



Yours Truly
George Miller

Missouri's Memorable Decade

1860-1870

An

Historical Sketch

Personal--Political--Religious

BY

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PRESS OF E. W. STEPHENS,
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1898.

Dedication.



The many with whom I have been associated in my life-work; those whom I have received into the church, or baptized in infancy; and the many homes in which I have officiated at the marriage altar or at the bier—have filled these years with lights and shadows, out of which have sprung personal friendships, that can not cease with time.

TO THESE THIS VOLUME IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.



"Life only is bright, when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest, when it leadeth
Towards a more divine and perfect love."

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PREFACE.

My reasons for publishing this little volume are manifold, but may be summed up in the one desire of giving better views of Missouri's relation to the "*Memorable Decade*" that covers her "*Fall and Rise*" in the constellation of states.

My opportunities for observation during the crisis and transition period were especially good. My entire active life has been spent in the state, and includes the period of the civil war and the social, civil and religious reconstruction following that period. My southern training and northern convictions on the war issues, seemed to render me, in the estimation of my friends, eminently fitted to write an *impartial* sketch of that crucial period. It is difficult for northern or southern men alike, to be just and impartial in estimating the character and motives of the opposite side. A better knowledge and appreciation of each other, prior to 1860, might have prevented the war; and an unprejudiced history of its progress and results will the more speedily heal its surviving asperities and make church and state more cordially one.

Missouri has never been understood, and her people have been sweepingly condemned, largely

from the fact, that she was made the national football of the slavery agitation for forty-eight consecutive years. The Missouri Compromise, The Kansas-Nebraska Bill, The Border War from '55 to '60—these were the steps that led to an alienation that never ceased to grow until it culminated in the fearful national baptism of blood. Missouri stood in the *forefront* of each stage of this growing strife; not because her people were worse or better than the people of other states, but because of her *geographical position*. Being thus related to the causes leading to the civil conflict, it is but natural that Missouri should suffer more than any other state. Two thirds of her people being southern born, and inclosed on three sides by Republican states, her people were compelled to take sides, and taking sides soon forced all her people into one army or the other.

It is my aim to do justice to all parties, but justice condemns and approves. And in narrating facts and events, in some of which I took part, I will at times be *personal* and at times *historical*—giving political and church events as my story runs; so that the reader can obtain a very accurate knowledge of the eventful times, from '60 to '70, and of the causes leading to them.

It is for these reasons that I give some space in the first chapter to the personal history of my own family, as it shows the trend of sentiment in the South, and, in some degree, that the South con-

tributed more largely than she ever got credit for, to the anti-slavery movement and to the maintainance of the union. The book is *not a history*, but *only historical*; not a *narration of events*, but an *illustration of the character and spirit of the transition period of state and national history*. And we hope it may be the means of giving a better understanding of that period.

GEORGE MILLER.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 3, 1898.



INTRODUCTION.

In the years during which my place has been on the chapel platform in Park College I have introduced many speakers to that splendid audience. Often I have felt a great satisfaction in presenting one who had a message of unusual interest. Some such feeling fills me to day. To a large company of readers, as an audience, I present a man with a message of real worth. In many private conversations, and in frequent public addresses, Dr. Miller has both interested and instructed while he told from personal knowledge as well as from subsequent study, of the events of the *sixties* in Missouri. My reading of the manuscripts of this book has been fragmentary and hurried, but enough has been found to create an eager waiting for the printed pages and to give a keen pleasure in introducing the little volume.

The marked personal element in these chapters is pleasing. The author tells us enough of his ancestry and early life to show clearly his fitness for the task his pen has undertaken. As the narrative proceeds the reader will not lose his sense of the reality of the events recorded. The personal element pervades all and continues the impression that life is being restated.

Our recent war has drawn the blue and gray close together. This book also will help in the work of doing away with north and south in our land. The warm-hearted south and the cool-headed north receive justice from one who knows each intimately since he belonged and belongs to both.

Missouri has fair treatment, a luxury she does not always enjoy at the hands of book makers. People who are willing to judge the state justly will find here an explanation of things misunderstood, and, if they will, may have prejudices removed.

The book deals with a general subject yet takes up particulars in such a way that a definite knowledge of a time of crisis is gained. Papers are sub-joined. They are quite like Dr. Miller, conservative but always orthodox.

Missourians, I introduce to you a book that deals truthfully with our state.

Presbyterians: this book records struggles of vital concern to our church and written by our brother, beloved because of his words, work and life.

Southerners: one of your blood stands up for you, while he is clear-eyed enough to see the failings of those he loves.

The *young* will find here the story of a time they will do well to keep in memory.

All *readers* may find history herein. Failures may be avoided and successes attained by carefully

noting the effects of experiments tried during the war period and the early time of reconstruction.

May God bless the little book as He has blessed the ministry of the author.

The preface should be read before taking up the following chapters.

LAPSLEY A. McAFEE.

Park College, September 8, 1898.

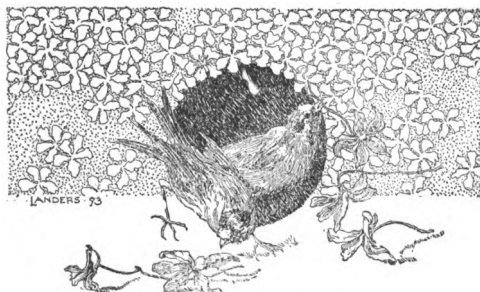


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PART I.

CHAPTER I.

PERSONAL HISTORY; THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE; THE
GROWTH OF THE PRO-SLAVERY SENTIMENT.

TWO controlling elements enter into all character; *blood* and *religion*; all else is subordinate to these. The history of the world demonstrates this as holding alike in individual and national character. Compare the Scotch, Scotch-Irish and English people with the Latins of Italy, Spain and France, and see how clearly blood and religion affect character.

My ancestry were of what is known as Scotch-Irish stock—a splendid compound, blending the kindlier feelings of the Irish nature with the conscientious firmness of the Scotch. This compound has exerted a marvelous influence upon American character and institutions from the earliest days of her history. It furnished thirty-one general officers to the continental army; half the members of Washington's cabinet; the first governors to seven of the

thirteen colonies, and fifteen out of the twenty-four presidents that have occupied the White house.

My great grandfather, Josiah Miller, came from Antrim county, Ireland, to Chester district, South Carolina, in the year 1771. My grandfather, Robert Miller, was then a lad of eleven years. At the age of seventeen, he joined the revolutionary army and served until its close, being severely wounded in the battle of King's mountain. After leaving the army he married Jennette White. My father, Robert Hyndman Miller, was born on December 6, 1796, in Chester district, and lived there until the year 1856.

I was born on September 3, 1834, on a farm. My earlier educational advantages were very meagre, obtained in log school houses of crudest furnishing, and given in broken doses of from two to three months at a time. Blackboards and glass windows formed no part of school house equipment in those good old days. About the only redeeming features of those earlier opportunities were, that the Bible and the shorter Catechism, with Webster's elementary spelling book, constituted the standard text books; and these lay the foundation of splendid character, if well improved.

We feel at this point constrained to say, that we open this volume with this personal history for the purpose of illustrating a fact. That fact is this, that the South has never received her share of credit for the contribution she has all along made to all the best attainments of our national life and history.

This injustice arises from two reasons, *first*, the accepted standard histories of America have been written from a New England standpoint; and *second*, the prejudices raised against the south by the secession movement and the civil war, have effectually precluded any fair judgments respecting her, and have largely obscured the vision of her noble and worthy past. We should ever remember that for one hundred years prior to the civil war, the Southern states furnished the larger part of all the best elements of our colonial and national life. The *first* "Declaration of Independence" made among the colonies was made at Abingdon, Virginia, in February, 1775, seventeen months before the one made in Philadelphia; and the *second* was proclaimed in Mecklenburg, North Carolina, on May 31, 1775, thirteen months prior to that of Philadelphia. In proportion to their white population, the southern colonies furnished more men to the continental army than the northern. She has, from 1776, furnished a large share of the best brain of the nation. Prior to 1860, the South furnished thirteen of the eighteen presidents and thirteen of the first eighteen secretaries of state.

We now call attention to one more claim for credit which has been withheld from the South, and one that can not be ruled out by *standpoints* or *war prejudice*. The south has never been given any credit for her large contribution to the anti-slavery sentiment of the nation. That the South ever had any such sentiment, may be a source of surprise to our

Standard historians, but we hope dispassionate reason will survey the facts. This sentiment was not found in 1860, except in the border slave states, for the reason that it had been drifting northward for sixty years. As an example; one single slaveholder in South Carolina, my father's neighbor, owned in 1850, the homesteads on which fourteen large families, aggregating one hundred and twenty-five persons, lived in 1810. These families constituted a community, covering an area of three miles square; and yet these removals were in progress all over the Carolinas, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Maryland. We believe, from what we know of the cause of these people leaving a warm, genial climate for the cold northern states, that nine tenths of them went because of their anti-slavery views. The reader who cares to peruse this thought will find astonishing figures by consulting the *Nativity Column* in the United States census reports for each decade from the year 1800 to 1860. All of this will go to verify the statement that the south contributed very largely to the stable element of the anti-slavery sentiment of the north, prior to the rise of the republican party.

My father's family were members of the Associate Scotch Presbyterian church. This church at an early day took strong grounds against slavery, although its membership among the Scotch-Irish in the south, ran far up into the thousands, a century ago, and before the exodus to the free states began.

No one owning slaves was permitted to become a member of this church. But as the pro-slavery sentiment began to encroach upon these associate church communities, one family after another would sell out and move north, and the churches grew weaker and weaker until very few of them could support preaching. The synod of the church, at its annual meeting in 1840, resolved to send one of its members on a circuit among these churches in Virginia and the two Carolinas. No one at first was willing to go on such a perilous mission. At last, however, the Rev. Thomas H. Kendall offered to go. He experienced but little trouble, until he came to Smyrna church, three and a half miles south of the town of Chester. There, during the first service, a band of mounted men, heavily armed, surrounded the church; a number dismounted and entering the house ordered Mr. Kendall out of the pulpit. Upon his refusal, they dragged him out and set him upon a horse and carried him about twenty-five miles south, into Fairfield district, and there covered him with a coat of tar and feathers, and turned him loose. In this plight he walked back to my Uncle William Miller's, by night to avoid further insult and danger.

My father was a member of this church and saw Mr. Kendall taken off, and was so impressed with the outrage, that he undertook to prosecute the guilty parties in the civil courts. After being repeatedly warned of *the risk* he would incur, he swore out the

warrants against the parties. Only a few weeks later, as he was returning from Columbia, where he had just made a delivery of some baled cotton, night overtook him near the place where the Kendall outrage was committed, and he was assailed by a gang of mounted men, knocked from his horse, most brutally treated, and did not recover consciousness until sun rise the next day. A strange feature of the case was, that he was found first by a slave of a plantation near where he lay. The slave ran and told *the overseer*. Now this class of men were usually considered cruel and heartless, but this one proved to be a genuine Good Samaritan, kindly carrying him to his house, calling in a surgeon, and the next day, bringing him home, a distance of more than twenty miles, in a spring wagon. Father recovered from his wounds in a few months. The foreman of the grand jury reported on these occurrences, that "*certain irregularities* had transpired in the district, but *the safety of society forbade further notice of them.*"

And this was a natural result of the institution, and especially in a state where the slaves so largely outnumbered the whites. Notwithstanding this experience, father lived there for fifteen years after he was mobbed. He had a brace of pistols and a dirk knife made to order, as soon as he able to go out, and boldly announced that the next time he was assailed, somebody would die. I have those pistols,

made fifty-seven years ago, and they will go down as family heirlooms.

Six years later, my oldest brother, Josiah Miller, aged eighteen, refusing to live longer in social ostracism, went north, graduated at the state University of Indiana, in 1852, studied law at Poughkeepsie, New York, and opened an office in Bloomington, Illinois, in 1854. The passage of "*The Kansas-Nebraska Bill*," carrying with it the repeal of the "*Missouri Compromise*," opened up the slavery question, and united all the anti-slavery sentiment of the nation. Josiah Miller closed his office in Bloomington, bought a printing press, went to Lawrence, Kansas, in the fall of 1854, and began the publication of "*The Kansas Free State*," issuing the first number from a sod house on January 3, 1855.

To show his point of view, we quote from his "first issue. "The Kansas Free State is established "for the purpose of making *these rich prairies free*, "*and its province shall be Kansas Territory*. We say, "then, no interference with slavery in the states, "except so far as moral power and the force of example are concerned. Our friends in Missouri and "at the south need have no apprehension of our interfering with their rights or their peculiar institutions. "We are southern ourselves—late of South Carolina—and have a high appreciation of southern "character, and many of the feelings and sentiments "pertaining to that section of the union, but differ

"widely with the great majority of them, on this
"problem of the age—*African slavery.*"

In speaking of northern subserviency and responsibility, he says "the three hundred thousand
"slaveholders, *of themselves*, could not give tone and
"complexion to all the great machinery of this
"government from its very foundation to the present time. Oh, no, they have been aided and
"abetted, sustained and supported, by the non-
"slaveholders of the north, who rival each other in
"serving the slave power. This, we consider, the
"fountain of American slavery, and a more
"abominable one than that which prevails in the
"south. There are more men in the free states who
"would own slaves were they able, and the laws
"permitted, than there are actual slave holders in
"the south. The history of the past legislation of
"the country demonstrates the truth of this statement; no one section of the union can arrogate to
"itself, much in this great matter of universal liberty.
"There is but little credit due to the so-called free
"states, so far. The black laws of Illinois and Indiana are fully as abominable as any thing in the
"Slave Code of Louisiana."

These fair and truthful statements, brought the
"Free State" and its southern born editor, under the proscription of the "Emigrant Aid Company," and that organization, assuming a monopoly on party leadership in Kansas, ever gave more of op-

position than encouragement to the "Free State" and its editor. With it, nothing was trustworthy that did not come from New England. Possibly the quotation was too sharp a reminder of Boston's pro-slavery mobs, just twenty years before!

In May of '56, the Free State press and office were totally destroyed by the border raiders from Missouri, in full view of a body of United States troops.

In March of that year, a man by the name of Wilkes raised a band of men in Chester and Fairfield districts, South Carolina, to assist the Missourians in making Kansas a slave state. When the ladies of Winnsboro presented Wilkes with a flag, he pledged himself that he would not return until he brought back the scalp of Josiah Miller, the traitorous son of Carolina. The band went to Kansas and as my brother with two northern men were going, under a flag of truce, to Lecompton, to consult the governor on the reigning lawlessness around Lawrence while government troops were looking on, he was seized by the Wilkes men, and immediately put on trial by court martial; the charge being "*treason against his native state.*" A strange feature about his arrest was, that the two northern men with him were not molested. Some months prior to this, when the free state men were in control, some of them, in a drunken state, determined to put all democrats out of town, if not out of existence. They

were chasing Colonel C. N. Wood and James Christian, Esqr., two very prominent and worthy citizens. My brother, seeing the danger the two men were in, rushed in with his pistol in his hand and held the mob until they escaped. These men, grateful for a similar favor, were not slow in finding the Carolina camp. The trial was in progress when they reached the place. It was held at night, in a tent with a few weird lights, all suggestive of the Spanish inquisition. The name of a democrat was a genuine pass word in the Missouri and southern camps in those days, and yet it by no means implied that all democrats indorsed these lawless measures. They made an earnest plea for the prisoner, stating that he had saved their lives and intimating that if the Carolinians put him to death, Kansas democrats would unite with the free state men in avenging his death. So the court turned the prisoner over to Col. Wood and Mr. Christian. They had no doubt saved his life. But his press was destroyed, and danger threatened on every hand, and a cowardly and perjured northern born president kept United States troops around to see that the border ruffians were protected in their lawlessness. Hence my brother left Kansas, but not without resolving to spend all his energies in defeating the party tainted with such lawlessness. He went north, entered the republican campaign and spoke through the states of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and his Kansas

experience made thousands of votes for the infant republican party. In November, 1856, he returned to Kansas, reestablished the "Kansas Free State" and was a leader in all the Kansas struggles until his death in 1870.

The same reasons that carried this brother north led me to go in 1852. I was six years younger than he. I spent my preparatory and freshman years at the University of Indiana, and entered the sophomore class in Centre College, Kentucky, in 1854. There I maintained my convictions. I was local agent for the semi-weekly *New York Tribune* and had a subscription list of forty-six names, among them, President Dr. J. C. Young and every professor in Centre College, Drs. R. J. Breckinridge and E. R. Humphrey of the Theological Seminary and Col. Griggsby, who afterward became a confederate officer. Danville was a model city, conservative, tolerant and respectful toward personal convictions. It is doubtful whether any American college has exerted a larger conservative influence upon American thinking. It never produced an extremist, political or religious, although its graduates have filled all the official positions from the supreme court and vice-presidency, down. It has the especial honor of having furnished three *successive* moderators of the Presbyterian General Assembly, in a crisis which demanded a high order of generalship. A number of her sons, of southern birth, did eminent service in

the union army during the civil war. All this is not so strange to those who understand the personel of Centre College. Dr. John C. Young, its president for nearly thirty years prior to the war, was an avowed emancipationist. His first wife was a sister of Dr. R. J. Breckenridge, and his second wife was the daughter of the Hon. John J. Crittenden. In both cases Dr. Young made the emancipation of his wife's interest in the slaves, a condition of marriage. In '49 he canvassed the state in favor of emancipation. In the ten years before the war, every professor in the college was anti-slavery, and yet four fifths of the students were from the south—many from the extreme south.

After the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill by congress, and the republican party began to crystalize, I delivered an address at the regular Saturday morning exercises in the college chapel. It was in answer to a fire eating speech from William Weedin, of Alabama. My subject was: "A Civil War between the North and the South, will bring certain defeat *to the South.*" I closed with these words, "I do not doubt the valor of the southern people, but as in the case of Leonidas and his brave Spartans, valor may be the precursor of a more complete ruin. Let me say in all love to the south, that as sure as such a conflict comes, the bones of *her* husbands, fathers and sons will bleach upon a hundred battle fields, *her* widows and orphans will

weep around desolated firesides, and the beautiful and sunny South will have it said in history that she once lived, but died by her own folly." This was in November, 1855—more than five years before the first gun was fired. It made a sensation, as four fifths of the students, numbering over two hundred, were of southern birth, among them Senator Blackburn and Congressman McCreary, of Kentucky. I received some frowns, but was treated with general passing respect, and have reason to believe that such an address, coming from a southern state, was a revelation that turned some into better views.

Senator Blackburn was a class mate, and some months after the address, the question of free and slave territory came up in the Chamberlain literary society. I took the anti-slavery side and he took the other. We agreed well in both being hot headed southerners, and before that debate ended, a kodak snap might have pictured us, confronting each other with up-lifted chairs, while the audience rose in confusion, some rushing toward us with a "*concert of purpose to intervene*," while others rushed for the doorway. But a few calmer words made us lifelong friends, and I was his first man at his marriage two years later. He often said: "I do admire a man who has the courage to stand by his convictions." There was no trait so admired by true southerners as manliness.

No class of American citizens watched more closely, and understood more clearly, the trend of sentiment on the slavery question, than the anti-slavery people of the southern states. It should ever be remembered, that they contributed very largely toward the anti-slavery sentiment of the nation. The first candidate for president on an anti-slavery ticket, was *John G. Birney*, born in Danville, *Kentucky*. His son, Maj. General David G. Birney, who did splendid service in the union army during the civil war, was born in Huntsville, *Alabama*. The first candidate for president ever run by the Republican party, *John C. Fremont*, was born in Savannah, *Georgia*. The first president elected on an anti-slavery ticket, *Abraham Lincoln*, was born in southern *Kentucky*.

I might add here what I have been assured of, by a prominent Christian man and a native of Tennessee, that *the first anti-slavery* paper ever published in the United States, was published in Jonesboro, *Tennessee*, as early as 1817.

This is verified, by a highly worthy resident of Jonesboro, from whom I quote. He says, "The first abolition paper ever published in the United States, was *the Emancipator*, published by Elihu Embrie, in Jonesboro, East Tennessee. Judge S. J. Kirkpatrick has a bound volume of the paper given him by T. J. Wilson, a son-in-law of Mr. Embrie. Mr. Embrie died in November of 1820, and the publication

ceased there, but was re-established in Ohio," "Under the lead of Andrew Johnson, a large portion of the democrats of Washington county, took the union side and are true republicans to-day. Sullivan county was *the only secession county* in East Tennessee, during the civil war, and that was democratic before the war, and is to-day the only democratic county in the upper east Tennessee section."

This authority further says that, "The Salem church, eight miles southwest of Jonesboro, was organized by Rev. Samuel Doake, about 1780, and is the oldest church in Tennessee. During the civil war, not a single one of the slaveholding members of this church was a secessionist. Nor did a single young man of any prominence go from this church into the confederate army, but quite a number of the young men of this church went north during the war, and many of them were in the federal army. The slaveholders of this church *all remained firm* union men during the war." East Tennessee was settled by the Scotch-Irish, as was the northern part of South Carolina and large districts of North Carolina, and their adhesion to principle everywhere distinguishes them.

The above church is Presbyterian, and always was.

We read the strange book announcement, "Anti Slavery Leaders of North Carolina," by John Spen-

cer Bassett, Ph. D. When all is written that might be written, the south will be better understood, and, despite her faults, her contributions to all that is best in American attainment and glory will be better appreciated.

It should be further borne in mind, that the first president of the United States, that boldly opposed the doctrine of state rights and its logical sequence—secession from the union, was *Andrew Jackson, born in South Carolina*. His language, on this subject, is even more forcible than that of his eminent southern born successor, Abraham Lincoln; and asserted as forcefully as he, that the constitutional sequence of secession was coercion. Jackson's proclamation, written in 1832, against South Carolina's nullification ordinance, might have been used by our president in 1861, twenty-nine years later, in all its salient points. After picturing in eloquent terms, the glory of the union of states and the unparalleled liberty and happiness of its united people, he makes this appeal.

