"I MOURN IN BITTERNESS OVER THE STATE OF THINGS"
FRANCIS MCFARLAND'S COMMUNITY AT WAR, 1860-1866

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To the generations who have preceded me through history and laid the groundwork for this project: Andrew Vincent Griffith, Nancy Gertrude Griffith Taylor, John and Clara Taylor; and particularly to Mommom, who launched this project financially and spiritually, but passed away six months shy of seeing its completion; I dedicate this thesis.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Years ago, when I first leafed through the worn pages of Francis McFarland's diary, I was not immediately aware that the man and his diary would become the focus of much of my research for a long, long time. However, the journals offer such an opportunity for a glimpse into the past that they cannot be ignored. Every time I re-read the pages, neatly inscribed in his well-schooled hand, I learn something new about the society and geographic area in which he lived, and in which I now reside. But had it not been for Washington and Lee archivist Lisa McCown pointing me to the McFarland papers, none of this would have come to pass and the diary's treasures might still remain hidden.

There were other encouragements given along the way. From my grandmother, Nancy Griffith Taylor, encouragement came in two forms: monetary and verbal. Both were essential and appreciated. Ann McCleary gave me the professional inspiration to begin my graduate education, and Katharine Brown added the push to finish what I had started. In between, Sue Simmons was my personal advisor, telling me what to expect on the road leading toward completion of the graduation requirements. She also served as a mentor on a scholarly level. Although our work, at times, overlapped, she

was always willing to participate in the exchange of ideas and information. At James Madison, Dr. Jacqueline B. Walker pushed and prodded, helped polish the rough edges, and even physically shuttled this paper back and forth as the stages progressed.

Thanks are owed also to Ewing Humphreys who kept alive the memory of his ancestor, Francis McFarland, and who has graciously shared with me family papers and photographs. The congregation of Bethel Presbyterian Church has also been very supportive of this project since its inception.

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PREFACE

There is nothing new about an examination of the American Civil War. The tragedy of the conflict that simultaneously ripped a country apart, and then pulled from the horrors a nation with a new-found consciousness as united Americans, has been played out again and again in print, theater, and song. And yet, just as the war affected every American, black and white, rich and poor, it also affected every American *differently*. Unlike any war that preceded it in history, this war left a rich legacy of written accounts--letters, journals, newspaper editorials, and sermons. Closer examinations of these sources reveal how individuals perceived their place in their war-torn communities, and how they assessed the war's impact on themselves, their families, and the communities in which they lived. By looking at the war through the eyes of the individuals, historians can create a better understanding of a nation-altering event that reached to the very roots of American society.

This, then, is a fresh examination of how the forces unleashed by the Civil War created tendrils of change that uncurled and entwined themselves into the fabric of an American community. Using the pages of Francis McFarland's diary, the effects of the war on the communities within the

Upper Valley of Virginia will be examined. It is not an easy way to approach such an examination, since McFarland was a sickly, seventy-three-year-old Presbyterian minister who obviously did not participate in any battles and whose observations of the war's impact might be too scant and too vague to be of much value. However, neither was the case. There were an astounding forty-two pages of diary entries that mentioned the war! Going back through the volumes and extracting any mention of slaves or slavery during the years from 1860 to 1866 produced another twenty or so pages. Clearly there would be more than enough to write about if the entries could be organized in a coherent manner.

The sixty-plus pages of diary entries helped form the thesis of this paper which is that there were many communities, both on and off the battlefield, which were affected by the Civil War. These words, emanating from an elderly man far from the front, can tell us as much about the war's impact on the nation as the words from a soldier's journal. The changes McFarland wrote off involved national ideas of union, regional adjustments to agricultural labor, local changes in the physical landscape of the Shenandoah Valley, and intimate changes within the interpersonal relationships of family and community members. The diary evidence as well as other corroborating sources helped create a picture of just how all of those communities were affected. Using an analogy of a graphed mathematical problem helps clarify this thesis. This paper examines a number of different sets, or communities, which all intersect at the

American Civil War. The answers to questions of how and how much the parameters of the different communities intersect are pulled from Francis McFarland's diary pages. The Augusta County minister is placed at the intersecting point in the graph, for it is he who is the constant within the variable of the different communities examined: political, religious, military, home front, and African-American.

