be entire omission, or substitution of something different. I cannot stress too heavily the importance of this final sentence ; on its implementation depends very largely the influence of Evangelicals as a constructive force in the Church in these days of rapid change and of great opportunity.

Christians of the Confederacy

By The Rev. M. W. Dewar, M.A.

FEW events in recent history have been more subject to generalization and romanticism than the American Civil War, which ending ninety-six years ago still leaves three surviving combatants. British readers, who had been brought up for generations on Harriet Beecher Stowe, twenty years ago found themselves turned emotionally in the opposite direction by *Gone with the Wind*. The bulk of the British public, particularly of what used to be called the " lower " and " middle " classes, remains unrepentantly addicted towards " Uncle Tommery ". A section of the more romantically-minded, given to lost causes, have swelled the ranks of that British minority which supported the Confederacy in the 'sixties.

But with the approach of the centenary of this war of secession, and with a greater need than ever of Anglo-American understanding, the issue between North and South needs to be re-thought out by Christian people. Though the issues were political, they were also ideological. To a certain degree they were not untinged with religion. It is easy to dismiss the conflict as one between benevolent abolitionists and brutal slave-holders, earnest crusaders and reactionary patriarchs, with the figure of Abraham Lincoln dwarfing his contemporaries as a symbol of Triumphant Christianity. But the differences between the Blue and the Grey cannot be written off as a design in snow and ink. Each side had its shadings. Like an over-simplification of history or ethics this traditional picture of " 1861 and all that " contains a number of dangerous half truths.

Slavery was involved, but it was not a war for or against the South's " peculiar institution ". Lincoln was concerned mainly to preserve the American Union of States, and Lee had freed all his slaves. There were Christian men of high ideals on each side. President Lincoln, hailed as " Father Abraham " and " the Great Messiah " by abolitionists and negroes, was something of a deist. The Confederacy numbered active Church members among its leaders. The North did not lack preachers like Henry Ward Beecher, and poets like Longfellow and Whittier. But the practical Lincoln had little sympathy with the fanaticism of John Brown, and realized that his " body lying mouldering in the grave " was sowing the dragon's teeth of war no less than the slavery which they both detested. He half jestingly referred to Mrs. Stowe as " the little woman who started this war " ; and despite the idealism of Julia Ward Howe's " Battle Hymn of the Republic " the Northern armies were as much impressed by her " fiery gospel writ in shining bars of steel " (i.e.,

their own bayonets !) as by her " let us die to make men free " (i.e., abolition).

All this is by way of introduction to Three Christians of the Confederacy, and it reads very like special pleading for it, and denigration of the Union. The writer's excuse must be his membership of the Confederate Research Club, and his years spent on active service with S.H.A.E.F., and in close contact with the Chaplain's Department of the U.S.A. Army. These have combined to give him a new orientation on the War between the States, as patriotic Southerners call it in preference to the implication of the *Civil* War, but above all to bring into relief some of the oustanding Christian soldiers of the lost cause. To say this is not to condone either the slavery of the 'fifties and early 'sixties, though again this was emphatically not the *cause* of the war, or the racial segregation of to-day, which is undoubtedly the aftermath of the reconstruction of the late 'sixties and early 'seventies. Admiration for seventeenth century Dutch Boers and French Huguenots need not blind one to the ugliness of *apartheid* in South Africa, nor admiration for the Southern Cross and the sword of Lee blind one to the fact that " the best side won " though, as in later wars, it lost the peace. If Lincoln had not been assassinated, and if Lee had not retired from public life, a more Christian policy might have borne a more Christian harvest. . . .

It is not always realized that, especially since the Civil War, the South has broadly speaking been more " Protestant " and more Anglo-Saxon than the North. It has not attracted the same exodus of Irish, and Central and Southern European immigrants as have New England and the Northern States. Such phrases as the Tennessee Fundamentalists, the Dayton monkey trials, and the Bible Belt, spring to the lips and sometimes bring a cynical smile to them. But there lies an older stratum of Huguenot, Anglo-Saxon, and Scotch-Irish religious influence beneath this other which owes more to the Negro spirituals than to European and colonial origins. Against the Episcopalianism of Virginia, the Huguenotry of South Carolina, and the Presbyterianism and Methodism of much of the Deep South, must be set the Roman Catholicism of Maryland, which did not secede, and of Louisiana, which did. Thus, in very general terms, the whole ethos of the Confederacy was even more essentially Protestant than that of the Union.