“Fellow citizens of *my native state*: Carolina is one of these proud states—her arms have defended—her best blood has cemented, this happy union! And then add, if you can, without horror and remorse, this happy union, *we will dissolve*—this picture of peace and prosperity, *we will deface*—this free intercourse, *we will interrupt*—these fertile fields *we will deluge with blood*—the protection of that

glorious flag, *we forever renounce*—the very name of Americans, *we discard*. And for what, mistaken men! For what, do you throw away these inestimable blessings? For what, would you exchange your share in the advantages and honor of the union? For the dream of a separate independence—a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbors, and a vile dependence upon a foreign power. You can not destroy your country. You may disturb its peace—you may interrupt the course of its prosperity—you may cloud its reputation for stability,—but its tranquility will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stain upon its national character will be transferred and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder.”

How true to history has this earnest plea become, and yet it was made by a man born in South Carolina! And yet, he was only one—perhaps, by far, the most prominent one—of thousands of southern bred men, who dared to stem the popular current and stand by the right and the union. These men were not enemies of the southern people; so far from it, they were their best friends. Slavery was wrong and wrong leads to trouble; and that first wrong, drove a noble and worthy people to commit other wrongs, and brought home to them, at last, a fearful retribution. History—impartial history—will never find an impeachment of southern character or conduct that did not grow out of *this first great wrong*

of slavery. Yet in justice to the south, we must never forget that for the *planting* of slavery on American soil, the north and the south were equally responsible. This reasonable and just view of this subject, made me and thousands of other southern men, the enemies of slavery and secession, while we were friends of the southern people; and many of this class took up arms against friends and relatives, and when the victory was won, they wept over the southern dead, as David wept over his son, Absalom.

The reference to president Jackson brings up another incident in my father's life, and shows that Jackson was not without followers, even in Carolina. That state always kept up its military organization, and enforced muster days. My father was captain of artillery. During one of these annual encampments in 1833, and at the hour of his drill, the nullifiers raised the *Lone Star* or *Palmetto Flag* on the grand stand. This meant the displacement of the national flag—the stars and stripes. It was too much for Captain Miller and he felt that the issue might as well be made then and there. He ordered his men to load the two six-pounders. The boys had the powder but no shot, so he ordered them to gather up the round, smooth pebbles that covered the ground, and ram down a half gallon on the powder. He trained his guns on the flag and gave them ten minutes in which to haul it down. It is needless to say, that the flag came down without

a shot. He received from the President, an *autograph* letter complimenting him and his company, on their loyalty and courage. We see that the first gun ever aimed at state rights and secession was on the soil, and manned by the citizens of, the very state that was always its most persistent advocate; and all by the hearty approval of a president, who was a native of that state. Time in its inexorable flight and faithful portraits reveals some strange things.

My brother and I, perceiving that the rapid growth of the republican party would very soon precipitate the civil war, began to urge father to move north without delay. So he sold out at a great sacrifice and moved to southern Illinois in March of 1856. He brought with him about \$15,000. This fact made his presence in Carolina a source of exasperation to the southern people; he was able to own a few slaves, but would not be a party to it. He was a man of uncompromising principle and knew no fear in maintaining it. He moved to Lawrence, Kansas, in 1858 and died there in 1882, at the age of 86. My only apology for saying so much about him, is that I am so greatly indebted to him for whatever of moral worth I possess.

I finished my collegiate course in 1857 and entered the Theological Seminary, and was licensed in the spring of 1859. During the summer vacation I went to Kansas. I preached my first sermon in South Leavenworth. That city was the first western

city to engage in the “*Boom*” business. The field was unorganized, but had a good brick building. I was a sort of John the Baptist to the Rev. J. G. Reasor, D. D., who was soon to take charge of the work. The people did not know that it was my first sermon. I was preacher, precenter, choir, organist and—well, we did not take up a collection. At the close of the service I called for a volunteer choir to meet and practice on Saturday evening. A gentleman and his wife, living near the church, offered their services and the use of their organ; and we had a splendid choir for the next service. I felt greatly encouraged, and matters moved on very nicely for about six weeks; when one evening at the choir meeting, the gentleman’s wife remarked that I must excuse her husband’s absence, as he had to prepare an oyster supper at *the saloon* that evening!

A short time after this, I preached in Lawrence, Kansas, in a long hall on a third floor. I had been brought up a strict Psalm singer and had rather serious notions of the proprieties of worship. I entered the hall and took my seat on the platform, and presently heard strange sounds issuing from a corner about one hundred feet distant. I announced a good old hymn, and a whole *amateur orchestra* tackled it. At times the flute seemed to lead; then the violins; the base viol would come in with long drawn notes; then the clarionet would seize and toss it high *in the air*, when at length the trombone gave

an agonizing blast, one beat behind the time—a sort of death knell, and all was over. The thought that I was in Kansas, where every thing was done in a different way, greatly helped me.

I returned to Danville, Kentucky, and finished my studies in May of 1860. My instructors were Drs. R. J. Breckenridge, E. P. Humphrey, Stuart Robinson and Stephen Yorkes, all able men, and thoroughly sound on Biblical interpretation, and not one of their graduates ever took up with the new and questionable theories of a later date. Just before I left the seminary, the Rev. John B. Adger, D. D., then of Columbia, South Carolina, visited the seminary in quest of young men to supply pulpits in the south, especially in Louisiana and Texas. He represented what was then called the Southwest Board. He said they had the money, but could not get the men—*southern bred men*. Learning that I was a native of his state, he plead with me to go; saying that I could name my own salary—even if it were twenty-five hundred dollars. But my convictions on the slavery question were not in accord with southern sentiment, and I felt that a crisis was already in sight. So I sadly declined his invitation. For, with all their 'faults on this question, I loved the southern people; and leaving out of view their record on the slavery question and what grew out of it, no people more brave, more noble, more generous and truer to principle and the right, ever lived in any

land. So my convictions were on one side and my personal affections on the other.

It was this sad conflict between my principles and my affections that brought me to Missouri, which, as I supposed, was *compromise* ground—a sort of “*Missouri Compromise*,” that, like its noted predecessor, was rashly repealed, with some very unpleasant results. In June, of 1860, I accepted a call to the church of Pleasant Hill, in Cass county. At this time this was the largest church in Western Missouri with the exception of those of Lexington and St. Joseph. But alas! I came just in time to see both state and church sink in blood and fire, on the very issues I most dreaded. I tried to be true to both, during those stormy days and it is but natural that I should feel the deepest interest in the welfare of the state and that portion of the church, to which I have given my whole active life; however little that life may have been worth to either.

CHAPTER II.

MISSOURI FORTY YEARS AGO; THE WILD WEST; THE FIRST SETTLERS; GREAT CHANGES; THE CHURCH.

The strides of development in this great west during the last forty years, form the miracle of progress in this world's history. No one dreamed of what we see to day. Men invested for their children and their grandchildren, as they never expected to realize any profits in their own day. Sedalia existed only in the large brain of its founder, General George R. Smith; a man who did much to proclaim the vast resources of Missouri and promote her future growth. Kansas City was a mere village of 2,500, situated among the bluffs and ravines of the Missouri river, only distinguished by the large hopes of its citizens. Its principal business houses stood on the river front, and bore *Spanish* names, and the principal trade was with Mexico and the west and southwest. Independence and Lexington were thrifty towns of perhaps 1,500 inhabitants, possessed of remarkable culture and refinement for western towns in that early day. In fact the people, who settled the river counties of Missouri, were from the best classes of Kentucky and Virginia and other states. Not the wealthy classes,

but men of moderate means and good education and business energy, who saw great possibilities in the new west. The enhancement in values would soon enrich land owners along the Missouri, with its splendid facilities in the way of river transportation. Thus land within thirty miles of the river soon sold for from twenty to thirty dollars; while land beyond that limit brought from two to ten. The mining regions in the west, and the Mexican trade gave good markets for stock and produce. Trains of ox-wagons from four to five miles long were seen, in May and June of each year, moving out of Kansas City and Independence, laden with merchandise and the products of the soil. The gold discoveries in the great mountains, west, added to the trade and filled the coffers of these early settlers, so that large numbers of them became wealthy men for that day. They lived well and enjoyed what they had, and were not careworn in the race to make money. Only a small portion of the large prairies was yet enclosed and land remote from timber was not valued highly, until immigration began to pour in at the close of the war. In November, '62, when the outlook was very dark for Western Missouri, I met Mr. Larkin Maddox, who owned a large body of fine land between what are now the towns of Greenwood and Lee's Summitt. He thought the government would confiscate his land because his three sons had joined Quantrell. He offered me the entire body, including several hundred acres of

improved land, for the sum of two dollars and fifty cents per acre; and urged me to find a purchaser for it. That land in six years sold for from thirty to forty dollars per acre. The prairies were rich in verdure and in summer were spotted with vast herds of cattle, so needful in the large freighting operations carried on in the great new west. The soil was in its virgin freshness and responded readily and generously to the touch of faithful tillage. Indeed a beautiful country and a happy people—too beautiful and too happy ever to invite the desolating, murderous hand of war and pillage. Some years after the war, I visited Boston and Cambridge. On being introduced as from Missouri, the first question was, “what part of Missouri?” When I answered, “from the western border,” each would exclaim, “*are you not afraid for your life in that half civilized region?*” This became annoying, and I determined to put a damper on it. So on the next occasion, when a goodly number were near, I said, “Gentlemen, before the war, rich farmers in that region were in the habit of keeping large sums of money in the bureau drawer, and hundreds of dollars worth of silver plate in the sideboard; and never thought of locking a door. But a great change has come about, for since people from the Eastern states have come in, the money goes to the bank and everything valuable must be kept under lock and key.” They enjoyed this mild reproof. My statement was exact truth;

life and property were much safer then, than they are to-day in this region. I do not think that thousands of dollars in gold coin could be brought to-day, from Mexico to Kansas City in an ox-wagon, as was the custom in those days, without being held up on the way. It would be easier to rob an ox train, than an express train.

The distribution of slave property in Missouri - throws much light upon local sentiment in different parts of the state. In 1860 there were in the entire state, 114,931 slaves; this was more than ten per cent of the number of white population at that time.

Fourteen, of the one hundred and fourteen - counties, contained *over one half* of the whole. Ten per cent of the whole number, were held in Lafayette and Saline counties. Sixty-one counties contained less than five hundred slaves each; twenty-five of these containing less than one hundred each; and one county had none. Jackson and Lafayette alone, , contained 10,313 slaves. These figures show how natural it was for these slave holding River counties to be carried off with the southern movement. It is safe to say that more than four fifths of the people of these counties were secessionists; and with the additional advantage that a large part of the wealth of the state lay in these river counties.

The missionaries of all churches came to this state early and religion was well advanced all over the state. Even religious schools had been founded

in several places. The old school Presbyterian church was constituted into two Synods. The *first* was called the *Synod of Missouri*, consisting of the Presbyteries of St. Louis, Palmyra, Missouri, Potosi and Wyaconda; and contained seventy-eight ministers, one hundred and two churches and 6,260 church members, raising for congregational purposes in 1861, \$49,125.

The *second* Synod was known as the *Synod of Upper Missouri*, composed of the Presbyteries of Lafayette, Upper Missouri, Platte and Highland, the last being in Kansas. Highland Presbytery had no western limit, as it covered all of Kansas, Colorado and the regions beyond, and contained only thirteen ministers, twenty-five churches and five hundred church members. This entire Synod then contained only forty-nine ministers, eighty churches, and 3,060 church members and raised in '61, \$21,362. In twenty-seven years, Kansas was a great Synod of 220 ministers, 362 churches and 19,598 church members, and giving over \$208,000 to congregational purposes. The state of Colorado reports *no ministers* until 1863, and *her Synod* in twenty-five years was composed of five Presbyteries, seventy-four ministers, eighty-five churches and 5,000 members, and giving over \$72,000. We see that the children have done well, despite the sore troubles of their mother during their infancy and childhood.

At that time, '61, the Presbytery of Kansas City, then called Lafayette, embraced twenty-five

counties in the southwest corner of the state, extending from the Missouri river to the Arkansas line. It contained 21 ministers, 34 churches, and 1,478 members. The single county of Lafayette furnished 650 of these, and the three counties of Lafayette, Jackson and Cass contained 1,100, leaving only *three hundred and seventy-eight* members of our church in the remaining twenty-four counties—an average of less than sixteen members per county. There was not a mile of railroad within these counties; the only mode of mail and passenger traffic was by steamboat or stage coach, and we received news from the early battle fields of the civil war, in about the time it took to hear of Commodore Dewey's victory in Manila Harbor. Now, in 1898, the sixteen counties included in Kansas City Presbytery are checkered with railroads, footing up one year ago to 1,336 miles. This has entirely changed the geographical terminology, and we find that twenty-one of the forty-two churches on the roll, are in places that had no existence thirty-eight years ago, as Sedalia, Holden, Raymore, Centre View, Brownington, Tipton, Appleton, Greenwood, Montrose and others. In 1865, the two Synods were consolidated and the Presbyterial boundaries changed so as to make five presbyteries in the state. By this change, fourteen counties were cut off the south end of this Presbytery and attached to Ozark, and those of Cooper, Cole, Morgan and Moniteau added

on the east. This makes it include Kansas City on the west and Jefferson City on the east. These sixteen counties were no doubt more prominent than any other sixteen contiguous counties, in all the most stirring events of Missouri's history.

We have given this brief cast of the state as it was in 1860, for the reason that it is our aim to give the reader the clearest impression possible, of the condition of things in the state, when the dark war cloud spread its withering pall over its fair face.

CHAPTER III. .

THE RISE AND GROWTH OF THE BORDER WAR—THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT—ITS SLOW GROWTH IN THE NORTH.

This territory between the Missouri river and the Arkansas line suffered more than any other in the state, or perhaps in the United States; for here the civil war had its most emphatic *preludes*. As soon as Kansas was opened for settlement in 1854, the people of Missouri desired to make it a slave state. This desire soon became a *frenzy* that swept good men into all sorts of lawless methods. The fear that produced this, was that if Kansas became a free state, the mere imaginary boundary line between the states, south of Kansas City, would render slave property in the border counties worthless. Another irritating reason was, "the organization" with the portentous name of "*The Emigrant Aid Society*," with headquarters in *Boston*. This was viewed, and rightly so, as the first *organized force*, backed by money and influence, the avowed object of which was *to oppose the extension* of slave territory. The north had awakened and the south must stir herself. So we find the two forces organizing, moving and maneuvering, locally, 'tis true, but really marshaling for the great and bloody conflict of '61 to '65. The civil

war began on the day the Missouri compromise was repealed. So the old Missouri and Kansas animosities and spites, gendered in '55 and '56, lay smouldering on each side of the border line, longing for an occasion. One day in March, '61, as we rode over the prairie near Hickman's mill in Jackson county, a young Missourian of a prominent family, remarking on prospective war, said with evident bitterness, "*I am glad war is coming; we want a chance at Kansas.*" I replied, "Does it not occur to you that it would also *give Kansas a chance at Missouri.*" Thus when the war came, the longed for opportunity came, and both sides eagerly seized it, and it soon ripened into personal revenge and general disregard of all rights of person or property. In two years this beautiful border was a homeless waste, with lone chimneys standing as monuments of the past. This embittered warfare did not arise from the fact that these people, on either side, were worse than people in more favored sections, but from the general suspicion and distrust, gradually engendered by the Kansas troubles. Missourians generally considered all Kansans unprincipled enemies, and the Kansans viewed all Missourians in the same light, and too many of each side at last tried to be what the others thought they were.

There were some on both sides who did not endorse lawless or extreme methods, and this brought discord into local congregations and the Presbyterian

church did not grow in this state as it should have done. The anti-slavery views expressed by the New School church, resulted in the disintegration of that church in this state prior to the war. The Old School church from time to time had made very moderate deliverances, bearing rather against its abuses than against the institution itself. It held that the province of the church was to preach the gospel and so permeate society, as that great national evils would be gradually remedied by peaceful, moral means. The rule of heathen Rome during the ministry of Christ and his apostles, was excessively oppressive and wicked, but they never assailed or antagonized it. They did not feel that silence was endorsing the sins of the Roman empire. After a lifelong study of the slavery question, and the steps leading to our dreadful civil war, I feel sure that the harsh and denunciatory methods of the radical abolitionists never advanced the anti-slavery sentiment of the nation. I know this is not the popular view, but history proves it to be the true view. The Garrison party never attained any weight in the north; it only provoked the resentment and anger of the South, and forestalled all appeals to reason and truth, and made the sword the only final arbiter.

A first-class authority asserts that "the total importation of slaves into the British colonies in America from 1680 to 1786 has been estimated at 2,130,000." It further states that the methods used in

capturing these slaves in their native Africa, were the most brutal and attended with "the utmost wrecklessness of human life, and with utter indifference to misery and torture, and resulted in the killing of thousands." Not only this, but the same authority states that out of every hundred shipped from Africa, not more than fifty lived to become laborers on the plantations. We see in all this, horrors that should have stirred the humane feelings of the founders of our *free* government, but they did not; and "the land of the free, and the home of the"—*slave*, continued to seem a parody on our Declaration of Independence.

In the meantime slavery was abolished in one after another of the northeastern states, not so much because it was *wrong* as because it was *unprofitable* in that latitude. And one has well said, that this only transferred the slaves to the south, and did not lessen the evil.

We are told that the sentiments of the founders of our government were against slavery; this, no doubt, was true; but it requires more than mere sentiment to eradicate a great evil. There was plenty of sentiment, but it never chrystalized; and *the first aggressive anti-slavery society* (in the United States) was not organized until 1833; and its position was so harsh and revolutionary, that it had almost as few followers in the north as in the south. The same year, Miss Prudence Crandall, was so im-

prudent as to open her school to colored girls in the state of Connecticut. But, alas! for the anti-slavery sentiment of New England, she was ostracized by society, the legislature by enactment forbade such schools, and Miss Crandall was imprisoned for her temerity. In the year, 1835, Wm. Loyd Garrison, the founder of the above society, and its radical leader and spokesman, was seized in Boston by "a mob of gentlemen of property and standing," which threw a rope around him and dragged him through the streets of that Historic city, and no doubt would have hung him, southern fashion, had he not been rescued by civil officers and hurried into the jail. We wonder if Boston has forgotten her pro-slavery mobs—just twenty-five years before the civil war! It is clear that as late as 1840, there was no more anti-slavery sentiment in the free states than in the slave states. Garrison had a mere nominal following, as Cassius M. Clay had in Kentucky.

The first anti-slavery *political organization* in the United States was formed in 1840—*only twenty years before Lincoln's election*. It was called "The Liberty Party." It nominated John G. Birney, for president and he only received 7,059 votes, and I have good reason to believe that one half of these were given by men of southern birth, who had left the south because of their views. Birney himself was a native of Kentucky. The same party placed him in nomination, in 1844, and his vote rose to 62,000—largely drawn from

Henry Clay, the whig nominee, because Polk the democratic nominee stood on a platform pledged to the annexation of Texas and the extension of slave territory. It appeared that no form of square opposition to slavery, seemed to strike the popular chord of the north. A change of base was clearly a necessity; so on August 9, 1848, the "*Free Soil Party*" was organized. Its platform disavowed *all attacks on slavery where it existed*, and simply declared *against any further extension of slave territory*; almost exactly the platform on which Lincoln was elected twelve years later. This was a reasonable and practicable platform on which to unite all the anti-slavery elements of the country. Ex-President Martin Van Buren was nominated on this platform. He had always been a democrat; was elected in 1836; was renominated in 1840 and beaten by Gen. Harrison; and was the first choice of his party in 1844, but his opposition to the annexation of Texas defeated him in the convention. He became a free soiler in '48, and became their popular candidate, receiving 296,000 votes. The same party ran John P. Hale in 1852, but the free soil vote dropped down to 157,000.

We have given this history of the growth of the anti-slavery sentiment, because we believe it throws light on some dark places, corrects some common and unjust beliefs, and also shows that the south had no just ground for alarm in '60, at the strength of the opposition to her favorite institution. Now

we add another statement to this, that if the southern leaders had not taken fright at a chimera, and lost their heads, and run into frenzied extremes in trying to further their cause, that cause might have been preserved to them to this day. But they had the legislative, administrative and judicial departments of the government, wholly in their hands, from '44 to '61, and plenty of northern office holders to do their bidding. So they passed an offensive fugitive slave law in 1850—the Kansas-Nebraska bill in 1854; invaded Kansas in 1855, indorsed the Dred Scott Decision by the supreme court in 1856; and attempted to reopen the slave trade in 1859. These were the daring and suicidal aggressions that aroused an indifferent north, and placed Lincoln in the president's chair. But Lincoln's party was not hostile to slavery, and had not a thought of abolishing it. The germ of this bit of history can be briefly expressed—the *south's defiantly aggressive* policy in the fifties, built up a party *opposed to extending slavery*;—the *south's disunion* policy made that party *opposed to the very existence of slavery*, and the instrument of its extinction.

