

American Presbyterian.

New Series, Vol. II, No. 37.

Genesee Evangelist, No. 1008.

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1865.

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PERSECUTIONS SUFFERED BY THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

Those acquainted with the life of that Apostle of Presbyterianism in America, Francis Makemie, need not be told that the beginnings of our Church in America were embarrassed with difficulties which would have appalled any not imbued with the patience, the energy and the martyr-spirit characteristic of the Presbyterian Church in all ages and countries. But the persecutions undergone by Makemie in Virginia and New York, were only a small part of those encountered in establishing the Church. Several years earlier, in fact, than the transactions between Lord Cornbury and Makemie in New York, a series of oppressive measures against "Dissenters," as they were called, had commenced in South Carolina.

The history of the settlement of the Carolinas is remarkable in its bearing upon religious toleration in the British Empire. Just after the cruel "Act of Conformity," which, in 1662, drove two thousand godly men from the pulpits of England for refusing to become Prelatists, the courtiers of the intolerant king secured a charter for the territory, which, in his honor, they called Carolina, and proceeded with the necessary measures for its early settlement. Arrangements were made for a popular Government, limited only by the laws of England and the veto of the proprietaries. To all, the most perfect freedom of religion was assured.

"A singular spectacle," says Dr. Gillett, "is this—a body of men whose names were indissolubly associated with the legislation that harassed English Dissenters, and surrendered justice to High Church bigotry, yet adopting—when left to look simply at their own pecuniary interests—a policy as liberal as the most fanatic of Cromwell's Independents could have desired. The same hands which framed the intolerant Act of Conformity in England shaped a satire on their own folly in the constitution which they gave to Carolina. While with relentless severity they silenced such men as John Owen and filled English prisons with men like Baxter, Bunyan, and Alleine, they allowed the colonists the most perfect and entire freedom of opinion. The New England settler, the English Dissenter, the Scotch Presbyterian, were alike welcome, and alike invited to a refuge from oppression. It may even excite a doubt, whether persecution in England was not made more virulent by a policy which demanded exiles to people the colonies."

The first band of emigrants which left for South Carolina was in 1670. Charles himself provided two small vessels at his own expense to transport thither a few foreign Protestants. But the most considerable emigration was from England. The prospect of immunity from the molestation of informers and acts against conventicles and Non-Conformity, tempted Dissenters to a colony where their worship would be tolerated and their rights respected. Joseph Drake, brother of the Admiral, led thither a company of these refugees from Somersetshire; Huguenots expropriated from France, flocked to the shelter which these persecuting High Church Statesmen knew how to offer when worldly policy was concerned. The colony itself was governed by "Dissenters"—at one time by a Presbyterian, at another by a Quaker. Here, some of the earliest movements for organizing Presbyterian Churches in this country took place, though the resulting bodies remained isolated from the Church at large for a full century.

This exceptional phenomenon of large liberality under a bitter and intolerant government, appears to have continued through the remainder of Charles' reign, through the whole of the still more bigoted James, and of course was not disturbed by William and Mary, the champions of Protestant liberty and the inaugurators of the modern policy of toleration under the British dominion. In fact, it was a larger liberty than that

enjoyed in the mother country, under William and Mary, or even at this day, involving the practical equality of the Churches, and the absence of a privileged establishment.

This was the basis on which the colony was founded, and the practice of three successive reigns had given them strong precedents in its favor. But in the reign of Queen Anne, an entire revolution in the management of the ecclesiastical affairs of the colony took place. It was about the same time that Cornbury, of New York, with the Governors of Virginia and Maryland, took the ground that the Episcopal was the Established Church of the colonies, as well as of the mother country, and that all classes must contribute to its support whether they approved it or not. Just as the early Christians under the Roman Empire, found their condition worse when the reigning monarch was a more devout heathen, than when he despised religion in any shape, so the American Colonies found their privileges, which had been gained under monarchs indifferent to the Established Church, torn from them under more pious and more Protestant rulers.

In South Carolina the change was effected with a show of respect for the popular voice. We will let the historian narrate the facts:—

"In 1703 the Governor, Sir Nathaniel Johnson, as if in concert with Lord Cornbury at New York, determined to introduce into the colony the system which Dissenters had learned to regard with well-grounded jealousy. By skilful arrangements, and through elections at which it is said that the most despicable classes of the population were allowed to vote, a legislature were secured favorable to the Governor's design. By close vote it was enacted that the Episcopal should be the Established Church, and that it should be supported by a tax on all classes of citizens alike, including Dissenters, who were deprived of all civil rights. The colony was divided into ten parishes, and arrangements were made to secure the necessary number of missionaries from England.

