Mount Holly, Camden, and Jacobstown, N.J. ; and in Chester, Pa. During the civil war he served as chaplain in the U.S. army hospitals. Mr. Thomas is a diligent student. He has traveled extensively in Europe and in the East. As an author, he has contributed to the Sabbath-school literature of the present day a valuable and interesting volume entitled "The Fields of Boaz."

† Curtana †

Charles Thompson

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1151.

Thompson, Rev. Charles, was born in Amwell, N.J., April 14, 1748. Having completed his preparatory studies, he repaired to Warren, and was a member of the first class that entered Rhode Island College under the presidency of Dr. Manning, and graduated in 1769 with the highest honors in a class of seven. These seven students "were," in the words of Dr. Guild, "young men of unusual promise. Some of them were destined to fill conspicuous places in the approaching struggle for independence; others were to be leaders in the church and distinguished educators of youth. Probably no class that has gone forth from the university, in her palmiest days of prosperity, has exerted so widely extended and beneficial an influence, the times and circumstances taken into consideration, as this first class that graduated at Warren."

President Manning's removal to Providence with the college dissolved his connection with the church in Warren, and Mr. Thompson was chosen his successor. For three years he acted as chaplain in the American army during the war of the Revolution. As will be seen in the historical sketch of the Warren church, his home and the meeting-house of the church were burned by the British and Hessian troops. At the time he was there with his family. He was made a prisoner of war, and taken to Newport, where he was placed in confinement on board a guard-ship, where he remained a month, and was then released. He subsequently became the pastor of the church in Swanzy, where he had a successful

ministry of twenty-three years. From Swanzey he was called to the Baptist church in Charlton, Mass. Although he accepted the call, he never entered upon the performance of his duties there. He fell a victim to the dreaded disease which carries off so many in New England, consumption, and died the 4th of May, 1803.

Mr. Thompson was an honor to his profession, courteous and dignified in his manner, a true Christian gentleman, a ripe scholar, and a most diligent worker as a preacher of the gospel and a teacher of young men who were placed under his tuition. His memory is still revered in the section where he passed so many years of a useful life.

† Curtana †

Isaac T. Tichenor

Confederate Army Chaplain
(17th Alabama Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1152-53.

Tichenor, Isaac Taylor, D.D., was born in Spencer Co., Ky., Nov. 11, 1825. Feeble health while growing up interfered to some extent with his education. He was baptized in 1838 by Rev. Wm. Vaughan, of Bloomfield. Entered the ministry at Taylorsville in 1846. Shortly after that he became pastor at Columbus, Miss., in January, 1849. Returning to Kentucky in 1850, in 1851 he was pastor at Henderson in that State. He accepted the call of the First Baptist church in Montgomery, Ala., in 1852, where he labored until October, 1860, when failing health caused his resignation.

He entered the Confederate army as chaplain at the beginning of the war between the States, in which service he continued until called back to his old Montgomery charge, in January, 1863. Became pastor of the First church in Memphis, Tenn., in 1871. Accepted the presidency of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama at Auburn in 1872, a position which he still holds.

Dr. Tichenor possesses a striking combination of the higher traits of intellectual power. Gov. Watts, his intimate friend, once expressed the opinion that he was endowed with the best intellect with which he ever came in contact. He is thoroughly acquainted with theology, history, and science, and is a clear and independent thinker, a gifted writer, a most eloquent and powerful preacher, and as nearly the perfection of a platform speaker as one will meet in this country. These qualities have given him a national reputation. He is a fascinating companion, having in social life the pleasant quality of Christian simplicity.

† Curtana †

John H. Tomkies

Confederate Army Chaplain
(7th Florida Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1157-58.

Tomkies, Rev. J. H., was born in Hanover Co., Va., Nov. 18, 1839. His father has devoted himself to teaching, for which he is well qualified, and is a faithful member of the Ashland Baptist church, Va.

When a boy he consecrated his life to the Lord, and soon gave indications of his future occupation. He was impressed early in life with an earnest desire to preach the gospel, and that it was his duty to fit himself for the work; for this purpose he entered Richmond College when about nineteen, where he remained two sessions, and prosecuted the study of mathematics, French, German, and English. With an intense desire to engage in preaching, he left college, returned to Ashland, and was there ordained. Just before the late war he removed to Florida, and first located at Madison, where he taught school and preached. Remaining there a year, he went to Gainesville, and taught in the East Florida Seminary, and preached to the few Baptists there.

At the breaking out of the war he enlisted as a private in the 7th Florida Regiment. His general deportment was such that in one year he was elected by his comrades chaplain of the regiment. He served in this capacity to the close of the war, and so maintained his character for integrity, faithfulness, and piety that one of his comrades says of him, "Let him but speak, and all were prepared to hear and be influenced by his words."

Returning to his adopted State after the war closed, he settled in Gainesville again, preaching in the town, and to Fort Clark, Wacahoota, and Stafford's Pond churches for two years. From 1868 to 1870 he preached at Fernandina. From 1870 to 1875 he served Elim, Eliam, Providence, and Pleasant Grove churches. While preaching to the First church, Gainesville, in 1875, and others around, his health failed, and his decline was rapid, and Aug. 15, 1878, he died at his house in Gainesville, to which place he had returned.

He was open and generous, he was excessively modest and retiring, except with his intimate friends. As a preacher, he was doctrinal and practical. The Saviour, in his office, work, and word was his theme, and him he constantly exalted. He was a clear thinker and writer. He was "learned in the Scriptures," and confirmed the faith of saints, and was able to contend with error. He met in public debate the champion of Campbellism in his section, and so completely overpowered him that he left that region.

During its existence he was a warm supporter of the *Florida Baptist*, and its corresponding editor. He was frequently moderator and clerk of the Santa Fe River Association, and he was president and secretary of the State Convention at different times, and at his death was its president. He never sought civil office, and reluctantly accepted the office of county treasurer when unable any longer to preach, which position he held at his death. Probably no man of his age and short residence in the State held a more prominent position in the denomination. As might be expected, his death was peaceful and triumphant. His family and some friends were assembled at his house, and, as they gathered about him, he repeated the 23^d Psalm and the hymns, "How firm a foundation," etc., and "Jesus, lover of my soul," and then asked that they would all pray with him that he might be fully resigned. Repeatedly he said, "I shall soon lie at rest."

[John Jones includes in Christ in the Camp (Richmond: B.F. Johnson, 1887, page 322) a letter written by Chaplain Tomkies:

On last evening fifteen were buried with Christ in baptism. And still the good work goes on. Our meetings are increasing in interest, and each evening scores of soldiers are inquiring, "What shall we do to be saved?" Brother Kitzmiller has been laboring with us with a zeal and earnestness characteristic of a true Christian.]

Like many other evangelical chaplains, Tomkies was himself quite active during the Confederate revivals.]

† Curtana †

Crawford H. Toy

Confederate Army Chaplain

(53rd Georgia Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart

(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1159-61.

Toy, Crawford H., D.D., LL.D., Professor of the Semitic Languages in Harvard University, and late Professor of the Interpretation of the Old Testament in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, was born in Norfolk, Va., March 23, 1836. From 1847 to 1852 he was at the Norfolk Academy. He entered the University of Virginia in October, 1852, and took the degree of Master of Arts in June, 1856. From October, 1856, to June, 1859, he taught for Mr. John Hart, in the Albemarle Female Institute, Charlottesville, Va. In 1859 he was appointed a missionary to Japan by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, and studied in preparation for that work at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in its first session, in 1859-60. He was baptized at Charlottesville, Va., by Rev. John A. Broadus, in April, 1854, and was ordained at the same place in June, 1860. From September to December, 1860, he was engaged in a tour through the Portsmouth Association, which body had agreed to support him in his missionary work in Japan.

The breaking out of the war making it impracticable to go to Japan, he went to Richmond College in January, 1861, as Professor of Greek, and thence, the May following, to Norfolk, where he supplied the pulpit of the Cumberland Street Baptist church. In March, 1861, he went into the Army of Virginia as a private, became chaplain in January, 1863, and was made prisoner at Gettysburg, and was in Fort McHenry from July to November, 1863.

He was appointed Professor of Physics and Astronomy in the University of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, in August, 1864. He returned to Virginia, and taught from October, 1865, to May, 1866. He studied at Berlin, Prussia, from August, 1866, to July, 1868, returning to America in September, 1868. In January, 1869, he was appointed Professor of Greek in Furman University, Greenville, S.C. In May, 1869, he was appointed Professor of Old Testament Interpretation in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, which position he held until his resignation in May, 1879. His inaugural address delivered Sept. 1, 1869, was published, and is entitled "The Claims of Biblical Interpretation upon Baptists." He has also contributed several articles to the *Baptist Quarterly*. In June, 1880, he was elected to the chair of Semitic Languages in Harvard University. He received the degree of D.D. from Wake Forest College in 1870, and that of LL.D. at a later period.

† Curtana †

Henry A. Tupper

Confederate Army Chaplain

(9th Georgia Infantry)Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1173-74.

Tupper, Henry Allen, D.D., was born in Charleston, S.C., Feb. 29, 1828. His early education was directed by Dr. Dyer Ball, for many years a missionary in the East, with whose daughters, afterwards Mrs. French and Mrs. Hopper, distinguished scholars in the Chinese language, he had the pleasure of pursuing his studies. He was baptized by Dr. R. Fuller in 1846; pursued his studies for a while in Charleston College, and then entered Madison University, from which he graduated in 1848, and from the theological seminary in 1850. All Dr. Tupper's previous training and associations led him to desire to labor in the foreign missionary field, but providential circumstances seemed to prevent its fulfillment. For three years he was pastor of the Baptist church in Graniteville, S.C., and he removed thence to assume the pastorate of the church in Washington, Ga., where he was eminently successful in his labors. Repeated offers of professorships, secretaryships, and other pastorates failed to remove him from this field of labor, where he remained for nearly twenty years.

Dr. Tupper at one time proposed to become head of a Christian colony to Japan, but the plan proving unsuccessful, he supported, at his own expense, a missionary among our own Indians, and also one in Africa, while at the same time he devoted much of his time to the spiritual welfare of the colored population in his own neighborhood. For many years he preached every Sunday afternoon exclusively to the children, and published many sermons for them.

During the war he served as chaplain of the 9th Georgia Regiment of the Confederate army. On the death of Dr. J.B. Taylor, who had been the corresponding secretary of the Foreign Missionary Board of the Southern Baptist Convention from its origin, Dr. Tupper was invited to become his successor, and, being peculiarly fitted for that responsible position, he accepted it. He entered upon his duties in 1872, and his labors have been abundantly blessed. A new interest in missions has been quickened, and the contributions enlarged.

Dr. Tupper has been an ardent friend of education. He was a trustee of Mercer University, Ga., and of the Baptist Theological Seminary, Greenville, S.C. He is now a trustee of Richmond College, and also of those two excellent institutions for young ladies, Hollins Institute and Richmond Institute. He has contributed also to the literature of the denomination, having published sundry sermons delivered before education societies, "The First Century of the First Baptist Church of Richmond, Va.," and, at the request of the Southern Baptist Convention, a work entitled "Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention." In 1852 Madison University conferred on him the degree of A.M. in course, and in 1870 the honorary degree of D.D. In 1855 he visited Europe. Dr. Tupper's wife is a sister of Rev. Dr. Boyce, of the seminary at Louisville, and it may interest his friends to know that the English poet Tupper is a relative of his. One who knew him well has said, "Dr. Tupper is essentially a missionary man, whom circumstances alone prevented from going to the missionary field.

Personally, he is one of the most liberal of men, and before the war, when quite wealthy, he contributed thousands annually to the missionary cause.”

† Curtana †

John L. Underwood

Confederate Army Chaplain

(30th Alabama Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1179.

Underwood, Rev. John Levi, as a preacher, is clear, animated, bold, earnest, and tender, showing much independence and freshness of thought. As a pastor, he is faithful, laborious, and sympathetic, making himself beloved by his people. As a man, he is friendly and warm-hearted. He was born in Alabama, March 27, 1836, of Presbyterian parents; graduated at Oglethorpe University, Ga., in 1857, with the highest honors of his class; was converted and joined the church in 1857; studied theology two years at the Columbia, S.C., Theological Seminary; studied one year at Berlin and Heidelberg, Germany; spent eight months at Paris, France, then came home and joined the Confederate army as a private, after being ordained to the ministry, he became a chaplain in 1862, but resigned on account of bad health in 1863. Since the war he has been teaching, preaching, and farming. He has a pleasant home near Camilla, Ga. He has had charge of the churches at Bainbridge and Cuthbert, Ga., but now serves the church at Camilla, and also those at Evergreen and Cairo, in the same neighborhood.

† Curtana †

William Vanhorn

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1187.

Vanhorn, Rev. William, was born in Bucks Co., Pa., July 8, 1747. After graduating in the academy of Dr. Samuel Jones, at Lower Dublin, he became pastor of the Southampton Baptist church in May, 1772. During the Revolutionary war he was a chaplain in the army, encouraging the heroes who fought against tyranny, hunger, and cold, and sharing with them their greatest dangers and most grievous hardships. He was pastor of the Southampton church for thirteen years. He was twenty-two years pastor of the Scotch Plains church, N.J. On his way to a new home in Ohio he was seized with a fatal illness in Pittsburgh, where he died Oct. 31, 1807. Mr. Vanhorn was well known and greatly esteemed by the Baptists of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and in the armies of the patriots. He lived for the Saviour, and he died in peace.

† Curtana †

Thomas E. Vassar

United States Army Chaplain

(150th New York Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart

(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1190.

Vassar, Rev. Thomas Edwin, was born at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Dec. 3, 1834. He was early converted, and joined the church there. He pursued theological studies with Dr. Rufus Babcock, and was ordained in the city of his birth when at the age of twenty-two. He was called to Amenia in 1857, where he remained eight years. He had one year's leave of absence for service in the field as chaplain of the 150th Regiment of N.Y. Vols. The regiment was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and he was with it in several battles, including Gettysburg. He became pastor of the First church of Lynn, Mass., in 1865 ; then of Flemington in 1872. Mr. Vassar is a popular preacher, a brilliant lecturer, a good organizer, and a genial man. His life of his relative, John Vassar, gathers interest not only from the worth of its subject but from the attractive style of the author. When Dr. Smith resigned the secretaryship of the State Convention, Mr. Vassar was spontaneously chosen his successor, and he is ably filling the place.

† Curtana †

Charles W. Walker

United States Army Chaplain

(1st New Hampshire Heavy Artillery)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1202.

Walker, Rev. C.W., was born in Holden, Worcester Co.. Mass., Feb. 13, 1814; attended the Worcester Manual Labor High School, under the principalship of Dr. Silas Bailey, where he was converted; studied at Waterville College, Me. After being principal of several high schools and academies, and rendering eminent service to the cause of education, he was ordained to the ministry Aug. 16, 1860, as pastor of the church of Essex, N.Y. In 1862 he became pastor of the First Baptist church of North Stratford, N.H. In 1864 he was appointed chaplain of the 1st N.H. Heavy Artillery. In 1878 he took charge of the churches in Little Blue Valley and Joy Creek, Kansas. In 1880 he began to preach at Nollenburg. Mr. Walker is possessed of scholarly attainments, and as a teacher and preacher has accomplished much good.

† Curtana †

William C. Walker

United States Army Chaplain

(18th Connecticut Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1204.

Walker, Rev. William Carey, son of Rev. Levi and Phebe (Burroughs) Walker, was born in Warwick, R.I., Dec. 24, 1818; became a teacher; converted at the age of fourteen; united with First Baptist church in Westerly. R.I., in 1837; removed to North Stonington, Conn., in 1838, and to Hartford in 1839; studied for the ministry from 1841 to 1845, preaching two years for South Windsor church; settled with First Baptist church in Groton, Conn., and was ordained in June, 1845; remained five years; settled with the church in Wellington in 1850; continued six and a half years; settled in Putnam six and a half years; entered the Union army as chaplain of the 18th Conn. Vol. Regiment of Infantry, serving one year and a half, till close of war; settled with New Britain church,

Conn., for about six years; everywhere favored with success and revivals; since 1871 has been a missionary and Sunday-school worker for the Connecticut Baptist State Convention, four of the years with the Sunday-schools; always an evangelist in spirit; earnest and wise worker; active for education, temperance, and anti-slavery; advocate of missions; served on school committees; wrote largely for the *Christian Secretary*, in the interests of the churches and schools; wrote the history of the 18th Conn. Vol. Regiment of Infantry; for last two years has been a representative from Andover, Conn., to the State Legislature; still serving the State as a missionary. Mr. Walker is one of the noble-hearted, laborious, honored, and successful ministers of Connecticut.

† Curtana †

Thomas Alexander Ware

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(8th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty (Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 61-62.

Disease holds captive this eloquent preacher and Christian gentleman. With even moderate robustness of body, few could have matched him before an audience. In his earlier years the throngs that attended his ministry and the applause that followed him, gave evidence of rare endowments for popular speaking. For years the malaria that poisoned him while a boy circuit rider in Mississippi, has slowly sapped the vigor of his constitution and clipped the wings of his royal powers as an elevated orator. At times, in spite of physical fetters, he rises to imperial heights.

His social life is replete with the courtesies of good breeding. His Christian record is without a stain. He was the child of Dabney and Elizabeth Ware, and was born in Tusculum, Alabama September 1st, 1830. His ancestors were from England, and originally settled Ware parish, Gloucester county, Virginia. The first convert from among them to Methodism was the Rev. Thomas Ware, who became one of the most zealous and efficient pioneer preachers in New England, and one of the first agents in charge of the Methodist Publishing House in New York.

The subject of this sketch was converted at the age of twelve years, and in his nineteenth year, in obedience to his life-long conviction of duty, entered the ministry as a licentiate, and soon after was received in the Memphis Conference at its session in Aberdeen, Mississippi, November, 1848. His first appointment was Chulahoma circuit, where God blessed the labors of the “boy preacher” with many conversions. The next year he was appointed to Somerville circuit, where, during the year, there were about three hundred conversions—eighty-five in Macon, the village where two years before he was a student in the Academy. Coahoma circuit lay in the Mississippi swamp, and was regarded as the purgatory of the Memphis Conference. Some of the preachers had resisted appointment to it, even to location. Regarding this as so inconsistent with the spirit of the itinerant ministry, in his indiscreet zeal, at the session of 1850 he volunteered for that charge. He was gratified. But amid the hardships and exposures in a heavy malaria, he was prostrated, and his system suffered a shock from which it seems never to have fully recovered.

Thence in November, 1851, he was sent to Itawamba circuit. The year following he was stationed in Pontotoc, Mississippi, and afterward, in successive years, in the following

cities of Tennessee: Brownsville, Jackson, and Memphis. The pews of Wesley church, at which he was stationed in Memphis, rented that year for \$2,250. He received \$500, and the remainder went towards the building of a parsonage. Being then unmarried, it sufficed for his support, and he has never asked more. Amid arduous labors that year in Memphis he was again prostrated. Under medical advice to rest, he accompanied his mother and sister on a visit to Virginia. During his stay in the mountains his health rallied beyond all precedent in his experience. Hence he wrote to the Memphis Conference in the fall of 1856, asking a transfer for one year to Virginia, in the hope that in one of the mountain circuits his health might be fully restored. He proposed, as he then fully intended, to return at the expiration of that period. The end not fully met the first year, he remained the second, and so on, until the ties to Virginia, its preachers and people have made it, in all likelihood, his home for life and his resting-place in death.

His appointments in the Virginia Conference have been made as follows: November, 1856, Chaplain to Randolph Macon College; the two years following, Loudoun circuit; then Fredericksburg station. In the early part of the year 1857, the health of Rev. E.P. Wilson failing, the subject of this sketch was appointed by Bishop Early in his stead Presiding Elder of the Fredericksburg district; the next year stationed at Clay-Street church, Richmond; November, 1861, Presiding Elder of Henry district.

At Conference, November, 1862, at his earnest solicitation, he was granted a nominal relation, that he might travel in the South as soliciting agent for the Soldiers' Tract Society. His success was a happy comment on the liberality of the South in sending Bibles and religious literature to its soldiers. In November, 1863, he was appointed Chaplain to the 18th [sic] Virginia regiment. During the winter of 1864-65, at the urgency of Dr. Bennett, President of the Soldiers' Tract Society, he consented to resign the chaplaincy to resume that agency, from the close of the war, in the spring of 1865, to the end of the year he served at Cumberland-Street church, Norfolk. He had the happiness there of seeing the peeled and scattered flock rally to the crowding of that immense edifice and many souls added to the membership. In November of that year he was sent to Charlottesville for two years. During his pastorate there the church building was completed at a cost of \$2,300 cash, and bonded subscription of \$1,600 secured for old debt; the Sunday school increased from 62 to 272, and the membership so strengthened as that thenceforward they have been able to support a minister with a family. From that work he was appointed to Murfreesboro, North Carolina, one year. In November, 1868, he was again appointed to Clay-Street church, Richmond, where he remained two years. On the 28th of January, 1869, he was united in marriage to Jeannie D., daughter of Dr. Thomas J. Pretlow, of Southampton county, Virginia. In 1870 and 1871 he was appointed to Salisbury, Maryland. In November, 1872, he was sent again to Charlottesville, Virginia, where he remained two years; thence to Amherst circuit one year. In November, 1875, he was made Financial Agent of Randolph Macon College and continued in 1876. In 1877 and 1878 he was appointed to Scottsville circuit. His failing health has rendered a supernumerary relation necessary.