It was the cry of a few southern leaders for twenty years, "*let us fire the southern heart,*" and alas! they succeeded, only too well! As we have said of the radical abolitionists, so we now say of the rash and lawless methods of the defenders of slavery, that they only injured their own cause and furthered

that of their enemies. The south tried to suppress free thought by lawless means. So in '56, the "*Parkville Press*," the property of Col. George S. Park, the founder of the town of Parkville and of Park College, was thrown into the Missouri river. And the same year the presses of the "*Kansas Free State*" and the "*Herald of Freedom*," both of Lawrence, Kansas, were thrown into the Kansas river. These methods could only react disastrously. Col. Park's press has expanded into a great college with \$800,000 of assets and a world-wide reputation, while the names of those who threw his little printing press into the river, have sunk under a world's scorn. An Associate Reformed Presbyterian church stands to day on the spot in South Carolina, where Rev. T. H. Kendall was tarred and feathered in 1840. All men honor the name of the Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, a Presbyterian minister, who was driven out of St. Louis to Alton, Illinois, because he had expressed in his paper, the "*St. Louis Observer*," a religious paper, some sympathy with the anti-slavery movement. He removed his press to Alton in the free state of Illinois, and there, before he set it running, it was broken in pieces by a mob. He bought a *second* and a *third* press, only to see them ruthlessly destroyed. His friends bought him a *fourth* press, and in defending it he was shot and killed. But this was away back in 1835 to 1837, when pro-slavery mobs were more common in the north, than in the south. The moral

of all this is, that throwing presses into the river does not arrest free thought any more than it arrests the current of the river. The principles, for which these men suffered, triumphed the more speedily. Human passion and fanaticism force the world to pay very dearly for its progress. The unification of this republic is worth all it cost; but the question will ever recur, *might it not have been bought for less?* Reason and religion are better guides, but at times in individual and national life, both lie buried beneath a blinding and sinful passion, and the eye never suspects the folly, until, through tears, it beholds the graves of a thousand sweetly cherished hopes. Men indeed become rational, as they stand by the grave of the loved and lost, and weep over the memories of the now dead past.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE DOWN OF THE CIVIL WAR IN MISSOURI; ITS SUDDEN VIOLENCE; STATE CONVENTION; PRO- VISIONAL GOVERNMENT VERSUS A MIGRATORY LEGISLATURE.

Lincoln's election, evincing as it did, a north united against the further extension of slave territory, seemed at first to stun the southern people of this state, while it drove the cotton states into immediate secession. Numerous delegations from those states visited Missouri for the purpose of persuading her to cast her lot with a united south. The legislature being in regular session on the twenty-first of January, 1861, ordered an election to be held on February 18, for the purpose of choosing delegates to a State Convention to be convened on February 28. The wording of this order indicates the object of this convention, "to consider *the then existing relations* between the government of the United States, the people and governments of the different states, and the government and people of the state of Missouri; and to adopt such measures *for vindicating the sovereignty of the state, and the protection* of its institutions, as shall appear to them to be demanded."

The Hon. Sterling Price, who later became major-general of the state confederate forces, was chosen president of the convention. And while about one third of the members were strongly southern, yet the action of the body was overwhelmingly against secession from the union.

The make up of this anti-secession body is worthy of note. It was composed of one hundred and four members. Of these *thirty* were born in Kentucky; *twenty-four* in Virginia; *thirteen* in Missouri; *ten* in Tennessee; *three* in North Carolina; and *one* in Alabama, and *four* in Maryland; *fourteen* were from the northern states, and *four* of foreign birth. Thus we see that *eighty-six* were born in slave states; which gives additional force to what we have said, of the number and influence of southern born men, in shaping national ideas and preserving the union. The leading members of the body were of southern birth; James H. Birch, Hamilton R. Gamble, James O. Broadhead, John B. Henderson and Willard P. Hall were all Virginians by birth; while Charles Drake and Samuel M. Breckenridge were natives of Kentucky.

This timely convention saved Missouri from the overt act of secession, and might have saved her from most of her future woes, had it not been for the wreckless folly of her professed friends and leaders. Her governor, Claiborne F. Jackson, made no effort to conceal his secession tendencies, and

was no doubt in the plot to seize the United States arsenal in St. Louis. But Gen. Nathaniel Lyon had been placed in charge of that important magazine in February, 1861, and guarded it most carefully. By May 1, the "Missouri State Guards," a military organization in the interests of secession, was rapidly forming all over the state. A camp named in honor of the governor, "Camp Jackson," was formed in the suburbs of St. Louis, and the "State Guards" were gathering there in too large numbers, and under circumstances too suspicious, to suit Gen. Lyon. So on May 10, he and Col. F. P. Blair marched out, with six thousand "Home Guards" raised in the city, and captured Camp Jackson, with "twenty cannon, a large number of small arms and quantities of ammunition." This was the first decisive move of the union forces in the state, and it proved to be a most timely one, as this force was no doubt gathering, with the approval of the governor, for the purpose of seizing the arsenal. In one month more, Lyon's command entered the state Capital, to find it vacated by both the governor and the "State Guards." Lyon, after securing the state archives, that had been deserted by their sworn custodians, marched on Boonville, dispersed a camp of "State Guards," numbering two or three thousand, on June 18; and then marched to Springfield. August 1, he moved out of Springfield, met and defeated Gen. McCulloch, August 2. Seeing over-

powering forces of confederates concentrating upon him, he gave battle August 10, in which he lost his life.

Thus the war opened in this state. Governor Jackson, strange to say, looked upon the entrance of United States troops into the state, as "*a federal invasion*," and immediately called out, in May, '61, the "Missouri State Guards" to repel this audacious interference with the sovereignty of the state. This call turned the state into hostile camps and converted it into the arena of tragedies indescribable and calamities untold, for the next four years. He was not always so sensitive about sovereign proprieties. For in March of '55, just six years before these "government troops invaded Missouri," C. F. Jackson invaded the territory of Kansas with several hundred Missourians, all armed and carrying two pieces of artillery. It is true that there was an air of neighborly interest in this formidable mission; the design being *to aid* Kansas in electing its first legislature. But the arms and cannon aroused the same suspicion that similar equipment did in '61. We do not know whether it was because of the largeness of the number of voters whom Jackson led, or the efficacy of their equipage, but his presence in the Lawrence district increased the registered vote of 369 to an actual vote of 1,034. Similar results, under other leaders from Missouri, raised the registered vote of the Territory from 2,905 to an actual

vote of 6,307. Missouri got the entire legislature, and in the next ten years, a great deal besides.

But events no less startling were multiplying on the western border of the state. During January and February of '61, two military companies were organized in the town of Independence, one cavalry and one artillery. These companies were organized as independent, but were easily merged into the "State Guard," under Governor Jackson's manipulation. The United States Arsenal at Liberty was in charge of only one man. On the twentieth day of April, some two hundred men under Capt. Henry L. Route, of Clay county, with a full equipment of teams, seized and hauled off all this United States property. This property consisted in four brass six-pounder field pieces, two unmounted nine-pounders, about one hundred and twenty boxes of rifles, muskets and carbines, with several boxes of pistols, and large quantities of ammunition for all arms of service. These supplies were deemed quite a lift for the secession cause; true, no one claimed, as yet, that this was in the interests of secession; it was only for the state defense.

This success led to another venture. They discovered that a large quantity of arms, ammunition and army supplies, the property of the government, lay in the Choteau warehouse on the levee in Kansas City. This was very tempting; so about the twenty-eighth of May, Captain T. W. Arnold's company,

the Grays, from Independence under command of Lieut. Whitehead, proceeded to Kansas City in the night and took from the warehouse all these arms with ammunition and equipments. These supplies were consigned by the government to Fort Union, New Mexico, and were awaiting overland shipment.

Owing to the rapid organization of the state guards, attended with these seizures of government property, the union people of Kansas City began to feel alarmed and to call for some counter movement. Col. R. T. Van Horn called for counsel and help from the government. He was authorized to raise a battalion in and around Kansas City, for local defense; which service he promptly performed. But such a move took time, and time was used so efficiently by the secessionists, that something must be done, or ground forever lost. After the seizure of the government stores in the warehouse, Col. Van Horn called on the officers, in command at Fort Leavenworth, for a garrison for Kansas City.

Thus the first United States troops to enter western Missouri, was a few companies of regular U. S. Cavalry from Fort Leavenworth, under Maj. Prince, about the eighth day of June, '61. This made a sensation and stirred the State Guards most profoundly, under the cry of invasion of Missouri. Capt. Edmonds Holloway, of the U. S. army, had resigned his position, that he might embrace the Confederate cause. His family residence was in Jackson

county. So he was soon appointed by some authority, whether by Jackson County or Jackson Governor, we never learned, to the command of the Kansas City district, with full authority to organize and command the Missouri state guards. This organization had proceeded with alarming rapidity through the month of May, and companies existed in every town, village and cross roads in western Missouri. No sooner had Maj. Princes' U. S. regulars reached Kansas City, than the war cry of "*Federal Invasion*" was ringing on the wings of the wind over the prairies. This was Capt. (now Confederate Colonel) Holloway's opportunity. He met it heroically—but fatally;—he rose with the emergency, and called out the new recruits to rendezvous at Independence. They came by hundreds from all directions, armed with shotguns and old rifles and pistols, of all ages and descriptions; this last clause applies both to men and arms. They encamped on Rock Creek, a short distance west of Independence. Major Prince sent Captain D. S. Stanley down with two companies, bearing a flag of truce, for the purpose of inquiring of Col. Holloway what such hostile demonstration meant. They held a short conference, and as Col. Holloway started on a lope back toward their camp, his own men fancied the federals were coming, and opened fire in the face of their own commander, killing Col. Holloway and two of his staff and wounding

a number of others. Two of Capt. Stanley's men were wounded, but he did not return the fire.

This event produced widespread sorrow; for whatever might be said of Colonel Holloway's course, all who knew him, held him in the highest esteem, as a worthy citizen, a cultured gentleman and a brave soldier. This was the first serious episode of the war in western Missouri. These unwieldy recruits went south, became a part of General Price's command and took part in the battles of Springfield and Lexington, two or three months later.

Very soon after Gov. Jackson's call for troops to repel the federal invasion, he was compelled to evacuate the state capitol; so we lost our governor and had no seat of government for several months. The next thing we hear from him, is a call for a special session of the legislature of Missouri to be held *in Neosho*, on October 21, 1861. It was several days before business could be transacted; so few were present that a resolution was passed by the senate, requesting "Major-General Sterling Price to furnish *the necessary outfit* to the messengers to be dispatched for absent senators." The efficacy of that resolution was never recorded; as no roll of that wandering, migratory body was ever published. On the twenty-eighth day of October this body passed "an act declaring the political ties heretofore existing between the state of Missouri and the United States of America, *dissolved*." As soon as this

action was taken, the legislature adjourned to meet the next day in *Cassville, Barry county*, where, after ten days' session, it evaporated. Its action had no perceptible influence on state affairs. Military rule had obscured all civil authority and no matter which army was in power, citizens of opposite views were in danger, so that all men able to bear arms, found it safer to be in one army or the other, than to try to stay at home. All business was suspended. Immense crops of wheat and corn were raised in 1861, but the wheat was never threshed and very little corn was ever gathered.

The state convention adjourned on the twenty-second of March, 1861, but surmising that it might have to take charge of a poor headless State, it empowered a committee to call the body together at such time and place "as *the public exigencies* of the state might require." The "exigences" multiplied very fast and might have been found in quantity in almost any part, during the months of May and June. So the committee issued a call for the convention to assemble in Jefferson City on the twenty-second day of July, just four months after its adjournment. As the Hon. Sterling Price, the president of the convention, was now acting as major-general of the secession forces in the field, he did not attend. His place was declared vacant and Robert Wilson, of Andrew county, vice-president, was chosen as the presiding officer, and Aikin Welsh,

of Johnson county, was chosen vice-president. A committee of seven, one from each congressional district, was chosen to report on "what action was necessary for the convention to take in the present condition of affairs in the state."

This committee opened its report with these words: "The brief interval of time since the adjournment of this convention has been filled with the most startling events. The horrors of a civil war, inaugurated by the most gigantic and causeless rebellion, of which modern history affords an example, have visited our state, and our peaceful relations with each other and with our common government, have been rudely broken." "We find our capitol deserted by its governor and other high officers of state. We find that our governor has, by his proclamation, incited the people of this commonwealth to armed opposition to the laws and government of the United States, and that he is now in open rebellion against that government."

In accord with these views, the convention declared *the offices of Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, and members of the Legislature*, vacant, and took orders to fill them. The objectionable and radical enactments of the state legislature passed in May, were declared null and void, and an election of state officers and members of the legislature was ordered to be held on the first Monday in November. The convention then erected a Provisional Govern-

ment, with the Hon. Hamilton R. Gamble, of St. Louis, as governor; the Hon. Willard P. Hall, of Buchanan county, lieutenant-governor, and the Hon. Mordicai Oliver, of Greene county, as secretary of state. The political caste of this session of the convention can be read in the votes. The number in attendance was about eighty-two, there being a somewhat suspicious absence of about twenty members. The votes on the main questions passed upon, averaged *fifty-five* for, and *twenty-four* against. Those voting with the minority were not necessarily in sympathy with secession, but some, no doubt, leaned that way. The vote for Governor Gamble was sixty-nine for, and none against him; but nine were excused from voting. Mr. Gamble was a man of too high character and standing for any one to go on record as voting against him. A wiser choice for that trying position could hardly have been made—a Virginian, too, by birth. After addressing a very clear and strong letter to the people, in explanation of the action of the body, the convention adjourned on August 31, authorizing Governor Gamble to re-assemble the body as events might require.

It was in session just nine days. The governor called it together on October 10, '61, after a vacation of only ten weeks, giving among other reasons, "that throughout the length and breadth of the state there exists a civil war that threatens the destruction of all government, and strikes at the very foundations

of society itself; that the treasury was empty; and that in the disturbed condition of the state, the election ordered for November could not be held and should be postponed."

The convention postponed the election until August, '63, and continued the provisional government, and took such other action as the interests of the state seemed to require. The drift of sentiment in this third session was shown in the fact that the attendance dropped from eighty-two in July, to *fifty-one*, showing that in the seven months from March 20, one half the members ignored their obligations to the state. We do not mean that all of these were out of sympathy with the action of the body, but no doubt that was true of many, if not of a majority of them. Ten or twelve were in the confederate service.

The governor again called the convention to meet on *the second day of June*, '62. At this meeting it was ordered that the provisional government be continued until August, '64. The most important subject before this session was the proposition of the government at Washington to aid any state that would adapt a policy of gradual emancipation of its slaves. But after a prolonged and somewhat embittered discussion the convention declined any action beyond a commendation of "the liberality therein displayed by the government of the United States." This state was not ready for this step at this time, and so lost its only chance for compensation for this kind of property.

CHAPTER V.

“How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven unto the earth, the beauty of Israel and remembered not his footstool in the danger of his anger.”
Lamentations 2:1.

This was the sad wail of Jeremiah, under not very dissimilar circumstances. The sins of the Lord's professed people had much to do in bringing on the destruction of Jerusalem and the woes of which the prophet complained. The Lord's part in these calamities was in punishment of sin and the church was a party to that sin, and so “the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger.” So it was in our troubles; the church of God was involved in the sins and also in the judgments. Nor does it follow that the sin of slavery and its attendant evils, was the only sin for which the Lord was dealing with church and state, with such mournful severity. It was a period of widespread and general reckoning—slavery was no doubt the ostensible occasion. But thousands upon thousands suffered who never owned a slave, or even ever sanctioned the institution. We now turn to the religious side of our history for a few moments. After preaching in my charge for five months, I was ordained and installed just two days before Abraham

Lincoln's election to the presidency of the United States. My congregation was composed mostly of Kentuckians and Tennesseans with a sprinkle of Virginians and North Carolinians. There were only about one thousand slaves in Cass county—the property of the few; but southern pride and sympathy ran deeper than financial interest and with the vast majority, the hostile feeling grew and deepened from Lincoln's election, until by June 1, men were seen every where rushing into confederate camps.

The last full meeting of our Presbytery, prior to the war, was held in Longwood church in Pettis county, about nine miles north of where Sedalia now stands. On our way to that meeting, sixty miles on horseback, we rode over the site of the now flourishing city of Holden, then marked only by a lonely farm house on the wide prairie. Elder John Caldwell was with me and it was the last Presbytery he ever attended; as two and a half years later he was killed by Kansas troops near Westport. The meeting was held from the twelfth to sixteenth of April, 1861. We were in session on the day that Fort Sumpter was surrendered. The sad news reached us on Sabbath morning, just as we were gathering to celebrate the Lord's Supper. It was a mournful day, as all felt that that tragic event meant war—long, cruel, and to *this State, bloody, fratricidal war*. What a sadly mournful and solemn scene, in this sorely divided state, as we sat together for the last time around the

Lord's table! A very few of us were *pronounced* union men, more were *outspoken* southerners, and some were *then halting* between two opinions, and all felt that we would never meet in Presbytery or at the Lord's table again, and *we never did*.

In the fall of 1861 we were to have met in High Grove church, on Little Blue creek, about fifteen miles southeast of Kansas City, in Jackson county. But when the time came, J. W. Wallace, S. W. Mitchell and myself were the only ministers. We met only to adjourn, and fly before an armed band of foragers, of whose methods discrimination formed no part. This little church, in the shady grove, was burned a few months later by federal troops, in supposed retaliation, because they had been fired upon from ambush in that neighborhood. Not a vestige of the organization remains.

In the spring of 1862, three ministers met in Pleasant Hill, but nothing was done, but adjourn to meet in Hopewell church, October 2, on a beautiful fertile prairie, about fifteen miles southwest of Lexington, near the present town of Odessa. This was the charge of our dear brother David Coulter, noted and loved for his clear-headed theology, deep piety and warm Christian spirit. Besides the pastor, J. W. Wallace, R. S. Symington, and myself made up the roll of that meeting. Yet it was a quiet, pleasant meeting, attended by old people, women and children, and full of sadness, charity and devo-

tion—a sort of spiritual sunset, before a long, *dark, bitter and cruel* night of three and a half years duration. The war cloud now gathered and thickened and blackened, and swept in successive cyclones over our bounds, devastating and largely depopulating the country; and scattering ministers and members far and wide; so that all religious services were suspended, except some occasional services in Kansas City, Independence and Lexington. The Hopewell church in which we held this last meeting, was also burned a year later—a fitting setting of the last *hope* of church work, 'mid scenes of anarchical and lawless warfare. Indeed, a strange fatality seemed to befall the church buildings, in which we tried to hold these last meetings of Presbytery. The Lord seemed to say: There is no place for my kingdom, 'mid violence and hate and bloodshed. Truly, "If the foundations be destroyed what can the righteous do?" Ps. xi: 3.

Our Presbytery met no more until April, 1866, and when it did, it was but the shattered fragments of what it was—a wreck, in ministers, churches, members and Christian spirit. Of the twenty-one that met five years before, *only five* remained; the Reverends David Coulter, J. W. Wallace, J. M. Cheney, William Dickson and myself. Religious interest was paralyzed. Human passion swayed, reason and affection, and love for God or man found no place for its dwelling. Christian service

must needs be confined to comforting the bereaved wives and mothers and children in the stricken homes, and of these there were not a few. God seemed to have forsaken the land and the people were too eager to inflict injury upon their enemies, to ask him *why he had*. Churches were converted into hospitals or forts or ashes, as seemed best to those in power at the time. All that the faithful ones could do, was to use Davids' words, "in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge until these calamities be over past."

It seemed strange to many of my friends that I did not sooner leave my field. But I could not believe that any large number of the people of Missouri would plunge into a struggle that promised them so little of good, and so much of sorrow and woe. But I soon found out my mistake. I loved the southern people in spite of their sins. My fathers' family, excepting two sisters, were in the north, but nearly all of my large relationship and friends were in the south. My oldest brother was in the union army and two brother-in-laws were in the confederate army. I knew that some of my relatives and friends, wearing *the gray*, would be on every battlefield. This seemed to make my position the more irritating to my neighbors. Feeling began early to rise against me and at times I could hear the words "*traitor*" and "*Lincolnite*," as I passed parties on the street. This stirred my southern blood. I was

born on southern soil and had a right to live and think there. My great grandfather had settled in Carolina a century before; my grandfather and a half dozen grand uncles had fought there in the war for independence. I allowed no man to question my right to live and hold my opinions on southern soil, even under great risks. I felt that I ought to leave, but determined that I would not be driven out. About this time, June 1, I announced from my pulpit that I would define my position on the following Sabbath at 11 A. M. As I approached the church, a highly respected elder handed me a copy of Gov. Jackson's proclamation calling out the State guards "*to repel federal invasion*;" remarking as he did so, that I had better read that before I spoke. I replied; "Bro. Cordell, nothing that Gov. Jackson can say will change one word of what I have to say."

I told my congregation that I was a southern born man; that my convictions were a part of myself, as dear to me as life; that I had no hostile aims against any one; that my large relationship and many personal friends in the south, rendered impossible on my part, any hostility that others might feel towards the southern people. But on the other hand, I claimed the right to hold my own convictions on southern soil; that to surrender them would destroy my own self respect, and all respect for me on the part of the southern people; that I believed

myself to be a better friend to them than those who were urging them into a war that promised them nothing but ruin; that I had no desire or intention to injure anyone unless my rights were assailed.

Strange to say, the man most active against me, was born in eastern Ohio, and had voted for Joshua R. Giddings, an out and out abolitionist. I frankly told him that if he said a word more against me, I would publish his record. Poor fellow, he perished in the Confederate army!

The hot heads left in a short time for Price's army, and we had no more serious trouble for a few months.

As a matter of prudence, on certain occasions, I would sleep in the woods and fields. Hon. W. H. H. Cundiff, M. D., was often my companion on these occasions. My horse was taken without asking my permission, and I did not deem it prudent to ask for his return—a man's life was all, and more than he was always able to save. In fact, everything, even life itself, seemed to lose its value under the dread uncertainties of those times.

We were in great straits for money at times. Those who could pay salary would not, and those who would pay, could not. On one of these occasions, I was down with sickness; my wife got a prescription for me, but we had no money to get it filled. So we trusted, and the next morning Mrs. Duff, an old Welsh lady of the church, called on me, and as

she left she slipped a two dollar and a half gold coin into my hand, saying: "I have long tried to save this for you." I said, "God bless you." She never knew its value to us.

About the time we needed more, a man on horse back with a woman on behind him, rode up and dismounted. He was a tall backwoodsman and she was evidently from his neighborhood. They walked up to the front door, she about ten feet behind him. He informed me that they wished to be married right there and then. I thought they were pretty well matched, and so I married them, and he dropped another gold piece of the same value into my hand. We never have had as much comfort out of five dollars as we got out of these evident Godsend.

CHAPTER VI.

REASON GONE MAD; JENNISON; QUANTRELL; PLUNDER, MURDER, RUIN.

"Man marks the earth with ruins."