"Quakers and Presbyterians united in the most vigorous opposition to this movement. The citizens of Colleton sent a petition to the proprietaries in London by the hands of Joseph Boone. "On reaching London, he found the prospect before him far from encouraging. The proprietaries were not disposed to annul the obnoxious measure; but the London merchants united with Boone in urging the petition, and it was carried before the House of Lords. Their action was favorable, and there was a prospect that the prayer of the petitioners for relief would be granted. The queen issued an order declaring the obnoxious laws to be null and void; but her promise to issue a process against the provincial charter was never fulfilled. The Episcopal Church was established in the colony. Dissenters were taxed for its support. The effect was disastrous to the Presbyterian Church.

"The English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent twelve Episcopal missionaries to the colony, and their support was largely secured from the public treasury. Spacious churches were built and paid for by taxes, which fell heavily on Dissenters. The State patronage extended to the Episcopal Church soon secured it ascendancy also in numbers and strength. The friends of religious liberty in the Assembly were reduced to a few members, and the energy and art of the Governor bore down all opposition. Large numbers of the children of Dissenters were led to abandon the worship of their fathers and connect themselves with the State Church, against which the prejudices of the community were so long directed."

With their wonted persistence the Presbyterians maintained their ground, and are described as still forming a considerable party in the province; able men ministered to their few congregations, whose losses by desertion began to be made up by emigration, and in 1710, a letter from South Carolina, published London, stated that there were in the colony five Churches of British Presbyterians. A Presbytery or Association was formed at some date prior to 1734, which, in 1811, united with the General Assembly.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR EVANGELIZATION.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.
The call for a convention at Cleveland, contained in this paper, will secure from our readers more than usual attention. The Christian Commission, while in full operation, was one of the finest conceptions, one of the most efficient schemes of Christian effort ever produced in our world. When its war-work was drawing to a close, the question was anxiously deliberated, whether it should regard its mission as fulfilled, and give up its existence, or, with such modifications as would adapt it to times of peace, become a permanent institution. The first alternative was, we are bound to suppose, wisely adopted, but the Christian public feel the void of a charity so catholic, so evangelical, so unsparring of effort, and so quick of access to points which the slower process of denominational effort might fail to reach. If the proposed Society for Evangelization is intended to work on a system as nearly similar as the altered state of things will allow, at the same time adopting the suggestions of the past as a basis of improvement, and if the managements should be of the character which the names ap-

ended to the call seem to guarantee, we see no reason why it should not become the legatee of that affection and support from the Christian public, which the Commission so worthily enjoyed. We say this, taking for granted that there is no intention that it shall overlap the regular ecclesiastical enterprises of the church, but shall become a supplemental agency, filling the many chinks which, for some reason, regular ecclesiastical evangelization has failed to reach. We are not sure but, in the present state of things, it would not best avoid collision with church mission enterprises, by making the South its distinctive field, devoting itself to the temporal and eternal welfare of the freedmen, and of that large class of whites who the religious as well as political aristocracy has kept, even deeper than the blacks, in the social shade. Not forgetting that there is work enough for a National Evangelization Society in any quarter of our Republic, we see in the South the most imminent need of the times.

NOTES FROM UPPER DELAWARE.

UNDER THE MAPLES, Sept. 6, 1865.

When last we meditated in editorial mood beneath the maple shade, which now dances, with alternate patches of sunshine on our page, it was amid the fierce alarms of war. Lee was holding with an obstinate but slowly yielding grasp, the defenses of Richmond and Petersburg; Sherman had just marched into the last stronghold in the bowels of the cotton States; Mobile was tottering to its fall, and three thousand brave defenders of the Union had just perished of starvation, crowding, exposure, indescribable filth, sun stroke, poisonous vaccine matter, undisguised murder by shooting, stamping, hanging in the stocks and innumerable other barbarities, while in the hands of the subordinates of Davis and Lee at Andersonville. Democratic editors and partisans at the North meanwhile were expatiating upon the peaceable dispositions of these traitors and murderers and torturers of loyal men; stock-gamblers were decrying the worth of Government promises to pay; "drafts" and "quotas" under new "calls" were deeply disturbing the minds of the community, and a dark, heavy, war-atmosphere enveloped the land, prohibiting all confident calculations as to its depth and duration. Then we waited "beneath the furnace blast," with undying hope of liberty and of the republic in our bosoms, but with irrepressible sighing of: How long, O Lord! Then the gallant "Seventh Delaware" had just come back from their brief but timely service, in repelling the bold, bad raiders, many of them mere renegades, who came, with fire and sword, into their own State of Maryland.