† Curtana †

Herman L. Wayland

United States Army Chaplain

(7th Connecticut Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1223.

Wayland, H. L., D.D., son of Francis and Lucy Wayland, was born at Providence, R.I., April 23, 1830; graduated at Brown University in 1849; studied at Newton Theological Institution, 1849-50; taught the academy at Townshend, Vt., 1850-51; resident graduate at Brown University, 1851-52; tutor at University of Rochester, 1852-54; pastor of Third (now Main Street) church in Worcester, Mass., 1854-61; chaplain of 7th Conn. Volunteers, 1861-64; home missionary in Nashville, Tenn., 1864-65; Professor of Rhetoric and Logic in Kalamazoo College, Mich., 1865-70; president of Franklin College, Ind., 1870-72; editor of the *National Baptist*, Philadelphia, since 1872.

He has published articles in the *New Englander* and the *Baptist Quarterly*; he has also written very largely for the newspaper press, both at the East and at the West. He was editorially connected with the *Michigan Christian Herald*, the *Standard*, Chicago, and the *Michigan Teacher*. He has published several sermons, beside addresses on education and kindred topics. He was, with his brother, joint author of "The Life and Labors of Francis Wayland." Dr. Wayland possesses great ability, ardent piety, and unusual conscientiousness. In his hands the *National Baptist* has become a decided success. He enjoys the confidence and warm regards of all Pennsylvania Baptists and of a multitude besides.

† Curtana †

Edwin S. Wheeler

United States Army Chaplain

(80th United States Colored Troops)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1236.

Wheeler, Rev. Edwin S., son of Edwin B. and Mary A. Wheeler, was born in Groton, Conn., Aug. 4, 1836; studied at Hamilton Theological Seminary, N.Y.; pastor of Baptist churches at New London and Willimantic, Conn., Rahway, N.J., Valley Falls and East Greenwich, R.I.; now preaching in latter place; was chaplain of 80th U.S. Infantry during the civil war, at Port Hudson, serving two years; has traveled South and written in regard to Florida.

† Curtana †

John B. White

United States Army Chaplain

(117th Illinois Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1237-38.

White, Prof. John B., well known in Illinois as an educator, was born at Bow, N.H., March 10, 1810. His mother was descended from the family of Carters, distinguished for patriotism in colonial and Revolutionary times. His father was an officer in the war of 1812, and rose to the rank of colonel. Mr. White's preparation for college was received at Pembroke Academy and New Hampton Institute, in New Hampshire. He graduated at Brown University in 1832, having won especial distinction as a scholar in mathematics. His first service as teacher was at New Hampton, where, in connection with other work of instruction, he organized and conducted a normal class, made up of persons preparing

to teach; probably the first, or at least one of the first, examples of a method of instruction which has since been so widely adopted. Resuming the study of law, interrupted by these duties, Mr. White was admitted to the bar, and removed to Illinois in 1836, making his home at Greenville, in Bond County. Here he speedily achieved a distinction which caused his election as judge of probate in 1837.

Mr. White's evident sphere, however, was that of a teacher. Perhaps a consciousness of this fact led him, in 1838, to accept the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Wake Forest College, N.C. In 1854, a visit to Greenville, Ill., his former place of residence, led to his return to that place, and to a successful effort, under his inspiration and guidance, to found there a college for young women, of which he was made president. The history of this enterprise is given in another place. Until a very recent date Mr. White has remained at the head of the college, carrying the institution forward successfully under circumstances of exceptional difficulty. Mr. White became a Christian while a student of Pembroke Academy. It was while he was a professor in Wake Forest College that special circumstances seemed to lay upon him a ministerial service, resulting in his ordination. In the years 1859 and 1860 he served the church at Greenville as its pastor, and one year as chaplain of an Illinois regiment in the late war.

† Curtana †

William H. Whitsett

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(4th Tennessee Cavalry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1240.

Whitsitt [*sic*], William Heth, D.D., Professor of Biblical Introduction and Ecclesiastical History in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, was born near Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 25, 1841. He entered Union University in 1857, from which he graduated in 1861. The same year he entered the Confederate army as a private, was soon afterwards promoted to the chaplaincy, and served in that capacity until the close of the war. He was twice captured, and was confined in different military prisons about twelve months.

In 1866 he entered the University of Virginia, and in 1867 the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, remaining at the latter two years. In 1869 he went to Europe, where he spent over two years in study at Leipsic [*sic*] and Berlin. On his return to America, he accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church in Albany, Ga., in February, 1872. In September of the same year he entered upon the duties of his present position, when he delivered his inaugural address, entitled "The Relation of Baptists to Culture," which was published in the *Baptist Quarterly*. In 1878 he published a pamphlet on the "History of the Rise of Infant Baptism," and another, on "The History of Communion among Baptists," in 1880.

† Curtana †

Joseph C. Wightman

United States Army Chaplain

(24th Connecticut Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1242.

Wightman, Rev. Joseph Colver, was born in Groton, Conn., Jan. 3, 1828. He pursued his preparatory studies at the Suffield Literary Institute, and graduated at Brown University in the class of 1852. He was at Newton three years. His ordination took place April 15, 1857, and he was pastor of the South Abington, Mass., church one year, and of the church in Middleton, Conn., four years. For one year he was chaplain in a regiment of U.S. Volunteers, then pastor of the Baptist church in New London, Conn., where he remained three years. From New London he went to Cambridge, Mass., where he remained two years. He acted as district secretary of the American Bible Union for one year, and then returned to the pastorate, accepting a call to the church in Taunton, Mass., in 1873, where he now continues to preach.

† Curtana †

William H. Williams

Confederate Army Chaplain

(Hospital: Richmond)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1310p-10r.

Williams, Rev. Wm. Harrison, is a native of Richmond, Va. At an early age he made a profession of religion, and was baptized by Dr. B. Manly, Jr., and received into the First Baptist church of Richmond, in March, 1854. While a student of Richmond College he received, April 25, 1858, a license to preach the gospel. He graduated in July, 1861, with the degree of Master of Arts. With a superior education, fine talents for business, and excellent opportunities for engaging in secular pursuits, he persisted in his purpose of preaching the gospel. He entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville, S.C., in the beginning of September, 1861, and continued one session, the course being interrupted by the civil war. During the greater part of that conflict he served as an army chaplain in the field, and as a chaplain of Winder Hospital, Richmond, Va.

He was ordained to the ministry Dec. 13, 1863. Mr. Williams's first pastorate was of the Baptist church at Fredericksburg, Va., beginning in July, 1865. Here he continued some fourteen months, regathering the scattered members, reorganizing the church, and rebuilding the house of worship. "The labors of Mr. Williams in Fredericksburg were efficient and successful."

Anxious to complete his interrupted theological course, Mr. Williams resigned his charge at Fredericksburg in September, 1866, and re-entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He continued his studies here for two sessions, and in May, 1868, received his diploma as "full graduate of the seminary." In October, 1868, Mr. Williams accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Charleston, S.C., and entered upon his duties as pastor, but soon after, to the great regret of the people, he removed from the city to secure a more hopeful field.

He took charge of the Baptist church at Staunton, Va., in September, 1869. During this pastorate of less than two years the Sunday-school was trebled in numbers, and there was a large increase in the membership of the church. The period was also marked by the establishment of a Baptist Female College under Prof. John Hart, one of Virginia's most distinguished educators. It was felt in Staunton that a master-hand had been at work in

the Baptist church, and that there was abundant cause for gratitude to God for the labors of such a minister as their pastor. In January, 1872, he became pastor of the Baptist church at Tuscaloosa, Ala. Of his work in Tuscaloosa, J.H. Foster, D.D., professor in the University of Alabama, speaks as follows:

His first sermon was received with universal gratification. Its matter and manner left no one in doubt about the character of the preaching we were to expect, and it proved a fair sample of those that were to follow. Some weeks afterwards, an old and devotedly pious deacon, of high intelligence and rich experience, said, "That preaching will do good. It is full of the marrow of the gospel, and has an unction from above. God will bless it. This utterance impresses me as a judicious and truthful criticism, and subsequent developments confirmed the inferences expressed. Mr. Williams was already a man of enlarged and liberal culture. But fully appreciating the growing demands of our people for careful pulpit preparation, he applied himself assiduously, not only to such studies as might directly illuminate the themes of his discourses, but also to those that might enlarge and intensify his conceptions of the broad and sure foundations, and the systematic superstructure of the Christian system. Withal he gave no little attention to current and standard literature. This varied study was all brought to bear upon his chosen work; and he evinced a gradual and steady growth, increasing breadth of thought, and greater fertility and variety of illustration. His public services, therefore, throughout his whole pastorate of nearly six years, grew more and more attractive.

In the doctrines and practices that distinguish Baptists he was orthodox, outspoken, and firm, without being offensive to any who entertained different views. He cherished and manifested a conservative Christian spirit, a spirit of love to all Christians, which endeared him to the pastors and members of churches of other denominations, and gave him influence with them. His genial intercourse with the young of both sexes won for him their confidence and esteem, and greatly increased his power to do them good. During a large proportion of his pastorate he maintained, by the consent of all concerned, a voluntary connection with the Alabama Central Female College, as instructor in mental and moral philosophy and English literature, that he might the better exert a salutary influence over the pupils of the school. The Sunday-school children always enjoyed his frequent addresses to them. In the seasons of revival, with which our church was several times blessed, a very large proportion of the additions made to our number was from the ranks of the young.

In all our Associational, district, and Sunday-school meetings the presence of Mr. Williams was hailed with joy, and the part he bore in important discussions in those bodies will be long and gratefully remembered. He rendered frequent and efficient aid to the pastors of neighboring churches in their protracted meetings, and in all this region his memory is still cherished as a faithful and devoted pastor, an [*sic*] humble and consecrated man of God, and an able minister of the New Testament.

In November, 1877, Mr. Williams took charge of the Baptist church at Charlottesville, Va. This is regarded as a specially important post, because of its immediate vicinity to the

University of Virginia. The pastorate continues at this date (February, 1882), and the writer, who has been a member of his church during these past four years, and enjoyed intimate personal relations with Mr. Williams, desires to repeat for the Charlottesville pastorate all the good words said above by Dr. Foster respecting the Tuscaloosa pastorate. He must add, however, what Dr. Foster should not have omitted, that Mr. Williams's attainments and efficiency have been greatly enhanced by the influence of a noble Christian wife. Dr. Jeter used to say that if he could be a little boy again, he would like to have Mrs. Williams for his mother.

It is the earnest and unanimous desire of its members that Mr. Williams should continue in charge of our church indefinitely, for his pastorate has been marked by a steady growth in the number and piety of the membership, and by its increased activity and liberality in all Christian benevolences. It is not, however, merely in Charlottesville and vicinity that his influence is felt and his worth appreciated. Throughout the State he is highly esteemed as one of the ablest and best of the Virginia Baptist ministers.

† Curtana †

Edward J. Willis

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(15th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1256.

Willis, Rev. Edward J., was born in Culpeper Co., Va., Dec. 19, 1820; was educated in Virginia and in Massachusetts; studied law at the University of Virginia, and graduated in July, 1842. He began the practice of law at once, his home being in Charlottesville. He was baptized in his eighteenth year.

In 1849 he went to California, walking from Independence, Mo., a distance of 2200 miles. He began the practice of the law in Sacramento; in April, 1850, he was elected judge. In 1854 he was licensed to preach; resigned his judgeship, and in October of the same year was ordained a minister of the gospel. The Oakland and Sacramento churches were both organized at his residence. His first pastorate was with the Oakland church, which continued till 1854. He then returned to Virginia, and from 1854 to 1860 was pastor of the Leigh Street church in Richmond.

He was first chaplain, and then captain, of the 15th Virginia Regiment of infantry in the Confederate army, and commanded the regiment in several of the battles of the war. For two years, 1865-67, he was pastor at Gordonsville and Orange Court-House. From 1867 to 1869 he was pastor of the church in Alexandria; thence he went as missionary pastor to Winchester, and in 1872 took charge of the Winchester Female Institute, now Broaddus Female College, which was removed to Clarksburg, W.Va., in 1876.

† Curtana †

Edward Portlock Wilson

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(56th North Carolina Infantry)

Source: *Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South* by John Lafferty
(Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 33-35.

For thirty-six years he can tell the text of every sermon preached by him, and where and how he spent every day—a man of method. In all his long service to the church he never solicited a position—a true itinerant. Honor and place must come unsought. In boyhood he was tormented by the insects along the coast, and plodded in the mud of Piedmont Virginia where a circuit then was nearly equal to our small districts now. In middle life he travelled as Presiding Elder, a territory extending from the crest of the Blue Ridge to the waters of the Chesapeake Bay, preaching at nearly every church. A majority of the Methodists in the Conference have heard him from the pulpit, while thousands on thousands outside of our church have been listeners to him. There is something in the man, or in the manner, or in the matter, or in all, that fastens his words on the memory. Years and years after a sermon, men have called up certain parts of it; and yet there is nothing eccentric or peculiar in his discourse or delivery. The thoughts stand out without haze. The truth is pressed home with directness. The effect is enduring. He has both gathered fruit and left a ripening vintage for his successors. He is wise in counsel and unwavering in friendship. The heart of his brethren “safely trust in him.”

Our readers will relish the choice paragraphs touching his call to the ministry and his first circuit. It will bring up kindred memories to many in the clerical ranks. He says: “During a gracious revival of religion in Portsmouth, Virginia, I was converted, the 13th day of November, 1839—the centennial year of Methodism. I was received into the Methodist Church by that godly man, Rev. G.M. Keese, who was stationed in Portsmouth at that time. Some months after I joined the church, my mind became exercised upon the subject of preaching, during which time I suffered intense mental anxiety. I turned in every direction to find relief from these anxious thoughts, but found none. There were several other young men who joined the church when I did, who were also exercised in the same way, among them Dr. W.W. Bennett, and we often met and conversed on the subject and prayed for divine direction. I wanted simply to know my duty. I trembled at the thought of entering the ministry without being called of God. I felt that I was somewhat in the attitude of the Israelites when they were at the Red Sea—Pharaoh and his host were behind them, and the Red Sea before them—they were afraid to go forward, and also afraid to go back. They must stand still and see the salvation of God. I resolved to stand still and see the salvation of God, for I was afraid to go forward, and yet afraid to go back. I determined to stand and see, and if God should divide the waters by clear, providential indications, I would walk on over. This resolve brought relief. I was willing to be led in the path of duty. The Holy Spirit I felt had moved me, and now as I stood waiting for the waters to be divided, the Church, without a knowledge of my impressions, so far as I know, now united her voice with that of the Spirit, and she called me to go forward. I dared not refuse. As I stood waiting the developments of Providence, I was appointed the leader of a class of colored people, which I led every Sabbath morning before breakfast, in the Old Methodist church, on Glasgow street. I would not be surprised if the shoutings of my sheep, broke in upon the slumbers of many a Sabbath morning sleeper. Through the solicitations of Rev. Vernon Eskridge, and perhaps at the suggestion of others, I consented to be licensed to exhort, which license bears date July 1st, 1841, given by Rev. G.W. Langhorne, then in charge of the church in Portsmouth. In November, of the same year, the Virginia Conference held its session in Portsmouth and a preacher was sent to Connecticut Mission. He refused to go. I was urged to take his place. Having received a message from the Presiding Elder, through Bro. Eskridge, and having submitted to the guidance of Divine Providence in this matter, and regarding this demand made upon me by the Church as a strong indication that it was my duty, I dared not refuse, though trembling with embarrassment, in view of the

responsibility imposed upon me, and the magnitude of the work committed to me, I was licensed to preach to meet this command. Rev. G.W. Langhorne was sent to the Norfolk district that year, and my license bears his signature, and is dated December 28th, 1841.

“I went to Currituck in the winter of 1842. I preached my first sermon on Roanoke Island. I spoke with liberty, and satisfaction to myself; and as I rode home with the steward in his little cart, I told him I had never preached before. ‘Well, said he, if you had not told me, I never would have known, or thought it.’ I was much gratified and elated. On I went to my next appointment, and announced my text—and a grand one it was—and commenced to preach, but, oh! such a failure—can I ever forget it? My heart sank within me—I was filled with shame and confusion. I sighed and prayed. My next appointment was coming on—what should I do? I began to think, I have run too fast—perhaps God has not called me after all. O how I suffered! Under the heavy pressure of my failure, and doubts as to my call to the ministry, I began to think about returning home, but I must meet my next appointment. The time came. I went into the woods and fell on my knees, and asked God to show me my duty—that if I was called to preach, to give me a sign; and if not, convince me of the fact, and I would go home. With a heavy heart I entered the pulpit and commenced. Soon God unloosed my tongue. When I finished I invited sinners to come forward to be prayed for, and a number came and bowed at the altar of prayer, among them some of the most hardened and hoary-headed sinners in the community. From that time I took courage and went forward.”

About the Spring of that year Rev. W.H. Starr came to the mission to travel with him, for whom he formed a strong attachment, and whose memory he ever cherishes. He was indebted to him for his godly admonition, and for kind but free criticism. This year he waded through swamps, and over mud roads—fought mosquitoes [*sic*] and stinging flies, and bilious fever, ague and fever, slept in open houses, and was in perils often. Some scenes and incidents seem too ludicrous to mention. In November, 1842, he was admitted on probation in the Virginia Conference, held in Petersburg. He was sent to the Culpeper and Rappahannock circuit—the top of the Blue Ridge, the other extreme of the Conference—with Rev. H.D. Wood, as his colleague. Here they had a gracious revival of religion. In 1844 he travelled the Sussex circuit, with Rev. J.W. White as colleague, a man of blessed memory. Here, too, was a gracious work.

In 1845 Mr. Wilson traveled Cumberland circuit, with Rev. John Hall as his colleague. In 1846 Bedford circuit, with that holy man, Rev. J.W. Childs. They had twenty-two appointments in twenty-eight days, with a membership of between eight hundred and one thousand persons. That year Wilson got, as a single man, about \$75 in money. The same territory is now occupied by about five pastoral charges, with as many married preachers. At the close of this year he married, and was ordained Elder by Bishop Capers, at Randolph Macon College, near Boydton. The next year he was sent in charge of Hanover circuit, where he remained two years. The next field for two years was Northampton circuit, N.C., where God mercifully blest his labors. He was then assigned to Prince Edward circuit, then to Nottoway for two years, and then to Prince George. He was appointed to the old Randolph Macon (now Farmville) district. Thence he was sent to Trinity station, in Richmond, where his labors were blessed, but his health declined. He then traveled the old Fredericksburg district, in his own conveyance, and on horseback, between four and five thousand miles in one year, and preached at nearly every church on the whole district. Gracious revivals, and some awful displays of Divine power marked the year. On one occasion a man was taken, in warm weather, under preaching, with such a terrible shivering, that he declared he had a chill, and got his

overcoat, and put it on, but that did not stop it. It was the Holy Spirit shaking his guilty soul. During the three years on this district the health of the Elder failed. At his request Bishop Early put another man in the position.

At the next Conference Mr. Wilson asked for a transfer to the Florida Conference, but the Bishop declined to transfer him, through the influence of the Conference, for they desired for him a supernumerary relation, with the privilege of a journey South for his health. He then went to Florida, and attended the session of that Conference, held in Monticello, Bishop Pierce presiding. The Bishop stationed him in Jacksonville, the largest town in the State. During the Spring of that year the war began. At the close of the year, with improved health, circumstances seemed to indicate that he should return to Virginia. He ran the blockade in a steamer up the Florida coast, and landed at Savannah, Ga. He was continued at the next session of the Virginia Conference in the supernumerary relation, but that year elected and appointed, without an application on his part, chaplain in the Confederate service. The commission, now in his possession, Mr. Wilson intends to hand down to his children. Though in form a supernumerary, for two years, he was actively engaged in the work of our itinerant ministry. Owing to protracted and severe domestic affliction, he resigned as chaplain in the army, and was sent to Northampton circuit, N.C., where he remained till the close of the war; and at the succeeding Conference was sent to the Norfolk district. At the close of his first year on that district he was sent to the Petersburg district, in consequence of his wife's extremely bad health; but before removal he was called to mourn over her departure from earth. He traveled the Petersburg district four years, during which time he married the second time. He served the Hicksford circuit one year, and Sussex circuit three years. From this circuit he went to the Randolph Macon district. At the expiration of the third year on this field of labor, he was returned to the Petersburg district, his present position.

† Curtana †

Edwin T. Winkler

Confederate Army Chaplain

(25th South Carolina Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1261-62.