A new and most striking figure now looms up in this dark border back ground. No history of western Missouri could possibly leave out Quantrell, the noted guerilla. His first appearance in Missouri was in December, 1860. He had lived in Kansas for several years and professed to belong to an organization engaged in running off slaves from Missouri. His admirers claim that his relation to this organization was all along one of treacherous aims and that Kansas mysteriously lost scores of her anti-slavery men prior to '61.

There are so many, and so widely differing accounts, of this man, that no one will ever know which to believe. His friends say that he and a brother started from Maryland to Colorado some years before the war in a wagon, and while camping near Lawrence, Kansas, they were assaulted and robbed and his brother killed. He was thus left penniless among strangers, and the desire for revenge, led him into the dual life he lived in Kansas, until larger opportunities were opened up to him. An-

other account is that Quantrell was born in Maryland and that his father moved to Ohio when his son was a boy, and that as a young man he was hired with others, to come to Kansas to enter land in the interest of a wealthy neighbor.

However all this may be, Quantrell got there all the same, and won the confidence of his Kansas associates and retained their confidence until the above date. Morgan Walker, a well to do farmer and the owner of a number of slaves, lived a few miles south of Independence in Jackson county; we never knew why Walker was singled out as the ostensible victim of this raid; but Quantrell arranged with a party of five or six of his Kansas confidants, to personally lead them down to Walker's, for the purpose of carrying his negroes off into Kansas. This was one of the amusements indulged in by some that lived on the slave border in those days.

In the meantime, Quantrell secretly notified Walker to be prepared to shoot and kill the whole party. Quantrell was to act as leader up to certain signal. The plan was literally carried out, and the men all shot. Quantrell was at first lionized by Walker and his neighbors; but suspicion began to settle upon him; it seemed strange that he should have the confidence of such men, and to such degree as to be their leader. So he was arraigned before a public meeting and a rope and gallows were in the air, and had it not been for the timely pleadings of some

leading men, notably Judge — Hicks, Quantrell's career would have ended there.

He was in the background until the winter of '61 and '62, when he organized his noted band of Guerrillas. I feel sure that the books written on his exploits abound in gross exaggeration; for some of them, I was in a position to know, never occurred. No doubt he will have enough to account for.

One morning in '62 a band of armed men dashed into town and ordered the families to send their breakfast for two hundred men to the Seminary Building. For further information, I stepped into Gattrell's store. I met Mrs. McReynolds, wife of Dr. Logan McReynolds, and as she grasped my hand, and with a kindly twinkle of her eye, she said, "O! Mr. Miller, come right across the street to my home, and let me introduce you to my guest, Colonel Quantrell." I thought to myself, this is a way out, and I went with her. His entire staff were there. She led me up and very cordially said, "Col. Quantrell, let me introduce to you, *my friend*, Mr. Miller." He grasped my hand very cordially, and then introduced me to each member of his staff. This shrewd act of this lady placed me under the Colonel's protection for the time. This was in the earlier period of his career, and might not have served a year later. This man did not impress me as a man of the desperado type: he was clean shaved, neatly dressed in citizens clothes, of pleasing feature, and

gentlemanly bearing. I was glad to have met him in that way, and at that time; but I was equally glad that I never had another chance to extend our acquaintance.

The first great scourge of the war fell upon the counties south of Kansas City in the fall of '61. There being no railroads then in western Missouri there was trouble in transporting supplies for the government troops. So the authorities gathered up about two hundred heavy ox-wagons, known as "prairie schooners," and five or six hundred oxen. These were to be sent to Jefferson City and Rolla empty, for use there at the railroad terminals. Gen. Lane's Kansas troops were at Kansas City and were to escort the trains. This thought filled the country along the route with alarm, and some well-meaning people, who could devise better than they could execute, pledged the government authorities that the trains and teamsters would not be molested if they had no escort. So the trains were thus sent in two sections twenty-four hours apart. The first train had reached Holden and the second camped near Pleasant Hill, and there *both were destroyed*; the wagons were burned and the cattle stampeded. It happened on Friday night. I was in Kansas City that day and Col. D. R. Anthony asked me if I thought the trains would go through. I replied that no one on earth could tell what would happen down there. He raised his hand and said with a Kansas

emphasis, “Woe to that country if those transports are molested.”

I started for Pleasant Hill the next morning and found the first burning section about 4 P. M. Jennison’s command was only three hours behind me. His men gloried in so good a pretext to visit revenge upon Missouri. It mattered not whether the people he robbed and plundered had any part in burning the trains or not. I did not believe they had, for policy if not principle would have deterred them. It was one of Quantrell’s *first exploits*, in all probability. The next day was the Sabbath, and in appearance and fact, it is most vividly described in Joel 2:1—6. The atmosphere was a dull leaden color, the sun was a disk of blood, the cattle lowed, the dogs barked and howled. “Truly a day of darkness and of gloominess,” as the prophet says. It is called “*Jennison’s Day*” by all who were old enough to remember it.

These men, in the honored garb of United States soldiers, and when there was no organized enemy within one hundred and fifty miles, scoured the country far and near, in squads of from two to ten, stealing everything they could carry away; horses and cattle, and wagons loaded with personal property, wrested from the homes of unarmed men and helpless women and children at the point of a pistol. About February 1, 1862, a similar raid was made into the southeastern part of Jackson county, per-

haps the wealthiest portion of the county, in which every detail of the other was re-enacted on a larger scale. Ladies' trunks, dressers and wardrobes were ruthlessly broken open and valuable clothing, and even souvenirs and family heirlooms, carried off or destroyed. For these vandals took a vast deal more pleasure in tormenting and lacerating the feelings of women and children, than in fighting rebels. They camped for three days, in cold wintry weather, in the house and yard of Jacob Stonestreet, Esq. His wife, a lady of high culture and refined feelings, was without a protector in the house with her four small children. These noble soldiers terrorized this lady, crowding her and her little children into the back part of the house, while they occupied and plundered the rest. They took all her jewelry, silver plate, pillaged her bedrooms and wardrobes, carrying off her personal wear, even her wedding dress; all as trophies of the valor and patriotism of these pretended defenders of the union. This plunder was hauled into the state of Kansas and the less valuable part sold at auction.

Lest this account may be questioned, I add a few sentences from the pen of G. C. Bingham, at that time attorney-general of the state; he is describing the conduct of these vandals in *other raids* made into Missouri in those two years. He says: "They were permitted to invade the sanctity of private dwellings, break open stores of merchants whose

goods they transported in large quantities to the *state of Kansas!*" Of Jennison's first raid on Independence, Mr. Bingham, says: "Many chaste and beautiful cottages, in harmony with the general improvement of the country, had been erected on each side of the way from Kansas City to Independence. These, with few exceptions, he first plundered and then burned to the ground, regardless of the wails and shrieks of women and children, thus deprived of clothing, bedding and shelter." And he adds, that while the male inhabitants of Independence, union men and secessionists, were driven under bayonet, sabre and pistol, into the court house square and there guarded, their homes were given up to pillage. "Watches and jewelry were pounced upon with the greatest avidity; but they were by no means disposed to slight other articles of value. Finely wrought bed quilts, scarfs and silk dresses, were appropriated without hesitation, and such of their owners, as ventured to remonstrate, were silenced by abuse, abounding in vile and obscene epithets." This was their method with ladies; *with men*, the sabre or pistol shut off all pleas and protests. But to return to the later raid into the southeastern part of Jackson county, these one hundred and fifty soldiers of our glorious union, after a ten days' campaign, carried off a train of stock and richly loaded wagons four to five miles long, aggregating over a quarter million dollars in value! We never knew or heard of one dollar

of this, that was ever turned over to the government. And this was only one of many such raids made by these men into western Missouri. In this case, we are not speaking from hearsay; but were an eye witness of these things, and blushed for the dishonored flag for which we had been pleading on southern soil. The methods of these raids gave birth to Quantrell's band of guerillas. From every home where a murder was committed, one or more rushed to this daring leader for *protection* or *revenge*; each one with this motto,

"Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand;
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head."

Jennison's men were not out of the state with their train of plunder, before Col. Joseph Christopher, a quiet union man and highly worthy citizen, living six miles west of Pleasant Hill, whose sons, now leading business men, are known all over Western Missouri; was shot and killed in his bed by bush-whackers, mid the cries and tears of his wife and children, one of whom lost three fingers from a pistol shot fired by one of the gang.

All this was but the natural and logical result of the senseless, lawless and vengeful way in which the war in western Missouri was prosecuted by the general government. No greater blunder—we feel like saying, *crime*—was committed by the government, in its conduct of the war, than that of sending Kansas troops into western Missouri; and we honestly

believe that this policy gave Quantrell two thirds of his most desperate followers, and is responsible for two thirds of his crimes and depredations. The best union men of the state saw the blunder and protested against it. But no voice of moderation, from Missouri, was heard in those evil days.

The outcome was, that in the end, it cost the government from four to eight thousand more men killed, millions more in money, and inflicted immeasurable privation and suffering upon thousands of women and children. Ah! it was *revenge* on both sides, that this policy fostered, and,

"Revenge, at first, though sweet.

Bitter, ere long, *back on itself recoils.*"

And these vengeful "*recoils*" make up very largely the history of the war on the border, all the way from 1861 to 1863, when the "Quantrell Raid" and "Order No. 11," left the pall of desolation over all this lovely border land.

Those times revealed character. When E. W. Hockaday, my wife's father, moved from Kentucky to Missouri, in 1854, he brought with him an Irish stonemason by the name of Strain. Strain had done stone work, for many of the best people of Jackson county, for years. Every one trusted Strain and treated him kindly. In January, 1862, he was working for Jacob Stonestreet. When Jennison began to raid Missouri, Mrs. Stonestreet had so much confidence in Strain that she trusted him with the service and the secret of hiding about a thousand dollars

worth of silver ware and jewelry under the hearth of the parlor. No one except she and the Irishman knew it was there, and she felt sure it was safe. Imagine her surprise and chagrin, when she found that her trusted paddy had betrayed confidence and the Kansas men were loading her treasures into one of the wagons, destined for the land of stolen plunder.

The war broke into a great many sweetly cherished plans and it never stopped to consult the finer feelings. As an example of this, Mrs. Miller and I were engaged before this hydra-headed monster of war put in his appearance. Her family were all southern and I could not endorse secession, and we were both seriously embarrassed over the state of the country and *the state of the case*; and it looked for a while that, secession, either state or personal, was unavoidable. Her father owned some slaves, and she had been brought up, as were all young ladies of her class in the south, with no knowledge of household drudgery. Her family indulged in dark forebodings of a northern home, painful separations from all her former friends, and burdensome home cares. They little dreamed that in fifteen months, they would all have to assume these common drudgeries. But we postponed our marriage for a year; prospects grew darker instead of brighter; yet with this ameliorating feature, that all had become so hardened in feeling as to no longer try to

solve difficulties on sentimental lines. So all harmonized on our desperate resolve to be married on January 16, '62. All the money I had, in hand or in sight, was forty odd dollars, which I kept in a *sock* with sedulous care. The marriage came off as per cards; which wedding cards, I could not get printed even in Kansas City, and had to get a friend to write them off. Mrs. Miller's friends and relations in Jackson county were all in good circumstances and lived high—at least up to February 1, '62. The bridal party was *feasted* in handsome style for ten or twelve days; when all at once Jennisons' men made one of their dashing Arab raids, right into the neighborhood, and in four days, these families were reduced to poverty, except their lands; and I am sure that it was with evident chagrin that these vandals were compelled to leave those for lack of transportation. The silverware and fine china, with which the bridal party was served, were all carried into Kansas. Wagons were loaded up with handsome furniture and valuable household goods; the horses from the farms hitched to them, and the negroes all marched off with the caravan. All this in two weeks after our happy marriage! Now the ordeal came for *untrained* housekeepers, but I took courage from the fact that my wife was not a bit more helpless than the other wives in the family. We were at the home of James Stonestreet, a brother-in-law, on the evening his

negroes were carried off. So the next morning the ladies awoke to new conditions, but went merrily into the *outdoor* kitchen, and vied with each other, in trying to make the best use of what could not be helped—and all seemed to submit to the inevitable with good grace; but I have no means of knowing how long this grace lasted in particular cases. These first attempts were not up to the standard in the culinary line, but we all had confidence in the outcome of these new cooks, and time proved that such confidence was not misplaced. In fact there were no heroisms of those trying days more grand than those of southern ladies, in adjusting themselves to these sudden reverses of fortune. Jennison's raids multiplied heroines all over western Missouri, and turned hundreds of cultured and delicately raised ladies, into better cooks than he ever ate a meal after.

During this raid my wife's trunk containing her wedding trousseau, was at her brothers-in-law, the Rev. J. W. Wallace; they invaded the room, carried the trunk out, emptied its contents on the floor and walked over them with muddy boots. No doubt looking for money and jewelry; but the Missouri ladies had learned, in such a presence, to carry their money, jewelry and silks, on their *hoop-skirts*, and not in dressers or trunks. They crammed all back into the trunk and were going to load it on one of their stolen wagons, but after some entreaty left

it—an unusual thing for these noble defenders of the flag to do! Thus was our honey moon ruthlessly marred.

About the eleventh day of August, 1862, a confederate force, under Colonels John T. Hughes, Kit Chiles, Upton Hayes, G. W. Thompson and Boyd, surprised and captured the federal garrison at Independence. The garrison consisted of about four hundred men, and were located in different places, and illy prepared for a night attack. Col. James T. Buel, 7th Missouri cavalry was in command. Notwithstanding the surprise and disadvantage of the defendants, it proved a dearly bought victory for the confederates, as twenty men were killed and ten of these were officers; viz., *Colonels*, Hughes, Chiles and Boyd; *Majors*, Hart and Wortle; *Captains*, Brown, Clark and Chambers; and *Lieutenants*, Jones and Johnson. The federal loss was thirty-seven killed and sixty-three wounded.

We mention this battle largely because it paved the way for the battle of Lone Jack, five days later. This event and the rumor that other recruiting confederate commands were marching northward from the Arkansas line and would likely concentrate in the region of Lone Jack, induced Gen. Totten, the district commander, to order a counter movement. He therefore directed Major Emory S. Foster, of the Seventh Missouri cavalry from Lexington, Colonel Fitz Henry Warren from Clinton, and General Blunt,

from Fort Scott, to meet at Lone Jack on the evening of the fifteenth or the morning of the sixteenth of August. Foster's command reached the place, by a forced march of thirty-five miles on a very hot day, at 10 p. m., August 15. To his great surprise, nothing was known of either Warren's or Blunt's command and he found himself within three miles of thirty-five hundred confederates, besides Quantrell's guerillas. His command was made up of details from the sixth, seventh and eighth regiments, Missouri State Militia Cavalry; a detail from the Seventh Missouri Volunteer Cavalry; a detail from Colonel Newgent's Second Battalion Missouri State Militia Cavalry; and a section of two pieces of the Third Indian battery. Surgeon W. H. H. Cundiff, was chief medical officer of the command. The force numbered *seven hundred and fifty men*. Lone Jack is a long village with only one street, and the houses and vacant lots are scattered along on each side. At that time large corn fields lined it on each side. Foster unfortunately camped on these vacant lots. The confederates saw their chance to crush his small force by an immediate attack. So before sunrise the next morning, they had come from the west, under cover of the grown corn, and massed within two hundred yards of Foster's men and opened fire. The most desperate fighting continued for three hours—truly Greek against Greek; no command ever fought more bravely than Foster's against such odds. Of

the seven hundred and fifty engaged, two officers were killed, *Captains Long* and *Foster*, the *major's* brother; twelve officers were wounded, among these was the major himself. Fifty-two enlisted men were killed and one hundred and forty-four wounded and forty-three missing, some of whom were killed as prisoners. The total federal loss was 254, just one third of the force. It is a marvel that all were not captured, but the surviving five hundred got back to Lexington. No formal confederate reports were made of losses; but Colonel Jackman stated that out of ten captains in his command, four were killed and three wounded, and other officers conceded a loss of one hundred and eighteen killed. Being the assailing party and so much more numerous, their loss would be heavy. Colonel Warren's command from Clinton reached the field just twenty-six hours after the battle closed, and failed to catch the retreating confederates.

I reached the field soon after the firing ceased and helped to gather up the dead and wounded. As the confederates held the field for twenty-four hours, I was abused by some of them for taking care of the federal wounded, when Mr. Henley, whom I had saved from the threats of some union soldiers, promptly interposed on my behalf. We buried the dead of both sides in parallel trenches under the Lone Jack Tree from which the little village took its name. But strange to say, the tree died that year, as if unable

to stand the shock of such fratricidal slaughter. Six years later, on the sixteenth of August, I delivered the Monumental address over the union dead there.

We have given more detail than usual to this battle, for the reason that it throws much light upon the woes of this state, growing out of the war. It was fought on both sides by *native* Missourians—truly Greek meeting Greek. But still more than this; families were divided in battle and death; fathers and sons, brothers and brothers-in-law arrayed against each other; some found side by side in death! O, the world will never know—history will never be able to record, a thousandth part of what that cruel war cost in *sacrificed friendships*, and *crucified loves*, along these ill fated border lines! Major Foster was a Carolinian by descent, being one of that great host of southern men who had convictions and dared maintain them against all odds, and against the sacred ties of blood and friendship. In Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, these men by hundreds of thousands fought in the union army, while their families were being persecuted and their homes destroyed. Families were divided, sons and brothers-in-law on opposite sides, and often hunted each other down to death, despite the tears and cries of mothers, wives and sisters.

Two of my schoolmates in Carolina, from love of the union, walked all the way from Chester,

South Carolina, in the winter of '60 and '61, to Cairo, Illinois, that they might enlist in the union army. Unwritten history could reveal thousands of equally grand heroisms.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Early one bright morning we heard the firing of musketry about two miles away. No troops were known to be near. But in a few hours a farm wagon was driven in, containing six dead Federal soldiers and one wounded Confederate. A company, in pursuit of Quantrell, had been ambushed by that wily guerilla with this sad result. We buried the stranger boys in blue, with quiet honors in the cemetery. The next day the wounded man sent for me and Mrs. Miller. We went to see him and he begged me to protect him against Federal soldiers who were liable to kill him because he was found with Quantrell. He said he was not a bushwhacker, but was trying to get south, as his life was not safe at home. I found his story to be true, as his parents lived only fifteen miles away. He soon became interested in our religious conversation, and became a happy Christian. I assured him that no one would injure him, if I could prevent it; and whenever our soldiers came into the town, I went to Jerry Doores' bedside. We became much interested in him—a noble looking young man of twenty-two years. He lingered for six weeks and died a happy death. I preached his funeral sermon, and still

happily cherish the memory of the kindness I showed him, in *his last sad* days on earth.

My wife's father owned three slaves—not slaves really, for they had all the freedom they desired at the outbreak of the war. They were well advanced in life and were known in the family as “Uncle Beverly,” “Aunt Mary” and “Aunt Mandy.” No trio stood higher in the esteem of those who knew them, for integrity and fidelity. I would have entrusted my treasures and life as unreservedly to any one of them, as I would to my best white friend. “Aunt Mary” lived with my family early in '62. One evening a squad of soldiers rode up in the rear of my house, and called me out. She was suspicious and followed a few yards behind me. As the guerillas wore the uniform of federal soldiers, it was hard to divine who they were. They desired me “to point out some old rebel” upon whom they might forage. I shared some of “Aunt Mary's” suspicion, and deemed it best to answer evasively. Then they asked me if I had seen any of Quantrell's gang lately. Aunt Mary became nervous at this question, and before I could answer, she said in a rather loud whisper: “Mr. Miller, how d'ye know but dey's dem?” This brought a roar of laughter from the men in blue, and one of them said: “Don't fear Auntie, Mr. Miller and you are all right,” and they rode away, and I felt much better.

CHAPTER VII.

KANSAS CITY EXPERIENCES; PREACHING, TEACHING, STANDING GUARD; THAT LOADED MUSKET.

I felt that my mission in Cass county was finished. Christian work was ruled out; all one could do was to comfort the widows and orphans mid their afflictions, hold back the murderous hand from the person of its victim, and try to temper the asperities of those troublous times. I had kindly but firmly warned my friends of the fearful consequences of attempted secession, to the southern people and especially to the people of Missouri. These warnings were bitterly resented during the first outburst of the war passion; but later—Ah! too late to profit by them—they began to realize the fearful consequences and to treat the giver with more respect. As an illustration of this, there was a highly respected old gentleman, whose wife was a member of my church. In the month of April, '61, he refused to speak to me; but two months later, as his own son's company had just started to the front and grim war was on in earnest, we met in a lonely path. He stopped and took my hand very kindly, and in a trembling voice said, "Mr. Miller, what do you think will be the probable issue of a conflict at arms between the

north and the south?" I said, "Mr. Bradshaw, if you will promise me that you will not be angered at my reply, as you have been in the past, I will frankly answer your question. And permit me to say, that if I loved the south ten times as warmly as I do, and ten times as warmly *as you love her*, my opinion would remain the same: *the south will lose everything she stakes on this war, and will come out of it crushed, humiliated and ruined!*" He replied, "I fear that your prediction will prove true to fact." He heaved a sigh over his dear boy that had staked his all on a lost cause, and passed on. He ever afterward treated me with great respect.

For these reasons a change of base seemed to be imperatively demanded. I was a young man, unknown to fame in the northern states. While conning the question, *Whither?* I received a very unique invitation to come to Kansas City and "preach to the loyal people" of the place. It was signed by two elders of the Presbyterian church, and some Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists and Congregationalists. The wording of this strange call seemed to imply two things, both of which were serious: first, that no minister *then* in the city, was up to standard in his loyalty; and also that the loyal people of the place greatly needed the means of grace. So I came and entered upon the forbidding work. There were about fifty Presbyterians in the city, and these were alienated over the differences growing out

of the civil strife. My congregation, as a whole, was made up of all shades of religious and political beliefs. There were but few who sympathized with secession living here then; they could not stay in the same township with Kansas troops; the large majority of southern people living in the city at that time had no sympathy with secession, but felt a deep sorrow for the personal sufferings of their relatives and friends in the south. This was a sorrow that lay very heavily on the hearts of the union people of the south. I felt it keenly myself. On the other hand we had a great variety of union people. We had for a military garrison, most of the time, a portion of the Kansas Seventh, or "Jennison's Red Legs," as they were commonly called. We have referred to their methods in a previous chapter. The distinguishing feature of this regiment lay in its disposition to use the military power of the government to avenge the old border grudges of '55 and '56 against Missouri. This regiment did a great deal toward making Quantrell's gang stronger and more destructive.