From the older, English background of the colonial days came Robert E. Lee. This Bayard of Virginia, *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, was first and foremost a subject of the Old Dominion state. Advocating neither slavery nor secession, he followed his state into war and went with her into worse than exile. It is scarcely surprising that a Virginian aristocrat, a connection of Washington's should have been an Episcopalian. So also was Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, the Southern President, whose presence and personality never came near Lincoln's, or Lee's. One of the most dramatic moments in the closing stages of the war was when President Davis slipped out of church in Richmond, Virginia, one Sunday morning in April, 1865, having just received the advice of his fellow-Episcopalian and

Commander-in-Chief to evacuate the capital of the doomed Confederacy. Of all the American Churches, the Protestant Episcopal by reason of its particular Anglican heritage was less divided by secession than any other. The divisions of American Protestantism are numerous, and not a few of them derive from the divisive issues of slavery, secession, and the colour bar. The same conditions which have allowed " one use ", with minor alterations in the state prayers, to prevail in a permanently partitioned Ireland permitted Northern Federalists and Southern Secessionists to share America's version of " England's sublime liturgy " during four years of internecine strife.

This was entirely compatible with the nature and the philosophy of Lee of Virginia. Neither a political firebrand nor a religious fanatic, by an irony of history, it was he who commanded the U.S. troops that arrested John Brown during his abortive raid on Harper's Ferry. Courtly and impassive, most noble in defeat at Gettysburg or Appomattox, he was typical of all that is most admirable in that hackneyed phrase "a good Churchman". Eating his heart out for five years, when his country settled down to the uneasy peace of reconstruction, some words of Lee's are worthy of immortality. A young woman of the conquered Confederacy had brought her baby to him for his blessing, as negro mothers are said to have brought theirs to John Brown on his way to execution, or to President Lincoln. " Teach him to deny himself," said the grey-bearded lips, as the sad eyes spoke silently of the self-denial and self-sacrifice of his last years. He had learned that lesson not only in Mexico, when he wore the Blue with Grant, his conqueror, or when the Confederacy's high tide receded, but at his mother's knee in the unemotional and ordered worship of a Church as English as the " foxhounds belling the Virginia hills ". Lee lived and died in an age when the words " Christian gentleman " were understood, and his war as he saw it was to maintain the meaning of those words.

In striking contrast to the English Episcopal tradition of the Virginian Lee was Thomas Jonathan Jackson. If the one was the best type of reincarnated seventeenth century Anglican and cavalier, the other was a Cromwellian. If there were Prince Ruperts among Stonewall's foot cavalry, there was an Ironside at their head. Rugged and rough-bearded, eccentric and addicted to sucking lemons and reading Napoleon's *Maxims* on the march, he was less than forty years old when a chance shot deprived Lee of his right arm. He represented the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian tradition, the spirit of Derry walls and the Ulster Covenanters, the stuff of which some fourteen American Presidents were made. Yet he too was a Virginian.

It was these same Ulstermen who Lee himself said made the best soldiers in his army of Northern Virginia, " because they have all the dash of the Irish in taking a position, and all the stubbornness of the Scotch in holding it ". Dash and stubbornness at the First Battle of Manassas (First Bull Run) earned T. J. Jackson his nickname of " Stonewall ", which has acquired a different meaning since. But to his own men he was either " Old Jack ", or sometimes " the blue-light elder ".

Silence ! Ground arms ! Kneel all ! Caps off !
Old " Blue-light's " going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff !
Attention ! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod
In forma pauperis to God,
" Lay bare Thine arm ! Stretch forth Thy rod !
Amen ! " That's Stonewall's way.

They did not scoff, though they were not all saints in the armies of the C.S.A. But if the Federal Army of the Potomac had the prayerful support of Moody and Sankey, and the hymns of P. P. Bliss, including *Hold the fort for I am coming*, which was inspired by a telegram of General Sherman's, camp meetings and revivals were commonplaces under Jackson's command. After his death wound in the hour of victory, came well merited congratulations from the Commander-in-Chief. Jackson replied, " General Lee is very kind, but he should give the praise to God ". John Buchan, when Governor General of Canada, a son of the manse himself, once described Jackson together with Montrose and Douglas Haig as types of the Presbyterian cavalier, who has often been neglected in history. This tribute from a former High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, and a keen student of military history, admirably sums up the contradictory character of this remarkable man.