Winkler, Edwin Theodore, D.D., was born in Savannah, Ga., Nov. 13, 1823; prepared for college in Chatham Academy of his own city; entered Brown University in 1839; graduated in 1843, and the same year entered Newton Theological Seminary; in 1845 was assistant editor of the *Christian Index*; supplied the pulpit of the church in Columbus, Ga., for six months; in 1846 became pastor at Albany, Ga., where he remained until called to Gallisonville, S.C.; in 1852 became corresponding secretary of the Southern Baptist Publication Society, in Charleston, and editor of the *Southern Baptist*; in 1854 called to the First Baptist church in Charleston, and, except during a somewhat lengthy chaplaincy in the Confederate army, he remained pastor in that city until called to Alabama, closing his pastorate there with the Citadel Square church, when he became, in 1872, pastor in the city of Marion. In 1874, when the Baptists of his newly-adopted State inaugurated the *Alabama Baptist*, he became editor-in-chief, a position which he stills holds. He has been connected at times with other papers, North and South, as corresponding editor. With a national reputation, he has been frequently invited North and South to deliver sermons and addresses on important occasions. Several of these addresses were called for, and published in permanent form. Of these, we may mention

his Centennial address, in 1876, before the Newton Theological Seminary, and his sermon before the American Baptist Home Mission, in 1871. He is the author of a catechism for the oral instruction of the colored people, which has been extensively used; of an essay on “The Spirit of Missions, the Spirit of Christ;” of an essay on “The Sphere of the Ministry;” of a preface to the “Sacred Lute,” a hymn-book, at the request of the Southern Baptist Publication Society. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him in 1858 by Furman University. He twice declined calls to a professorship in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

Dr. Winkler is distinguished for scholarly accuracy, broad culture, clear and forcible style, courtly and dignified personal bearing, and the most elegant language and the finest literary allusions. He is *always ready*; this makes him one of the best and safest speakers in the whole country. His grandfather was a distinguished officer under Gen. Marion in the Revolutionary war.

† Curtana †

Augustus B. Woodfin

Confederate Army Chaplain

(61st Georgia Infantry)

Source: *The Baptist Encyclopedia* edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1272.

Woodfin, A.B., D.D., now pastor of the First church of Montgomery, Ala., is one of the most amiable and successful Baptist ministers in the South. He was born in Richmond, Va., and educated at Richmond College. He studied divinity at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. In October, 1862, he was ordained to the ministry, and took charge of Muddy Creek church, Powhatan Co., Va., one of the oldest and best country churches in the State. He resigned his charge in 1864, and became a chaplain in Gordon's Georgia Brigade. On the return of peace he settled in the valley of Virginia as pastor of two churches, to both of which large accessions were made during his ministry. In December, 1868, he took charge of the St. Francis Street church, Mobile, where he labored five and a half years, during which 225 were added to the church, and the house was enlarged and improved at a cost of more than \$30,000, by which it was rendered one of the most comfortable and beautiful church edifices in the South. Subsequently he was settled in Columbia, S.C., where his ministry was a great blessing. And in Montgomery, Ala., his present pastorate, he is justly esteemed as a man of fine endowments and abilities. He is a superior scholar, a diligent student, a good pastor, one of the best of preachers, and a devoted Christian. His people love him.

† Martial Poetry †

Military Muses

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The Soul of Jeanne D'Arc	Theodosia Garrison
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A Scrap of Paper	G.A. Studdert Kennedy
A Mother Understands	G.A. Studdert Kennedy
How to Die	Siegfried Sassoon
On Seeing a Piece of Our Artillery Brought into Action	Wilfred Owen
Returning, We Hear the Larks	Isaac Rosenberg
Thinking Of A Friend At Night	Hermann Hesse
Ashes of Soldiers	Walter Whitman
Well?	G.A. Studdert Kennedy

Contributors:

Theodosia Garrison (1874-1944) was a prolific American poet and poetry critic.

Hermann Hesse (1877-1962) was the child of missionaries, who at one time reluctantly attended seminary. He volunteered for Germany's Imperial Army, only to be found unfit for combat duty. He was assigned to care for prisoners of war.

Winifred Mary Letts (1882-1972) was an English writer. She served as a nurse during the First World War.

Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy (1883-1929) was an Anglican priest and poet. During the First World War he was affectionately nicknamed 'Woodbine Willie' due to the Woodbine cigarettes he distributed along with spiritual comfort to injured and dying soldiers.

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen (1893-1918) was an English and Welsh poet who perished during the Second Battle of the Sambre, a mere week before the Armistice was signed.

Isaac Rosenberg (1890-1918) was an English poet who served in The King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment. He was sent to the Somme where, having just finished a night patrol, he was killed at dawn during a German counteroffensive.

Abram Joseph Ryan (1838-1886) was a Confederate chaplain and poet. The poem included here was written following the death of his brother, Captain David J. Ryan, CSA.

Siegfried Loraine Sassoon (1886-1967) was a British veteran of the Western Front. He lost a brother at Gallipoli.

Alan Seeger (1888-1916) was an American poet who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion prior to the United States' entrance into World War One. He died in battle on Independence Day.

Walter Whitman (1819-1892) was an American poet whose brother served in a Union regiment during the War Between the States. Whitman served diligently as a volunteer nurse in the wartime hospitals which crowded Washington, D.C.

Putting War into Words . . . Poetically

Robert C. Stroud

In our day, an often neglected expression of military literature is poetry. This was not always so. Some great epics of ancient history such as the *Iliad* are essentially poems about war. They even include references to the priests associated with the armies, the “chaplains” of their day.

“Son of Atreus,” said he, “I deem that we should now turn roving home if we would escape destruction, for we are being cut down by war and pestilence at once. Let us ask some priest or prophet, or some reader of dreams (for dreams, too, are of Jove) who can tell us why Phoebus Apollo is so angry, and say whether it is for some vow that we have broken, or hecatomb that we have not offered, and whether he will accept the savor of lambs and goats without blemish, so as to take away the plague from us.”

Iliad, Book I

Then was heard the din of battle about the gates of Calydon, and the dull thump of the battering against their walls. Thereon the elders of the Aetolians besought Meleager; they sent the chiefest of their priests, and begged him to come out and help them, promising him a great reward.

Iliad, Book IX

Some of the Greek and Trojan priests were not content to divine omens; they donned armor and joined their kindred in battle. This tendency of chaplains to be drawn into combat is a significant theme in the history of the chaplaincy. Only recently have international laws strictly identified chaplains as noncombatants.

Meriones then killed a helmed warrior of the Trojans, Laogonus son of Onetor, who was priest of Jove of Mount Ida, and was honored by the people as though he were a god. Meriones struck him under the jaw and ear, so that life went out of him and the darkness of death laid hold upon him.

Iliad, Book XVI

The Hebrew Scriptures provide another example of poetry in which the author is completely conscious of God’s authority over all of life—including war. In this passage, King David seeks the Lord’s protection, but even as he does so, he acknowledges that his actions even in wartime must meet God’s standard of justice.

O LORD my God, if I have done this,
 if there is wrong in my hands,
 if I have repaid my friend with evil
 or I plundered my enemy without cause,
 let the enemy pursue my soul and overtake it,
 and let him trample my life to the ground

and lay my glory in the dust.

Psalm 7:3-5 (ESV)

In more recent days, military poetry flourished up through the War to End All Wars. Several examples follow, in the first installment of *Curtana's* "Martial Poetry" section. Several of these are taken from a delightful international collection edited by George Herbert Clarke at the close of the war. A portion of his introduction to the volume merits inclusion here:

Because man is both militant and pacific, he has expressed in literature, as indeed in the other forms of art, his pacific and militant moods. Nor are these moods, of necessity, incompatible. War may become the price of peace, and peace may so decay as inevitably to bring about war. Of the dully unresponsive pacifist and the jingo patriot, quick to anger, the latter no doubt is the more dangerous to the cause of true freedom, yet both are "undesirable citizens." He who believes that peace is illusory and spurious, unless it be based upon justice and liberty, will be proud to battle, if battle he must, for the sake of those foundations.

For the most part, the poetry of war, undertaken in this spirit, has touched and exalted such special qualities as patriotism, courage, self-sacrifice, enterprise, and endurance. Where it has tended to glorify war in itself, it is chiefly because war has released those qualities, so to speak, in stirring and spectacular ways; and where it has chosen to round upon war and to upbraid it, it is because war has slain ardent and lovable youths and has brought misery and despair to women and old people. But the war poet has left the mere arguments to others. For himself, he has seen and felt. Envisaging war from various angles, now romantically, now realistically, now as the celebrating chronicler, now as the contemplative interpreter, but always in a spirit of catholic curiosity, he has sung . . .

Curtana will celebrate many of these historic paeans in the years ahead. In addition, we anticipate becoming a forum for new poetic voices. Submissions are welcome. Verse, of course, does not need to rhyme . . . although it certainly may. Please refer to the Journal's submission guidelines. In the meantime, as you await your own inspiration, reflect upon the following verses.

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Chaplain to the Forces

Winifred M. Letts

"I have once more to remark upon the devotion to duty, courage, and contempt of danger which has characterized the work of the Chaplains of the Army throughout this campaign."

Sir John French, in the Neuve Chapelle dispatch

Ambassador of Christ you go
Up to the very gates of Hell,
Through fog of powder, storm of shell,
To speak your Master's message: "Lo,
The Prince of Peace is with you still,
His peace be with you, His good-will."

It is not small, your priesthood's price,
To be a man and yet stand by,
To hold your life while others die,
To bless, not share the sacrifice,
To watch the strife and take no part . . .
You with the fire at your heart.

But yours, for our great Captain Christ,
To know the sweat of agony,
The darkness of Gethsemane,
In anguish for these souls unpriced.
Vicegerent of God's pity you,
A sword must pierce your own soul through.

In the pale gleam of new-born day,
Apart in some tree-shadowed place,
Your altar but a packing-case,
Rude as the shed where Mary lay,
Your sanctuary the ram-drenched sod,
You bring the kneeling soldier God.

As sentinel you guard the gate
'Twixt life and death, and unto death
Speed the brave soul whose failing breath
Shudders not at the grip of Fate,
But answers, gallant to the end,
"Christ is the Word—and I his friend."

Then God go with you, priest of God,
For all is well and shall be well.
What though you tread the roads of Hell,
Your Captain these same ways has trod.

Above the anguish and the loss
Still floats the ensign of His Cross.

A Treasury of War Poetry: British and American Poems of the World War 1914-1917. Edited by George Herbert Clarke © 1917.

I Have a Rendezvous with Death

Alan Seeger

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air . . .
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath . . .
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 't were better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

A Treasury of War Poetry: British and American Poems of the World War 1914-1917. Edited by George Herbert Clarke © 1917.

In Memory of My Brother

Abram Joseph Ryan

Young as the youngest who donned the Gray,
True as the truest that wore it,
Brave as the bravest he marched away,
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay)
Triumphant waved our flag one day . . .
He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest, where duty led,
He hurried without a falter;
Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,
And the day was won—but the field was red . . .
And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
On his country's hallowed altar.

On the trampled breast of the battle plain
Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,
On his pale, pure face not a mark of pain,
(His mother dreams they will meet again)
The fairest form amid all the slain,
Like a child asleep he nestled.

In the solemn shades of the wood that swept
The field where his comrades found him,
They buried him there—and the big tears crept
Into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept.
(His mother—God pity her—smiled and slept,
Dreaming her arms were around him.)

A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother . . .
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;
There is not a name, there is not a stone,
And only the voice of the winds maketh moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn
But—his memory lives in the other.

Father Ryan's Poems by Abram J. Ryan © 1879.

The Soul of Jeanne D'Arc

Theodosia Garrison

*She came not into the Presence as a martyred saint might come,
Crowned, white-robed and adoring, with very reverence dumb . . .
She stood as a straight young soldier, confident, gallant, strong,
Who asks a boon of his captain in the sudden hush of the drum.*

She said: "Now have I stayed too long in this my place of bliss,
With these glad dead that, comforted, forget what sorrow is
Upon that world whose stony stairs they climbed to come to this.

"But lo, a cry hath torn the peace wherein so long I stayed,
Like a trumpet's call at Heaven's wall from a herald unafraid,
A million voices in one cry, 'Where is the Maid, the Maid?'

"I had forgot from too much joy that olden task of mine,
But I have heard a certain word shatter the chant divine,
Have watched a banner glow and grow before mine eyes for sign.

"I would return to that my land flung in the teeth of war,
I would cast down my robe and crown that pleasure me no more,
And don the armor that I knew, the valiant sword I bore.

"And angels militant shall fling the gates of Heaven wide,
And souls new-dead whose lives were shed like leaves on war's red tide
Shall cross their swords above our heads and cheer us as we ride.

"For with me goes that soldier saint, Saint Michael of the sword,
And I shall ride on his right side, a page beside his lord,
And men shall follow like swift blades to reap a sure reward.

"Grant that I answer this my call, yea, though the end may be
The naked shame, the biting flame, the last, long agony;
I would go singing down that road where fagots wait for me.

"Mine be the fire about my feet, the smoke above my head;
So might I glow, a torch to show the path my heroes tread;
My Captain! Oh, my Captain, let me go back!" she said.

A Treasury of War Poetry: British and American Poems of the World War 1914-1917. Edited by George Herbert Clarke © 1917.

War

Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy

There's a soul in the Eternal,
Standing stiff before the King.
There's a little English maiden
Sorrowing.

There's a proud and tearless woman,
Seeing pictures in the fire.
There's a broken battered body
On the wire.

Rough Rhymes of a Padre by G. A. Studdert Kennedy © 1918.

A Scrap of Paper

Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy

Just a little scrap of paper
In a yellow envelope,
And the whole world is a ruin,
Even Hope.

Rough Rhymes of a Padre by G. A. Studdert Kennedy © 1918.

A Mother Understands

Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy

Dear Lord, I hold my hand to take
Thy Body, broken once for me,
Accept the Sacrifice I make,

My Body, broken, Christ, for Thee.
His was my body, born of me,
Born of my bitter travail pain,

And it lies broken on the field,
Swept by the wind and the rain.

*Surely a Mother understands Thy thorn-crowned head,
The mystery of Thy pierced hands—the Broken Bread.*

Rough Rhymes of a Padre by G. A. Studdert Kennedy © 1918.

How to Die

Siegfried Sassoon

Dark clouds are smouldering into red
While down the craters morning burn
The dying soldier shifts his head
To watch the glory that returns;
He lifts his fingers toward the skies
Where holy brightness breaks in flame;
Radiance reflected in his eyes,
And on his lips a whispered name.

You'd think, to hear some people talk,
That lads go West with sobs and curses,
And sullen faces white as chalk,
Hankering for wreaths and tombs and hearses.
But they've been taught the way to do it
Like Christian soldiers; not with haste
And shuddering groans; but passing through it
With due regard for decent taste.

Counterattack and Other Poems by Siegfried Sassoon © 1918.

On Seeing a Piece of Our Artillery Brought into Action

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen

Be slowly lifted up, thou long black arm,
Great gun towering towards Heaven, about to curse;
Sway steep against them, and for years rehearse
Huge imprecations like a blasting charm!
Reach at that Arrogance which needs thy harm,
And beat it down before its sins grow worse;
Spend our resentment, cannon—yea, disburse
Our gold in shapes of flame, our breaths in storm.

Yet, for men's sakes whom thy vast malison
Must wither innocent of enmity,
Be not withdrawn, dark arm, thy spoilure done,
Safe to the bosom of our prosperity.
But when thy spell be cast complete and whole,
May God curse thee, and cut thee from our soul!

Most of Wilfred Owen's poetry was first published after his death in 1918.

Returning, We Hear the Larks

Isaac Rosenberg

Sombre the night is.
And though we have our lives, we know
What sinister threat lurks there.

Dragging these anguished limbs, we only know
This poison-blasted track opens on our camp . . .
On a little safe sleep.

But hark! joy—joy—strange joy.
Lo! heights of night ringing with unseen larks.
Music showering on our upturned list'ning faces.

Death could drop from the dark
As easily as song . . .
But song only dropped,
Like a blind man's dreams on the sand
By dangerous tides,
Like a girl's dark hair for she dreams no ruin lies there,
Or her kisses where a serpent hides.

Poems from the Trenches by Isaac Rosenberg © 1918.

Thinking of a Friend at Night

Hermann Hesse

In this evil year, autumn comes early. . .
I walk by night in the field, alone, the rain clatters,
The wind on my hat . . . And you? And you, my friend?

You are standing—maybe—and seeing the sickle moon
Move in a small arc over the forests
And bivouac fire, red in the black valley.
You are lying—maybe—in a straw field and sleeping
And dew falls cold on your forehead and battle jacket.

It's possible tonight you're on horseback,
The farthest outpost, peering along, with a gun in your fist,
Smiling, whispering, to your exhausted horse.
Maybe—I keep imagining—you are spending the night
As a guest in a strange castle with a park
And writing a letter by candlelight, and tapping
On the piano keys by the window,
Groping for a sound...

And maybe
You are already silent, already dead, and the day
Will shine no longer into your beloved
Serious eyes, and your beloved brown hand hangs wilted,
And your white forehead split open—Oh, if only,
If only, just once, that last day, I had shown you, told you
Something of my love, that was too timid to speak!

But you know me, you know...and, smiling, you nod
Tonight in front of your strange castle,
And you nod to your horse in the drenched forest,
And you nod to your sleep to your harsh clutter of straw,
And think about me, and smile.

And maybe,
Maybe some day you will come back from the war,
And take a walk with me some evening,
And somebody will talk about Longwy, Luttich, Dammerkirch,
And smile gravely, and everything will be as before,
And no one will speak a word of his worry,
Of his worry and tenderness by night in the field,
Of his love. And with a single joke
You will frighten away the worry, the war, the uneasy nights,
The summer lightning of shy human friendship,
Into the cool past that will never come back.

Translated by James Arlington Wright (1927-1980).

Ashes of Soldiers

Walter Whitman

Ashes of soldiers South or North,
As I muse retrospective murmuring a chant in thought,
The war resumes, again to my sense your shapes,
And again the advance of the armies.

Noiseless as mists and vapors,
From their graves in the trenches ascending,
From cemeteries all through Virginia and Tennessee,
From every point of the compass out of the countless graves,
In wafted clouds, in myriads large, or squads of twos or threes or single
ones they come,
And silently gather round me.

Now sound no note O trumpeters,
Not at the head of my cavalry parading on spirited horses,
With sabres drawn and glistening, and carbines by their thighs, (ah my
brave horsemen!
My handsome tan-faced horsemen! what life, what joy and pride,
With all the perils were yours.)

Nor you drummers, neither at reveille at dawn,
Nor the long roll alarming the camp, nor even the muffled beat for a
burial,
Nothing from you this time O drummers bearing my warlike drums.

But aside from these and the marts of wealth and the crowded
promenade,
Admitting around me comrades close unseen by the rest and voiceless,
The slain elate and alive again, the dust and debris alive,
I chant this chant of my silent soul in the name of all dead soldiers.

Faces so pale with wondrous eyes, very dear, gather closer yet,
Draw close, but speak not.

Phantoms of countless lost,
Invisible to the rest henceforth become my companions,
Follow me ever—desert me not while I live.

Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the living—sweet are the musical voices
sounding,
But sweet, ah sweet, are the dead with their silent eyes.

Dearest comrades, all is over and long gone,
But love is not over -- and what love, O comrades!
Perfume from battle-fields rising, up from the foetor arising.

Perfume therefore my chant, O love, immortal love,
Give me to bathe the memories of all dead soldiers,
Shroud them, embalm them, cover them all over with tender pride.

Perfume all—make all wholesome.
Make these ashes to nourish and blossom,
O love, solve all, fructify all with the last chemistry.

Give me exhaustless, make me a fountain,
That I exhale love from me wherever I go like a moist perennial dew,
For the ashes of all dead soldiers South or North.

Leaves of Grass was Whitman's life work and continuously updated, © 1867.

Well?

Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy

Our Padre were a solemn bloke,
 We called 'im dismal Jim.
 It fairly gave ye t' bloomin' creeps,
 To sit and 'ark at 'im,
 When he were on wi' Judgment Day,
 Abaht that great white Throne,
 And 'ow each chap would 'ave to stand,
 And answer on 'is own.
 And if 'e tried to charnce 'is arm,
 And 'ide a single sin,
 There'd be the angel Gabriel,
 Wi' books to do 'im in.
 'E 'ad it all writ dahn, 'e said,
 And nothin' could be 'id,
 'E 'ad it all i' black and white,
 And 'E would take no kid.
 And every single idle word,
 A soldier charnced to say,
 'E'd 'ave it all thrown back at 'im,
 I' court on Judgment Day.

Well I kep' mindin' Billy Briggs,
 A pal o' mine what died.
 'E went to 'elp our sergeant Smith,
 But as 'e reached 'is side,
 There came and bust atween 'is legs,
 A big Boche 5.9 pill.
 And I picked up 'is corpril's stripes,
 That's all there was o' Bill.
 I called to mind a stinkin' night
 When we was carryin' tea.
 We went round there by Limerick Lane,
 And Bill was a'ead o' me.
 'Twere rainin' 'eavens 'ard, ye know,
 And t' boards were thick wi' muck,
 And umpteen times we slithered dahn,
 And got the dicksee stuck.
 Well when we got there by the switch,
 A loose board tipped right up,
 And Bill, 'e turned a somersault,
 And dahn 'e came, and whup!
 I've 'eard men blind, I've 'eard 'em cuss
 And I've 'eard 'em do it 'ard,
 Well, 'aven't I 'eard our R.S.M.,
 Inspectin' special guard?

But Bill, 'e left 'im standin' still.
 'E turned the black night blue,
 And I guess the Angel Gabriel
 'Ad short'and work to do.
 Well, 'ow would poor old Bill go on,
 When 'e stood all alone,
 And 'ad to 'ear that tale read out,
 Afore the great white throne?
 If what our Padre says is right,
 'E'd 'ave a rotten spell,
 And finish up ov it, I s'pose,
 'E'd 'ave to go to 'ell.
 And yet 'e were a decent lad,
 And met a decent end,
 You'll never finish decenter,
 Than tryin' to 'elp a friend.
 But some'ow I can't think it's right,
 It ain't what God would do.
 This tale of all these record books,
 I think it's all napoo.
 'Twould let some rotten beggars in,
 And keep some good 'uns out,
 There's lots of blokes, what does no wrong,
 As can't do nowt but shout.