Then we had a class known as "Refugees," who had been driven from their homes because of their union sentiments. From the nature of the case this class would be somewhat suspicious and intolerant. In fact suspicion and intolerance were characteristics of those times. It was a difficult thing to be reasonable and just; extremists ruled

on each side, and the test of fealty was to be proscriptive. The southern side began early, even before Lincoln's election, to persecute men of northern principles; and the northern side was not slow to pay back in kind, with an exaction of *ten, twenty*, or even *fifty* per cent interest. A man who, as a citizen, had ever been an exemplary man excused his violence as a soldier by saying that, "It was no use to try to be good, or to do right; the Lord left Missouri in March, '61, and religion was off on furlough." To one on the ground it did seem too true; good men were overshadowed, and weak, bad men were wafted into places of power. A man in Kansas City helped to raise a confederate flag in March, '61, and yet in five months he was a camp follower of union troops, and under their protection, appropriated a stock of drugs in Harrisonville because the owner was a confederate. Owing to his radical devotion to the *Union* flag, he became a leading spirit in the "Union League" of the city, and the league became a sort of Star Chamber to question the loyalty of every man who would not join it, or who dared to question its representative character.

* The reader must bear in mind, that in these
border counties (except in some small degree, Kansas
City) all civil government was annulled, all law was
suspended; no courts were held and grievances were
adjusted at the end of a pistol or a musket barrel.
These methods prevailed from the summer of '61,

until June of '65. The county records of Cass county were deposited, by federal authority, in the vaults in Fort Leavenworth for these four years, and happily so; for in this course lay their preservation. The above methods were not desirable as a means of collecting salary; so I took what I got, and supplemented it by teaching a private school. Some ladies and gentleman, prominent in social and business circles of Kansas City to-day, were among my pupils in those dark days.

It can readily be surmized that, in such environment, my Kansas City pastorate was anything but smooth sailing. But some one was needed here at that time and, ever since I came into this world, it has always seemed to be my lot to stand in some breach and face frowning elements, and fight with minorities for great and far reaching principles. And whether right or wrong, we leave our fellow men to judge. Yet the Lord has spared us to see those minorities become majorities, and those great principles enthroned.

I tried to make loyalty to my God and my country, my motto. But, in those stormy times, men differed greatly as to the limits and applications of such a motto; this fact oft brought me into conflict with both extremes. I tried to give every one, soldier and citizen, their portion of moral and spiritual truth in season, but it did not always take well. If I applied the medicine in Allopathic

doses, they objected to such strong and stringent remedies. They rather liked the mild doses of Homeopathy, but its basal principle “*simila similibus curantur*”—like cures like, had been applied by Jennison and Quantrell, with the most disastrous results to western Missouri. The doctors may have had a good deal of fun out of the practice, but it was death and destruction to the patients.

So some repudiated because I did not pray to suit them; others, because I did not always preach on their ideal lines; some, because I spoke against secession too severely; and others, because I associated with men whom they did not think loyal. A Baptist brother met me on Main street one day and said, that he contributed to my support and had the right to say how I should pray and preach. I replied that I thought the Lord was the only one of my supporters that had that right; and asked him how much he had invested. He said, *five dollars*. I handed him the money. He hesitated, but I insisted on his taking it, as I could not be trammelled even to the amount of five dollars in my convictions of right and duty. So I preached and taught school, and performed at times military duties, and tempered the asperities of the times, and resisted Satan generally; but with miserably poor success along any of these lines.

One Sabbath morning early in '63, I found, upon entering my church for the morning service, that my

pulpit was heavily draped with national flags. Of course I had no objection to the flags, but in those days, this act was always intended as a *reflection* upon the loyalty of the church or its pastor; and in this light I felt resentful over it. The South Methodist church and the Catholic had the only other pastors, and they were both known to be disloyal at heart. So I went on Monday morning up to headquarters, and inquired of the officer in charge, why he did it. He answered that disloyal men deserved this reproof and that loyal pastors could not object. "But," I said, did you place them in the Catholic church?" He said, "No, I did not." "Then," I said, with some warmth, "your act must be in contempt of loyalty."

This deference to the Catholic priesthood on the part of government officials, is one of the dangerous signs of the times. Why should the Catholic church be accorded immunities not accorded to other churches?

In March, '63 when the civil war was in its deepest depths and statesmen felt humble, the senate of the United States by a *unanimous vote*, called upon the president to appoint a day of national humiliation and prayer. This appointment fell upon March 30. I preached on the occasion. A request for the publication of the sermon, in the Kansas City Journal, was signed by Col. Kersey Coates, Dr. T. B. Lester, W. P. Allen, P. S. Brown, Sr., and others.

The sixth day of August, '63, was set apart by the same high authority as a day of national thanksgiving for recent victories. I also preached on that day to a large house, and the request for its publication in the Journal was signed by an entirely different class of hearers. A different chord had been struck and a sensitive public responded accordingly.

"The Kansas City Journal" was a familiar headline thirty-six years ago. It held its ground through the war, and while a sturdy youth of only five years, it was noted for its manly devotion to Republican principles and the high destiny of Kansas City. Hon. T. Dwight Thacher was editor of the Journal in those days—a genial, cultured gentleman, ever ready to give me the use of his columns on all questions of special interest.

Quantrell's peculiar methods of warfare, enabled him with fifty to one hundred men, to keep two or three thousand men on the special duty of watching for him; and even then he usually turned up where he was not expected. He operated most successfully when the leaves were on the trees; this fact gave rise to the term "brush" or "bush-whacker."

The mail coaches required an escort and many a soldier, while on this duty, dropped from his saddle, on the road between Independence and Pleasant Hill. This state of things, led the post commander on emergencies to empanel a citizens guard.

Whether the imposing character of this guard, held Quantrell at bay, I never was able to learn from him, but he never tried his hand on Kansas City while the "Citizens guard" was on duty. Yet some of this formidable body did not seem to relish this distinguished privilege, and persisted in running from three to five cartridges into the musket barrel for the next man to fire off. My first experience in emptying my gun and reloading before going on guard duty, was entirely too serious to be amusing and my evolutions got badly mixed. So the next evening I took the precaution to measure my magazine before firing it off. To my great consternation I found a fourteen inch load in my gun. That night my station was about where 10th and Washington streets cross; there were no houses on that elevation, but many very large stumps. The question was, how to get my gun unloaded; it was an old muzzle loader, and I had no implements. I was about equally afraid to stand before it, along side of it, behind it, or on top of it. So I laid it down by a very large stump, arranged a string to the trigger, set the hammer, stood, or rather knelt down behind the stump and pulled the string. It evidently went off, for I found my gun several feet from its place, both sound and empty. As an effective check upon this morbid desire for amusement that seemed to distinguished the "Citizens Guard" while eagerly awaiting an attack by the Guerillas, I suggested to the

officer, that he require ever man to return his gun empty.

As an evidence of the growth and change in Kansas City since '63, I then lived in a house that stood on the south end of the block on which the Midland hotel now stands. The block was not graded and our house stood about thirty-five feet above the present grade of Eighth street. The ground, on which the Midland stands, was from ten to fifteen higher than the south end. At first we preached in a chapel on Third street, between Main and Walnut. A livery stable on one side and a billiard room on the other, rendered it an undesirable place for spiritual edification. This block was sold, and we were tendered a vacant Baptist church on the corner of Eight and Central; a large, comfortable building, with a good lower room in which I conducted my school. It was not long, however, until the Baptist friends concluded to call a minister, and we had to move again. The Christian people very kindly tendered their building on the corner of Eleventh and Main. It was in that church that I preached the sermon to General Ewing on Pontius Pilate.

CHAPTER VIII.

QUANTRELL'S RAID ON LAWRENCE, "ORDER NO. 11" AND ATTENDANT HORRORS; DESOLATION ENDS ALL.

We have already referred to the accelerating series of embittered retaliations, that led up to the two fearful tragedies of '63. We have shown that, in so far as the "Border" was concerned, the Civil War began in '55 and '56. The mutual animosities then raised never died away, but lived in men's bosoms as rancoring, smothered resentments, only awaiting their opportunity. Lawrence, Kansas, was the acknowledged seat of the anti-slavery influence. It contained more well educated people, for the number of its inhabitants, than any other town or city in all the great west. Its intelligence directed the Free State movement and so, it became an object of vengeful animosity to all the south, but especially to the people across the line. It was sacked and the presses of "*The Kansas Free State*," and "*The Herald of Freedom*," were utterly destroyed by the Missourians in May of '56. This was done under the eyes of a command of U. S. troops; perhaps the U. S. troops that overran Missouri five years later, got their cue here. The pluck and courage of the people of Lawrence in her earlier days, had the effect

to keep back an assault upon her, and would have saved her from this raid, if she had only kept up her vigilance. Her people were fully armed from '61 until about August 10, '63. But, as if by some strange fatuity, all arms were called in and deposited in the jail about that date. It is well assured that Quantrell was fully advised of this fact, and seized his only chance to do his work with impunity. There is no doubt, that this was the only time in two years that such a raid could have been made, by an equal body of men, without heavy loss. But he knew that the city was at his mercy, and on August 21, the memorable tragedy occurred—a day never to be forgotten by the people of Kansas, because of its *bloody deeds*,—a day never to be forgotten by the people of western Missouri, because of its fearful *retalitory consequences*. Gen. Thomas F. Ewing was in command of the Kansas City post at the time, but was in Leavenworth the night before the raid; Maj. P. B. Plumb being in charge of the post. It was known at head quarters at 11:30 P. M. that Quantrell with about two hundred and fifty men had just crossed the State line heading towards Lawrence. But it was two hours before the Major got two hundred men in the saddle, and he reached the south side of Wakarusa creek just in time to see the Guerrillas in safe retreat over the open prairie toward Missouri. Had he been one hour earlier, he might have manned the few fords and bridges, and held

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the band until the command from Leavenworth came upon the rear.

The wires were cut and no word could be had all that day. T. Dwight Thacher, editor of the Journal, and myself felt deeply concerned for the safety of our relatives there. So we hired a span of horses and buggy and started for Lawrence. We reached there at 10 P. M., not knowing what we might encounter by the way, or what we might witness when we arrived. We found our relations all safe. My father lived southeast of town. The Guerrillas passed by his house, but they did no shooting or burning, until they reached the center of the city, as it would have raised the alarm; and they withdrew by another road. They reached the city about five o'clock in the morning. My youngest brother, William Miller, mounted a horse and tried to go to the help of the city, but was chased two miles by mounted pickets, under a fusilade of bullets; a fleet horse and a corn field combined to save his life. Another younger brother, Robert, was Postmaster of Lawrence, but slept at home and so escaped. Quantrell's men did not stay in the city over four or five hours, and during that time, they killed one hundred and fifty unarmed men and boys, and burned the business part of the city and most of its best residences; carrying away money and jewelry in large quantity. As in all this revengeful warfare, it fell largely upon the least offensive people—those

who, conscious of their innocence, made no effort to get away. Viewed in any light, the Lawrence Raid will continue to be held, as the most infamous event of the uncivil war!

The work of destruction did not stop in Kansas. The cowardly criminality of this spiteful reciprocity lay in the fact that each *party knew, but did not care*, that the consequences of their violent acts would fall most heavily upon their own helpless friends. Jen-nison in 1861 rushed into Missouri when there was no one to resist, and robbed and killed and sneaked away with his spoils and left the union people of Missouri to bear the vengeance of his crimes. Quantrell in 1863 rushed into Lawrence, Kansas, when there was no danger, and killed and robbed and sneaked off with his spoils, leaving helpless women and children of his own side to bear the dreadful vengeance invoked by that raid.

So the Lawrence raid was followed by swift and cruel retribution, falling, as usual in this border warfare, upon the innocent and helpless, rather than the guilty ones. Quantrell left Kansas with the loss of one man. The Kansas troops followed him, at a respectful distance, and visited dire vengeance on all western Missouri. Unarmed old men and boys were accused and shot down, and homes with their now meagre comforts were burned, and helpless women and children turned out with no provision for the approaching winter. The number of those

killed was never reported, as they were scattered all over western Missouri.

On the second Sabbath after this raid on Lawrence, a man called at my house just as I was starting to my evening service, and said "John Caldwell was shot and killed near Westport this morning by Kansas troops returning from their pursuit of Quantrell, and old Mr. Poyntz is in the Military prison and desires to see you, as his life is in danger." These men were old men of about seventy years; both of them ruling elders in my church at Pleasant Hill. They were in sympathy with their southern friends and had felt very unkindly toward me for what they felt was hostility toward the south—the land of my birth, but I did not believe they justified Quantrell's act. They were seized on suspicion and dragged around for ten days over the country, and as they neared Kansas City, Caldwell was taken from the wagon and shot. The next morning I called at headquarters and secured a permit to visit Mr. Poyntz at the prison. He was a pitiable object, reduced by exposure and sickness and pale with fear. He was willing to do anything to get out of that prison. He said that men were taken out of the prison at a late hour almost every night and never heard of again. I called on Gen. Ewing and laid the case before him and he said the only thing we can do is to banish him from the state. He agreed to take my pledge that if Mr. Poyntz was released I

would see that he left the state. I took the order down and got him out of prison. He was so feeble that I had to get a buggy and bring him to my house and nurse him until a relative from Clay county could take him across. He had relatives in Kentucky and was glad to be banished from Missouri. His son, John Poyntz, a highly respected citizen of Cass county, and one of my very warm ex-confederate friends, lives on the old homestead west of Pleasant Hill.

But western Missouri had to bear one more scourge—*the last*, because it left her uninhabited, a desolate waste. The Lawrence raid must be further avenged and the strongest pressure was brought to bear on the District Commander, Gen. Ewing. As the government persisted in the fatal policy of placing Kansas troops over western Missouri, the commanding officer was the more embarrassed by the fact that revenge more than love of the union dictated the military policy of this district. Gen. Ewing was not an evil disposed man; at heart he was better than his record, but his weak point was his weakness. He needed some of Gen. Jackson's metal. The pressure upon him took the form of a demand that virtually depopulated the eastern and southern half of Jackson and all of Cass and Bates counties. All loyal families were compelled to move into some military post, and like Weyler's "Concentrados" in Cuba, live on wind and dirt, and all who could not

satisfy Kansas officers of their loyalty, were forced to leave the country. This is known as "*Order No. 11.*" The ostensible plea for it was to embarrass Quantrell's movements over this territory.

It affords me pleasure to be able to say that these vengeful methods were not endorsed by all Kansas soldiers. Col. Wiley Britton, of the Sixth Kansas Cavalry, in his "*Memoirs of the Rebellion on the Border,*" made up of notes made during the progress of these events, denounces these inhuman methods. In speaking of the efforts made by Gen. James H. Lane, Col. C. R. Jennison and others, to raise *five thousand Kansans* and march "*en masse* down the border with fire and sword and thunder and lightning," and "not leave a house standing within one hundred miles of Kansas," he says, "This savors more of political buncomb than true devotion to the government. Our people should remember that Missouri has sent to the field, including her state troops, *nearly one hundred thousand union men*; upwards of six times the number furnished by Kansas. Are the loyal people of Missouri entitled to no sympathy?" And Col. Britton adds, "If reports be true, and I have endeavored to get at the exact truth, the Missouri state troops have followed Quantrell more persistently, and killed more of his men, than have our Kansas troops, that were stationed along the border."

I went to Gen. Ewing's office on two occasions and entreated him not to issue such a cruel

order, for these reasons: that it would not throw a feather in Quantrell's way; what did a man of his dashing methods care for a strip of desolated country only thirty miles wide? Then I reminded him that there were no able-bodied men in these homes to assist the women and children out of the country—not even a boy over fifteen—all were in the two armies. No crops had been raised for two years, and the horses and wagons had all been forcibly carried off, and not one family in five had any means of getting out of the country. The enforcement of such an order under the military lash, right at the beginning of winter, would avail nothing, and would inflict untold suffering on thousands of helpless women and children, already bearing crushing burdens, and would bury its author in eternal ignominy.

He felt the force of my reasons, but was too weak to withstand the local pressure; and the Weylerian edict was issued, and left a once beautiful country a scene of utter desolation, with only here and there a lonely chimney standing to remind one that it had ever been inhabited.

Hon. G. C. Bingham, then attorney-general under the provisional government of Missouri, bitterly opposed the issue and execution of the order, and, being an artist, put its execution on canvass in very literal expression. An elder in the Presbyterian church at Pleasant Hill was compelled to take his large family to Jefferson City, *on foot*, with such of

their clothing as they could haul with two yearling calves yoked up to an old railroad cart. His name, Henry Cordell, is familiar all over that region, and his wife, subjected to this hardship, was a highly cultured and lovely Christian lady.

In this account of the border warfare I have endeavored to give a perfectly impartial account. I have no defense to make for Missouri's wrong deeds, neither can I defend a wrong committed by soldier or citizen in defense of the side of my own preference. Right is right and wrong is wrong, everywhere, at all times, and under all circumstances.

In September, '63, about the time I secured Mr. Poyntz's release from the military prison, it was dangerous for any one to protest against any act, no matter how atrocious, performed under military regimen. Men were arrested, on the charge of any vagabond camp follower, and the prison was kept filled with victims. I learned that men were constantly being taken out of the prison in the dead hours of the night, and never heard of again. No court martials or public executions were held, and yet these Robesperian or Weylerian methods were carried on unrebuked. General Ewing often attended my church services. One Sabbath morning, when he was there, I took Pontius Pilate, or "The Responsibility of those in Authority," as my theme, illustrating the law maxim, "*facit per alias, facit per se.*" He evidently felt the force of the sermon, but

it was like all other protests against wrong under Kansas City's military rule—the general quit coming to church. It was like cashiering Jennison for murder, pillage and plunder, and still permitting the plunder, pillage and murder to continue as usual.

North Missouri, being separated from Kansas by the river, was not so exposed to the scourges that affected the border, south of Kansas City. The troubles there were between the people themselves, and this phase of trouble was surely bitter enough. The river counties, both on the east and west, were strongly southern, while the interior counties were more equally divided. The process of retaliation was practiced with an accelerating cruelty by both sides, until Gen. McNeil issued an order that, if any more union men were shot, he would take ten Confederate, or southern men, and shoot them in public, as a retribution. He carried out the order to the letter. His deed shocked the country, yet it varied from the ordinary, only in being done publicly, under the formality of a military order. I strongly suspect that the number of men killed in Missouri, outside of armies and battlefields, outnumber those killed in battle. Many of them were put out of the way so secretly, that their relatives, never knew *how* or *where*, but only, that they *never came home again*. Human bones and unknowable graves were found in out-of-the-way places, for two or three years after the war closed; sometimes a bleached skeleton still

dangled from a tree in some dark timbered dell—
God only knowing the doers of the deed.

As we trace the woes of Missouri growing out of the war it brings up in memory the reasons I gave my friends in '61 why she of all states had nothing to gain and everything to lose, in embracing the Confederate cause. *It would be self-immolation.* This wasted border scene becomes an object lesson to those, who in '61, clamored for a southern confederacy. It clearly meant, an interminable border war, in which an area of fifty to one hundred miles wide, and as long as the confederacy itself, would have been doomed to desolation, except as camps and fortifications relieved the scene.

What did Missouri get in return for her devotion to the luring ideal of the south?

"She saw her sons with purple death expire,
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire;
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
In glorious triumphs and dishonest scars."

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

RECONSTRUCTION IN THE STATE.

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

The work of destruction stopped and that of reconstruction began in May of '65, and we gladly turn from the former to the latter. The work of destruction virtually ceased in September, '63, in all this border section for want of material; but reconstruction could not begin until peace once more cast her benign mantle over the land.

Missouri had sunk to the lowest depths of ruin and woe. The kindly but unheeded predictions, of those who loved her most wisely, had been more than realized. She had paid a double price for her part in the war. Other states furnished their quota of soldiers for one side; she had furnished more than her quota for both sides. Out of a white population of about one million she contributed at least three hundred thousand men and boys to the two armies. Other states were devastated by one side,

she by both, until her fairest western counties lay a desolate waste.

The motto on her state seal ought to have been her warning. "*United we stand; divided we fall.*"

In July, '65, my wife and I came up through Johnson, Cass and Jackson counties, and for miles and miles, we saw nothing but lone chimneys to mark the spot where a happy home stood only five years before; and from many such once consecrated spots, from one to three had gone forth to fall in the deadly strife. It seemed like a vast cemetery—not a living thing to break the silence, except the little birds that sang among the leafy branches, as though they were glad that the fell disturber of nature's peace and harmony—MAN—no longer existed there. Yet the impartial historian can not lay all the blame upon this glorious but unhappy state. Her circumstances must enter the estimate. She was born in strife and discord, and her whole life has been one of alienation. *These ten years from 1860 to 1870, form the key to her history;* all before point to this, all after, radiate from it. It was over Missouri that the great battle over American slavery began in 1817. After a contest that lasted for three years, she was only permitted to enter the union of states by a *compromise*, and her people have ever since, been compelled to purchase peace by *compromise*. And when in '54, "*The Missouri Compromise*" was repealed, the act convulsed the nation, and made

Missouri the objective point of a national strife that culminated in the great civil war. Having been thus born of strife and reared on strife, located on the very *border line* of alienation, it was not strange that her people should be most bitterly divided on the great issues of the war; and in no portion more bitterly, than in the territory covered by Kansas City Presbytery. For these reasons we are deeply impressed with the conviction that this state is the most misunderstood and misrepresented of all the states of the union.