When a stray bullet took him at Chancellorsville, even his last words spoke of the two worlds in which the soldier-saint lived. In his delirium he called on his subordinate, A. P. Hill, to " bring up the guns ". Then, falling into deeper unconsciousness, he murmured " Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shadow of the trees ". Critics have suggested that he was thinking of his men crossing the Rappahannock, but in his final moments we can hardly doubt that he saw the Jordan and did not hear the guns. No nobler last words have been uttered since Bunyan wrote " all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side ".

As the hagiography of the Confederacy grew, a pretty story was told of this great strategist—how a legion of angels was sent to carry him to heaven, and how Stonewall did a quick flanking movement and got there before them !

After Lee, the Episcopalian knight errant, and Jackson, the Presbyterian " bonnie fechter ", two picturesque figures emerge from the grey ranks of the Confederacy. One is Nathan Bedford Forrest, and the other is Leonidas Polk. One was a slave dealer and the other a bishop. Forrest, one of the least attractive portraits in the Confederacy's Hall of Fame, liked to have a chaplain with him who " spoke prayers ", before wading in to the enemy.

A more reputable type of muscular Christian, though still somewhat unorthodox, was the Right Reverend and Gallant Leonidas Polk. Again of Scotch-Irish stock, he had been converted at West Point Military Academy. But on graduation there he proceeded to the Virginia Theological Seminary, and took Holy Orders. Eventually becoming Bishop of Louisiana, with his episcopal See in the old French

Roman Catholic City of New Orleans, he settled down like some nineteenth century Jacob upon a model sugar plantation in order to uplift his bondsmen in Canaan and to inspire the white slave-holding planters of his diocese. The household, white and black, met for family prayers each day before breakfast in the parlour. The Bishop read and expounded the Scriptures and prayed. The ceremonies of marriage and baptism were always performed by him, and names from classical mythology and Shakespeare appeared to be more popular than the Toms and Topsies of popular fiction. There was a high proportion of communicants among the negroes, and prayer was heard in their cabins as frequently as in the episcopal home. This Mississippian Zion was not, however, a financial success and the good Bishop's possessions were scattered when he went to live in the Creole City, which was the centre of his diocese. In those last ante-bellum years the Episcopal Church stood higher on the lower Mississippi than it has ever done since. Polk's next aim for the advancement of Christianity among both races, without disturbing the *status quo*, was not unworthy of Paul's Epistle to Philemon and breathed the same spirit. He visualized a great University of the South, in which the planters could learn their responsibilities towards their slaves, and train them for that eventual emancipation which all but the Simon Legrees and Bedford Forrests saw coming. The Bishop laid the foundation stone of this new venture in 1860, the last year of the peace, and it survives to-day as the University of Sewanee in Tennessee.

When civil war followed secession, the eventual choice of Richmond as the Confederacy's capital left the South West open to invasion. Such a man as Polk could not long withstand the appeal to arms of Jefferson Davis, a fellow West Pointer, and he joined the combatant forces of the C.S.A. and was gazetted Major General. This was no Cromwell or Stonewall, but a veritable Odo of Bayeux at Hastings, Zwingli of Zurich at Kappell, or George Walker of Derry at the Boyne. But he denied exchanging the gown for the sword, saying that he was " buckling the sword on over the gown ". The Christian pastor was not lost in the warrior-priest. His influence was one for good throughout the Confederacy, not least among his brother generals. Hood of Texas and " Joe " Johnston sought and received the sacrament of baptism at his hands. It was in the presence of these two converts that the soldier-bishop was killed by a shot from a Federal battery, at the battle of Kennesaw Mountain. The underlying unity of the Episcopal Church was never more clearly demonstrated than by the expressions of regret received from several Northern bishops, including the Presiding Bishop himself, whose See lay to the north of Mason and Dixon's Line. It was well said that Leonidas Polk never forgot that he bore a higher commission than that which Jeff Davis had given him. . . .

So we leave these three Confederate Christians to ride again with their grey ghost armies under the Southern Cross. It is nearly a century since they have " crossed over the river to rest under the shadow of the trees ". Questions of right or wrong, of federalism or state rights, of abolition or slavery no longer concern them. Like Abraham Lincoln, their magnanimous conqueror, they belong to the ages.