But t'other night I dreamed a dream,
 And just twixt me and you,
 I never dreamed like that afore,
 I 'arf thinks it were true.
 I dreamed as I were dead, ye see,
 At least as I 'ad died,
 For I were very much alive,
 Out there on t'other side.
 I couldn't see no judgment court,
 Nor yet that great white throne,
 I couldn't see no record books,
 I seemed to stand alone.
 I seemed to stand alone, beside
 A solemn kind o' sea.
 Its waves they got in my inside,
 And touched my memory.
 And day by day, and year by year,
 My life came back to me.
 I see'd just what I were, and what
 I'd 'ad the charnce to be.
 And all the good I might 'a' done,
 An' 'adn't stopped to do.
 I see'd I'd made an 'ash of it,
 And Gawd! but it were true.

A throng o' faces came and went,
 Afore me on that shore,
 My wife, and Mother, kiddies, pals,
 And the face of a London whore.
 And some was sweet, and some was sad,
 And some put me to shame,
 For the dirty things I'd done to 'em,
 When I 'adn't played the game.
 Then in the silence someone stirred,
 Like when a sick man groans,
 And a kind o' shivering chill ran through
 The marrer ov my bones.
 And there before me someone stood,
 Just lookin' dahn at me,
 And still be'ind 'Im moaned and moaned
 That everlasting sea.
 I couldn't speak, I felt as though
 'E 'ad me by the throat,
 'Twere like a drownin' fellah feels,
 Last moment 'e's afloat.
 And 'E said nowt, 'E just stood still,
 For I dunno 'ow long.
 It seemed to me like years and years,
 But time out there's all wrong.

What was 'E like? You're askin' now.
 Can't word it anyway.
 'E just were 'Im, that's all I knows.
 There's things as words can't say.
 It seemed to me as though 'Is face,
 Were millions rolled in one.
 It never changed yet always changed,
 Like the sea beneath the sun.
 'Twere all men's face yet no man's face,
 And a face no man can see,
 And it seemed to say in silent speech,
 'Ye did 'em all to Me.
 'The dirty things ye did to them,
 'The filth ye thought was fine,
 'Ye did 'em all to Me,' it said,
 'For all their souls were Mine.'
 All eyes was in 'Is eyes—all eyes,
 My wife's and a million more.
 And once I thought as those two eyes
 Were the eyes of the London whore.
 And they was sad—My Gawd 'ow sad,
 With tears that seemed to shine,
 And quivering bright wi' the speech o' light,
 They said, "Er soul was Mine.'

And then at last 'E said one word,
 'E just said one word 'Well?'
 And I said in a funny voice,
 'Please can I go to 'Ell?'
 And 'E stood there and looked at me,
 And 'E kind o' seemed to grow,
 Till 'E shone like the sun above my 'ead,
 And then 'E answered 'No
 'You can't, that 'Ell is for the blind,
 'And not for those that see.
 'You know that you 'ave earned it, lad,
 'So you must follow Me.
 'Follow Me on by the paths o' pain,
 'Seeking what you 'ave seen,
 'Until at last you can build the **Is**,
 'Wi' the bricks o' the **Might 'ave been.**'
 That's what 'E said, as I'm alive,
 And that there dream were true.
 But what 'E meant,—*I don't quite know,
 Though I knows what I 'as to do.
 I's got to follow what I's seen,
 Till this old carcass dies.
 For I daren't face in the land o' grace,
 The sorrow ov those eyes.

There ain't no throne, and there ain't no books,
 It's 'Im you've got to see,
 It's 'Im, just 'Im, that is the Judge
 Of blokes like you and me.
 And boys, I'd sooner, frizzle up,
 I' the flames of a burning 'Ell,
 Than stand and look into 'Is face,
 And 'ear 'Is voice say—'Well?'

Rough Rhymes of a Padre by G. A. Studdert Kennedy © 1918.



Curious Citations



Laying Aside the Cross to Take Up the Sword

Randall, Rev. William H., was licensed to preach in his native town, North Stonington, Conn.; graduated at Hamilton Theological Seminary, N.Y., in 1850; settled in Frensbury, Phillipsville, and Williamsville, N.Y.; in the late war raised a company [for the 78th New York Infantry], and entered the service as a captain, performing also the duties of a chaplain; for gallant conduct at Chancellorsville he was raised to the rank of major; wounded at Gettysburg, and obliged to leave the field; in 1865 resumed his pastorate at Williamsville; while seeking restoration to health, died at Lake Maitland, Fla., May 7, 1874, in the fifty-sixth year of his age; a pure, noble spirit.

[The notion that ordained line officers were “performing also the duties of a chaplain,” is common. Perhaps it is an effort to validate the decision of the clergy to choose to join the ranks rather than remain focused on their clerical vocation.]

William Cathcart
The Baptist Encyclopedia
 (Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:956.



In Praise of Colonial Chaplains

Secondly, The most skilful, dextrous, couragious and successful soldiers had need to be truly religious and well prepared for death; seeing they'r not invulnerable, but as liable to die as others. An Indian bullet will kill a hero, a champion, as easily as a faint-hearted coward: a captain, or chaplain, as soon as a bringer up of the front half-files; or the most inferiour private soldier. There must indeed be the swiftness of the eagle, the subtilty of the fox, the strength and boldness of the lion, as well as the grace of the Christian, to constitute a brave soldier; and every devout Christian, that's fit for Heaven, is not most fit to go forth to war. But, tho' such as are destitute of grace may possibly be stout soldiers and noble commanders, and deserve well of their prince and country; and in answer to the prayers of God's people, in whose cause they'r employ'd, they may fight valiantly, and play the man for their people, and tread down the enemy; yet if they'r slain, they cannot groundedly expect salvation. Seeing then our soldiers carry their lives in their hands, when they go forth to war, and are still liable to be ambushed, where'er they travel in the vast howling wilderness, and killed unexpectedly, as well as slain in a pitch'd battle; they'd need be always ready not only to fight, but to die and make their appearance before God.

[John Lovewell died alongside most of his party on an expedition against the Abenaki in 1725.]

Thomas Symmes

“The Brave Lovewell, and Several of Company, Lamented”

The Magazine of History, Extra Number—Number 5

(New York: William Abbatt, 1909): 51-52.



Peculiar Duties of Eighteenth Century Chaplains

Lovewell's militia chaplain, Jonathan Frye, was one of those who perished in the skirmish with the Native American war party.

Of all the tales of Indian warfare connected with old Andover history, the one which has the most melancholy and romantic interest is that of Chaplain Jonathan Frye, who was mortally wounded in the year 1725, in the famous Lovewell's fight at Pequawket [Pequawket]. He wandered for some time in the woods, and, as is supposed, died fifty miles from any English settlement, and twenty miles from the fort whence his company had marched. The English were at prayers when they first discovered the approach of an enemy. The young chaplain (he was only twenty) was ready to fight as well as to pray. Says a record: "Mr. Frye and another scalped the first Indian who was slain." The scalps were kept, as a reward was paid for them. A history of the fight, taken from the testimony of an eye-witness, was written soon after by the Rev. Thomas Symmes, of Bradford. The quaint language is worth preserving:

About the middle of the Afternoon, the Ingenious Mr. Jonathan Frie [*sic*] only son of Capt. James Frie of Andover, a young Gentleman of a Liberal Education, and who was chaplain to the company and was greatly Beloved by them for his excellent Performances and good Behavior and who fought with Undaunted Courage till that time of Day was mortally wounded. But when he could fight no longer, he prayed audibly severall [*sic*] times for the Preservation and Success of the Residue of the Company.

Is there anything more pathetic in our annals of youthful heroism than this plain, unvarnished tale of the young chaplain of Andover? It shows not only how dominant over the spirit of the time was the moral and religious sentiment, which alone lifts the battle-field above the plane of brute force, and redeems its passions from utter fiendishness, but it pays an affectionate tribute to the rare qualities of the young man. He must have had a character remarkably uniting manly and Christian virtues, who could, at twenty, act as religious guide and at the same time comrade-in-arms of a company of frontier savage-hunters (of however excellent material it might be made), and secure the common respect and affection.

Sarah L. Bailey

Historical Sketches of Andover

(Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1880): 186-87



An Ordained Soldier During the War, A GAR Chaplain Afterward

Storrs, Rev. William, now of Belmont, Allegany Co., N.Y., was born in the town of Worcester, Otsego Co., N.Y. Jan. 20, 1810. He obtained hope in the Saviour when he was about eight years old. In his eleventh year he first had a desire to preach the gospel, and this has been a prevailing inclination throughout his life. In April, 1827, his father removed to Franklinville, Cattaraugus Co. March 27, 1831, he, with others, was baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist church in Ellicottville, Cattaraugus Co., by Elder Ebenezer Vining. April 18, 1841 he received a license from the East Worcester church to preach. He commenced the work of his life that spring in the meeting-house in East Worcester, where, twenty years before, he first felt a desire to preach. March 8, 1843, he was ordained in the Baptist church in Cherry Valley. During the thirty-eight years of his ministry he has been pastor of the following Baptist churches: Lodi, Bern, Knox, Friendship, Humphrey, Oramel, Belfast, Hermitage, Richburg, West Almond, N.Y., and Ulysses, Pa. He has been engaged in several revivals, in some of which the number reclaimed, with those who professed conversion, amounted to a hundred or more.

In 1861 he joined the Union army, and is now a chaplain in the Grand Army of the Republic. He is descended from Puritan ancestors in England. In consequence of religious intolerance, Samuel Storrs came to Barnstable, Mass., about 1663. About 1698 he removed to Mansfield, Conn., and became one of the nine constituent members of the First Congregational church, from whom there has been a line of ministers reaching down to the present time. From him Mr. Storrs is descended. Though sprung from men who showed their loyalty to Christ in times of trial in the Old World and in the New, and who exhibited fidelity to patriotism at Bunker Hill and elsewhere, he glories chiefly in his sonship to God through the blood of Calvary.

[Storrs apparently initially enlisted in the 93rd New York Infantry and, after serving there for three months, transferred into the 76th New York Infantry. Likely due to his age, he served only four months before being "discharged for disability." During that brief time, however, he was promoted from private to Commissary Sergeant.]

The Baptist Encyclopedia edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 2:1113-14.

† Curtana †

Cynicism from the Pen of an Austro-Hungarian Veteran

Preparations for the slaughter of mankind have always been made in the name of God or some supposed higher being which men have devised and created in their own imagination. Before the ancient Phoenicians cut a prisoner's throat they also performed religious ceremonies just as solemnly as did new generation some thousand years later before marching to war and destroying their enemies with fire and sword. . . .

The great shambles of the world war did not take place without the blessing of priests. Chaplains of all armies prayed and celebrated drumhead masses for victory for the side whose bread they ate. Throughout all Europe people went to the slaughter like cattle, driven there not only by butcher emperors, kings and other potentates and generals, but also by priests of all confessions, who blessed them and made them perjure themselves that they would destroy the enemy on land, in the air, on the sea etc.

Drumhead masses were generally celebrated twice: once when a detachment left for the front, and once more at the front on the eve of some bloody massacre and carnage. I remember that once when a drumhead mass was being celebrated an enemy airplane dropped a bomb on us and hit the field altar. There was nothing left of the chaplain except some bloodstained rags.

Afterwards they wrote about him as a martyr, while our airplanes prepared the same kind of glory for the chaplain on the other side.

We had a great deal of fun out of this, and on the provisional cross, at the spot where they buried the remains of the chaplain, there appeared overnight this epitaph:

What may hit us has now hit you.
You always said we'd join the saints.
Well, now you've caught it at Holy Mass.
And where you stood are only stains.

Jaroslav Hašek

The Fateful Adventures of the Good Soldier Švejk During the World War (1923).

† Curtana †

The God-Less Worldview of the Creator of Star Trek

The following is excerpted from an interview conducted in the nineties by David Alexander, Gene Roddenberry's official biographer. (Roddenberry was a decorated United States Army Air Corps pilot who flew combat missions in the Pacific theatre.)

Roddenberry: If people need religion, ignore them and maybe they will ignore you and you can go on with your life. It wasn't until I was beginning to do Star Trek that the subject of religion arose again. What brought it up was that people were saying that I would have to have a chaplain on board the Enterprise. I replied, "No, we don't." I think I learned somewhere in those years what many humanists learn: that if you argue with those types of people, they will ensnare you. . . . Presumably, each one of the worlds we were dealing with was very much like Earth in that several religions must have arisen over time. Contending religions. How could you have a chaplain if you've got that many people of different and alien beliefs on your ship? With as many planets as we were visiting, every person on the ship would have to be a chaplain!

The Humanist (March/April 1991).

© 1992 by David Alexander

† Curtana †

A Winter Respite

Christmas came quiet, cold, a lonesome lull of silence after the great battle. Some of the regiments gave mock drills and enjoyed sport of various kinds. Cakes, pies, and apples were abundant, but at exorbitant prices—niceties relished for sacrifice, the delicate irony of war. Near the last of December we moved nearer the banks of the Rappahannock River for more careful picket duty, where, being relieved on New Year's Day by the 3^d

North Carolina Regiment, we were detailed with a squad of eighty men to build earthworks and prohibit the passage of the enemy. Here we passed several uneventful days, serving on picket duty, completing our task of fortification, drilling, etc.

On the 24th being transferred to Jackson's old division, Taliaferro's Brigade, we moved to another section, erected shanties of poles, and went into winter quarters, barely in time to escape a cold, heavy, snowstorm. During our hibernation there through the month of February snow often fell twelve inches deep, and frequent squalls intensified the atmosphere. It was a winter month indeed. But true to religious instincts and desires, each Sunday morning ere the eleventh hour we had swept off the camp yard and were ready to receive the gospel offered by our new chaplain, Rev. W.R. Gaultney.

Apparently the Prince of Peace was sole Monarch now in our quiet winter quarters. Seemingly both war and the lust of battle had vanished in the roaring gales. But not so. The lust of battle was merely smothered for lack of hostile air, for the soldier must perforce do battle at all opportunities. Accordingly when one of winter's fiercest blasts was raging and the blood cried out for exercise, a Virginia and Louisiana regiment challenged the 1st and 3^d North Carolina Regiments for a snowball battle. We answered their challenge with a white hail of molded snow and received a like volley of well-aimed missiles in reply. . . . O man, wilt ever have thy fill of war?

Finley P. Curtis, Jr.
 "The Black Shadow of the Sixties"
Confederate Veteran 24 (1916): 356.

† Curtana †

A Commander Confides in His Chaplain

In Germany, the king of Sweden [Gustavus Adolphus] having wintered at Mentz, Tilly gathers a great army, gets into Bavaria, breaks down the bridges on the Danube, and strongly lines the south side of the river, to stop the king from passing. *But in March*, the king with twenty-four thousand marches to the Danube, takes the strong city of Donawert on the north side of the river at the entrance of Bavaria; and on April 6, in a fierce opposition passes over, when Tilly receiving a musket-shot in his thigh, a few days after dies. Upon which the king reduces Bavaria and Swabia; and by the beginning of June had either subdued or drawn to his party all the lower and middle part of Germany from the Baltic sea to the Alps on the entrance of Italy, near five hundred miles together. But the emperor's forces all joining under Walstein, making an army of twenty thousand horse and forty thousand foot, besides five thousand Crabats, and breaking into Saxony, the king collects his forces, forms an army of near fifty thousand, marches to them, finds them most advantageously posted and strongly intrenched [*sic*] at Lutzen.

Yet, November 6, in the morning, after his chaplain praying with him, and other ministers at the heads of their regiments, he rides from one to another, making animating speeches to them, to fight valiantly this day on the name of God and for their religion; the soldiers answering with joyful acclamations, he then calls out, 'and now my hearts let us on bravely against our enemies, and the God of heaven prosper our endeavors!' Then lifting up his eyes to heaven, cries aloud, Jesus, vouchsafe this day to be my strong helper, and give me courage to fight for thy glory and for the honor of thy name ! Then drawing his sword, waves it over his head, advances the foremost of all his

army, most disadvantageously attacks their trenches, and after the fiercest conflict of nine hours, kills four thousand, wounds as many more, and beats them away. But near the end of the battle, an officer of the curasseirs, who knew the king, comes up, cries out, ‘this is the right bird,’ and shoots him through the body, of which he soon falls off his horse and dies in the thirty-eighth year of his age, to the inexpressible loss of the Protestant interest. He had been engaged in successive wars with the Poles, Danes, Muscovites, Poles again, &c. from the eighteenth year of his age, almost continually to the day of his death, in all which he came off conqueror; and his enemies gave this testimony of him, that he was the bravest enemy, and the best captain that ever was in Christendom. A little before, he told his chaplain that he thought God would ere long take him away, because the people did so overvalue and deify him. A soldier wrote the following distich on the field of battle.

Upon this place the great Gustavus died,
While victory lay bleeding by his side.

Thomas Prince
A Chronological History of New England
(Boston: Cummings, Hilliard & Company, 1826): 420-21.

† Curtana †

Denied His Request for a Chaplain Prior to His Execution

Long before daybreak of a Christian Sabbath, Nathan Hale was marched to the place of execution, in the vicinity of (present) East Broadway and Market Street. He was escorted by a file of soldiers, and there delivered to the provost-marshal. The young commander of a British detachment lying near, told Captain William Hull that on Hale’s arrival he requested Cunningham to allow him to sit in his (the officer’s) marquee while waiting for the necessary preparations. The boon was granted. Hale requested the presence of a chaplain; it was denied. He asked for a Bible; it was refused.

At the solicitation of the compassionate young officer in whose tent Hale sat, he was allowed to write brief letters to his mother, sisters, and the young maiden to whom he was betrothed; but, when they were handed to the provost-marshal to cause them to be forwarded, that officer read them. He grew furious as he perceived the noble spirit which breathed in every sentence, and with coarse oaths and foul epithets he tore them into shreds before the face of his young victim. Hale gave Cunningham a withering glance of scorn, and then resumed his usual calmness and dignity of demeanor. The provost-marshal afterward said that he destroyed the epistles “that the rebels should never know that they had a man who could die with such firmness.”

Benson J. Lossin
The Two Spies
(D. Appleton & Company, 1899): 21-22.

† Curtana †

A Dramatic Version of the Afore Told Tale

Thus, sometimes speaking to himself, sometimes pausing, in solemn thought, Nathan Hale passed that awful night. When the day broke, he knocked gently on the door of the greenhouse. This summons was answered, gruffly, from the other side. “Well, what’s wanting?”

“It is daylight, now. Could I see a clergyman?” Hale’s voice was calm—even gentle. He was not afraid to die, but the braver a man is, the more humbly does he approach his God. There was no audacity in this young man’s courage. In him it was a grand principle, by no means an excitement.

“Could you see a clergyman? Why, there is not a chaplain out of his bed at this hour. Besides, who is to call one? Neither I, nor my comrades. That would be a famous chance for cutting your stick. No, no; ask for something reasonable, my man.”

Hale drew back from the door, seated himself on the box from which an orange-tree was growing and covered his face with both hands. He was thinking of his home . . . As for the manner of his death, the young man gave little thought. He was about to die for his country, how, or where scarcely troubled him; but his heart was full of the old home, and welled over with intense pity for its inmates. Nathan Hale thought next of his soul, of that after life upon whose verge he was treading bravely, but with such solemn reverence as gives boldness to courage. Again he knocked at the green-house door. “Well, my man, what is it? Getting restless, hey?” said the sentinel.

“A Bible. Will no one give me a Bible? I could read it now.”

“A Bible? As if his majesty’s soldiers went on duty with Testaments in their pockets! No, no, young man, we haven’t got such a thing among us.”

“What is this! What are you refusing to this I poor gentleman?” questioned a voice at the sentinel’s elbow.

“Why, pen, ink, and paper; that was the first thing he wanted after we got him here. As if we carried such things in our knapsacks.”

“Open the door. I would speak with him.” The sentinel hesitated, but opened the door at last, with evident reluctance, and Raymond went into Hale’s prison, lighting up the sombre green with the scarlet of his dress, but with a countenance sadly pale and troubled. “I have done my best; but, God help us, they will not listen.” . . . “You were asking for something? That wretch outside was refusing it. Can I help you?” faltered the youth.

“I have so little time. A line to my parents, to another who is very dear to me, would hurt no one,” answered Hale, with pathetic gentleness.

Raymond went to the door, and dashed his hand against it. “Bring pen, ink, and paper, this instant! Orders! Who cares for your orders? I say he shall have them. Go!” . . . Hale took the pen eagerly, and knelt down by the box, steadying his hand a little before he began to write. “There was something else that you refused,” questioned Raymond, in a low voice, of the sentinel. “Oh, I remember—a Bible.”

“And the chaplain.”

One glance at the kneeling prisoner, another at the sun, and Raymond left the greenhouse. . . . Back to Mr. Kingsford's house the lad ran, reached his own room, seized his pocket-Bible, that lay on his table, and rushed into the street again.

A man was loitering in front of a mansion, somewhat above the Bowling Green, enjoying the crisp morning air. He saw the lad coming eagerly toward him, and moved leisurely toward the gate, wondering at the wild appeal in that young face. "Come with me! There is one up yonder who is in need of help, such only as a man of God can give. Quickly, quickly, or it will be too late!"

The chaplain asked no questions. The wild eyes and pallid face, turned so beseechingly to his, were enough. "Which way?" he said.