Since that day, what brilliant achievements crowned the ever rising prowess of the Union, and cast deeper and deeper the fortunes of rebellion! Sheridan since then, rode his famous ride, and fought his fiery battles, and led his squadrons up the valley to the very gates of the rebel capital. Since that day, Sherman astonished friend and foe, and gave history a novelty to record in her stories of great marches through an enemy's country; grasping Savannah and handing it over to the nation as a Christmas gift; uncovering Charleston and gaining Sumter without a blow. Since then, Hood was annihilated by the overwhelming, shrewdly-dealt blows of Thomas; the pro-slavery Malakoff of Fort Fisher went down before the desperate assault of Terry; and then, with one grand, comprehensive, crushing blow of the thoroughly prepared Grant, Richmond and Petersburg tumbled in a day, from their four years of impregnability, tumbled from their infamous eminence as centres of a powerful and unsubdued rebellion; the vaunted Confederacy on which the hopes of Pope and despot and aristocrat, every where, were set, vanished into relics for sight-seers; Lee had surrendered and Davis was a fugitive with a price on his head!

So we sit in the maple shade, and hardly realize the wonderful, the solemn, the awe-inspiring gladness of the change—VICTORY and PEACE. Or did we not find it more difficult to believe, especially in the earlier years of the struggle, that we were at war? Which is the dream, the present or the past? The night of anguish, or the joyous morn? The long, long years with horror overcast, Or the sweet promise of the day, newborn?

BATTLES YET TO BE FOUGHT—VICTORIES TO BE WON.

Right here under the maple shade, in one of the most loyal districts of Delaware, we are reminded of the conflicts of opinion which the war has left us still to fight, and of the utter insufficiency of mere material victories to give a nation solid peace. Here we plainly perceive the need of lofty moral elements and of the diffusion of sound Christian principles to a happy solution of the social question left unsettled by the de-

creed of emancipation. Shall we free the slave because he is a brother man, and then, after freeing him, persist in treating him as less than man? That is the question; that is what is really involved in the question of the colored man (the colored soldier too) riding in the street cars, in the question of the right of suffrage for the freedmen, and the entire treatment of this race of loyal, Protestant, Americans, North and South.

And how have the Maples got anything to do with it? Why, through all this stretch of country overlooked from this maple-embowered window, are scattered individuals and families of the unfortunate race, eager here as everywhere to receive instruction; and beneath the maple-shade, and close around it, are noble-hearted Christian men and women burning to impart it; and in the midst of this fertile landscape, rises the spire of a New School Presbyterian church, with its commodious lecture-room, and nine-tenths of its congregation are of the loyal and true of the land, who would risk death sooner than see the flag dishonored; some of them have done it. And yet the most earnest efforts have utterly failed to procure a place inside that church or out of it, for the accommodation of these candidates for religious and intellectual instruction. Shut out of the house of God, and out of the public-school-houses, even the erection of a building for the specific purpose of accommodating these people is at least deferred, from threats of mob violence; and here, but a few hours' journey from Philadelphia, there is more difficulty, discomfort, and even risk, in efforts for their amelioration, than are encountered in Louisiana. It is a burning shame, and we are astounded and pained to see it and to record it. The truly loyal people, who are largely in the majority, ought not to suffer it a week longer.

And what is the ground for all this persistent opposition to opening a New School Presbyterian church, or a public school house, or to putting up a building for such a truly humane object? One thing and one only; it is unreasoning, unchristian, hard-headed, hard-hearted PREJUDICE. It is the sin of the North against those ill-used people; the sin which debars them from the street cars and from a reasonable participation in the rights of citizenship; the sin which our government is verily guilty of strengthening by so sadly failing to use decided influence, not to say authority, in behalf of the freedmen in its plans of State reconstruction. It is a sinful despite of their manhood. It is a wrong vainly excused by the result of other wrongs; excused by a charge of inferiority, which, if true, is the result of ages of contempt and wrong, and which it is the prompting of Christian charity to remedy, but of sheer inhumanity to deepen and to perpetuate.