It is surely no crime that time and circumstance made her the occasion and the objective element in the great and bitter struggle that ended in the death of slavery and of one million of brave American citizens. Now is surely not the time to ask, *what if Missouri had never been?* She never left the union and it cost her much to remain. Out of one million white people she sent one hundred and eight thousand men into the armies of the union, and no doubt more of her citizens were killed outside the army than in it.

The work of reconstruction, thank the Lord, proceeded as wondrously and as rapidly as the work of destruction had done, and a few years restored beauty and thrift to the country and obliterated the physical evidences of wars' sad work—only heart-aches and their lingering memories remained. The people were so tired of war, that peace was gladly

welcomed—even by those who had staked all and lost all in the struggle. In fact to an admiring world, the American people, north and south, evinced their moral grandeur and heroism, more in the way they acted at the close of the war, than by their valor and courage on the battle field. Like their great national founder, they proved themselves to be “*first in war and first in peace.*” The generosity of the government towards the conquered, has no parallel in history; neither has the courage and good grace with which the southern people accepted their defeat and its entailments. And as a result of this, we witness to day every vestige of difference gone, and a united people waging the only war ever declared and waged in the history of this world, on the simple ground of humanity. In no other country on earth were armies aggregating over 1,000,000 men, ever disbanded and sent into the avocations of private life, without a ripple of disorder or lawlessness. It is moral granduer that makes great men, and a great nation. The discipline and energy of soldier life was turned into the development of a country, now cemented into one indivisible nation by the life blood of a million of its brave citizens.

“Dream not of helm or harness,

“The sign of valor true;

“Peace hath higher tests of manhood

“Than battle ever knew.”

The work of reconstruction in Missouri seemed to promise serious friction and trouble, owing to the

bitterness and relentless character of the warfare carried on here. But while this fear was in some measure realized, yet to a far less extent than those cognizant of the state of things here during the great crisis, supposed. Quantrell's followers had largely been gathered from the counties immediately around Kansas City. An anxious question was; what will they do?—will they settle down?—well, some of them did settle down, and some of them had to be settled.

I believe that all of them might have lived in safety, if they had only laid aside their mode of life, as the regular Confederate soldiers did, and quietly gone about the ordinary business of life. George Maddox settled on a farm in Cass county in '65, and lived there quietly in safety and respect. Others may have desired to do so, but were afraid to trust their fellowmen; while others no doubt had become so enamored with a life of venture and crime, as to have no desire to live worthily.

✓ 5 The regular confederate soldiers all settled quietly down in their business avocations and seemed as glad as any, that peace had come. The new constitution, commonly known as, "The Drake Constituion, adopted in '65, proved to be an unhappy irritant. Adopted so soon after the close of a most embittered war, it breathed too much of the unhappy spirit in which the war was all along waged in this state. The intervention of a few years would have

made it a more wise and conciliatory document. But time has taught all parties wisdom and fully dissipated the distrust gendered by years of strife.

I returned to my church in Pleasant Hill in September, '65, for reasons which will appear in the following chapter, and again became an observer, and in some degree, a participant in, the events of the reconstruction period of the state's history. We have said that some of Quantrell's band were, for some reason, indisposed to settle down until some one settled them. There was one of this stamp whose father lived a few miles west of Pleasant Hill, who did not seem to believe that the war had ended and that his avocation was gone. His name was "Bill Runnells;" I suppose that when he was a good little boy, they called him *Willie* Runnells. About two weeks after the surrender of Gen. Lee, "Bill" went to the house of a Mr. Dupee and calling out two men, shot and killed both of them; one was an ex-federal soldier,—the other his own brother-in-law, against whom he held some grudge. The civil courts of Cass county suspended in '61 and did not resume business, until July, '65. During this period, all claims were settled at the end of a pistol and the decision was final, and no appeals were taken, except now and then, to another pistol. "Bill" seemed to think that this state of things would continue and he would enjoy immunities under the system.

But a grand jury was convened in July, a new thing for those times—and everything done was kept secret—but among the things done by that jury, was to formulate indictments against Runnells for the two murders committed after the war had closed. Meantime Runnells would amuse himself by riding into town with his bridle rein in his teeth, a revolver in each hand and several more in a belt worn on the outside of his clothing. He terrorized the community, brandishing his pistols and boasting that by them, he had made forty widows and two hundred fatherless children, and if — Union people didn't like it they could just help themselves. As he was in one of these parades in November of that year, I met Deputy Sheriff James W. Holmes, and said to him, "Holmes, that sort of thing ought to be stopped in time." He took me to one side and told me that Runnells had been indicted three months ago, and that he then had the warrant for his arrest in his pocket, and was awaiting the opportunity. I turned to him and said, "Holmes, you can never arrest that man; you will simply throw your life away." "Oh no," he said, "I will pick my chance." I remarked that, "if I had *the official duty* laid upon me to serve *such a warrant*, on *such a man*, for *such crimes*, I would read it to him after he was dead."

I never spoke to him again on this subject. On the ninth day of January, '66, as I stood in James Gregg's blacksmith shop, I heard three pistol shots in

rapid succession up the street a little way. I ran to the place and found a young man, James Copeland, a member of my church, dying on the pavement in front of Doctor S. W. Taylor's office, and looking inside I saw my friend Holmes stretched out on the floor in the same condition. Neither uttered a word after the fatal shots were fired, each ball going through the heart with the unerring accuracy of a Quantrellite's aim. I turned to Dr. Taylor and inquired how it had happened. He said that Runnells rode up in front of his office and dismounted, and leaving his horse untied, came in and inquired for some medicine. While he was preparing it, Holmes entered without any visible weapon and in a friendly way said, "Bill, I have a paper I would like to show you." And while he was in the act of drawing out the paper, Runnells, in just as sweet and friendly tone of voice, said, "You have, Jim," and fired. At this moment Copeland, unseen before, threw the door open and fired, but he was a minute too late; as Runnells fired at the same instant and Copeland fell.

Runnells mounted his horse and fled for the country, although so severely wounded that his course could be traced by the blood drops on the beautiful snow. The first one to enter the office was Captain John Duff, who felt so enraged at the deeds that he rushed upon Dr. Taylor with a drawn pistol and was about to shoot him for harboring Runnells. I caught Duff, and drawing him aside implored him

not to shoot, and placing my arm around him persuaded him to go out and go after the guilty one. Taylor always felt that I saved his life. Captain Duff's mother was a member of my church and I had great influence over the family.

Captain J. H. Rice, one of General Phil Sheridan's war captains, had located in the town a few months before and was engaged in business. The killing occurred about three P. M., and in one hour he had gathered up thirty mounted men and dashed off on the blood stained trail. But the darkness soon closed on the trail and they failed to locate their prey and returned to the town. Early the next morning a woman came in and reported that Runnells was at her house five miles from town, and that he was severely wounded. He came there, she said, at a late hour in the night and demanded an entrance, saying that if she refused he would burn the house. The strange thing about this episode was that this woman was his own wife's sister and her husband was one of his victims. After nearly nine months the hour for retribution had come and she eagerly embraced it. A party went with her and brought him in. He was unable to sit up and they lifted him, bed and all, and laid him in a wagon and brought him into town—a doomed man! Levi Copeland, a brother of the young man of that name whom Runnells had killed, was one of the party. He was sullen with revenge; for this was the second

brother whom the Quantrell gang had killed. The other fell into their hands as a prisoner in 1862 at the battle of Lone Jack and was carried into a dense forest, bound to a tree and shot to death and left there for the hogs and vultures to feed upon. For months the family did not know what had befallen him. At last, however, one of Quantrell's men was brought to town a prisoner and condemned to be shot. He became very pliant before this ordeal and told one of the family how Copeland met his death and where they might find his bones. Some of the family went and secured some parts of his body. When the wagon bearing Runnells approached the scene of the tragedy Copeland pointed to the blood stains, yet fresh upon the sidewalk in front of the doctor's office, and said to the driver, "*Stop the wagon square over those blood stains; they were made by my brother's blood.*" As soon as the wagon stopped Copeland rode to the side and swung out his revolver and fired two shots into the doomed man's brain and rode off to his father's house and sat down pensively beside his brother's coffin. Runnells' aged mother sat by him in the wagon when these shots were fired; and at the same moment Copeland's aged mother was sitting by the casket that held the form of her murdered son. Oh! how cruel and heartrending is sin!!

The day following this second tragedy it fell to my lot to preach in my church the funeral sermon

of the sheriff and the young man. I felt that a great crisis was upon that section of the state and that bloodshed, perhaps on a large scale, could only be prevented by the proclamation of a *just, decisive, and heroic policy*, and that the Lord had again called me to stand in the breach and had laid upon me both the duty and the opportunity of making that proclamation. At the close of my sermon I said, "My dear friends, this cruel and bitter war is over; much bitter feeling remains; yet we must live together, and we must live in peace. Therefore, on my own responsibility, I now declare, over these caskets that contain the remains of two good and official citizens, the only policy that will insure the peace and safety of all classes.

"First. That no man shall be punished for his war record, however bad it may have been.

Second. That all ex-confederates living peaceably, shall be respected and protected in all their rights as citizens.

Third. That even all those known as bush-whackers or guerillas, who have laid aside their arms and are living as orderly citizens, shall not be molested for acts done during the war period.

Fourth. But any person refusing to lay aside his arms, and whose presence becomes a menace to the peace and safety of the community, *will be declared an outlaw and treated as such wherever found!*

Now in the name of peace I appeal to this large assembly, made up of northern and southern men, to rally to the support of this policy."

As we moved from the church to the cemetery Captain Rice tapped me on the shoulder and said, "We have *one hundred sworn men* who will stand by you in the policy you announced."

The evening after the funeral wild rumors filled both sides with alarm. The people had been so accustomed to retaliatory measures for the past four years that some looked for Runnell's death to be avenged, and some on the other hand looked for the avenging of the officers' death. Quite a well grounded rumor prevailed that the Quantrell gang would visit vengeance on somebody. My strong utterance and living the next door to the Copeland family would especially expose me. So I had a gun and a couple of pistols in readiness and kept a keen lookout. The evening was very quiet until about eleven o'clock, when the report of three pistol shots was heard, and a scream and some loud talking. I picked up my arms and slipped out of the back door. I did not hear another sound. I knocked gently on Copeland's back door; he was on watch but knew nothing. Then I went to the house of Will White, a colored man who lived in the same lot, and requested him to go up street and find out and report to me. He returned and said that a company of union men from Johnson county called

"Leagers," hearing that the bushwhackers were coming to avenge Runnell's death, had come up to defend the union people. They left the town after frightening one family a little, and the remainder of the night was passed without incident, but people were doing some thinking. For the following morning a committee of leading men from both sides, but mostly men of southern views, called on me and said that a mass meeting would be held in my church that evening and they desired me to address the meeting on the policy I had announced in my funeral sermon. I gladly welcomed the opportunity. I felt that my peace plan was working its way very nicely. Then I called on Capt. J. D. Lisle, an ex-confederate, an old friend, whose release from a federal prison I had secured while I lived in Kansas City in '63; and I found that he heartily approved of my peace policy. I requested him to embody the policy in a series of resolutions and be ready to present them at the meeting. We had a crowded house. I spoke with all the power I could command, the resolutions were adopted by acclamation, and all went home with lighter hearts. There never was another drop of blood shed over the war troubles in that region.

The distrust and bitterness rapidly died away and confidence and respect soon took their place. The Drake constitution formulated in '65, just after the war closed, partook, as all church and state leg-

isolation did at that date, of the war spirit too largely to further the ends of peace and harmony. This instrument disfranchised all who had been in arms against the union and imposed other irritating restrictions. But in four years these disabilities were removed by the better judgment of the very political party that imposed them.

In justice to the ladies of the state, a class possessed of no voice at the ballot box or in the halls of legislation, I must here mention the fact of a new and very effective element introduced by them into the reconstructive problem; an element not contemplated by jurists or statesmen. I give the southern young ladies credit for leading off in this commendable movement. They manifested a remarkable tendency to marry ex-federal officers and soldiers, and this generous impulse was very promptly reciprocated by the union girls, as well as by the union soldiers, and even widows and widowers fell in with this grandly effective policy of reconstruction, until nearly every one was either reconstructed or wished to be. And were it not for those wicked politicians not a ripple of the old troubles would be visible on the surface of society.

CHAPTER II.

RECONSTRUCTION IN THE SYNOD.

"The storm is past, but it hath left behind it,
Ruin and desolation."

Nearly everything in western Missouri, except the wind and the sweet sunlight; everything that man could mar, needed some reforming, some *reconstructive* touch, not only roads and bridges and farms, but politics and religious life and families and some personal character, needed the renewing touch at this particular time.

The church suffered as much as the state—scars harder to heal, divisions, alienations and interrupted services were everywhere the order, until religion existed only in a state of suspended animation, where it had any true animation to suspend. Even men of genuine piety became so impassioned that they could see nothing except through the perspective of political prejudice. An aged minister, the Rev. J. L. Yantis, D. D., told me that early in 1861 he preached on the text, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," but he found that the Lord's claims were wholly obscured by those of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. A man insisted that nature and Providence were both proclaiming a divided nation;

and in proof early in the spring of 1861, he led me to his garden and pointed out an unusual number of *double peaches*. I asked him if he had never observed that *double* peaches rarely ever matured, and that I feared his illustration might prove that a *divided nation* would become a *blighted nation*. Reason had gone mad and religion had gone into mourning and retired from the dusty avenues of every day life. For reasons already given, I had left my pastoral charge in Pleasant Hill and gone to Kansas City. In August, 1865, I received a commission from the Board of Home Missions in Philadelphia, signed by Rev. T. L. Janeway, D. D., then the secretary of the board. I knew nothing of this document until I received it from the postoffice. A letter accompanied it in which I was urged to return to my church and take hold of the work of reconstructing the Presbyterian church in southwestern Missouri, and assuring me that the board would stand by me. The reasons assigned for this urgent request of the board were these: First, that as my pastoral relation at Pleasant Hill had never been dissolved, I was still *the legal* pastor of the church and a member of the Presbytery; second, that I was the only member of that Presbytery who unreservedly adhered to the general assembly; third, that as the southern assembly had been in existence since 1861, and as the Synod of Missouri had not gone into it, there was every reason for believing that an earnest effort

would be made to divide the churches in Missouri on these lines; fourth, and therefore I was the only man in this section, whose position and knowledge of the field, fitted him for all the possible contingencies that might arise.

I shrank from the work, but I had always believed in the duty of *maintaining great principles*. This course must often take precedence over present usefulness. The men who are fighting a nation's battles are not producers. Somebody must stand in the forefront, meet obloquy and take risks, or the world's and the kingdom's progress would be arrested. In the year of my birth my father, at the risk of his life in the state of South Carolina, had asserted the principle of national unity against the doctrine of state rights. The Lord seems to lay such hard and unpopular, and sometimes dangerous, work upon some families and individuals. I felt that great principles and an important vantage ground must be maintained, and that the Lord had laid upon me that work. And so, wisely or unwisely, the church and my fellowmen must judge—I came to my old charge and Presbytery in September, 1865.

┌ The railroad was completed in August and was drawing the business and new residences a mile south of the old town. This embarrassed church work. Of the 167 members there in 1861, I found about 30, but they kept moving back until by the first of April they numbered about 60, and 11 new members were

received during the six months, giving in all over 70. I had fairly good audiences. I had no resentments toward the southern people. Otherwise I felt the deepest sorrow for most of them, and when I thought of the sore losses they had sustained, I could not find it in my heart to taunt or wound one of them. I could place myself on President Lincoln's immortal platform:

"With malice toward none;
With charity for all;
With firmness in the right,
As God gives us to see the right."

At this point the battle over reconstruction in the church began. The Presbytery held its spring meeting in April. As I was the only minister in the Presbytery, who adhered to the northern assembly, the first move was to force me out of the Presbytery, by dissolving my pastoral relation. So a petition was laid before the Presbytery asking for the dissolution of the pastoral relation. A counter petition signed by forty-one members was presented, urging my retention. It was *eight* ministers against *one*. The Presbytery adjourned to meet in my church, in Pleasant Hill, on July 29, to issue the case.

This spring meeting was held in Dover, Missouri, a strongly southern community, and the home of some of Qantrell's band. It was just three months since my sermon at the burial of the sheriff and his assistant. The second evening, feeling somewhat wearied, I concluded to go to my lodging place and

retire. The body being still in session, I arose and started alone for the door. As I reached the outside, I heard a voice call me; I turned and found it was Dr. Taylor, in whose office Bill Runnells had killed Sheriff Holmes—the man who said I had saved his life, when Capt. Duff was about to shoot him. He placed his arm in mine and said, “I will go with you. “Do you know that your life is not safe here, especially when alone. A mob,” he continued, “was “forming against you last night, and I happened to “hear of it and informed them that you had saved “my life and that no one dared touch you while I “lived.” He left me at the door of my host, Dr. Chambers, a southern man, but one whose honor I could implicitly trust; and I thanked him very heartily for his good offices. This was the second time that men whom I had saved from danger, paid me in kind. I left the next day for home.

On July 21, in the midst of many cares and exposures, the great calamity of my life came upon me—one that wrecked many hopes and ambitions, and forced me to go all through my after life, as a bird with one broken wing. At a time of highest mental and physical strain and just eight days before the, to me, all important case came up before the Presbytery, I was smitten down by a sunstroke. I could not rest my brain at that juncture, as my own health demanded; and with intense pain I continued my preparation for a contest that I felt involved to a

large degree, the interests of our church in the western part of the State for years to come. These interests I could only serve by holding my position, and there was not a single man in the Presbytery to ease off any part of the burden.

Prior to the general assembly of that year, a number of ministers and elders in the Synods of Kentucky and Missouri, had drawn up and signed a paper known as, "The Declaration and Testimony"—a very embittered attack upon the *motives, spirit and deliverances* of the general assembly. The last assembly had taken strong action against all who had signed the paper; citing them to appear before the next assembly, and in the meantime depriving them of a seat in any church court above the session, and ordering that any such court enrolling one of said signers as a member, should be, *ipso facto*, dissolved.

As the minutes of the assembly were not yet in print, I sent to the state clerk for a certified copy and received it. I thought in such a crisis, it might prove good ammunition to have on hand. When the Presbytery met in my church on July 29, there were four ministers, exclusive of myself, and two of the four had signed the "Declaration and Testimony." I think they feared that my gun was loaded; and as there was just a quorum without them, they did not sit, except as lobbyists. One of the two eligibles was made moderator, the other chosen clerk, and I constituted the disturbing element on the floor

of the court. There were three elders, two of whom voted with the clerk. As soon as the body was constituted, the Revs. George Frazer and Charles Sturtevant presented credentials from their respective Presbyteries for admission into the body. In their examination the question was emphasized, "Would you, if a member of this body, be in favor of enforcing the order of the general assembly against the signers of the Declaration and Testimony?" The brethren answered that they would obey the highest court of the church. Both were refused seats and this answer given as the only reason for rejecting them. I had *the vote* and *the reason* spread upon the record; and then gave notice that I would file a complaint to Synod, against the rejection of these brethren on such ground. This action cut off all hope of help on the floor of the Presbytery; so the case opened and I spoke for two hours, not with any hope of influencing the decision on my pastoral relation, but with the view of moulding opinion on the issues before the church.

Of course the vote to dissolve my pastoral relation was passed by the clerk and the two elders, and a day set on which the moderator was to preach in my pulpit and then and there declare said pulpit vacant. I gave notice of appeal to Synod. I was contending for principles rather than proprieties—for a wider good rather than local position or usefulness. Under no other state of case, could I have

felt justified in holding a pastorate where thirty-three out of a membership of seventy-five were opposed to me. To establish, or *re-establish*, our church in western Missouri, I must hold my position; hence I disputed every inch of ground and used technicalities wherever I could place one.

The moderator requested me to announce his appointment one week from the next Sabbath. I informed him that he need not put himself to the trouble of coming over, as I would hold that pulpit under my appeal, until Synod met. He denied my right to hold my pulpit under the appeal, and even after I brought out the law and rulings of the church, he came in the day before the date. Then it was, that I rose to the emergency and nailed the windows and locked the door and pocketed the key, and proclaimed that no representative of Presbytery should enter the church for such a purpose. This settled it and left me master of the situation, and I preached in my own pulpit on that day. Thus did I manage to hold my ground, until Synod met in October. In all this, I was suffering great pain and nervous irritation, results of my sunstroke. I saw, from all the indications, that the meeting of Synod would be a stormy one, and that the same tactics would be used there that had been tried in my Presbytery.

The Synod met in Boonville, October 10th, at 7:30 P. M. As nearly as I can approximate the com-

position of the body, there were about 70 ministers and 30 elders present; of the ministers about twenty-four adhered to the assembly; the remainder were more or less with the "D. and T." party. So the whole number of assembly men in the Synod was 24 ministers and 9 elders; and just one half of these were from the Presbytery of St. Louis, leaving only 12 ministers and four elders in this meeting, from the rest of the state. This will throw much light on our course in that meeting.

I reached Boonville late in the evening of the opening meeting. As I approached the church door, Rev. J. A. Paige, recently removed from St. Louis to Springfield, met me and excitedly said, "you are the very man I wish to see. Some of the St. Louis assembly brethren have made a ruinous compromise "with the southern brethren, the purport of which "is, that the Synod's roll be made up, *including* the "signers of The Declaration and Testimony; after "which, Synod would adjourn until after the meeting "of the next Assembly." "You see Bro, Miller," "he continued, "that this would prove a *ruinous compromise* to our cause in this state." "Yes," I "replied, "it would be a surrender of everything "outside of St. Louis; for we are in a helpless minority everywhere else. No! we can not ratify such a "compromise without *guarantees clear and strong.*"

The moderator, Dr. R. P. Faris, of St. Louis, was closing his sermon and Bro. Paige added, "now

your Presbytery is first on the roll, and your name will be the first assembly adherent called; we look to you to lead us."