Although a great deal of material about the above mentioned communities and how they operated within the larger, national picture was required, McFarland's perceptions encapsulated in the words of his diary were surprisingly complete. It appears that he was intimately involved in all of the intersecting communities examined in this paper. Corroborating evidence was used to validate McFarland's observations and recollections, and to provide evidence demonstrating the value of these diaries and personal papers as an accurate reflection of an entire community and not just one man. Another diary, written by a local resident, local newspapers, and letters from other manuscript collections were among the corroborating primary evidence used to build the case. In pulling together all the local evidence to verify a diary entry, one event stands out. During the summer of 1862, McFarland noted in his diary of hearing the cannons booming from Richmond, approximately one hundred miles distant, despite the fact that he was closed in his study. My initial thoughts ran the gamut from: "perhaps he had taken too much mercury that day (a common medicine of the time and something McFarland frequently used)" to "He

certainly must have heard the sounds of a more local skirmish, in Charlottesville perhaps." Further research revealed that his diary spoke the truth. A Civil War atlas pinpointed the date of July 1, 1862 as that of Malvern Hill, an engagement outside of Richmond in which the Confederate forces hurled themselves into the teeth of not only Union artillery entrenched above them, but also into the gunsights of Federal gunboats on the James River. If, one hundred miles away, McFarland could hear reports of the cannon more often than he could write words, it is almost impossible to imagine the terror of his sons who were among the Southern forces charging into the slaughter. Further research also revealed that the noise of cannonading on that day was recorded in at least one other area diary and in the Staunton newspapers.

Certainly, the single most important collection source for this thesis is the one at Washington and Lee University where the diaries that contain McFarland's own words are housed. The daily diary entries (from 1860 to 1866, a day was never missed) range in length from a few sentences to half a page or more. They contain information on everything from his pulse, body temperature, and the weather, to reports of local and national events. The Civil War story intermingled among the other entries needed to be told, and thus was born this paper. In the end, the words from the worn volumes created the perfect setting for the scene of the various communities discussed in the thesis. However, the years 1860 to 1866 represent almost three hundred pages of hand-written entries, and it is only through careful reading and re-reading that a

thorough understanding can be gained. Almost as important as the diaries in creating the pictures of the affected communities was the microfilmed portion of the McFarland collection in Montreat, North Carolina. The collection contains more than 550 letters received by McFarland from the early 1800s until his death in 1871, but the bulk of the letters fall into the 1850s and 1860s. With the exception of a few letters from his son, Francis William, there are no letters from family members although, according to diary entries, his sons wrote home almost weekly. There are also no letters during the Civil War period written by McFarland. Nonetheless, these letters serve as an example of how McFarland intersected with the various communities during the Civil War. They also serve to enable our twentieth century minds to better understand the circuitous communication networks which were relied upon in the 1860s. Many of the letters are from fellow ministers, others are written by friends from the battlefield, and one very sad letter informs the reverend of his son's death in battle.

When quoting from contemporary nineteenth-century documents in this paper, the spellings, capitalizations and word usages were left unaltered. For the most part, McFarland revolved in the highly educated and very literate world of the Presbyterian Church, and his misspellings are few, but consistent ("inteligence" being the one that stands out). The other word usages and spellings are a reflection of the time and are not mistakes (wrought, waggon, colour). In cases where a word or phrase was illegible, brackets around the

word illegible [illegible] are used. Words appearing within brackets represent either an educated guess, or the addition of a word for clarity. In the latter case, brackets instead of the normal parenthesis were used to set the word off clearly as a modern addition because parenthesis were commonly used by McFarland in his diary entries.

Through the use of McFarland's diaries, his incoming correspondence, and the judicious use of other local evidence, still another picture of the American Civil War unfolds. It is at once as rich and as horrible as the thousands of other stories from every community across the country. McFarland's story is also unique, just as every account which sprang from the pens and printing presses of Americans who lived the war, reveals. Each adds detail and understanding to a war that ripped a nation apart. When the Presbyterian minister worried about his "torn and bleeding country," and wrote of "mourning in bitterness," he was not simply engaging in the flowery phrases of a nineteenth century preacher. He was truly witnessing a cataclysmic series of events in a war with many fronts that deeply touched many communities.