By the way, some of these victims of prejudice, these "inferior beings" whose color deprives them of a fitness to vote supposed to be possessed in full by a raw Irish Catholic, are living not more than an hour's easy ride from this Maple-shade, whose condition is worth noticing. Close by on the road's side, in a somewhat out-of-the-way neighborhood, the traveller observes a succession of very neat frame dwellings, a story and a half high, painted white, supplied with lightning rods, surrounded with truck patches, and with small farms, cultivated with a fair measure of care and skill; each family seems to have a horse, one or two have neat painted carriage-houses attached to the dwelling, and all show signs of comfort and thrift which would be looked for in vain about the dwellings of thousands of our white population. I might say in Delaware especially. Some of these colored farmers have earned characters for integrity among the whole community; some have earned what perhaps their maligners would regard as a more convincing proof of capacity—money. We heard of one, who, when called on for payment of a bill, which required more cash than he had in the house, requested his creditor to wait until he drew him a check on the bank. The creditor, a little surprised, courteously consented, received the check, and turned it into cash without any difficulty. This drawing of a check by a colored man, in his house, on a bye-road in Delaware is not without interest or significance at this time. Some of those prominent in opposing the opening of a school-house for the instruction of this man's children, are doubtless accustomed to "make their mark." Behold the prejudiced and behold their victims! In spite of prejudice, they have made such progress in thrift and in education as utterly to distance probably all of

the bitterest of their opponents! What might they not be expected to do with half the privileges of the whites?

We say that a system which, all over the country, excludes such worthy citizens from all participation in the duties, responsibilities and privileges of citizenship, while it allows a worthless, brawling ignoramus of a Fenian to put in a ballot which he cannot read, all on account of a difference of color, is so radically wrong and unjust that it cannot stand. The seeds of dissolution are in it. Every principle of sound political economy, every sentiment of true Republicanism is against it; and what is more, GOD is against it, and unless the abuse is remedied, no amount of victory can save the guilty nation. Do our busy, reconstructing, pardoning rulers understand?

CAPTAIN CHARLES CORBIT.

We have no wish to thrust a modest man into needless notoriety, but we think the example of this brave citizen-soldier belongs to the country. And especially, as we have dealt plainly with some of the shortcomings of Delawarians, we take the greater pleasure in commending where we may. Here is a young man, of fine property, with troops of friends, his parents worthy "Friends" in the technical sense; has but lately married a lovely woman; his farm beautifully located, large, fertile; his new, ample, and costly residence the ornament of the whole country-side, approached by a broad, green avenue, flanked with trees and hedges;—that young man broke through the restraints of the old family religion, parted from his young wife, forsook his beautiful house and his rolling acres, and flew to the rescue of the country which alone, by its freedom and its laws, gives value to friends and home. He rallies a company of cavalry, one of the three or four furnished by the State to that arm of the National service, and is made captain.

Once, just before the final news of Gettysburg, rumor, borne on the tongues of flying comrades, brought word that the gallant captain had fallen in a cavalry skirmish at Westminster, Md., desperately wounded and covered with blood, and that the rebel lines under Fitz Hugh Lee, closing around him and many of his company, had swept them from sight. That was a gloomy day at that beautiful country home; a dreary pall fell on its many charms, and a large community bowed in silent sympathy with one so early made a widow by rebel weapons. But lying rumor did not long enjoy the dismay she had spread so wide. Truth soon appeared, in no other guise than that of the captain himself, without scar or scratch, with no disadvantage other than his parole as a prisoner of war. He and his command of seventy were stationed at Westminster, Md., as an advance scout, to watch the motions of the enemy's cavalry, which, the reader will remember, made such a bold approach to Washington just before Gettysburg and out off a train of one hundred wagons near Poolesville. This raiding column was the object which the little company of Delaware cavalry was to watch, but unfortunately it got in between all the appointed guards and the city itself, and on its return, took Captain Corbit and his company in a very unexpected quarter and while ten of his men were having their horses shod. The alarm was given, that one hundred and fifty rebel horsemen were in sight. The heroic captain and his sixty men, nothing daunted, sprang to their saddles, and met the onset of the rebels with such determined bravery, that though, as it afterwards appeared, there were three hundred of them, and though their captain rode right into the ranks of the Delawarians and was shot dead for his temerity, the whole band was driven back in confusion with the loss of some half a dozen killed, including the captain, and a number wounded, while the Delawarians lost but two, and the captain had his horse shot under him. The flight of the rebel three hundred was only stopped by a much larger force of their own cavalry stretched across the road, who were compelled to fire into them before their panic was quelled. This was Fitz Hugh Lee's entire body of cavalry, several thousand strong, which soon overflanked our handful of Delawarians, a number of whom fled, but the captain, dismounted, and twenty of his men were made prisoners. And handsomely were they treated by the rebel commander and his officers, who praised their gallant bearing, earnestly asked if they were not regulars; if not, then they were certainly the Eighth Illinois Cavalry; their fighting was equal to that of the most famous corps. Neither the captain's money nor his watch was interfered with, and soon all were paroled on account of the urgent necessities of the rebel situation. A few hours later, the bold Kilpatrick came upon them and gave them a thrashing at Hanover, Pa. These two