I walked in and took my seat and the roll call began in the usual way. My first aim was *to test* the spirit of the majority, by calling attention to the assembly's order respecting the enrollment of the signers of the "Declaration and Testimony." So I arose to a question of privilege. The moderator seemed to become irritated at the sight of me, for he was quite blunt before I could get my privilege stated. I then asked whether the Synod would respect the assembly's order. I did not get the last two words out, until I was ordered in the most mandatory tone, *to take my seat!* As I tried to add a word of appeal against defying the authority of the assembly, the words were again thundered at me, "*take your seat, Sir, TAKE YOUR SEAT.*" As I sat down, I said, "you will yet hear me, but it will be too late."

I had certainly clearly *tested* the spirit of the body, so far as the moderator represented it. 'Twas this spirit that set me against the St. Louis compromise; it would have proved *a surrender* instead of *a compromise*. The enrollment was completed and the signers enrolled with the rest.

According to the St. Louis arrangement, a motion was now made to adjourn for one year. The vote was taken by roll call, when my name was

called, I arose and said: "Sir, I was not permitted "to say what might have saved trouble, had I been "granted a hearing. Now the Synod has deliber- "ately violated the assembly's order, and I consider "it a dissolved body, and no longer able to sit as a "church court, but only as a religious conference; "therefore I can not recognize its existence as a Synod "by voting." As the voting proceeded over two thirds of the assembly men stood by my position and declined to vote. The St. Louis assembly men voted as they had bargained to do.

Before this vote was *formally* announced, the Rev. J. H. Brookes, D. D., of St. Louis, rose and asked that *the announcement* of the vote on adjournment be postponed for the present; it had clearly carried by a large majority. After his request was granted, he said he wished to ask Bro. Miller a question, and turning to me he said: "If this Synod "adjourns on this vote, will you and those acting "with you, proceed to organize the assembly Synod?" I replied that "we have the right to do so, under the "assembly's order, but as I have had no consulta- "tion with any of the fifteen or twenty brethren who "seem to side with me in this matter, I can not "say what we will do." My dear Bro. Brookes, whom I afterward learned to love most dearly, saw a reserve in this reply that seemed to raise his mettle, and he exclaimed, "I am amazed at Bro. Miller's "course; why, it was distinctly agreed to by Dr.

"Niccolls and his assembly brethren from St. Louis, "that the enrollment would not be deemed cause for "dissolving this body, if followed by adjournment." I replied that, I knew nothing of such arrangement; that I denied the right of the St. Louis brethren to try to bind the rest of the Synod; that such a compromise would not prejudice assembly interests in St. Louis, but would prove ruinous in most of the state, where we were pressed by overwhelming majorities.

The vote on adjournment was never announced! The meeting held until nearly midnight. Some of the brethren who considered the Synod dissolved, persisted in addressing the presiding officer as "*Mr. Chairman*" and some as "*Mr. President,*" instead of "*Mr. Moderator;*" which was resented with autocratic authority.

The meeting at last adjourned until 8:30 the next morning, when the pressure was renewed to force me to answer Bro. Brookes' question, in regard to organizing the assembly Synod. Then I said, that "I was as much in favor of peace as any one, but I "must be assuured that this measure *means peace*. If "this measure has behind it, a secret purpose to "defy the authority of the highest court of the "church; if its design be to use the interval between "this and the next annual meeting to foment strife "and alienation, and to gain advantage over local "minorities; if it has behind it a fixed purpose, to

“further disregard the final decisions of the highest court of the church; then, I can not see how any loyal Presbyterian, can become a party to it. A clear disavowal of such aims and purposes, would no doubt arrest any action at this time, looking toward the organization of an assembly Synod.” We stood by *this ultimatum* until the last. There was no intimation from the south side that “a disavowal of such aims” would be made. There was cross firing all that day, and until ten at night, when the meeting adjourned. The next morning when the body convened the Rev. John Montgomery, D. D., a personal friend of ten years standing, and a very mild partizan, came to me and said, “My Brother, why can we not settle this?” I replied, “doctor, my position is reasonable and right, and why do they not make the disavowal called for. If they can not disavow their aims, then the sooner the synod divides the better.” He said, “I can not believe my southern brethren will refuse to do so.” I said, “then doctor, you draw up a paper, embodying it, and offer it and urge its adoption as a basis of a compromise adjournment.”

He did so, and presented it, and urged its adoption in an impassioned speech, but the paper and the dear old doctor’s speech, called forth no response, and were received in sullen silence by those for whom they were especially intended; and when the vote was taken, the paper was overwhelm-

ingly voted down—there being no preceptible lack of unanimity among our southern brethren. Dear doctor Montgomery immediately picked up his hat and, with a mingled expression of sorrow and disgust, left for his home in Pettis county.

It was now clear to the assembly side, that my position was the only safe one. There could be no peace without the spirit of peace. There was but one thing to do, so the adherents of the General Assembly withdrew in a body, and convening in a grass plot in front of the church, then and there organized the Synod of Missouri in connection with the General Assembly.

I have given a somewhat full account of the sessions of this Synod, for several reasons:

First. Because it was the occasion of a sad, but at that juncture, unavoidable division of the Synod of Missouri.

Second. Because no fair account of its sessions prior to the division, has ever been published.

Third. Because I was, without design on my part, forced into some prominence in its deliberations, and into certain seemingly advanced positions; and deem it due myself to vindicate my motives by setting forth my reasons for assuming those positions.

With the flight of years and the healing effects of time, it is easy to see now that the paper known as the “Declaration and Testimony” and the assem-

bly's method of dealing with it, were alike, harsh and unchristian in spirit, both being relics of the bitter spirit that grew out of a cruel civil war.

During all this time I was suffering intensely from the effects of my recent sunstroke, my nervous system oft verging on prostration, and in no proper condition for the tension of those three days. One, to me, sad effect of this struggle through Presbytery and Synod, was to again bring me into unpleasant differences with, and separation from, many of my warm southern friends; yet, while I deeply regret *the asperities* of the conflict, I humbly thank God for *the results*, as I believe they have greatly redounded to the glory of God in the advancement of his kingdom, and we will soon be one again.

During the discussions in the Synod, a Boonville paper said: "Those good Presbyterians were *enjawing* themselves immensely up at the church." There was certainly more *jaw* than *joy* in those meetings.

And now as we stand here to-day and look back over those thirty-two years of somewhat intimate personal acquaintance with the ministers and churches of this Presbytery, what a flood of memories, sad and sweet rushes over me. Personal contact with about one hundred ministerial brethren, beginning with a period of bitter strife and alienation. Men, not perfect any more than we, yet men possessed of noble Christian qualities, that were never wholly lost

sight of in the midst of discord and contention. There was much of asperity *in those times*, but more of love; much to be sincerely deplored, but more to be remembered with gratitude to God. It is with grateful feelings that I am able to record, that those with whom I differed most bitterly, are to-day numbered among my warmest friends. Each thought we were right, and acted out our convictions in *manly opposition*, and so won each other's respect.

CHAPTER III.

RECONSTRUCTION IN KANSAS CITY PRESBYTERY.

We closed the last chapter with the division of the Synod, October 13, 1866. After we organized in the church yard, *our* Synod was very kindly offered the use of the Cumberland church building for our sessions. This was the more appreciated because *our* side was not then popular in Boonville. I brought my appeal and complaints before the Synod, and both were unanimously sustained. Thus I held my pulpit and my vantage ground in the Presbytery. But *I was all* of the Presbytery; being the only minister adhering to the assembly side, in the body. Before *I could be organized*, the Synod had to add two ministers to make the needful number. The Rev. Geo. Fraser of St. Louis Presbytery, and Rev. N. H. Smith of Upper Missouri, were transferred, and the Presbytery was organized with the above named ministers, and Ruling Elders, R. C. Williamson of Pleasant Hill and P. S. Brown of First church, Kansas City. This was the beginning of Kansas City Presbytery.

Before entering upon the work of this Presbytery, we will clear the way by giving a clear view of conditions at this date. The effects of the war upon

our churches will be readily seen, in the fact that between '61 and '66, one half of all the churches on the roll became *utterly extinct*,—not appearing afterward on the records of either Assembly. And not only so, but in the localities where twelve of these existed, no organization has ever been revived. The war blotted out every vantage of them. The statistical reports in the Minutes of our General Assembly, from '61 to '69 are not reliable, and give no true information regarding this transition period of Missouri's church history; for the following reasons.

First. No reports were sent to the General Assembly from this Presbytery from '61 to '67, and the statistics of '61 were recopied year after year.

Second. In '66, *all the ministers*, who the next fall went into the "*Declaration and Testimony*," or *Independent, Southern Synod*, were still on our roll.

Third. In '66 *all the southern churches* were still on that roll; of the eighteen, all went south except Warrensburg and a few members in Kansas City and Pleasant Hill. A briefly tabulated view will make clear *the transition period*, and show the growth of the Presbytery of Kansas City.

	1861	1866	1867	1869	1872	1898
Ministers	21	1	4	11	29	45
Churches	34	3	4	14	37	43
Members	1,478	54	175	573	1,600	4,480
Money Raised	\$12,887	\$250	\$2,454	\$7,759	\$26,000	\$50,847

We see at a glance, that all this Presbytery got out the wreck of the war, was *one minister, one whole*

church of twenty-eight members in Warrensburg, twenty-one members at Pleasant Hill, and only five members in Kansas City (see minutes of '67) in all fifty-four, out of the 1,478 we had when the war began.

After the meeting of the Synod, we addressed ourselves to the work of re-establishing our church in this hopeful region. Immigration poured in and gave us about all the material we had to build with. The New School brethren came in '66, and nobly shared in the work, until schools were lost in reunion, I was home mission committee, and most nobly did the Board stand by me in the work; and surely we needed the strong arm of the Boards in those days of weakness. We began the work of organizing in earnest. We believed in staking out claims subject to legal preemption in this great state. We attempted no encroachments on fields in possession of the southern church. They retained the undisputed possession of all church property. The building at Pleasant Hill was sold by mutual agreement, and proceeds divided equally between the parties. The property at Lexington was by agreement settled by their paying us a pro rata portion. We added \$3,000 to this, and built a house and finding, at the end of ten years of trial, that a northern church could not be maintained there, our Presbytery gave the property to the southern church for a school, after dissolving the organization.

In this way confidence and goodwill were restored, and such a fraternal feeling prevailed, that in fifteen years after the war closed, all rival local churches were united, except in Kansas City, where there is room and work for both. The first church organized was Sugar creek, now known as Creighton. We held a few days meeting at Mrs. Morrows and organized the church in her log house, that stood on the farm when she bought it a year before. Then followed Knob Noster, Linn Creek, Westminster, High Point, Greenwood, Bethel, Raymore and others. Raymore was organized in a fourteen by twenty railroad depot, and services were conducted there for a number of years, until a church building was secured in '76. This church has always had a most excellent membership, and made a splendid record in all lines of church work.

About forty members in the church at Lexington invited me to come over and organize them into an Assembly church. I went and as soon as I arrived, I called upon the Rev. J. A. Quarles, pastor of the southern church there. Bro. Quarles was a polished Christian gentleman; and our interview was pleasant. He cordially invited me to preach in his pulpit the following Sabbath and make any announcements I desired. I could see no sufficient reason for the movement, and persuaded our people not to organize. But a few months later, they insisted upon organizing and made an appointment for me in the court house.

A notice was handed to the leading paper of the city, but the editor took such liberties with it, that when it came out, it read: "One Miller, a radical republican from Pleasant Hill, will preach in the court house on Sunday at 11 A. M." Suffice it to say that this class was neither large nor highly esteemed in that city in those days.

So we see that in six years, the little fragments of '66 had, by April 1, '72, grown into a large Presbytery of 29 ministers, 37 churches, 1,600 members, and contributing \$26,000 in congregational expenses; and besides this, building about 40 houses of worship. Yet I confess that we organized, perhaps, too freely during these six years of unequalled financial prosperity. Many of our people bought high priced land, going in debt and giving mortgages, so that the great money panic of '73, the drouth of '74, and the grasshopper scourge in '75, ruined thousands of individuals and decimated our churches. A number of our churches were blotted out, more were crippled, and ministers were starved out, so that from 1873 to 1876, eighteen out of thirty names of ministers disappeared from the roll of the Presbytery.

In the midst of these labors, the over strain on my brain, shattered by sunstroke, threw me into such nervous prostration, that my physician bid me to cease all mental labor and give myself to out door exercise, for a year or two; and warning me that it was doubtful whether I would ever be able to resume

pastoral work. This was *the ordeal of my life*. I had ambitions—I trust worthy ambitions. I always felt that I had a mission and the abilities to accomplish it. That I should be laid aside at thirty-four years of age, in life's prime, in the midst of my opportunities, and the hopes of my friends; ah! I could not stand it! I could not submit to God's will in this affliction. Here the bright, cheery faith of my earlier life, left me, and dark and gloomy doubts took its place. I doubted God, his word, his providence and his love; and, at times, I gave up the duties of religion. Yet, at times, during these experiences, an overwhelming sense of God's love and claims would melt me to tears. This lasted for two years or more. I had to give up my pastorate in '67, I did no preaching until in April, '70, an elder visited me from the Greenwood church—a small organization of only twenty members, about six miles away; and desired me to give them some preaching. I had hoped and longed for some expression of divine interest in me. So this very humble one was grateful. I could now only hope for some humble corner in the great vineyard. I could not bargain. I replied, that I did not know how well I might stand the strain of preaching, but that I would try one service a day twice a month. So I began and my heart began to grow soft and warm and trustful in the work; and in three months a wonderful revival occurred that added about *forty members* to the little church. The

Lord had again graciously owned me and my poor service, and restored to me the joy of his salvation, so

"I wept and I sang in my gladness,
To know He was dwelling within."

Then I began to preach twice on each alternate Sabbath. The next year I held a two weeks meeting in the depot at Raymore. It was in October. We carried in lumber from a yard, each evening before service and seated the room, and after services, carried it out. It was a most delightful meeting; and the results more than doubled the membership of the church. This meeting set this church on its prosperous career. I longed to get into full work and yet I felt that my powers were so crippled that a total break down might occur from any overstraining. I worked along in this humble way among the weak churches, with precious evidence of some measure of blessing, for a few years; until I had reason to believe that I could take a larger work. But two things seemed to lie across my path; the fear to undertake heavy work, and the other fact, that I was looked upon now as a broken down man, and so had lost my standing with my brethren and the churches. I could not get a large field, if I even felt able to fill it. This fact oft times would goad my feelings. So I said at last, 'Lord give me a small field and grace and strength to fill it well.' And He has graciously granted both requests. I have never left the Synod of Missouri and have never taken a

church outside of Kansas City and Platte Presbyteries. Through all the asperities of the war and reconstruction periods—periods that invoked mistakes and misconstructions, I have never ran away from my record.

CHAPTER IV.

MY PASTORAL WORK AND THE CHURCHES I HAVE SERVED FOR THE LAST TWENTY-THREE YEARS.

I had bought eleven acres of land in Pleasant Hill, from which I managed to obtain a living during those years in which I drew no salary, or a very meagre one. I had a good portion of it set in vines and a variety of small fruits. Just at the time when the thought of a larger usefulness troubled me, the grasshoppers came and destroyed, not only the entire crop of that year, but the vines and plants, root and branch. This I looked upon as the Lord's call, "*Ye have dwelt long enough in this mount; turn you and take your journey.*" Deut. 1:6. The call was clear enough, but *where!*

Openings did not come freely to one laid aside from work for seven years. But the Lord's voice was clearly heard: "*You must serve me only in humble places.*" I received an urgent call to Oregon in Holt county. It was an old church, in a small finished town, with only fifty-four members. The conditions were *hard*; as New Point, then a schoolhouse organization of twenty members, eight miles distant, was connected with the field. As I had to preach at this schoolhouse twice a month at 11 A. M.,

and each evening at Oregon, it involved a trip over a hilly country of sixteen miles twice a month. As I did not wish to call on the Board I accepted the field with these conditions at a salary of \$900.

At the end of three months we were blessed with a great work of grace, adding over thirty members to our roll. And each year we had a spiritual blessing, in one year receiving one hundred and three members on the field. The seemingly humble field soon became a high post of honor to me, as I never felt the Lord so near, and never served a people more faithful to duty and more kind and considerate in all that adds to the comfort and happiness of a pastor and his family. We remained there five years, leaving four church organizations in the county instead of two, and a total membership of two hundred and fifty-two. The Lord had truly verified his word: "You can serve me best in humble places."

The little schoolhouse organization at New Point built a handsome church in '77 through the liberality and Christian devotion of its noble trio of elders, John G. Cowan, Samuel Praisewater and John Myers, and its two worthy deacons, Hon. B. O. Cowan and John A. Price—a small church splendidly officered. On December 29, '78, I began a meeting there that lasted six weeks with wonderful evidences of divine presence. My dear brother, Doctor Bullard, of St. Joseph, gave me four evenings; the remainder of the time I was alone. The church had thirty-six

members and forty-three were added in this series of services. There were some very remarkable conversions, notably that of a Mr. Hunt, fifty-three years of age, known in the community as an avowed enemy of religion and a circulator of infidel books. One morning a member of the church said to me that man Hunt is doing great harm, denouncing the meetings and talking his infidelity. I replied, "We can't help that; but let us pray for Mr. Hunt's conversion." The next evening he came to the meeting. It was an intensely solemn service. I preached with a sense of divine presence and closed with an earnest invitation to accept Christ. To the unspeakable surprise of the congregation the first one to rise was Mr. Hunt. I walked to his seat, took his hand, "Friend Hunt what does this mean?" With a trembling voice he said, "I do not know. It's strange to me. I can't talk now. Come and see me tomorrow." The next day I found him as humble as a little child and fully accepting Christ. That evening he gave testimony to his new born love, and implored those having his infidel books to burn them, as he had done with those at his home, and asking them to forgive the wrong he had done in misleading any of them.

He entered his new life very happily, and although a seemingly strong man, he died in six weeks after his public profession. His conversion

made a very profound impression upon the community.

During my pastorate in St. Joseph, one morning in April, '63, the news spread like wild fire through the city that Jesse James, the noted Missouri bandit, had been killed. It now appeared that his family had been living for four months or more near to my church. He was known as Jesse Howard and no one seemed to know that he was other than a quiet, peaceable citizen. His wife brought the little children to my Sabbath School, and little Jesse, of whom so much was said of late in the papers, was a very interesting member of our infant class. His teacher was Miss Lula Dimmitt. Mrs. James often attended our church service in the evening. She was a quiet little woman, modest and intelligent in appearance. Her most intimate friend and nearest neighbor was a strong Republican woman, who was fond of introducing her "friend, Mrs. Howard," to the church people. Our Sunday School averaged about two hundred and fifty, and on the last Sabbath she ever attended, and just ten days before her husband's death, I was impressing the school with the evils and dangers of reading blood curdling literature, as they would thus unconsciously absorb some of the spirit of such bad characters; and among other publications against which I warned them, I mentioned books narrating the exploits of the "*James Boys*."

I never found a kinder people than I found in that county, and these five years spent there will ever be remembered with warmest affection and gratitude.

My children needed higher educational advantages. So in '81, I took up a *mission enterprise* in St. Joseph, organizing the second Presbyterian church (Southern), with eleven members, and leaving it in two years, with sixty-five members, a Sabbath school of over three hundred, and a missionary and young people's society. My zeal and the wide demands of the field, soon proved too much for my nervous condition. I always seemed to hear a restraining voice from the past, whispering, "Do not go too far, or you will break down." I dared not do what I would.

In '83, I gave up my interesting work in St. Joseph, and after a few weeks rest was invited to Nevada, Missouri. Here again it was an *uninviting field* of only forty-four members—most of them of limited means—and a church building, needing yet \$2,000 to complete it. It was a forbidding outlook. Elder J. W. Cleland had great faith in the Lord, the church and me, and urged me to come; offering to obligate himself to see that I got \$1,200 a year, and that the building should be fully and handsomely equipped inside of one year. He was then a prosperous and leading business man, of high standing, and filled his promise fully. So again the

Lord seemed to say, "*Trust me in a small field.*" We enjoyed many precious outpourings of God's spirit during the pastorate. A young people's society and a ladies' missionary society and a ladies' aid society were organized. In the four and a half years of our pastorate, *one hundred and eighty members were added*—ninety of them on profession of faith; and the money raised aggregated nearly \$10,000. We always thank the Lord and our colaborers in Nevada, for the work done there.

This sketch would neither be complete nor just, did I not mention the efficient services of my dear wife and children, in my church work. Mrs. Miller was a leader in the ladies' societies, organizing them in each field, and forming a large element in their growth and efficiency; and she was always a zealous teacher and Sunday school worker. My children aided in the music, and my daughters especially were ever at my command. My eldest daughter, now Mrs. Susie Canine, remained longer at home, and left the sweet savor of her consecrated service in each field for twelve consecutive years; and when she left us, I felt that a great support was gone.

My other daughter, now Mrs. Amelia Brown, added much to the church attendance by means of her fine soprano voice, and for two years my entire quartet choir was composed of my two daughters and two sons. The arrangement was highly pleas-

ing to both the pastor and the congregation, as the choir gave neither any trouble.

But here again a threatened break down bid me stop for change and rest. So I had to close my work in Nevada in April, '88, receiving twenty members the last three weeks of my pastorate.

As I was now in the old Presbytery of Kansas City, which I had labored twenty years ago to reorganize, my brethern kindly sent me as commissioner to *The Centennial Assembly* in Philadelphia.

After a season of recreation, I was called to the church of Tarkio, Missouri. It was a small church of seventy-six members, most of them living far in the country. The town was only eight years old, and had about eight hundred inhabitants; but was a growing, thrifty place. The people of the town and country averaged far above other localities in business and moral lines. The little church came up with such courage as captivated me, in spite of other aspects of *smallness*. They offered a salary of \$1,200, six members putting down \$100 each on the paper. So I began work in September of '88, and here again my work was greatly blessed, and a most faithful eldership and an earnest, warm hearted people made our stay there, years of joy and delight. Mrs. Miller took hold of the *missionary* work, and soon it became one of the most efficient *societies* in the Presbytery. Miss Sarah C. McMullen, of fragrant memory, who fell a martyr to her zeal in the

Lord's work among the Mountain Whites of the south, went out from this society. A *young peoples' society* was organized and soon became an efficient part of the church organism. Our pastorate there lasted five years, during which about one hundred and eighty members were added to church roll, and nearly \$11,000 raised for religious purposes.