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ABSTRACT

Unlike many other conflicts, a civil war often tears at the very fabric of a community, and the American Civil War did just that to the many communities in which the Reverend Francis McFarland interacted. Although he was a seventy-two-year-old man in 1860 on the eve of the Civil War, he was profoundly affected by the conflict on many different levels and in many different ways.

McFarland was a well-educated Presbyterian minister living near Greenville in the Upper Valley of Virginia's hotbed of Scotch-Irish heritage. He was also a farmer who derived a large portion of his family's income from the land, as did most of his neighbors. His daily diaries provide a reflection of how the communities in which he was deeply entrenched were altered by the shockwaves of the war.

As the national crisis worsened in the election year of 1860, McFarland's mental agonies reflected those felt by many citizens of the Upper Valley. A strong patriot and a Union man in an overwhelmingly Unionist region, the reverend and the community alike were repulsed by the thought of secession and deplored radicals on both sides of the issues. In the end, however, many men of McFarland's political leanings felt that the local citizenry had been forced to follow the

Confederacy, and once the decision was made to support the new government, their patriotism never wavered.

Even the most staunch supporters of secession, though, probably could not have predicted the ramifications of the bloody conflict. In four years, the aging minister preached at or attended almost twenty funerals for local young men struck down by the war. Included in the toll was his middle son, Robert. Two other sons, Francis and James, were held in Yankee prisons, and the latter was also wounded early in the war. The other died as a result of his imprisonment only a year after the war's conclusion. McFarland's personal friends and their families suffered just as greatly, and the loss of his neighbor and fellow Presbyterian church leader, General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson, cut to the quick.

Much of the Civil War struggle took place in Virginia, and it was inevitable that there would be times when the military and home fronts would overlap. The McFarland family witnessed this for three short periods, the first coming in 1862 when a portion of Jackson's Valley campaign reached into northern Augusta County and Highland County to the west. In 1864, General David Hunter led his Union cavalry on a march up the Valley, targeting the cities of Staunton and Lexington and plundering the land in between the two. Slightly unnerved by the ordeal, the good reverend had to surrender a horse, some tack, and several bushels of oats to the invaders as well as provide breakfast for several Yankee officers. In early 1865, the Federal forces again touched the area as the region wilted and the Confederacy breathed its last.

The African-American population of the Valley was also deeply affected by the war. Ultimately, of course, the war meant freedom for the Valley's slaves who comprised twenty percent of the population, but the struggle meant other things as well. During the war, many Upper Valley slaves were drafted and forced to build Confederate fortifications in Richmond. Hard work and short rations coupled with danger from Yankee bullets made the job perilous. Military invasions from the North were greeted differently by the slave population than by the white citizenry. Accounts of African-Americans flocking to the Union lines and of near rioting and chaos within the looted cities of Staunton and Lexington abound. Ultimately, though, the war meant that the African-Americans who chose to stay in the Upper Valley had to adjust to a new social order, one which had to be worked out with their white neighbors, including McFarland. By the end of 1866, order was returning with a labor system not dissimilar to that which had existed before the war. In addition, the black and white societies were adjusting to the religious and legal changes, created by the war, which affected the two groups.

The communities in which Francis McFarland interacted--political, religious, military, home front, and African-American--were all deeply affected by the war, but on a variety of levels. When the Civil War tore at the fabric of community, the rips of death, destruction and violence, were jagged and uneven. Patches, of spiritual solace and physical rebuilding, were put in place, and the rifts stitched up as

the Upper Valley turned its face away from the past and toward the future, but the fabric of the communities at war was altered forever.

INTRODUCTION

The thread of the Reverend Francis McFarland's life is woven into the history of America's settlement just as the threads of thousands of other lives became the fabric of commonplace life in the United States. As such, McFarland's story line is familiar. He was born on January 8, 1788 of yeoman parentage, in County Tyrone, Ireland. He was only five years of age when his Presbyterian parents, Robert and Ann McFarland, decided to take their only child and immigrate to America.[1]

Between the year 1793, when he first set foot on North American shores as a young boy, and his seventy-second year when the United States felt the rumblings of a national crisis, McFarland lived a full life. It was a life in which he gained a well-rounded education, rose to national prominence in the Presbyterian church and swam in the mainstream of nineteenth-century life, both as a farmer and a family man.