"Up yonder. This side of the swamp-land there is a gallows built, and a brave man waiting. Come!"

On they went in breathless silence, the boy grasping his Bible in one hand, the chaplain pale, awe-struck, but calmer than his young companion. As they approached the Park, a crowd was collecting there, closing around one spot, like bees driven out from a hive. Under the rich gorgeousness of the maples, this black mass looked ominous, it grew and swelled so fearfully.

"This way," said Raymond, piercing the outskirts of the crowd. "His prison is—" The lad broke off, gasping for breath; for the crowd broke, leaving way for a cart on two heavy wheels, which was drawn slowly toward the gallows, revealed in all its gloomy details by this sudden movement of the people. Behind this curt, walking erect, with his face uplifted, and his step firm, Nathan Hale walked between his guards.

Raymond held up the Bible, and would have cried out, but his tongue refused all utterance; his white lips refused to stir. He saw the cart rumble up beneath the gallows, wheel clumsily around, until the horse faced the crowd. He saw Hale step into the cart, plant himself firmly there, and turn his grand face on the crowd. A smile was on his lips, the fire of a noble exaltation enkindled his features with more than a martyr's enthusiasm. His voice rang out upon the bright morning air, clear as a clarion tone. "Only this do I regret, that I have but one life to give for my country."

Ann S. Stephens

"The Days of Seventy-Six," *Peterson's Magazine* (1876): 136-37.

† Curtana †

Garrison Duty May Not Always Be Safe

Among all the impish offspring of the Stone God, wizards and witches, that made Detroit feared by the early settlers, none were more dreaded than the *Nain Rouge* (Red Dwarf), or Demon of the Strait, for it appeared only when there was to be trouble. In that it delighted. It was a shambling, red-faced creature, with a cold, glittering eye and teeth protruding from a grinning mouth. Cadillac, founder of Detroit, having struck at it, presently lost his seigniory and his fortunes. It was seen scampering along the shore on the night before the attack on Bloody Run, when the brook that afterward bore this name

turned red with the blood of soldiers. People saw it in the smoky streets when the city was burned in 1805, and on the morning of Hull's surrender it was found grinning in the fog. . . .

The dwarf whispered at the sleeping ear of the old chief who slew Friar Constantine, chaplain of the fort, in anger at the teachings that had parted a white lover from his daughter and led her to drown herself—a killing that the red man afterward confessed, because he could no longer endure the tolling of a mass bell in his ears and the friar's voice in the wind.

Charles M. Skinner

Myths and Legends of Our Own Land (Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott, 1896): 146-47.

† Curtana †

A Peculiar Pair of Promotions

On the 16th day of November, 1863, in the fight at Campbell's Station, East Tennessee, General M.W. Gary was hard pressed and was falling back, but was contesting every inch of ground, and promoted two men of his command on the battlefield in the most unique way, which doubtless has no parallel in history. The same day he had orders to that effect read on parade—one to be captain for “distinguished piety on the battlefield,” and the other to command a company for “extraordinary profanity.”

It happened in this way: The general, as all knew him, was paramount a fighter and had the gift of profanity to an extraordinary degree. He used to say that there was nothing like “cussing” to make men obey an order quickly. He had very little faith in the fighting qualities of what he called a psalm singer, but he admitted that he had done the pious man an injustice.

On this occasion at Campbell's Station, Tenn., 16th November, 1863, his command had to retreat rapidly from overwhelming numbers, and his killed and wounded were left where they fell. A man in his command was shot and fell mortally wounded. His comrades left him on the field, but when the “psalm singer,” the Rev. William Thomas, came along, he stopped, and kneeling down beside the dying soldier proceeded to offer up a prayer and to take his last messages to his family. Some of the enemy, seeing him stop on the field, commenced a rapid fire upon him; he, regardless of the flying bullets, stayed the few minutes until the soul of the wounded comrade took its flight. The enemy stopped firing upon the pious and brave soldier, and he was cheered both by his retreating comrades and the advancing foe. General Gary complimented him upon his bravery, and told him he would make him chaplain for “distinguished piety” on the battlefield.

Now the “cussing” man won his promotion in this wise: It was the custom of General Gary to visit his picket posts very frequently. While on his rounds one dark and rainy night he met a cavalryman in the road. Knowing that this man had no business to be out of camp, General Gary, with a string of cuss words, demanded who he was and what company he belonged to. The lone cavalryman, not knowing the rank of his questioner, “cussed back” at the general, and, as the general expressed it, “made the air blue with cuss words;” he had struck at last a man who could out-curse him. Finally he persuaded, by mild words, the cavalry man to inform him that he was a sergeant in one of the companies of General Gary's command. This company, in a recent fight, had lost all of its

officers. The general complimented the soldier on his swearing abilities, and said he was just the man to command that company. The next day an order was issued promoting the brave religious man to be chaplain of his regiment for “distinguished piety on the battlefield,” and the “cussing” man to the command of his company for “extraordinary profanity.”

[It may be that Thomas’ promotion to chaplain was never formalized, as a search of records has yet to provide evidence to the contrary.]

Ulysses R. Brooks
Butler and his Cavalry in the War of the Secession
 (Columbia, South Carolina: State Company, 1909): 437-38.

† Curtana †

Seek the Chaplain in the Thickest of the Fight

At San Martino, Captain Pallavicini, an officer of Bersaglieri, was wounded; his soldiers lifted him in their arms and carried him to a chapel where he was given first aid. But the Austrians, who had been momentarily repulsed, returned to the charge and forced their way into the chapel. The Bersaglieri were not strong enough to resist them, and had to desert their commander; whereupon the Croats picked up heavy stones from the doorway and crushed the skull of the poor Captain, whose brains spattered their tunics.

From the midst of all this fighting, which went on and on all over the battlefield, arose the oaths and curses of men of all the different nations engaged—men, of whom many had been made into murderers at the age of twenty!

In the thickest of the fight, Napoleon’s chaplain, the Abbé Laine, went from one field hospital to the next bringing consolation and sympathy to the dying. The death-dealing storm of steel and sulphur [*sic*] and lead which swept the ground shook the earth beneath his feet, and more and more martyrs were added to the human hecatomb as the firing lines ploughed the air with their deadly lightning. A Second Lieutenant of the line had his left arm broken by a chain shot, and blood poured from the wound. A Hungarian officer saw one of his men aiming at the boy; the officer stopped him, and then, going up to the wounded man, wrung his hand compassionately and gave orders for him to be carried to a safer place.

Henry Dunant
A Memory of Solferino (Red Cross Edition, 1986): 8.

† Curtana †

The Very Essence of the Christian Faith

I was asked by the captain who was the Project Officer for the Division Commander, to represent the Christian faith at the groundbreaking for a new recreation center about to be built. It was to be jointly dedicated by a Buddhist priest, who represented the Japanese contractor and carpenters, and I was to represent the “Christian” Americans who were paying for it and would be using it. Both the priest and I were to follow a ritual

that included prayers by each of us. I told the captain that I would be happy to oblige him. Later I was telling some of the missionaries about my project to work jointly with a Buddhist priest. The missionaries were shocked to hear that I would be a party to joining the Christian faith with the Buddhist religion. They strongly urged me to not do so as it would militate against their stand in Japan that to be a Christian one had to forsake Buddhist religion—there was no mixing of faiths as was common in Japan. It was normal there for one to be both a Buddhist and worship at the Shinto shrines.

So I went back to the project officer and told him that I was sorry but I couldn't follow through with the Christian-Buddhist groundbreaking project. The captain glared at this young lieutenant, reddened in anger and chewed me out royally! He yelled at me, claiming the very essence of Christianity was tolerance and cooperation with other faiths! I reminded him that I was the chaplain and knew better than he did about Christianity! He then went to my boss, Chaplain Jones, and reported my unwillingness to play ball with him. So Jones was glad to oblige him and did the job, in alliance with the Buddhist priest. The ground breaking received good media coverage and Jones was pictured with the Buddhist priest—both at prayer. I retained a good conscience and the respect of the missionaries—but not of my boss!

Beverly J. Barnett
For God and Country
 (Longwood, Florida: Xulon, 2008): 100.

† Curtana †

Modeling Ecumenical Collegiality on the Front

The following passage comes from the pen of the Baptist chaplain of the 13th Virginia Infantry.

Rev. W.S. Lacy [Presbyterian chaplain of the 47th North Carolina Infantry] in a series of admirable papers on the “Religious Interest in Lee’s Army” written in the *New York Watchman* soon after the war (a series of such rare merit that I have urged him to put them into more permanent form), tells a joke which his Methodist Brother Webb [44th North Carolina Infantry], chaplain in the same brigade, got off on him. It so happened that Brother Lacy’s regiment came from a strong Baptist community, and that a large proportion of the converts insisted upon “going down into the water,” and he never failed to send for me or some other Baptist chaplain, and to show every Christian courtesy in the premises. He would go with us to the water’s edge join heartily in the service of song and be the first one to greet the young converts as they came up out of the water. And so Brother Webb said to him “Brother Lacy, you remind me of a hen setting on duck eggs. She carefully nurses the eggs until the little ducks appear, and diligently watches over and cares for them. But some day she goes near the water and the whole brood of little ducks plunge in, while she has to stand clucking on the bank.”

“Yes,” said Brother Lacy, “I cannot follow them in; but I go with them to the water’s edge, I receive them with open arms when they come out, and I am ever ready to hail them as my spiritual children, and to do all in my power to help them serve our common Master and reach the home of our common Father above.”

And when we Baptist chaplains were called on to assist young converts of our charges to unite with other denominations, I trust we were not wanting in like Christian spirit and courtesy.

This cordial co-operation of the chaplains and missionaries of the different evangelical denominations had the very happiest effect on our work. And I am glad to believe that the fraternal spirit which has so largely prevailed for some years among evangelical Christians at the South is in no small degree due to the habit of co operation which so generally prevailed during the war. . . .

This spirit of fraternity and co-operation was largely promoted by the organization of the Chaplains Associations of the Second and Third Corps, and the intercourse between the chaplains thus brought about. It was my privilege to know personally nearly all of the chaplains of that army, and I do not hesitate to say that, while there were in the number a few who were utterly worthless, I never knew a more zealous, laborious, self-sacrificing corps of Christian ministers than most of these chaplains were.

John W. Jones
Christ in the Camp
(Richmond: B.F. Johnson, 1887): 224-26.



Spared a Western Hemisphere Abu Ghraib

I had come to understand why the doctor from the International Committee of the Red Cross said I had a very important job at Guantanamo. It became clearer to me later, after the abuses at Abu Ghraib were made public. If I hadn't been there, things easily could have gotten out of hand. Most MPs were not concerned with the prisoners' welfare. There were many times when the wartime vigilance on the blocks and the intense hostility of many guards could have escalated from extreme force to impulsive violence and serious abuse. As long as I was there, detainees could tell me stories, show me bruises, and know that someone would hear their side. That was the value of a Muslim chaplain at Guantanamo, and for that reason I would do nothing to jeopardize my position.

Little did I understand that by doing my job of trying to educate my colleagues about the need for religious tolerance, I was encouraging many of them to sink deeper into their suspicions.

James Yee
For God and Country: Faith and Patriotism Under Fire
(New York: PulicAffairs, 2005): 126.



An Interfaith Chaplain Corps Ahead of Its Time

Christian Chaplain in the Japanese Army
They Have the Same Rights as Buddhist and Shinto Priests
Government's Liberal Views

Premier Katsura Declares Racial and Religious Differences
Have Nothing to Do with the War
London Times—New York Times Special Cablegram

London, June 25—In a letter dated May 23 the Tokio correspondent of The Times says Japanese statesmen have endeavored to remove all traces of religious and racial prejudice from the war.

Soon after the outbreak of hostilities the Minister of War announced that two teachers of religion would be permitted to accompany each division and that victualing and transport facilities would be provided for them.

The Minister made no reference to the creed of the Chaplains. There was room to infer, however, that the privilege would be extended only to the Buddhist and Shinto Churches, which have an officially acknowledged status. Christianity would thus have been excluded.

The Christians busied themselves at once to secure eligibility. The British Minister was finally approached, and his consultation with the Japanese Foreign Secretary disclosed the fact that the Government of Japan held thoroughly liberal views and was ready to repose confidence in such Chaplains as the Christians might select.

Thus an arrangement was finally effected that in addition to the two religious teachers mentioned in the original instructions there should be attached to the First, Second, and Third Army Corps six Japanese and six foreign Christian evangelists, all entitled to the same privileges and immunities as the delegates of Buddhism and Shintoism.

In connection with the negotiations relating to the Chaplains Premier Katsura took occasion to say:

Regarding religion as an essential element of civilization, I have uniformly tried to treat all religions with becoming respect, and I believe it to be an important duty of statesmen under all circumstances to do their utmost to prevent racial animosities. And so in 1895, at the time of the Chinese-Japanese war, my soldiers had no sooner set foot on the Liao-Tung peninsula than I took special pains to see that the greatest care was exercised by them in extending protection to Christian believers and the churches planted by English and French missionaries.

As the present war is against Russia, a professedly Christian nation, I have felt that redoubled efforts should be made that no unworthy sentiments be tolerated, that we should adopt an unbiased and equitable attitude toward all, and that the who nation should give practical effect to the policy clearly set forth in the imperial edict that the war has no other object than the safety of the empire and peace in the Far East.

I sincerely hope that no one will be betrayed into the error of supposing that such things as differences of race or religion have anything whatever to do with the present complication.

These words, says The Times's correspondent, fairly represent the sentiments entertained by the whole educated class of Japanese. There is probably no part of the world where religious bigotry and racial prejudice have less influence than in Japan.

The New York Times, 25 June 1904



Leather Gloves Reserved for the Privileged

In 1139 the [Knights Templar] Order received this support when Innocent II issued the bull *Omne datum optimum*, whose declared object was to create a new category of chaplain brothers for the Templars, to serve them in their now widespread houses. The chaplain brothers formed a separate group and had special privileges. The French Rule dictates that a chaplain brother was to be given the best robes and wear leather gloves. The only other brothers permitted to wear gloves were the masons when they were working, to protect their hands. A chaplain brother was to sit next to the Master at meal times, to be served first and given the best food. If a chaplain brother sinned he was not expected to work with the slave for his penance, but to say his Psalter. These chaplain brothers were full members of the Order and could hear confessions and absolve the brothers. In fact, according to the Rule, they had greater power to absolve on behalf of the pope than an archbishop. However, according to the Rule, there were five faults which a chaplain brother could not absolve. These were the killing of a Christian man or woman; violently attacking another brother; attacking a member of another order or a priest; renouncing holy orders in order to be received as a brother; and enter the Order through simony.

Judith M. Upton-Ward
The Rule of the Templars
(Woodbridge, Suffolk: Boydell, 1997): 5.



You Never Know

Every chaplain at Parris Island took his turn preaching in the brig. In fact we all took an unadvertised delight in the enthusiasm of the services in the post's house of detention. When I became Chaplain of Post Troops, I shared with a Roman chaplain the job of listening to the problems of the prisoners, a job which was not always such a source of delight. Personnel flowed by a chaplain in the service so rapidly, and he handled the problems of so many men and women he never saw again, that he would have been tempted toward cynicism were it not for a feeling like that of the Master's about casting one's bread upon the waters. "You never know," the Chief used to say. I remember how a year later a tall Marine sought me out ten-thousand miles from Parris Island to tell me how much he appreciated what I had done for him while he was in the brig there. It was one of those unofficial commendations, and I was gratified, but actually I could not even remember the incident to which he referred.

George W. Wickersham II
Marine Chaplain 1943-46 (Bennington, Vermont: Merriam, 2008): 72.

† Curtana †

A Line Officer Recounts the Value of Confederate Chaplains

No account of my experience as a Confederate soldier would be complete if it failed to refer to the religious life of the army. This was an element of importance in all our armies, from the outset to the end, and was recognized and fostered as such by our leading generals, many of whom attended the religious services held among the men of their commands, some of them taking loving direction of these services.

I remember on one occasion, when my father was preaching to Tom Cobb's brigade, on the lines about Richmond in '62, that the service was interrupted by sharp firing in front and the command marched off into the woods. It proved a false alarm, however; the troops soon returned and the service was resumed. But the men were preoccupied, nervous, and widely scattered, and everything dragged, until the general, rising, begged my father to wait a moment, and called out: "Men, get up close together here in front, till your shoulders meet. You can't make a fire if the sticks don't touch." They "closed up" and the meeting proceeded with great power.

Volumes have been written on this general theme by chaplains and others, and I have already made brief incidental reference to it; but more than this is required. Not that I propose to condense into this chapter every fact or incident within my knowledge illustrative of this phase of life in the Confederate armies. On the contrary, I shall, in the main, throughout this book, allow the religious element to mingle with others that gave character to our soldier life, and to crop out here and there, as it actually did in our every-day experiences; for, with a Confederate soldier especially, religion was not a mere Sunday matter, to be put on and off with his Sunday clothes, even if he had any such.

But as the revival at Fredericksburg in the winter of '62-'63 concerned especially the infantry brigade with which I was longest and most closely associated, I may be pardoned for giving a brief sketch of what was probably the most marked religious movement in our war and, as I believe, rarely paralleled anywhere or at any time.

The religious interest among Barksdale's men began about the time of, or soon after, the battle of Fredericksburg, which was about the middle of December, '62, and continued with unabated fervor up to and through the battle of Chancellorsville and even to Gettysburg. In addition to the labors of the regimental chaplains, the ablest and most distinguished ministers in Virginia, of all denominations, delighted to come up and speak to the men. My father, who was nearly seventy years old, came over from Jackson's corps late in February and remained for many weeks. The fraternal spirit of the Christian workers is thus portrayed in a letter by Rev. William J. Hoge, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church, written from Fredericksburg in the spring of 1863. Says Dr. Hoge:

A rich blessing had been poured upon the zealous labors of the Rev. Mr. Owen, Methodist chaplain in Barksdale's Brigade. The Rev. Dr. Burrows, of the Baptist church, Richmond, had just arrived, expecting to labor with him for some days. As I was to stay but one night, Dr. Burrows courteously insisted on my preaching. So we had a Presbyterian sermon, introduced by Baptist services, under the direction of a Methodist chaplain, in an Episcopal church! Was not that a beautiful solution of the vexed problem of Christian union?

The Baptist church had been so injured during the bombardment that it could not be used. The meetings were first held in the Presbyterian church and then in the Methodist, and finally were transferred to the Episcopal church, St. George's, which was the largest in the city, and accommodated, I should say, packed as it invariably was, from a thousand to twelve hundred men. I have never seen such eagerness to hear the Word of God, nor greater simplicity, directness and earnestness in religious services. Long before the hour appointed the men would begin to gather, intent on getting into the church and securing a seat. Thereafter every moment was occupied with some act of worship of uncommon intensity and power. The singing, in which every one joined, was hearty and impressive; the prayers, offered generally by the men themselves, were soul-moving "cries unto God;" the preacher was sometimes a distinguished divine from Richmond, sometimes one of the army chaplains, sometimes a private soldier from the ranks, but whoever he might be, he preached the gospel and the gospel only. The following is an extract from a letter written by my father just after he reached Fredericksburg:

After my arrival we held three meetings a day—a morning and afternoon prayer-meeting and a preaching service at night. We could scarcely ask of delightful religious interest more than we received. Our sanctuary has been crowded, lower floor and gallery. Loud, animated singing always hailed our approach to the house of God; and a closely-packed audience of men, amongst whom you might have searched in vain for one white hair, were leaning upon the voice of the preacher as if God himself had called them together to hear of life and death eternal. At every call for the anxious, the entire altar, the front six seats of the five blocks of pews surrounding the pulpit, and all the spaces thereabouts ever so closely packed, could scarcely accommodate the supplicants.

Robert Stiles
Four Years Under Marse
 (New York: Neale Publishing, 1904): 138-40.



At the Whim of the Commanding Officer

[Chaplain Hill] came down harshly on foul language and pilfering. Whilst on the move in the north-eastern Free State he often returned chairs and other household effects which had been looted from farms, and tried to ensure that receipts were given for commandeered cattle. He was by no means a friend or supporter of the Dutch farmers, across whose lands these campaigns were taking place, but he did his best to maintain absolute honesty in all dealings. One of Hill's repeated complaints was the lack of independence of the chaplain serving in the Imperial Forces. His facilities, dress and scope of action were circumscribed by military regulations and the whim of the Commanding Officer. Hill bemoans this in the face of independent and rival dissenting missions, who soon established tents serving coffee and writing paper, and being unofficial, were in no way tied by the authorities.

Hill long campaigned for an independent chaplain's Department in the army. However although the army insisted on his wearing a uniform, they required him to provide his own. Hill not surprisingly refused and on one occasion was arrested as a spy for being

found wearing civilian clothes in camp. He soon took to wearing a uniform, but supplied by which party we know not. Thus Hill established for himself a job and a responsibility to those under his charge. It was during the Boer War that he developed the techniques of an army chaplain and it was this experience that made him so much loved and respected by the troops, and a national hero, in the first World War.

D.F. Gibbs
 “A Chaplain in the Boer War,”
Military History Journal 3.2 (1974).

† Curtana †

Heeding the Call of the Great Chaplain

Rev. James Y. Old

We, as members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, are again called upon to record the going of one of those defenders of the South whose memories are dear to us. One by one the heroes of that struggle which racked and nearly wrecked our beloved country are leaving us. We have to part with them, for they are to be the connecting links that bind us to a past to which we can but cling most fondly. One of those gallant ones a short time ago passed from our midst.