I had no good reasons for leaving this field, unless these were accepted; I have held that in our western churches the average minister does his best work within the first five years, and this field required a great deal of work in the country, which taxed me more than when I was a younger man. For reasons good or bad, in September, '93, I found myself in Chillicothe. The church there was an old organization, with a somewhat diversified history, varied with prosperity and adversity. So that just eight years before I took the charge, it reported only thirty-six members. In '88 the Rev. Wm. R. McElroy, a young man of push and perseverance, came and served the church for four and a half years. Under his care the church took on new life and hope. My friends wondered at my resolve to make such a change. I hoped the Lord had a work for me in Chillicothe. Mordicai's words to Esther came up: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this."

I could hardly hope for such a work as had been granted in other fields, for the conditions were not so favorable; so I had no reason to complain of the measure of success the Lord gave me there. The saddest feature of church work in Chillicothe is the paucity of men in the church. The women do their part nobly, and the churches there are blest with as faithful Christian women as can be found anywhere, and pastors prize their work. In the four years we spent there, we had many precious occasions of spiritual blessing and about one hundred and thirty were added to the roll of membership, and a highly creditable financial showing was maintained. While those years went by, we found many precious spots on which memory will ever fondly love to dwell.

In all these years I have never taken a field that was troubled with candidates; and I have never left one that did not have a rush of them, some as many as twenty to thirty. I have never aspired to churches where a campaign was carried on; my self-respect and respect for the ministerial office, have ever kept me from such a role. There may be no other way of doing it; but I am sure that time will prove that this way is the wrong one. We ought to have a better way of bringing ministers and churches together. The present method sets a premium on brassiness and deception, and, like marriages brought about

by these means, multiplies divorce suits before the church courts.

In obedience to these views I have been strangely directed; ever entering fields with reluctance and some degree of resentment, and ever receiving such tokens of divine blessing, that I was glad I had entered them. Indeed, my life has been strangely directed all through; it has been a mystery to myself. As my dear father said on his deathbed at the age of eighty-six, "We have, on all great questions, always started with the minority, but have been spared to see our principles triumph."

But I presume that every life has its strange turns or perhaps its divine interposings. My youthful ambition was for a military career. A position at West Point was at my bidding, but my mother, whose kind, warm heart ever touched my own, earnestly protested. About that time the family pastor called and as we were alone, he put his hand on my shoulder and kindly said, "George, would you like to be a minister some day?" I had not even united with the church at that time, but the two things turned my life plans.

In my senior year in college I made a business trip for my Father to Mississippi. I was riding across the country on horseback. I came to a swollen creek that had spread out over the bottoms. I could see ahead the railing of a bridge above the water, but the floor was covered. I pressed on and crossed over.

As I neared a farm house about three hundred yards from the stream, an old gentleman stepped off the porch with a look of surprise and said, "Did you cross that bridge?" I said, "Yes, sir." "My dear sir," he said, "the Lord was your guide, for twelve feet of the floor of that bridge is gone. Your horse crossed on a ten-inch girder." The cold chills ran over me, and I felt that the Lord's hand was certainly my guide.

In March, '65, I was in Jefferson City on my way to Kansas City. At that date the Missouri Pacific was only completed to Warrensburg; the stage ran between that and Independence. A friend insisted on my going that way, but something said, wait and go by a steam boat, and I did wait for the boat. When I reached the hotel in Kansas City this friend met me and said, "How fortunate you are, for the stage was robbed and two men killed south of Independence by some guerillas, and you would no doubt have lost your life had you come that way."

CHAPTER V. ADDENDA.

THE ANALYSIS OF FAITH—THE OUTLINE OF AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY APPOINTMENT BEFORE PLATTE PRESBYTERY IN 1891.

A Gospel Faith Saves; but as the world is full of faiths of all colors and shades and degrees, how am I to know that *my faith will save me*?

In view of this fact we present the following analysis, as helpful in settling the question; *is my faith saving?*

I. *Faith defined*: Reliance on Testimony. Testimony is the evidence of our senses and consciousness. All that we have not experienced, we must get from the senses and consciousness of others who have experienced it.

The value of all testimony depends upon the witness ability to know the facts, and his moral integrity to state them.

II. *Faith Analyzed*; *common faith*; *religious faith*; and *saving faith*.

1. *Common faith*, or faith in general, is reliance on *testimony* in general, as in the common affairs of this world.

2. *Religious faith*, rests on *divine testimony* exclusively, and concerns things unseen and beyond

the range of human experience; and hence *above* and *beyond*, man's reason.

This degree of faith may not be saving faith, for we see, in James 2:19; that the devils had *religious* faith, and in Mark 3:11, the unclean spirits confessed that *Christ was the Son of God*. The faith of large numbers of church members, never gets beyond that of these unclean spirits. Hence more than this *is essential* to saving faith.

3. *Saving faith* is made up of three elements.

(1) *Intellectual conviction of the truth*; which is common to all faith.

(2) *Love for, or heart response to, the truth*; which is absolutely essential to saving faith, and marks the beginning of the new life. Rom. 10:9-10.

(3) *Trust*, the capstone—the highest reach—of faith; trust in God, in Christ, in God's word, and in the heavenly hope. 2 Tim. 1:12-13.

Saving faith is thus known by *what it is*; but it is also clearly distinguished by *what it does*. So we give a Bible picture of saving faith in its activities.

(1) *It works*. "Even so faith if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." James 2:17.

(2) *It works by the rule of love*. "Faith, which worketh by love." Galations 5:6.

(3) *It purifies the heart*. "Purifying their hearts by faith." Acts 15:9.

(4) *It overcomes the world*. "And this is the victory that overcomes the world—even our faith." 1 John 5:4.

THE UNDERLYING PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY.

Dr. Miller's Lecture Before the High School, Delivered Jan. 9th, 1895.

Our subject bids us consider the basal principles upon which all man's actions should rest. Principles are the first things—the bottom facts of any subject.

Morality—"mores"—manners—conduct, especially as affecting our fellow men. As duty is the basis of morality, we speak first of the underlaying principles of duty.

Duty is something due to another, a debt we owe; as the duty of parent to child; of child to parent; of the individual to society.

Morals take in all duties to all men; they are based upon the universal brotherhood and equal rights of all men. This is the first principle of all moral codes; and moral codes without this principle are local, arbitrary and selfish. "Know thyself" is the first thing we should learn. Know thy origin, nature, endowments, possibilities and final destiny.

All duty and manhood and true nobility of character, spring out of the one fact that man's nature is divine; "created in God's image," is not asserted of any other being.

Sir W. Hamilton says: "Man is not an organism; he is a moral intelligence, served by organs."

Carlisle says: "The essence of our being—the mystery in us that calls itself I, is a breath of heaven. We are the miracle of miracles, the great inscrutable mystery of God."

It is only, my dear young friends, in the acceptance and appreciation of such an origin, that you can have a proper sense of true manhood and womanhood, self respect, holy ambitions, worthy aims and true nobility of character, and also a clear and just conception of the interests, rights and claims of your fellow men.

A few questions and answers will serve to bring out more impressively what duty is.

1. Whence am I? A divinely created and divinely endowed being.

2. What am I? A triune being, made up of a physical body, mental or rational powers, and a moral nature.

3. What is my true mission? The mature and harmonious development of this triune nature, and the attainment of a destiny worthy of such a nature.

4. Now we are prepared to ask, What is duty? Duty is that which one such person owes to another such person. It is what we ought to do in all our varied relations. But it implies a rule of duty, equally binding on all men. So we are forced to God's word as the rule of all duty.

It also implies that we are moral beings, that we have a moral faculty, and that we know the right and the wrong, in conduct.

“Created in the image of God.” This divine likeness distinguishes man, it makes him a moral and spiritual being; endowed with reason and conscience, and upon these rest freedom of choice, responsibility and accountability. This accountability is threefold, viz: to ourself, to our fellow men, and to our Creator.

Hence duty is the faithful discharge of our obligations, as rational and free moral agents.

Because we are what we are, we have duties due ourselves.

You have a bodily organism; you owe it to yourself to keep it fresh and strong and pure, in all its wondrous mechanism, for the service of your higher rational and spiritual powers. You have intellectual powers; it is your duty, as it should be your holy ambition, to cultivate and use them; and it is a moral wrong to neglect such cultivation.

But morality pertains mainly to the duties growing out of man's social relations. Social duties are by far the larger part of all duty. Six of the Ten Commandments are given to social duties.

The word morality is defined to be: “The duties of men in their social character; that quality in an action which renders it good or conforms it to right,

truth and justice." Thus we see, that morality is the outward expression of duty.

But *duty* grows out of *moral obligation*, and *moral obligation* grows out of a *law of right*, and *law* necessitates a *law giver*, and a *law giver* necessitates a *Supreme God*.

We see further, that there can be no such a thing as morality, without eternal and immutable *laws* of morality. The principles of morality rest in the law of God, and must be as immutable as God himself, and binding in all lands and in all worlds. We can conceive of other worlds, that demand other physics; but we can not conceive of a world with other mathematics, or other principles of morality. These are immutable, eternal and universal; alike, the same, in all worlds, in all time and space.

Hence you see, that the principles of morality do not depend upon any human incident or authority. They do not depend upon parentage, education, state or municipal laws, or social customs or standards, any more than the principles of mathematics depend upon such varying incidents.

Now, dear young friends, let us carefully note the several points made thus far:

1. That man is a divinely created being.
2. That man is a moral being, endowed with reason, conscience and freedom of choice.
3. That only *such* a being can have *responsibility*—can have duties.

4. That the obligation resting on us to perform duties, requires *a standard* or rule of duty.

5. That this standard or rule of duty must, (1) come from the *highest authority* in the Universe, which is, God, Creator of all. (2) It must be *immutable*, and operate equally and everywhere, upon all moral intelligences.

Now we find in these facts, and growing from them, the underlying principles of all morality.

Paley defines Ethics to be "The doctrines of morality or social manners." The phrase "social duties is better. Hence we have from these principles the words *right, justice, honesty, truth, virtue*.

The above definitions lead us into the true meaning of these terms. We say that the sense of right is natural to man. But it means nothing, unless right is based upon *a divine standard*.

We all have a sense of justice, that resents a wrong act. But what is justice but conformity to the supreme law of right?

We all have the sense of truth, but what is truth? Again we are driven to Him who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life."

In all Christian countries, the word morality is applied to actions that have the qualities of good or evil, virtuous or vicious, and is inseparable from the law of God, as the one, universal and only standard by which all character and all conduct are to be measured.

Morality grows out of two facts, 1st that we are *moral beings* and, 2d that we are *under moral laws*, as fully as we feel ourselves to be under physical laws. Morality can not be asserted of the actions of a mere animal; nor can duty. We can not say of the unreasoning animal that it has responsibility or obligation; that it ought to perform certain duties; but we do assert this of all men, except the idiotic or insane.

Thus we see that, by universal consent, man is held to *be a responsible free agent*, and has duties to his family, to society and to the state of which he is a citizen. All civil government is founded upon this recognized fact; and all, because man is a moral person.

But, my young friends, we would remind you of the sad fact that man is a fallen being, or to use Bible language, a sinner by nature; and so all his grandeur has been marred, and all his Godlike intellectual and moral powers have been weakened, shattered and perverted in their development and exercise. The effects of this enter into and modify all his choices, actions and social relations, as seen in standing armies, gallows, prisons and court rooms.

Had there never been *a wrong*, there would have been *no confused notions of right*; had there never been a falsehood, truth would be easily found. Dear young friends, in all your studies on moral questions, you can not safely ignore this dominant fact of man's whole history and experience, viz.: That

man has, as a moral being, *been wrecked by sin*. We feel it in ourselves—we see it in our fellow men. From this standpoint we must ever view man. Ignoring this fact has led many authors on moral philosophy into the mazy depths of vain, etherial and misleading speculations. This fact is the explanation and the solution of all the great and difficult problems of social and civil government, over which this world has ever struggled so vainly, for these 6,000 years. Now, young friends, we have laid down the underlying principles of morality in a very concise, logical way. Our subject gives us no place for poetry or art. Our aim is to give you some foundation truths, as field notes and helps to you, in the way of right living.

These views give us something to anchor to; they give us the worthiest motives for right living; they inspire in us the worthiest self respect and give us the highest motives for respecting our fellow men. They give us correct views of duty, and of the rights of men.

They show that our rights and our duties, as citizens, are reciprocals of each other. They show that all men, as men, have the same rights and are bound by the same obligations; and that my liberty is ever limited by the rights of my fellow men, and thus flower out into the beautiful Golden Rule, laid down by Christ:—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."—Mat. 7:12.

“THERE IS NO RIGHT AGAINST RIGHT.”

An address delivered before the Anti-License League of Chilli-cothe, by the Rev. George Miller, D. D., and published by the unanimous request of the League:

Man is a social being. He lives in society—is dependent upon society—and owes to society certain duties, the discharge of which become the measure of his rights as a citizen. Discharged duty is the limit of man's rights. Hence in the social compact, no one can be perfectly free, for everyone is bound to give some return for what he receives. He who asks all and gives nothing is a despot. He who yields all and receives nothing is a slave. The existence of the social and civil fabric depends upon the happy adjustment of rights and duties.

Society is made up of the strong and the weak. In fact the weaker elements constitute four fifths of the social structure, the old man, the delicate female, the helpless child. This fact gives tyranny its victims and power its grist.

The babe cries for its mother, even before it knows it has a mother; that helpless cry abridges that mother's liberty—her will is restrained—her pleasure marred, but duty rises above interest and pleasure and exacts from her a loving response to

that helpless cry. A beautiful illustration of the correlative nature of rights and duties. The cry of the helpless has a right to be heard. This is the fundamental principle of all just government—the principle of universal justice—the measure of universal liberty. No man has the right to disregard it—no class of men has the right. Power may usurp rights, but power can not create them. Neither can power ignore them without retribution. To assert my own rights is no more a duty than to respect the rights of others. My rights are limited by the rights of others. I can do what I please on condition that I do not injure you. But your duty does not stop there; it is your duty to see that I do not injure others, in the exercise of my liberty. We base our appeals to the liquor dealer on this high and humane ground. The laws of God, the laws of nature, and the laws of humanity accord to no man the liberty to injure his fellow man. The highest freedom accorded to God, angels or men, is the freedom to do right.

Absolute “personal liberty” is a purely mythical conception, a fiction of a brain warped by ignorance or selfishness:—for the intelligent know it does not exist—and the humane would repudiate it if it did. All possible liberty is limited—by the public good. True liberty accords justice. It exacts justice for ourselves, while it gives it to others.

False liberty says I am free. True liberty says all men are equally free. False liberty trumpets its own rights. True liberty cries equal rights for all. This false view of personal liberty became a watchword during the French revolution when every man clamored for liberty to guillotine his neighbor. It is the spirit of anarchy that ever rises out of the dark abyss of atheistical misconceptions.

So much by way of first principles. Let us consider the question of the right and duty of the state to restrain or prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. We will show that the liquor business possesses no natural rights, and second, show why it does not.

Has the state this right? Yes, both natural and constitutional. The very nature of government is to protect the public good from individual rapacity or selfishness. The right to restrain whatever is injurious to the public, has never been denied in the history of free government. All law is prohibitory in its nature—it restrains or prevents. In this regard all law is an abridgement of liberty in its false sense—it abridges the liberty to do wrong. All being is conditioned by law—from the planets that move in their law—defined orbits, to the molecule that floats in the breeze. The planet Jupiter dare not ignore this. Not only so, but prohibitory law is a condition of moral being. It antedates sin, for God said to sinless Adam: “Thou shalt not eat of

the fruit of the tree in the midst of the garden.” Thus we see that the first law proclaimed to man was prohibitory and “a sumptuary law.” And it is a very significant fact that the first sin—the curse of man—the blight of the earth, the cause of all human woe, was *the violation of a prohibitory law restraining appetite*. Man never did have the liberty to eat or drink what he chose, except under penalties.

The depravity of the fall induced a still deeper necessity for such restraints of man’s sinful freedom, blinding his judgment and filling him with corrupt desires leading to the abuse of his passions and appetites. God’s word is full of them, and the statute law of nations groans restraints and prohibitions.

In the light of history it is clear that the unlimited liberty to sell intoxicants has never existed under any civilized government. It never has been an “inalienable right.” It can never be construed as a legitimate branch of trade. Its friends appeal to the sympathies of men, as though they were a persecuted trade. But the liquor business has never had the right of toleration. In the language of our supreme court, “The state has the right to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors without a license. The license fee is a price paid for the privilege of doing a thing, the doing of which the state has the right to prohibit altogether.” The United States supreme court (5 Howard, 504) decided the same thing nearly fifty years ago, when such justices as Taney,

McClean, Catron, Woodbury, and Greir were on the bench. Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, and John P. Hale were the attorneys on the liquor side of the case. Chief Justice McClean said, "No one, it is presumed, can claim a license to retail spirits as *a matter of right*." This has been the uniform and unquestioned authoritative construction of our constitutional law. If anti-liquor laws are "blue laws," it is well to remember that the blue feature is a part of our constitutional history, and he only is a revolutionist who would wish it out.

The right is unquestionable; now we ask is it *the duty* of the state to limit, restrain or prohibit the sale of liquors? All duty rests on adequate reasons founded on obligation. Then we ask, why should the state thus restrain or prohibit? The great principle is, that any business pursuit or act that encroaches upon the life, rights, or happiness of others, is a proper subject of legislative control. It is the increasing and appalling evils growing out of this liquor business, that appeal to legislative interference. It is a little remarkable that in all articles and speeches we see against the temperance movement, no attempt is made to meet these charges.

Ah, no, they only cry "puritanism," "sumptuary laws," "personal liberty," and "failure of law," and just such arguments as every criminal in the state might use to justify his crimes. We implore thinking men not to be misled by such mean and

selfish concealment of the real facts. We say to the would-be defenders of this horrible business, if you are men, if selfishness has not quenched reason and all humane feelings in your bosoms, come, let us reason together. Let us not go to the saloonkeeper to get our reasons for action on this question. Nay, let us go to the homes impoverished, desolated, ruined by liquor, and let us draw thence our inspiration for the impending crisis. There are thousands of homes in the state, a score of them in this city, where poor, abused, down trodden, innocent women and children are crushed in want and sorrow and woe, by this inhuman traffic whose cry the voter and legislator and officer of the law are bound to respect. It is not merely a question of religion or of morality, but of humanity and just government.

We therefore arraign this saloon business before the bar of God and public opinion as injurious to every sacred and humane interest. It dethrones reason and sends madmen into homes and streets to the injury of law abiding people.

Three fifths of all crime and pauperism, one hundred thousand annually sent to a drunkard's grave, nine thousand annually made insane. Look at this frightful array, remembering that every individual of these thousands upon thousands of victims, is the source of untold sorrow and woe to a whole family of loving hearts, and then tell me is not the very existence of this traffic an infringement on the

life, liberty, and happiness of men, women, and children.

There is no rational or humane light in which it can be defended. No self-respecting man dares to offer a reason for its existence.

Bousset says: "There is no right against right."

REVISION AND BRIGGSISM.

When the General Assembly sent down the first overture on revision of the confession in 1890, it contained two questions. First. Do you desire any revision? Second. If so, to what extent?

I thought I saw in the whole movement the spirit of *revolution*, and was anxious to arrest it. With this conviction I presented the following paper as the sense of Platte Presbytery on the subject; but the brethren seemed to think the reasons reached too far, and so answered the overture in the negative, without reasons.

This is my paper in full:

“In view of the fact that some of the friends of Revision have made strenuous efforts to mould opinion at large, and to bring our doctrinal standards into odium through the secular and religious press and through protracted discussions and formal deliverances of certain Presbyteries; this Presbytery feels justified in emphasizing the following points:

First. Our belief that this overture was not constitutionally proposed.

Second. That its form is unhappily *indefinite*; just what the adopting act was guarding against; and thus it has opened up a boundless range of

endless differences that can only result in harm to our beloved church and her glorious work.

Third. That this overture originated in a modest request "for *some* revision of the confession of faith," touching only "*some forms* of statement," coming from only fifteen instead of one hundred and forty-one, or two thirds, of the Presbyteries.

Fourth. That the assembly, deceived, as we believe, by these modest claims, laid this overture before the church, not dreaming of the *wide and perilous range* the discussion would assume.

Fifth. That immediately a movement was made, led by some in high official positions, looking to *the most radical and revolutionary changes* in our whole system of doctrine; and thereby bringing strife and alienation into the church, and greatly injuring her influence and usefulness in the world, at a time when both were at their zenith.

Sixth. That in view of this unwarranted course, into which this movement has been thus forced, we feel called upon to record (1) our *painful solicitude for the integrity* of our beloved church and her doctrine. (2) Our *astonishment* at the absence of scriptural appeal for changes so radical; these appeals being rather, to "*what is now believed*," "*to the spirit of the nineteenth century*;" and we might add, *to the depravity of the natural heart*, than to God's own inspired word. 2 Peter 3:16. (3) And further, our *painful surprise and grief* at the expres-

sions and doctrinal positions of brethren in *eminent places* in the church, who must have, over and again, declared that they did "*sincerely receive and adopt the confession of faith as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures.*"

Seventh. That while we can see no grave objections to mere verbal changes to clear the meaning, we yet insist on no change in doctrine, and believe that any attempted revision is *in the highest degree perilous to the church and the doctrines of religion*, as the trend of this discussion shows."

In less than eighteen months from the presentation of this paper Dr. Briggs sprang his assault on the Old Testament Books, and the world knows what followed.

THE END.