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actions may have had more significance than we have hitherto suspected. Captain Corbit's gallant onslaught delayed the rebel movements some twenty hours. This gave Kilpatrick the opportunity to come up with Fitz Hugh Lee, and detain him some hours further. Hemmed in thus between Meade and Kilpatrick, Lee was compelled to make a long detour towards Carlisle, in order to join the main rebel army, which he did not reach until the battle of Gettysburg was lost. Who knows but that the timely presence of five thousand cavalry on that field, which had so many awfully critical moments, might have turned the evenly poised scale in the opposite direction? Who knows, but that this brave Delawarian, now peacefully gathering his crops and distinguished from his countrymen only by his tall and robust frame and his manly bearing, with his gallant comrades, formed one of the essential links in that wonderful chain of Providences that goes to make up Gettysburg? Who knows but that Westminster (noble name) with its sixty against three hundred, with its ringing shout and cheer, its valiant sabre stroke, and its routed and flying rebels was not a Thermopylae of American liberty? Welcome back, heroic captain and cavalymen of little Delaware! "Welcome ye living! From the foemen's gripe Your country's banner it was yours to wrest."

A MIRACLE OR AN IMPOSTURE?

Firmly as we have believed in the recuperative powers of our shattered Union, we must confess ourselves quite taken by surprise at the rapidity with which the process has been characterized, in at least a single instance. The State in which it took place, has never enjoyed any particular distinction for loyalty, was never supposed to contain any considerable amount of latent Unionism during the war; it in fact furnished the rebellion with its civil head, a man who for years had exerted a most baneful influence upon his fellow-citizens in the direction of State's rights and pro-slavery,—a State, therefore, which might well be regarded as needing some special probation before its fitness for re-admission could be recognized. On the contrary, we find it advanced the furthest of any in the rebellious territory, and already enjoying some of the most significant privileges of restoration. In short, we find Mississippi, without any change in her local and county officers—so that the active agents of the rebellion continue in the exercise of judicial and executive functions throughout the State—without relinquishing its regard for the rebel chieftain, whose pardon it asks in the same breath with its vote for restoration; without adopting the constitutional amendment; without providing for the safety of the freedmen, is nevertheless recognized as substantially in the Union again. As such, she is allowed to arm her lately rebellious and lately disarmed militia, and the Union troops are withdrawing from her territory! In five short months, loyalty has grown to such strength on such unfriendly soil! The arms we wrenched from her, the military organizations we broke up at such terrible cost, may all be restored, she has become suddenly so worthy of our entire confidence and esteem! What are we to think of this five months' revolution, in which a public sentiment of thirty years' growth, culminating in the bloodiest and greatest rebellion of all history is supposed to be reversed? A miracle? *Credat Judaeus.* For our part we regard it as a shameful, terrible farce.

WE CALL attention to the notice of the exercises to be held in the Wagner Institute, on the 30th of this month. They are designed to celebrate the First Anniversary of the Sabbath-school organized there by zealous laymen of our Church, and to prepare the way for a transfer of the enterprise to its new home in the Chapel, now going up at the corner of Broad and Oxford streets. This is a highly important step in the progress of our Church, in that rapidly and solidly growing region of our city, the northwest. The liberality of Professor Wagner in offering the commodious Hall of his Institute for the earlier stages of the enterprise, is deserving of all commendation and grateful remembrance.

REV. DR. WYLER, of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of this city, is expected home from Scotland the last of this week. It appears that his tour had a close and interesting connection with the excellent Doctor's domestic affairs. He went away a widower of a couple of years standing; he returns with a helpmeet, a lady well-known and highly respected in the congregation of which he is pastor, Miss Jessie Grant, daughter of Mr. Jas. Grant, of Stirling, Scotland, and sister to Mr. James Grant, of this city.