Rev. James Y. Old, who came to our town a few years after the great war, was born and reared in Virginia near the city of Norfolk. When quite a young man, almost a youth, he responded to the call to defend the rights of his country and enlisted in the 15th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. C.R. Collins. His company was commanded by Capt. John F. Cooper. Mr. Old did his duty as a soldier and patriot, and at one time during the campaign in Northern Virginia he acted as scout for Gen. Robert E. Lee. His life was spared, and some years after the war he again enlisted as a minister of the gospel in a war where there is no discharge till the great Chaplain says: “Come up higher.” He has answered that call, leaving his wife, the companion of his youth, and three sons, useful citizens of our town.

Confederate Veteran 24 (1916): 562.

† Curtana †

Lounging on the Quarterdeck

Our return on board was feted by a sailors’ “Fantasia,” a genuine survival of the old Canopic fun, which formed a farcical contrast with the grave dry humour displayed on the deck of an English ship of war. . . . Perhaps the spectator who most enjoyed the sport was the Mullah Effendi, the *Aumonier* or Chaplain of the corvette, a good-humored, portly Cairene, who enjoys a cigar, sleeps upon the quarterdeck sofa, delivers the Azan or prayer-call from the bridge, and acts Imam (fugleman) to the rare-pious among the Faithful.

Richard F. Burton
The Gold-Mines of Midian
 (London: C. Kegan Paul & Co, 1878): 300-02.

† Curtana †

Wardroom Duties of the Dedicated Chaplain

The chaplain must continue a student to supply the best in religious leadership. This is necessary by virtue of his function and position in the command.

He must be widely and generally informed as he will be asked for opinions on many and sundry topics as he goes around the ship or station. He will lose standing if he does not know “the score.” Broad personal reading must be his order of the day. He must be conversant with a great deal of Naval information. He can pick up a good deal of this around the wardroom in general conversation, but still will have to do definite reading. Service weeklies and monthly magazines will help but there must be solid Naval reading as well.

Many of his shipmates in the wardroom or on the station are officers who, in addition to their formal and professional education, have had extensive post graduate work. The chaplain is expected to take his part in conversation in the ward room on the level of the best minds.

The Navy Chaplain
Bureau of Naval Personnel
(January 1949): 2.

† Curtana †

Leaving a Legacy of Anonymity

Jens Munk’s [1619] expedition consisted of two vessels, both belonging to the Danish Navy, probably selected by Munk himself, and equipped (as the custom of the time was) under his own superintendence, *viz.*, a small frigate called *Enhiorningen (the Unicorn)* and a sloop called *Lamprenen (the Lamprey)*. . . .

The name of *Lamprenen (the Lamprey)* seems odd; but similar names were not uncommon at the time in the northern navies, such as *Makrelen (the Mackerel)*, *Hummeren (the Lobster)*, *Den Blaa Orm (the Blue Snake)*, and others. . . .

The crews numbered at the outset 48 and 16, respectively, inclusive of officers. One of the sailors committed suicide, and another died, soon after leaving Copenhagen; in whose stead three others were shipped in Norway, making a total of 65 when the expedition left Europe, of whom only three returned. Of the commander himself we have already given a full account. His lieutenant was Mauritz Stygge, belonging to a now-extinct noble family, which, however, never was of any particular note. Being a nobleman, he is described by Munk as an “honourable and well-born man.” It appears that there was in the Danish Navy a Captain Enevold Stygge, who in 1616 had commanded *Enhiorningen* in the North Sea. Very possibly he was this young man’s father.

The chaplain was Hr. Rasmus Jensen, of whom nothing further is known. He is styled “Hr.” a description now applied to everybody in Denmark, like “Mr.” in England; but at that time it was used only for noblemen and clergymen.

C.C.A. Gosch

Editor of Danish Arctic Expeditions, 1605 to 1620, Book II
(London: Hakluyt Society, 1897): civ-cvii.

† Curtana †

Post-Retirement Ministry Options

The Lecturer: Ten years of constant work with high class lyceum bureaus reveals Charles E. Varney as a standard attraction. He received his early schooling and hard business experience in Boston. He gained his college and university training in the West. He was Chaplain of a Wisconsin regiment [First Infantry] in the Spanish American war. He has been a college professor, a successful pulpit orator, and a powerful evangelist. He is associate inventor and manufacturer of an article in general use by fishermen.

“I think that Charles E. Varney is one of the three best platform managers in the country. His lectures are great. He knows how to run a Chautauqua and is strong on the business end of it.” Signed Harry M. Holbrook.

Charles E. Varney

Advertising Brochure

(Chicago: Franklin C. Hollister, 1912): 3-4.

† Curtana †

A Hessian Chaplain’s Vacation in the Colonies

October 22 [1776]: We remained under the open sky during the night and next day marched into camp at New Rochelle, not far from the main army. There we had the enemy all about us and the regiment had to be constantly on alert. There were few occupied houses in this region; families had left all their belongings behind, and among others, many dwellings contained the most beautiful furnishings. In this camp we were lodged with the colonel in a house where a pastor, who had joined the rebels, had lived. There was a beautiful library in the house, mostly English and Latin, plus a few Greek books. Behind the house in the garden was a cemetery in which a chest full of magnificent silver utensils had been buried, and which some English soldiers dug up during the night.

A small church stood not far from the house. It was built on a square plan. In the middle of one wall there was a pulpit and before this the lectern. On the pulpit, as I have found in many churches, lay some large folio volumes of books of martyrdom, Greek and Latin accounts of martyrdom, especially the apostles and avid religious followers, from which I concluded, and accounts I received confirmed, that the pastors sought to influence their congregations, by explaining and illustrating every tale of murder, to rise up and fight for their freedom and complete independence. Indeed, pastors have even raised troops and led those so influenced.

Heinrich Kuemmell (Chaplain)

Diaries of a Hessian Chaplain and the Chaplain's Assistant edited by Bruce E. Burgoyne
(Pennsauken, New Jersey: Johannes Schwalm Historical Association, 1990): 7-8.



Education Proves a Rewarding Ministry

Thursday, June 22 [1781]: A fleet of fifty sail was seen which entered the harbor this same day with 4,000 Irishmen and provisions. The troops marched to join Lord Rawdon and a regiment remained in the city. I had and took very little part in these activities. For the most part I was involved with confirmations. I had taught a youth from the regiment while in Rhode Island and now a drummer, Jakob Voelcker, of the Benning Regiment. When they arrived at the garrison in Charleston, four boys had grown enough to go to school. I had a pleasant little room. My chaplain told me that I should conduct a school for the children. [Families often accompanied the soldiers during their years-long foreign service.] It began, fortunately, on the first of August, 1780, and was held everyday from eight to ten or eleven o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile we changed quarters to where there was an adjoining Quaker church in which there were benches just as in a school. I went to the administrator and requested permission to conduct a school in the church. With the greatest respect he at once gave his consent and took me to the sexton from whom I was to pick up the key every Monday.

Valentin Asteroth (Chaplain Assistant)

Diaries of a Hessian Chaplain and the Chaplain's Assistant edited by Bruce E. Burgoyne
(Pennsauken, New Jersey: Johannes Schwalm Historical Association, 1990): 46.



To Fight or Not to Fight

This inclination by military chaplains to participate in combat seems to have lessened over the years. As early as 1782 Congress had determined that chaplains, surgeons, and hospital officers captured from the enemy should not be considered prisoners of war. Implicitly this should have sent a message to American chaplains. Later developments reinforced the policy. Beginning in 1823, navy policy prohibited the appointment of nonordained chaplains, and this curtailed the employment of men who did not feel bound by the church's traditional noncombatant role for its clergy. The post chaplains the army appointed after 1838 were contract civilian clergy who did not accompany the troops on combat maneuvers. Still, the tradition of the "fighting parson" died hard. The last openly advocated vestiges of this armed tradition did not completely disappear from American chaplaincy until the end of the Civil War.

Richard M. Budd

Serving Two Masters

(Lincoln: University of Nebraska, 2002): 21-22.



The Church and a Colonial Worldview

Military Festival in Old First Church
 Society of Colonial Wars Celebrates There the Anniversary of Its Founding
 Ten Chaplains Take Part
 Rev. Dr. Duffield Tells the Society It Exists
 to Tend the Beacons Lighted by the Patriots

Militarism helped religion in ideal fashion yesterday morning in the old First Presbyterian Church in lower Fifth Avenue. It was a service celebrated by the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New York, commemorative of the founding of the general society of the name. Ten clergy in brilliant robes, elaborate music, beautiful banners and ensigns, and men in military uniforms, all these assisted in a service in which there was much ritual and yet much spiritual expression.

The Veteran Corps of Artillery and the Military Society of the War of 1812 attended the services in uniform, and among the other societies present were the Colonial Dames of America, Daughters of the Revolution, Historical Society, St. David's Society, Sons of the Revolution, Loyal Legion, Holland Society, Society of Mayflower Descendants, St. Andrew's Society, Society of Cincinnati, Aztec Club of 1847, Colonial Order of the Acorn, St. Nicholas Society, St. George's Society, Colonial Dames, State of New York, Daughters of the Cincinnati, and Huguenot Society.

The Rev. Howard Duffield, pastor of the church, and Chaplain of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New York and also Chaplain of the St. Nicholas Society, conducted the services. The clergymen who assisted him were the Rev. Alexander Hamilton, Chaplain of the Society of the Cincinnati; the Rev. F. Landon Humphreys, General Chaplain of the Society of the Cincinnati, Chaplain of the Veteran Corps of Artillery, and Assistant Chaplain of the Sons of the Revolution; the Rev. Henry Branch, Chaplain of the Society of Colonial Wars of Massachusetts; the Rev. Cornelius Brett, Chaplain of the Society of Colonial Wars of New Jersey; the Rev. Thomas Butler, Chaplain of the Society of the Colonial Wars of Vermont; the Rev. Joseph Brown Turner, Chaplain of the Society of the Colonial Wars of Delaware; the Rev. J. Nevett Steele, former Vicar of Trinity Church; and the Rev. James S. Dennis and J. Newton Perkins of the Society of the Colonial Wars of New York.

There were beautiful decorations above the pulpit and some of the pews. The music, with Dr. William C. Carl at the organ, began with Bartholdy's "Reformation Symphony," and included the Queen Victoria Festival setting to the "Te Deum" and "God of Our Fathers" from the "Stabat Mater." Both upon entering and leaving the most was made of ceremonial and military precision, with the result that it was one of the most perfect festival services ever held in a New York church.

"The Nation Builders" was the subject of the Rev. Dr. Duffield's sermon. Using the figure that those who went before "kindled beacon lights along the coast of time," Dr. Duffield said the "Society of Colonial Wars exists for the purpose of trimming and tending the lamps which are lit," and flashing their radiance into the coming years.

"The environment of our ancestors cannot be reproduced without going to church," said Dr. Duffield. "Religion is the clue to their unique personality. The altar place of their God was the citadel of their hope. The meeting house was the powerhouse which rendered their life dynamic. They 'trusted in God and they kept their powder dry,' but it was not so

much the dryness of their powder as the grandeur of their faith that made their flintlocks formidable and triumphant.

“Every new state of human progress is marked by a colonizing movement. Every advance of humanity is invariably betokened by a shifting of life upon the face of the earth. Our colonists came across the seas at a period which stands apart from the ordinary years. Tokens of a new era flamed in the sky. The Reformation was not a theological quarrel, but a cosmic upheaval, the insurgency of humanity against the tyranny of the ages. It was a refusal to bow at any throne less exalted than the throne of God.

“Our time repeats the tokens of that earlier age. The revolving years have brought around another colonial period. Its marks are repeated before our eyes. There is a new world view to-day. The Panama Canal is pivoting the world upon a new centre. It means nothing less than the wane of Europe and the ascendancy of America. The drama of the future will be set upon the waters of this Western ocean. A seething unrest pervades every department of our life. Humanity is on tiptoe with expectation. There are new alignments of political parties, new theories of education, new conceptions of religion, of social relations. The nation builders, the nation leaders, have always been a blend of bloods.

“The world being the judge, all martyrs, reformers, patriots, missionaries, philanthropists, leaders whose sympathies with the needs of men have driven them to sacrifice and suffering, are tinged with folly. But such folly is the foolishness of God. Our ancestors were a company of God’s fools.

“Such were the Pilgrim Fathers, such were the old Continentals, such was Lincoln—fools all to invite sleepless nights, and haunted days, and to wear the crown of thorns for things so impalpable as right, and truth, and the freedom of man.”

The New York Times, 6 May 1912

† Curtana †

The Acid Test of Battle

On the whole, considering the many individual differences in an army of two million men, religious prejudice was not engendered by the army; some persisted in spite of it, and much was lessened by the comradeship and enforced intimacy of army life. In most commands prejudice against the Jew was a very small item indeed. It was so rare as to be almost non-existent in places of responsibility. It was often overcome by the acid test of battle when men appeared in their true colors and won respect for themselves alone. It was occasionally the fault of the man himself, who turned a personal matter into an accusation of anti-Semitism, and sometimes without cause. One Jewish corporal complained to me of discrimination on the part of his commanding officer, who had recommended his reduction to the ranks. On investigation, I found that the officer might have been unfair in his judgment, but had recommended the same for two non-Jews at the same time; the case may therefore have been one of personal dislike but was certainly not a matter of religious prejudice.

When I found authentic cases of discrimination, they were usually in the case of some ignorant non-commissioned officer, who presumed on his scanty authority at the expense of some Jewish private. Or it might be a sort of hazing, when a group of “rough

necks” selected a foreigner with a small command of English as the butt of their jokes. When men complain of prejudice against Jews in the army, it usually means that they met there a group of prejudiced people with whom they would not have come into contact in civil life. The tendency of the American army during the World War was definitely against prejudice of any kind; prejudice made against efficiency, and the higher one went the more difficult it became to find any traces of it.

In the army and especially in overseas service men went naturally to the nearest chaplain or welfare organization for any benefit except worship, and sometimes for that also. From my first religious service in a hospital with the crowd of non-Jews and sprinkling of Jews in the Red Cross room, I found that the men went to the entertainment hut for whatever it might offer. Every large service afterward, especially if held in a convenient place, included a proportion of non-Jews, and invariably they were both respectful and interested.

Lee J. Levinger
A Jewish Chaplain in France
 (New York: Macmillan, 1922): 133-35.

† Curtana †

A Paramilitary Chaplaincy Model

. . . Buddhist priests, from as early as the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-5, were deeply involved on the home front in comforting the war bereaved through valorizing the deaths of those who fell in battle. Their role, however, was not limited to Japan’s home islands alone as demonstrated by priests like Shaku Soen, abbot of the Rinzai Zen monastery of Engakuji in Kamakura [who] during the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5, went to the battlefield “to inspire, if I could, our valiant soldiers with the ennobling thoughts of the Buddha, so as to enable them to die on the battlefield with the confidence that the task in which they are engaged is great and noble.”

Soen was, of course, far from the first Japanese Buddhist priest to minister directly on the battlefield. In fact, this custom can be traced back at least as far as the fourteenth century, when loyalists revolted against the military government in Kamakura from 1331-33. It was then that itinerant Buddhist chaplains belonging to the Pure Land tradition were assigned to warriors in the field. Their role was to ensure that their warrior patrons recited the name of Amitabha Buddha ten times at the time of death, thereby ensuring rebirth in the Pure Land.

As historian Sybil Thornton points out, the activities of these chaplains quickly expanded beyond a purely religious function, and they ended up not only burning, burying and praying for the dead, but caring for the sick and wounded as well. . . . Eventually, these chaplains came to play what might best be described as a “paramilitary” role, i.e. actively aiding and protecting their warrior patrons when needed. This, however, provoked a reaction from ecclesiastical superiors who, in one letter written in 1399, admonished their chaplains to “never touch things like bows and arrows and weapons . . . because they are used to kill.”

“Confessions of a Buddhist Chaplain”
Zen War Stories by Daizen Victoria
 (London: Routledge, 2003): 163.

† Curtana †

A Chaplain's Role in a Bloody Battle at Sea

The USS Chesapeake, with a largely inexperienced crew, voluntarily engaged the HMS Shannon. Although the chaplain is only referred to in a single sentence, the following description of the clash merits retelling at length.

On board the *Shannon* the captain of the 14th gun, William Mindham, had been ordered not to fire until it bore into the second main-deck port forward. At 5.50 it was fired, and then the other guns in quick succession from abaft forward, the *Chesapeake* replying with her whole broadside. At 5.53, Lawrence, finding that he was forging ahead, hauled up a little. The *Chesapeake's* guns did murderous damage, but the ship herself suffered even more. The men in the *Shannon's* tops could hardly see the deck of the American frigate through the cloud of shivered and splintered wreck that was flying across it. Man after man was killed at the wheel; the fourth lieutenant, the master, and the boatswain fell; and, six minutes after the first gun had been fired, the jib-sheet and foretop-sail tie were shot away, and the spanker brails loosened so that the sails blew out, and the ship came up into the wind somewhat. Her quarter was then exposed to her antagonist's broadside, which beat in her stern ports and swept the men from the after-guns. One of the arms-chests on the quarter-deck was blown up by a hand-grenade thrown from the *Shannon*, the smoke shrouding everything from sight for a moment. Broke [captain of the *Shannon*] saw that the *Chesapeake* had stern-way on and was paying slowly off; so he put his helm a-starboard and shivered his mizen-topsail, to keep off the wind and delay the boarding. But at that moment the *Shannon's* jib-stay was shot away (for some of the *Chesapeake's* guns still bore), and, her headsails becoming becalmed, she went off very slowly. In consequence, at six o'clock, the two frigates fell on board one another, the *Chesapeake's* quarter pressing upon the *Shannon's* side just forward of the starboard main-chains; and they were kept in this position by the fluke of the *Shannon's* anchor catching in the *Chesapeake's* quarter port.

The *Shannon's* crew had suffered severely, and her decks were running thick with blood; but the trained and seasoned seamen stood to their work with grim indifference. Broke ran forward as the frigates ground against one another. He saw that the Americans were flinching from their quarter-deck guns, and at once ordered the ships to be lashed together, the great guns to cease firing, and the boarders to be called. The boatswain, Mr. Stevens, who had fought in Rodney's action, was foremost in fastening the frigates together, though, as he finished his work, an American seaman hacked his right arm off with a blow from a cutlass.

All was confusion and dismay on board the *Chesapeake*. Lieutenant Augustus Charles Ludlow had been mortally wounded and carried below. Lawrence [captain of the *Chesapeake*] himself, while standing on the quarter-deck, fatally conspicuous by his full-dress uniform and commanding stature, was shot as the vessels closed by Lieutenant John Law of the Royal Marines. He fell dying, and was carried below, exclaiming, "Don't give up the ship"—a phrase that has since become proverbial among his countrymen. The acting third lieutenant, a midshipman, who was a devoted admirer of Lawrence, helped to carry him below, instead of remaining at his post as he should have done. When he returned it was too late. Indeed, one or two of the younger officers were stunned and demoralised by the succession of disasters.

While the confusion was at its height, Captain Broke stepped from the *Shannon's* gangway rail on to the muzzle of the *Chesapeake's* aftermost carronade, and thence over the bulwark on to her quarter-deck, followed by about twenty men. As the British came on board, the men on the *Chesapeake's* spar-deck, who had suffered more heavily than any others, whose officers had all been killed or wounded, and who had not the discipline to take unmoved such heavy punishment, deserted their quarters. The Portuguese boatswain's mate removed the gratings of the berth-deck and ran below, followed by many of the crew. On the quarter-deck, almost the only man who made any resistance was the chaplain, Mr. Samuel Livermore, who advanced, firing his pistol at Broke; and Broke in return cut him down with a single stroke. On the upper-deck the only men who behaved well were the marines; but of their original number of forty-four men, fourteen, including Lieutenant James Broom and Corporal Dixon, were dead, and twenty, including Sergeants Twin and Harris, wounded; so that there were left but one corporal and nine men, several of whom had been knocked down and bruised, though they were later reported unwounded. There was thus hardly any resistance, Captain Broke stopping his men for a moment until they were joined by the rest of the boarders under Lieutenants George Thomas L. Watt and Charles Leslie Falkiner. The *Chesapeake's* mizen-top men began firing at the boarders, mortally wounding Midshipman John Samwell, and killing Lieutenant Watt; but one of the *Shannon's* long 9's was pointed at the top and cleared it out, being assisted by the British main-top men under Midshipman Cosnahan. At the same time the men in the *Chesapeake's* main-top were driven out of it by the fire of the *Shannon's* fore-top men under Midshipman William Smith.

The Americans on the main-deck now for the first time learned that the British had boarded, as the upper-deck men came crowding down; and Lieutenant George Budd sprang up, calling on his people to follow him. A dozen veterans tumbled up after him, and, as they reached the spar-deck, Budd led them against the British who were coming along the gangways. For a moment, under the surprise of the attack, the assailants paused, the British purser, Mr. George Aldham, and Captain's Clerk, Mr. John Dunn, being killed; but they rallied at once, and the handful of Americans were cut down or dispersed, Lieutenant Budd being wounded and knocked down the main hatchway. "The enemy," wrote Captain Broke, "fought desperately, but in disorder." Lieutenant Ludlow, already mortally wounded, heard the shouts and the stamping overhead, and he struggled up on deck, sword in hand. Two or three men followed him; but the rush of the boarders swept them away like chaff, and the dying Ludlow was hewn down as he fought. On the fore-castle a few seamen and marines turned at bay. Captain Broke was still leading his men with the same brilliant personal courage which he had all along shown. Attacking the first American, who was armed with a pike, he parried a blow from it and cut down the man; attacking another, he was himself cut down, and only saved by the seaman Mindham, already mentioned, who slew his assailant. One of the American marines brained an Englishman with his clubbed musket; and so stubborn was the resistance of the little group, that, for a moment, the assailants recoiled; but immediately afterwards they closed in and slew their foes to a man.

The British fired a volley or two down the hatchway, in response to a couple of shots fired up, whereupon all resistance came to an end; and at 6.5, just fifteen minutes after the first gun had been fired, and not five minutes after Captain Broke had boarded, the colours of the *Chesapeake* were struck. Of her crew sixty-one were killed or mortally wounded, including her captain, her first and fourth lieutenants, the lieutenant of marines, the master, boatswain, and three midshipmen; and eighty-five were severely or

slightly wounded, including both her other lieutenants, five midshipmen, and the chaplain: a total of one hundred and forty-eight. Of the *Shannon's* men, thirty-three were killed outright or died of their wounds, including her first Lieutenant, George Thomas L. Watt; Purser, George Aldham; Captain's Clerk, John Dunn; and Midshipman John Samwell; and fifty were wounded, including the Captain himself and the Boatswain, Mr. William Stevens: total, eighty-three. The *Chesapeake* was taken into Halifax, where Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow were both buried with military honours. Captain Broke was made a baronet, very deservedly, and Lieutenants Wallis and Falkiner were both made commanders.

[In 1940, the USS Livermore (DD-429) was launched. The initial missions of the first United States Navy ship to be named after a chaplain involved escorting convoys to aid America's steadfast ally, Great Britain.]

William L. Clowes et al
The Royal Navy: a History from the Earliest Times to the Present
 (London: S. Low, Marston and Co., 1901): 79-83.

† Curtana †

Justifying the Existence of the Chaplain Corps

. . . the chaplaincy's lack of stability within the military made its existence difficult. The navy was able to organize its chaplaincy in such a way as to protect its position. This was done by noting that sea duty prevented sailors from being able to attend worship. The army did not have this luxury. They were often based in areas where a church or at least a civilian minister was available. However, this left the "chaplain" outside the military structure.

. . . a lack of comprehensive records in the early military make it difficult to get an accurate picture of those who served. In many cases, records of chaplains who served ably are lost. These might be able to shed more light on the chaplaincy within the military. Since these records are gone, it makes it necessary to depend on personal narratives which can often be misleading.

William E. Dickens, Jr.
Answering the Call
 (Dissertation.com, 1999): 43.

† Curtana †

The Forge of War Infuses Pacifism with Patriotism

As [Chaplain Russell] Stroup pointed out in his articles for home consumption, it was not simply the army's fault that chaplains could be ineffectual flacks and moral flunkies. The fault lay as much with the churches that supplied them. They provided no coherent theology and discipline of the chaplaincy—whether in the military, in hospitals, in prisons, or elsewhere—that might inspire chaplains to bond with those they served and to resist co-optation by the institutions within which they functioned.

Although Stroup, in combat, always remained the servant of a higher power, he came in time to identify more with the army and less with the church. In his principal message to the American Public, “A Soldier Looks at the Church, he wrote as a Christian soldier. He had bonded with a new congregation: the community of those who, regardless of creed or denomination, shared risk on the front lines of life. Deprived of the routines of home and faced with a common danger, members of the “1st Battalion” had more in common with each other than did the members of “First Presbyterian.” A pastor whom they trusted could help them all to grow in spirit. This, for Stroup, was the finest evangelism. He would later look for similar opportunities in a long and distinguished civilian pastoral ministry. But when death from cancer approached in 1977, Stroup’s seventy-second year, this Christian pacifist asked to be buried in his army dress uniform. He remembers his year in combat as his finest ministry.

Russell C. Stroup and Richard C. Austin

Letters from the Pacific

(Columbia, Missouri: University of Missouri, 2000): 207-08.

† Curtana †

More Valuable as a Line Officer than as a Chaplain

Harris, Henry Herbert, D.D., was born in Louisa Co., Va., Dec. 17, 1837. Trained by parents of piety and intelligence, in consequence of early afflictions his mind frequently turned to Jesus, and in November, 1852, at the age of fifteen, he was baptized, and united with the Lower Gold Mine church, Va. He entered at once on active work in the Sunday-school and prayer-meetings, and in 1857 was licensed to preach. His preparation for his college course had been so advanced and thorough, that in October, 1854, he entered the Junior class of Richmond College, graduating with the degree of A.B. in July, 1856. In 1857 he entered the University of Virginia with his younger brother, Prof. J.M. Harris, now of Furman University, S.C. At the termination of three years he received the degree of A.M., having studied Hebrew and applied mathematics in addition to the regular course.

He was at this time invited to the chair of Greek in Richmond College, but having a strong predilection for scientific studios, he accepted a proffered position in the Albemarle Female Institute. At the close of the first session, July, 1861, though exempt from military duty and frail in health, he volunteered as a private soldier, and made the campaign of that summer and fall in the Kanawha Valley as an infantry rifleman, engaged in scouts and skirmishes. [He was a member of the 59th Virginia Infantry, which fought its first skirmish as “Scary Creek,” West Virginia.]

In December his company was disbanded, and, thinking the war already over, he entered, in January, 1862, the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville, S.C. After one month’s stay at the seminary he learned that his old regiment was in peril at Roanoke Island, N.C.; left at once to join them, and was prevented from doing so by their capture. He went to Virginia: joined a battery of field artillery [The Charlottesville, Virginia Light Artillery Battery], afterwards attached to the corps of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, and took part in most of the great battles fought under that leader, including his last at Chancellorsville.

In June, 1863, he was honored with an unsought commission as first lieutenant in a regiment of engineer troops, about to be organized for the army of Northern Virginia, in which capacity he was engaged in the manifold duties of reconnoitering, selecting routes of march and lines of battle, bridging streams, running countermines, and, upon occasion, taking active part in engagements up to the time of Gen. Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court-House, in April, 1865.

In the following October he resumed his former position as instructor in the Albemarle Female Institute; and, on the reorganization of Richmond College, in July, 1866, he was again invited to the chair of Greek, which he accepted, and has continued to fill up to this time, with the exception of an interruption of six months in 1878, spent in a visit to Palestine and Greece.

Prof. Harris began his ministry in 1859 by preaching to a congregation of colored persons. In 1860-61 he filled an appointment once a month at an old free church near Charlottesville. In 1864 the colonel of an infantry regiment applied to the War Department for his appointment as chaplain, but the application was refused, on the ground "that so good an officer could not be spared, and that he was already doing much of a chaplain's work in his own command." From 1868 to 1870, Prof. Harris preached regularly at a small house in the suburbs of Richmond, where he had gathered a Sunday-school and congregation. When a church was organized at this place, he was ordained, July 4, 1869, and became the pastor.

In less than a year, in consequence of ill health, he was compelled to resign, and since that time he has been able to preach but seldom. In the field of literature, Prof. Harris is known by several admirable reports and addresses before educational meetings in his own State, at Marion, Ala., at Philadelphia, and also by contributions to periodicals, chiefly to the *Religious Herald*, Richmond, Va. From 1873 to 1876 he was the editor of the *Educational Journal of Virginia*, and in 1877 of the *Foreign Mission Journal*, the organ of the boards of the Southern Baptist Convention. Upon the organization of the Virginia Baptist Historical Society, in June, 1876, he was elected its secretary and treasurer, which offices he still holds. In addition to his other duties, Prof. Harris is now the junior editor of the *Richmond Religious Herald*.

The Baptist Encyclopedia edited by William Cathcart
(Philadelphia: Louis H. Everts, 1881): Volume 1:498-99.

† Curtana †

Mark Twain on the Value of Chaplains

Although it was a civilian excursion, Samuel's Clemens' peculiar regard for "chaplains" is evident in the fact that Mark Twain included no fewer than eight chaplains in the retinue of his Alpine Expedition.

After I had finished my readings, I was no longer myself; I was tranced, uplifted, intoxicated, by the almost incredible perils and adventures I had been following my authors through, and the triumphs I had been sharing with them. I sat silent some time, then turned to Harris and said, "My mind is made up. . . . I will ascend the Riffelberg."

...

As it was, everybody slept but my agent and me—only we two and the barkeepers. I would not permit myself to sleep at such a time. I considered myself responsible for all those lives. I meant to be on hand and ready, in case of avalanches. I am aware now, that there were no avalanches up there, but I did not know it then.

We watched the weather all through that awful night, and kept an eye on the barometer, to be prepared for the least change. There was not the slightest change recorded by the instrument, during the whole time. Words cannot describe the comfort that that friendly, hopeful, steadfast thing was to me in that season of trouble. It was a defective barometer, and had no hand but the stationary brass pointer, but I did not know that until afterward. If I should be in such a situation again, I should not wish for any barometer but that one.

All hands rose at 2 in the morning and took breakfast, and as soon as it was light we roped ourselves together and went at that rock. For some time we tried the hook-rope and other means of scaling it, but without success. That is without perfect success. The hook caught once, and Harris started up it hand over hand, but the hold broke and if there had not happened to be a chaplain sitting underneath at the time, Harris would certainly have been crippled. As it was, it was the chaplain. He took to his crutches, and I ordered the hook-rope to be laid aside. It was too dangerous an implement where so many people were standing around.

We were puzzled for a while; then somebody thought of the ladders. One of these was leaned against the rock, and the men went up it tied together in couples. Another ladder was sent up for use in descending. At the end of half an hour everybody was over, and that rock was conquered. We gave our first grand shout of triumph. . . .

In the midst of my scientific work, one of those needless accidents happened which are always occurring among the ignorant and thoughtless. A porter shot at a chamois and missed it and crippled the Latinist. This was not a serious matter to me, for a Latinist's duties are as well performed on crutches as otherwise—but the fact remained that if the Latinist had not happened to be in the way a mule would have got that load. That would have been quite another matter, for when it comes down to a question of value there is a palpable difference between a Latinist and a mule. I could not depend on having a Latinist in the right place every time; so, to make things safe, I ordered that in future the chamois must not be hunted within the limits of the camp with any other weapon than the forefinger.

My nerves had hardly grown quiet after this affair when they got another shake-up—one which utterly unmanned me for a moment: a rumor swept suddenly through the camp that one of the barkeepers had fallen over a precipice!

However, it turned out that it was only a chaplain. I had laid in an extra force of chaplains, purposely to be prepared for emergencies like this, but by some unaccountable oversight had come away rather short-handed in the matter of barkeepers.

Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens)
A Tramp Abroad (Hartford: American Publishing Company, 1880): 418f.

Beware the Counsel Chaplains Offer to True Patriots

With the tragic failure of the 20 July Plot, Operation Valkyrie, even nonmembers of the conspiracy faced the wrath of the demented Führer.

Major von Leonrod, a member of Bavaria's old nobility and a fellow conspirator, used in his defence the excuse that he had visited his father confessor in Munich in order to obtain advice. The Munich priest, Chaplain Hermann Wehrle, did not enquire into any details, nor did he take Leonrod into the confessional, in which case he could have pleaded the sanctity and secrecy of confession, but instead consulted some theological works and then declared there was no need for confession but advised him to keep out of any treasonable enterprise. Leonrod had given away Wehrle. [Nazi judge and inquisitor Roland] Freisler gave full vent to his anti-Catholic sentiments and Leonrod as well as Wehrle were sentenced to death, the latter for not denouncing the impending coup.

Hannsjoachim W. Koch
In the Name of the Volk: Political Justice in Hitler's Germany
(London: I.B. Tauris, 1997): 218.

† Curtana †

On the Morality of Tyrannicide

In December 1943 a Catholic [Wehrmacht Heer] chaplain, the Jesuit Hermann Wehrle, was asked by a young officer of Stauffenberg's staff, Major Leonrod, whether his knowledge of the plan to kill Hitler placed him in a state of sin. Wehrle consulted the article on tyrannicide in the *Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche* and then told Leonrod that the killing of a legitimate ruler by a private individual was forbidden, but that knowledge alone was not sinful. He advised Leonrod not to participate in the plot. The question had been posed under the seal of secrecy, but when the episode came to light in the trial of the plotters after the July 20 affair, Wehrle was indicted and condemned to death for complicity. In a sermon preached in 1946 Cardinal Faulhaber praised the chaplain as a fighter against Nazi tyranny.

Guenter Lewy
The Catholic Church and Nazi Germany
(Chicago: University of Chicago, 2000): 316.

† Curtana †

The Importance of Pre-Soviet, Russian Chaplains

Capt. Carl Reichmann, of the Seventeenth Infantry, United States Army, was with the Russian forces in Manchuria, and his description of the Russian soldier in that war will give a clear picture of the make-up of the armies that are attacking Austria and Eastern Prussia now: "Physically the soldier is generally a magnificent specimen. In the squalid surroundings of Russian peasant life only the fittest have a chance to live. High living has not made his system delicate or his blood impure. He is used to living in crowded habitations; he is uncommonly well able to live in large, crowded masses in camps, and has capacity for digesting a quantity of bacilli that would slaughter the beef-eating

armies. His main food, in or out of the army, is black rye bread. . . . No beef-eating army would have survived a three weeks' camp at Haicheng, where large bodies of troops were constantly camping, and where, as everywhere else in Manchuria, flies were a terrible pest, and where occasional downpours spread the contents of the sinks over the entire plain. Yet there was little, if any, camp disease—certainly no epidemic.

“The Russian soldier is not much bothered by nerves. . . . Religion plays a great part in the Russian army. The officers rely on discipline, coupled with religion, to carry the soldier through his trials. Every regiment has a chaplain. On Sundays and on holidays he brings out his vestments and his little field altar, the regiment forms around him in a hollow square, and he performs divine service, assisted by a choir of soldiers, whose rendering of the beautiful chants of the Orthodox Church is always good and often magnificent. No one who has seen the Russian chaplain lead his regiment to the charge with raised cross—who has seen the surpassing solemnity of the spectacle of a large body of troops standing just outside the fire of a hundred guns with bared heads and chanting their supplications to their Maker before moving into action—no one who has witnessed such scenes will deny that the Russian officer is right. The Russian soldier is brave—partly because he is naturally brave, partly because of his inertness, partly because of his religious resignation. No one will deny the steadiness in action that has characterized him wherever he has appeared on the battlefield in past centuries as well as in modern times.

“Campaigning with the Russians”
The World's Work
 (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1915): 29:38.

† Curtana †

The World is Better Because Such Men Lived

Rev. Dr. Foster Ely, whose death occurred in New York City recently, was born in 1836. He enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Company A (Captain Brown, of Canton, Miss.), 18th Mississippi Infantry, Barksdale's Brigade, and later served as a chaplain. He was with General Lee and received a wound at Malvern Hill. In 1862, he was made chaplain of the 18th Mississippi Infantry and also served as chaplain of the post at Mobile, Ala., Montgomery, Ala., Rome, Ga., and Richmond, Va.

In the memorial resolutions passed by the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans it is said:

Whether in the field forum or pulpit Comrade Ely was always actuated by a strict sense of duty; and by his example more than by his precept he not only guided but led all with whom he came in contact to those paths along the highway of life the borders of which are fragrant with the blossoms of peace and contentment. Dedicating his life to the service of the Divine Master, he recognized the duty of rendering “unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's” and bore to his grave evidences of this in the scars from wounds received at Malvern Hill. As a soldier he was without reproach, as a pastor without guile, as a friend without doubt, as a man without fear, and in the humble walks of life a light that never lost its brightness. The world is better that such men have lived, and the grave has won no victory in his death for his memory will

live beyond the sting of death. Recognizing the many qualities of heart and mind that have endeared Comrade Ely to all who have been privileged to feel the sweet influence of his genial nature, this Camp in regular and stated meeting on the 23^d of March, 1916,

Resolved, That in the death of Comrade Foster Ely this world has lost a Christian gentleman, this Camp a cherished comrade, his associates a wise counselor, and weak humanity an unselfish friend.

Clarence R. Hatton
Confederate Veteran 24 (1916): 275.

† Curtana †

Remaining True to Religious Instinct Amid the Carnage

The entire line now moved forward; and as we leaped upon the fence Linville Wilburn, who was ever by my side a fine young soldier, held up his hand to me and said calmly “Good-by; I am killed.” A Minie ball had pierced his neck; and he died as only a brave man can, nobly, not murmuring. Sadly I left him my friend; but his tragic death dwelt in my mind throughout the battle.

When half across the field the enemy again rose and delivered another volley of lead, and again it swept harmlessly overhead. Surely they were blind or else unused to rifles. The tube flew out of my gun and gashed my finger. I cast it from me and drew another from under a dead Yankee, but I found it filled almost to the muzzle with unfired charges. He had loaded and reloaded rapidly but had not fired a shot. And there unconsciously I stood, a target for a thousand rifles, unarmed in a whistling leaden hail. It is strange that the soldier does not fear death. Night ended the conflict with a great victory for us and very few of our men killed. We captured a number of prisoners, guns, cooking utensils, ammunition, etc. But since all victories are dearly bought, this was for me at least, for it cost the life of my friend Linville Wilburn. [The regimental roster records the Corporal’s name as Lyndon M. Wellborn. He had been wounded at Chancellorsville, and perished on 27 November 1863 at Payne’s Farm, Virginia.]

My lacerated trigger finger forbade the use of a rifle, and until near the close of the war I belonged to a band. I was not, however, by assuming another duty relieved from service or removed from the peril of battle, for war offers no partial safety.

In January, 1864, we went into winter quarters near the Rappahannock River. Still true to religious instinct, we erected a chapel and enjoyed regular devotional exercises by our faithful chaplain, Rev. W.R. Gaultney. Duty to God must ever be first and dominant. Though it was an uncommonly severe winter, cold and tempestuous, which seemingly would forbid all military activity, yet constant guard was required along the river. My time when not on duty was given to my cornet and to the pursuit of “domestic science,” cooking rations.

Mild spring brought general military activity. Armies were gathering and intrenching [*sic*] themselves around Spottsylvania Courthouse, following the iron finger of predetermining Mars. About the 5th of May we marched toward Spottsylvania over the historic battle ground of Chancellorsville, whose scenes and memories—horror and

death, the roar of hostile cannons and dying cries, the tornadic storm of hissing bullets and crimson pools, of spilled blood the spot of my nearly fatal catastrophe—all reappearing most vividly, age will not erase. Skirmishing with and repulsing the enemy constantly, we reached the Courthouse on the 9th. Would war vaunt himself in the very presence of law and order? Grant, leaving his recent eighteen thousand slain and Lee his nine thousand, both were here intrenched to end the sequel to the bloody carnage of the Wilderness, whose horrors are indescribable. Would the conclusion be as tragic as the introduction?

Finley P. Curtis, Jr.
 “The Black Shadow of the Sixties”
Confederate Veteran 24 (1916): 402.

† Curtana †

The grandfather of the able and courteous city editor of *The State* was the Rev. William Banks, who was the chaplain of the Fourth South Carolina Cavalry. The reverend Mr. Banks was captured by a squad of Yankees in 1864. The reverend gentleman was wearing a very nice suit of clothes and had a very fine horse called Chester. The Yanks appropriated everything he had, then dressed him up in an old filthy Yankee private’s uniform with an old blue cap that was so small he could scarcely make it stay on his head. When Mr. Banks was thus clad they placed him upon an old mule and turned him loose, as it was against the rules of war to retain chaplains in captivity.

Ulysses R. Brooks
Butler and His Cavalry in the War of Secession, 1861-1865
 (Columbia, South Carolina: The State Co., 1909): 214.

† Curtana †

Savoring What is Set Before You

On one occasion when Butler and his cavalry were in Maryland, Tom Purdee, who was orderly to Colonel Frank Hampton and retained as such by Colonel Lipscomb, rode up to Colonel Lipscomb about dark and said, “Colonel, I am sorry, but this jar of preserves was all that I could get for your supper,” and just as the men had unsaddled, some one said, “The Yankees are coming.”

Colonel Lipscomb had the saddle-up call sounded and went to fighting, contesting every foot of ground until it was too dark to fight. The Yankees camped where Colonel Lipscomb had hid the preserves. Just before dawn next morning Colonel Lipscomb with his gallant boys, were riding over the men in blue and after fighting all day resumed his old camp that night, when Tom Purdee said, “I wish we had the preserves, but of course the Yankees got the jar.” They had nothing to eat, and the preserves had to be found so Colonel Lipscomb looked under a bush and there they were, and began to eat, after giving Doctor Taylor and Chaplain Manning Brown some. When the jar was about half emptied, Tom Purdee said, “Colonel, have you got a match? I want to light this piece of candle,” and by the flickering light they could see the largest kind of black ants hanging to each of the preserved pears as they would take them up. Doctor Taylor and Chaplain Brown immediately took ipecac. Tom Purdee said, “Colonel suppose we hold to what we

have got,” and were soon asleep, while the doctor and the chaplain were wide awake, and oh so hungry.

[Brown was the Methodist chaplain of the 2nd South Carolina Cavalry. Despite the war’s deprivations, he lived until 1892.]

Ulysses R. Brooks
Butler and His Cavalry in the War of Secession, 1861-1865
(Columbia, South Carolina: The State Co., 1909): 161-62.



Influence of a “Lay” Chaplain During the War Between the States

The Wade Hampton Chapter, U.D.C. of Varnville, S.C., pays tribute to its friend and hero:

Rev. W.H. Dowling of Hampton County, S.C., is a man worthy of the love and respect of all who know him. His long life of seventy-four years has been spent in usefulness and kindness. He is a direct descendant of Robert Dowling a soldier of the Revolutionary War, and was born reared in what is now Hampton County, S.C. He enlisted at the beginning of the War between the States and fought throughout the four years, taking part in many battles in the Carolinas and Virginia, and he was distinguished for his bravery on many occasions. At Chester Station, being sent on picket with others he captured eleven Federals and delivered them safe in prison. And when Jeffords made a charge from Beaufort’s extreme right drove back a flanking party of the enemy, and held them until their ammunition gave out, Sergeant Dowling led an advance of his company and was severely exposed to the bullets falling like hail around him.

Though not an ordained minister at this time, Mr. Dowling was the only chaplain of his company throughout the entire war. He offered the prayer on roll call the first night, just as he did on the last night before disbandment. At the close of the war he was ordained as a minister of the Baptist Church, and since then he has labored most faithfully in his chosen calling. Much could be written of his service for the good of humanity.

[Dowling served as a sergeant with Company B, 5th South Carolina Cavalry.]

“A Soldier of War and Peace”
Confederate Veteran 24 (1916): 523.



When Politics Transforms a Court-Martial Into Something Else

General Orders,
No. 98
1863

WAR DEP’T, ADJUTANT GENERAL’S OFFICE
Washington, April 7,

I. Before a General Court Martial, which convened at Headquarters, 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 3^d Corps, March 24, 1863, pursuant to Special Orders No. 38, dated February 21, 1863, and No. 65, dated March 23, 1863, Headquarters, 1st Division, 3^d Corps, and of which Lieutenant Colonel E. Burt, 3^d Maine Volunteers, is President, was arraigned and tried:

John K. Karcher, Chaplain, 114th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

CHARGE: "Absent without leave."

Specification: "In this; that the said John K. Karcher, Chaplain of the 114th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, being absent with leave, did not return to duty with his Regiment until eight days after expiration of his leave of absence. All this at Camp Pitcher, Virginia, between the 25th day of February, 1863, and the 5th day of March, 1863."

To which charge and specification, the accused, John K. Karcher, Chaplain, 114th Pennsylvania Volunteers, pleaded "Guilty."

FINDING.

The Court, having maturely considered the evidence adduced, finds the accused, John K. Karcher, Chaplain, 114th Pennsylvania Volunteers, as follows:

Of the *Specification*, "Guilty."

Of the Charge, "Guilty."

SENTENCE.

And the Court does therefore sentence him, John K. Karcher, Chaplain, 114th Pennsylvania Volunteers, "To be dismissed from the service of the United States with the loss of all pay and allowances that are or may become due him."

II. The foregoing proceedings have been forwarded by the Major General Commanding the Army of the Potomac for the action of the President, with a recommendation that the sentence be mitigated. The recommendation is approved, and the sentence is hereby remitted.

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR:

E.D. Townsend, *Assistant Adjutant General*

[For reasons not specified, Chaplain Karcher, a Unitarian pastor, was allowed to resign his commission, rather than be dismissed . . . as dereliction of duty traditionally merited.]

† Curtana †

Post-war Reflections of a Confederate Chaplain

History emphasizes the teaching of Revelation that there are higher values for a people than earthly possessions and that abundant riches may be the ruin of a nation. That which makes a State great is not the magnificence of luxury, not splendid cities nor mighty armaments, "but men who their duties know, but know their rights and, knowing, dare maintain." It is folly and affectation to profess contempt for wealth. Yet when it is gained or used to the sacrifice of manhood, then it is contemptible.

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Mere material prosperity is no proof that a cause is just or that its triumph is a blessing. Some of the most despotic and tyrannical governments have shone with all the splendors that vast wealth, elegant culture, treasures of art could bestow.

...

The congestion of wealth the result of the war, which we are asked to rejoice in not only uses the government as its servant and breaks society into classes separated by mere material lines, but its influence on individual character has been injurious. The debasing of character is seen in the sharpness in business which condones successful dishonesty, in the disregard of plighted word, in the lax sense of honor, in the looseness of the marriage bond and the sexual immoralities of the social leaders, in the lack of reverence for the most sacred relations as parental, divine, patriotic. Among the rich this lowered character is shown in the loathsome revelations of the divorce courts, in the gigantic frauds and defalcations and in the bribery and corruption of those in official positions. Among the poor, the injustice they have suffered has led to the shameless impurities of the slums, to the drunkenness and thievery which are the outcome of masses of people herded together like swine.

...

We bewail the fact that the Church is losing her hold on the laboring masses and fails to reach the poor. Yet it is true that a large proportion of the wealthy classes have ceased to attend her services. It is true that immense sums of money are given for religion and philanthropy; but a small part of this comparatively is given distinctly to further the preaching and extension of the gospel, and it is understood by the givers that the Church's activities must not interfere with business or pleasure. The holy Sabbath has become a day of worldly recreation and amusement, and the Sunday railroad excursion and the Sunday theater take the place of the service of the house of God; and those who own the railroad and the theater are Church members! The magnificent sanctuaries, displaying the extravagance and the ostentation of vast wealth, are too often clubhouses, where the pulpit discusses the political, social, economic, scientific subjects of the day; and the minister is too often silent as to the crying sins of the rich who support him, while he denounces the sins of those who are provoked to sin by the oppressions of his supporters. These are the evils of the period since the war. Before the war in the South education and religion were in close alliance now the idea is to banish the Bible and ignore religion in the State schools. The teacher who is to exercise so powerful an influence on the rising generation may be an atheist; and if we object to him on that score we are branded as illiberal fanatics.

...

Dr. McNeilly was appointed chaplain of the 49th Tennessee Infantry, Quarles's Brigade, and really served as chaplain of the brigade. He was in every battle of that command, going into the charges with the boys until they began dropping about him, when he took charge of the litter corps and gave attention to the wounded and dying.

"The Failure of the Confederacy—Was It a Blessing?"
Confederate Veteran 24 (1916): 160.

† Curtana †

Chaplains and Commissars, Two Sides of a Similar Coin?

The passage which follows comes from a provocative study, reviewed in this issue of Curtana † Sword of Mercy.

“When it came to combat, chaplains and political officers were crucial. On the night before a battle, Cromwell’s chaplains worked to inspire soldiers by holding prayer and religious singing services. Or, they might join troops in fasting in order to better focus their attention on the upcoming conflict. Likewise, when battle was joined, the presence of these clergymen at the front lines did much to inspire the troops. The same was true of chaplains in the American military over the years. One can only imagine the impact that Chaplain O’Callahan’s actions on the USS Franklin had in motivating others to perform at a level many would have believed impossible. His role in throwing ammunition over the side, even though it was burning his hands, or his forays inside the smoke-filled, burning ship helped convince others that they could and should give everything they had to save the USS Franklin. If chaplains like Father O’Callahan could show such incredible bravery and disregard for personal safety, others could as well. In World War II, even the Germans recognized that they could not do without chaplains. They may have found chaplains’ message repugnant, but the Nazis knew full well that chaplains played a key role in helping to give the soldiers the will to go on and fight what was clearly a hopeless battle.”

Dale R. Herspring

Soldiers, Commissars, and Chaplains: Civil-Military Relations since Cromwell
(Lanham, Maryland: Rowman & Littlefield, 2001): 224

† Curtana †

Tribute from a Confederate Officer to His “Chaplain” Father

Major Stiles was commissioned a lieutenant in the 1st Company Howitzers Virginia Light Artillery Battery. He ended the war as a major in the Engineers. His father, Joseph C. Stiles, was too old to serve as a commissioned chaplain during the war. He did, however, spend a great deal of time ministering to the troops.

My own dear father is one of the prominent figures in my recollections of that summer about Richmond. He was fond of horses, an excellent judge of them, and used to ride or drive the very best that could be found. I say “ride or drive.” He was then between sixty-five and seventy years of age and, though vigorous and enthusiastic, found it very comfortable to drive sometimes; but his selected vehicle was at once the most unclerical and unmilitary that could well be imagined—a regulation skeleton “trotting sulky.” He kept his saddle at our battery and his habit was, when we were not actually fighting or on the move, to return to Richmond at night, coming down in the morning with a big market basket strapped under his sulky full of bread and good things. His approach was generally heralded by the shouts of the soldiers who followed; when, looking up the road, we would see him, often standing on the shafts, scattering biscuit and reading aloud the latest telegrams. Hundreds of men would sometimes follow him to our camp, and then he would have prayers with them and make a brief religious address.

Coming in this way one morning he did not find us; the battle was on and we had gone to the front. As he could not get his saddle, he kept right on in his sulky, hoping to overtake us. In some way he managed to pass through and get ahead of the second line and went on, actually between the first and second lines of battle, until his further progress was

obstructed by a line of works which had been captured by the first line, when he was forced to turn back, amidst a storm of ridicule from the second line:

“That’s right, old man; this ain’t no place for you, nor for me neither, if I could only git my colonel to think so!”

“Say, mister, won’t your buggy carry double?”

“Haven’t you got a place for me?”

“Oh, please, sir, take me with you! I ain’t feeling so mighty well this morning. I’m powerful weak, right now.”

Father always followed the Scripture rule of “answering a fool according to his folly,” and so he jeered back at them, telling them “good-by,” but saying he’d be back in a minute—as he actually was, riding, bareback and blind bridle, and passing right ahead with the troops. I have heard of following a fox hunt in one of these sulkies, but I venture to say this is the very first time a man ever entered battle in one.

It will at once occur to the reader as remarkable that father was not arrested. He was, a few days later, at Malvern Hill, by order of Gen. Rans. Wright, of Georgia, and a staff officer, as I recollect, of General Armistead, told me that he was directed to arrest him on one of the earlier battle-fields of the Seven Days, and made the attempt; that up to that time he had regarded himself as a pretty daring rider and scout, but that father, whom he did not then know, led him such a chase as he had never before had, and that he returned to his general and reported that he didn’t believe there was any harm in that old fellow, though he was certainly a crank, and if he got killed it would be his own fault; but that, unless positively so ordered, he didn’t propose to get a bullet through his brain following that old fool right up to the Yankee skirmish line.

It must be remembered that my father was a Christian minister, devoted to the soldiers, and a sort of chaplain-general among them. He was ready to whisper the consolations of religion in the ear of a dying man, to help the litter bearers, or to carry a wounded man off on his horse. Then, too, he was well known to many of our generals, to whom, by the way, he carried a vast amount of information gathered on his daring scouts ahead even of our skirmishers. I myself heard two or three of the most prominent generals say that it was their belief my father had seen more of the fighting of the Seven Days, from start to finish, than any other one man in or out of the army. I was of course deeply anxious about him, but he could not be controlled, and my belief was then, and is now, that the Federal skirmishers often refrained from firing upon him simply because they did not care at the time to expose their position.

Many of our soldiers knew him, especially the Georgians, Virginians and Mississippians. Georgia was his native State. In his early days he had done a great deal of evangelistic work in all parts of it, and many young men and boys in the army had heard their parents speak of him. I remember one evening, after a most impressive sermon to Cobb’s or Cummings’ brigade, overhearing a lot of soldiers talking at a spring, when one of them, anxious to appear a little more familiarly acquainted with the preacher than the rest, said, “I’ve heard my mother talk of the old Doctor many a time. I reckon the old fellow’s given me many a dose of physic for croup.”

An incident occurred, on or near the Nine-Mile road, some time before the week of battle opened, which is strongly illustrative at once of my father’s faith and of the childlike simplicity of the great bulk of our soldiery. Two companies, I think from South Carolina, were supporting a section of our battery in an advanced and somewhat isolated position.

About the middle of the afternoon father drove down from Richmond, and after he had distributed his provisions and talked with us a while, proposed to have prayers, which was readily acceded to. Quite a number of men from the neighboring commands gathered, and just as we knelt and my father began his petitions the batteries across the way sent two or three shells entirely too close to our heads to be comfortable—I presume just by way of determining the object of this concourse.

I confess my faith and devotion were not strong enough to prevent my opening my eyes and glancing around. The scene that met them was almost too much for my reverence and came near being fatal to my decorum. Our Carolina supports, like the rest of us, had knelt and closed their eyes at my father’s invocation and, simple-hearted fellows that they were, felt that it would be little less than sacrilege to rise or to open them until the prayer should be completed; and yet their faith was not quite equal to assuring them of God’s protection, or at least they felt it would be wise and well to supplement the protection of heaven by the trees and stumps of earth, *if they could find them*, and so they were actually groping for them with arms wide extended but eyes tight closed, and still on their knees.

I hardly know what might have been the effect upon me of this almost impossibly ludicrous scene had I not glanced toward my father. As was his habit in public prayer, he was standing; his tall, majestic figure erect and his worshipful, reverent face upturned to Heaven. Not a nerve trembled, not a note quavered. In a single sentence he committed us all to God’s special keeping while we worshipped; and then, evidently, he did worship and supplicate the Divine Being without the slightest further consciousness of the bursting shells, which in a few moments ceased shrieking above or about us, and our little service closed without further interruption. And then it was beautiful to observe how these simple-hearted boys gazed at my father, as if indeed he had been one of the ancient prophets; but I heard some of them say they liked that old preacher mighty well, but they didn’t just feel certain whether they wanted him around having prayers so close under the Yankee guns; that he “didn’t seem to pay hardly enough attention to them things.”

[Rev. Stiles led an interesting life. In addition to serving as a pastor, he was also an attorney. From 1843 to 1845 he was elected to Congress. After his term in the House, he spent the next two years as America’s charge d’ affaires in Austria.]

Robert Stiles
Four Years Under Marse
 (New York: Neale Publishing, 1904): 111-15.

† Curtana †

A Postscript on “Chaplain” Stiles

The *Christian Observer and Commonwealth* of 5 October 1870 carried the following account of the dedication service of a new church building in Paris, Kentucky.

On September 25, 1870 this edifice was dedicated to the glory of God. Rev. Joseph Clay Stiles, D.D., preached the dedicatory sermon. It is interesting to note that Dr. Stiles was one of the great pulpit orators of his day. . . . He was a Chaplain under Stonewall Jackson. After he had preached a very able sermon

in the presence of Jackson, the great General said: “Dr. Stiles, I would rather be a preacher than ten thousand generals.”

Robert Stuart

Presbyterianism in Paris and Bourbon County, Kentucky, 1786-1961
(Louisville: Dunne, 1961): 62.



An Enraged Chaplain Rejects the Concept of “Mercy”

Excerpt from the sermon “Southern Chivalry, and What the Nation Ought to Do With It,” preached shortly after Lincoln’s assassination by Alonzo H. Quint. Quint was a Congregational pastor who had served as chaplain of the Second Massachusetts Infantry.

We would, foolishly, have spared them, but they would not. It took this last blow to show the tiger, and arouse the overflowing scourge. . . . When armies fall into our hands, it should be by unconditional surrender. There should be no terms given which give to the leaders the rights of prisoners. It is a false sentiment which thinks these generals are not criminals. They are traitors, every one of them. They are murderers all. The prison should be their temporary home. . . . There are soldiers deserve well of their country. Give them, each, a tract of [Southern] land. . . .

Christianize that land. They need missionaries. The masses have been deceived by a corrupted Gospel. New churches are wanted there, which will acknowledge God. . . .

By the graves of our dead comrades, by the scarred battleflags, by the sturdy muskets, by the ashes of dwellings, let us swear eternal hatred to Southern Chivalry. In the fear of God Almighty, let us never pander to treason. Let no rebel generals be feted on our soil. Let the land be cleansed. Let the sword and the scaffold do their righteous work.

[David Chesebrough, from whose work the quotation above is taken, considers Quint’s sermon to be “what may be the most vitriolic of all Northern sermons toward the South.”]

David B. Chesebrough

No Sorrow Like Our Sorrow

(Kent, Ohio: Kent State University Press, 1994): 122-25.



Little Surprise the Civilians Stayed Away

A glimpse of the civility exercised by the Union occupation forces in Savannah, Georgia.

All persons within the city who had been in any way connected with the enemy’s army, were required to report to Captain Ira B. Seymour, and there to register their names with all particulars. It is but just in this connection to write a good word regarding General O.O. Howard, commander of the Right Wing of these combined armies. Christmas day he wrote to Rev. Mr. Wynn, Methodist clergyman, namely: “Have the kindness to receive and aid your Christian brother George W. Pepper, Chaplain Eightieth Ohio Infantry, giving him such facilities for serving your church as will not materially interrupt your

own work.” This regiment was thus enabled to enjoy an unique experience in army life, of listening to its Chaplain without standing, or sitting on the ground. Citizens did not attend these services numerously.

Charles E. Slocum

The Life and Services of Major-General Henry Warner Slocum

(Toledo: Slocum Publishing, 1913):245.

† Curtana †

The Extreme Climates of Chaplaincy Postings have Changed Little

We have now reached Kamptee, the station which is to form our home for the next seven years to come. It was a large military station, but at that time had been much denuded of troops on account of the Crimean war. There were not more than a couple of hundred European soldiers, artillerymen, in the station, a native cavalry regiment, and two native infantry ones, when we were startled by the outbreak of the Mutiny, so sadly famed in history. This force was subsequently added to by a European infantry regiment, and the wing of a Lancer regiment.

The station was an extremely hot one, and yet less deleterious to the constitution of most people than the coast stations, with their combination of heat and damp. Here it was all dry heat, and in the height of the bad season there were scorching hot winds in the middle of the day, feeling like the blast from an open furnace, from which you recoiled as if smitten with fire.

A Retired Chaplain [Anonymous]

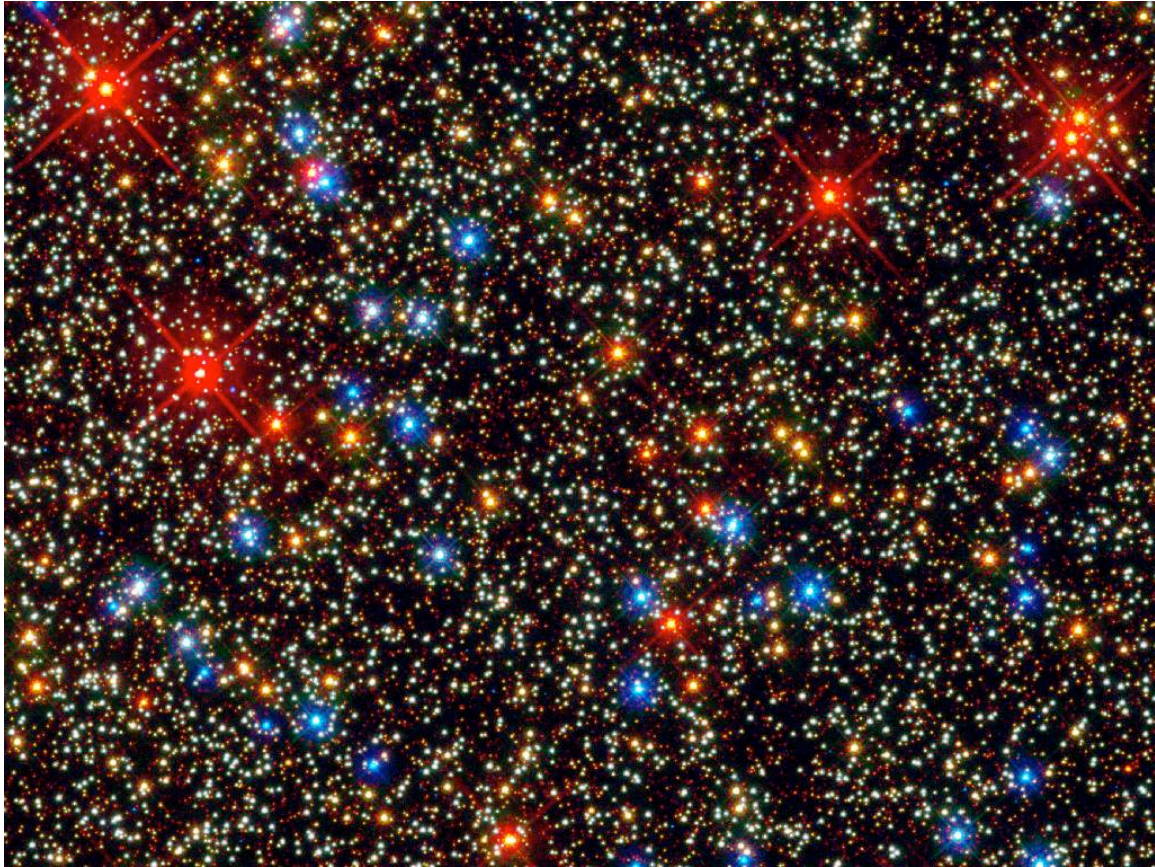
Episodes in the Life of an Indian Chaplain

(London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, 1882): 123-24.

Curtana † Sword of Mercy

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A colorful assortment of 100,000 stars residing in a single star cluster. Photograph taken by NASA's Hubble Space Telescope in May 2009.

Photo courtesy of NASA.

**God determines the number of the stars;
he gives to all of them their names.
Great is our Lord, and abundant in power;
his understanding is beyond measure.**

Psalm 147:4-5 (ESV)