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[1]Most sources list Francis McFarland as the only child of Robert and Ann McFarland. According to information provided late in the nineteenth century by Francis McFarland's children, McFarland's mother was a widow with three sons when she married Robert McFarland in "Parish Cappy, County Tyrone, Ireland." The voyage to America, then consisted of five-year-old Francis McFarland, his parents, and probably his three half-brothers. (Francis McFarland Collection, Alderman Library, University of Virginia Special Collections).

As new immigrants to America, the McFarlands followed the course of thousands of travelers before and after them by settling for a time in Philadelphia. In 1800 the family relocated again, this time to the countryside of Washington County, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh, where they operated a small farm.[2]

In 1810, at the age of twenty-two, Francis McFarland made a public profession of his faith and joined the religious communion of Cross Roads Presbyterian Church in rural Pennsylvania. In the fall of the next year, he enrolled in Jefferson College at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, and studied there for more than two years. At that point, young McFarland chose to continue his studies on his own, while spending some time teaching at several local academies. He returned to Jefferson College in 1816 and completed what was to become just the first round of an illustrious educational career. He then followed a favorite professor to nearby Washington College, also in Pennsylvania, where he studied for just one summer before being awarded his bachelor of arts degree and given a teaching position in the languages.[3]

Less than a year later, with his thoughts still centered around his Presbyterian upbringing, he entered the Princeton Theological Seminary--an experience he later described as "one of the kindest dispensations of Providence towards me that I was led to that Institution where I enjoyed the

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[2]Ibid.

[3]Herbert S. Turner, *The McFarland Family of Augusta County, Virginia* (Staunton, Va.: McClure Press, 1957), 4.

instruction of those wise and holy men: Dr. Archibald Alexander and Dr. Samuel Miller..."[4]

The New Jersey Presbytery of New Brunswick licensed him to the ministry in October of 1819, but he remained at Princeton for some time, serving in the capacity of a local missionary to the surrounding areas. Over the next few years, the missionary tours began to reach further afield, incorporating trips to Indiana and Missouri in 1820 and 1821 and Georgia in 1821 and 1822. After his tour through the West and South, McFarland returned to the Northeast where he spent three months preaching at the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, New York. It was here that he was ordained on August 1, 1822.[5]

Shortly after his ordination, McFarland suffered the first of what would become a lifetime of physical setbacks. In the fall of 1822, a severe attack of typhoid fever, complicated by hemorrhaging from the lungs, left him so physically disabled that doctors ordered a trip to the South, on horseback no less, as the only possible hope for recovery.[6] Although none of McFarland's biographical sketches, including his own thirteen-page autobiographical account, mention the reason for undertaking a rather arduous trip on horseback through the South, the assumption can be made that he was

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[4]Francis McFarland, to Secretary of the (Presbyterian) Board of Education, c. 1865, Ewing Humphreys, private collection, Lexington, Va.

[5]Ibid.

[6]Ibid.

probably intent on visiting the dozens of springs tucked into the hills of Virginia and reputed to cure disease and restore health. In later years, McFarland did subscribe to the healing waters of the Virginia springs quite frequently, both by drinking the waters and bathing in them.

Under orders from his doctor, McFarland embarked on a trip that turned out to hold a life-changing twist of fate for the feeble young minister. In later years he wrote that by the time he reached the interior of Virginia, his health "was so far restored as to be able to preach." Upon reaching a Presbyterian pocket of Scotch-Irish farmers in the southern part of Augusta County, McFarland was invited to preach at what he termed "a large country congregation called Bethel."[7]

The history of Bethel Presbyterian Church stretches back almost to the first days of settlement in the Shenandoah Valley, and the congregation's roots were almost seventy-five years old when McFarland's travels brought him into the area. As it turned out, his wanderings occurred at an opportune time since the congregation had just completed a new $4,000 brick church, but was without a minister to spread the word of God from the new building.[8] McFarland was invited to preach, and so impressed the membership of over two hundred, that he was asked to preach for two more Sundays. At the end of the third Sunday, he set off on his return to

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[7]Ibid.

[8]Herbert S. Turner and James Sprunt, *Bethel and Her Ministers, 1746-1974* (Verona, Va.: McClure Printing Company, 1974), 103.

Pennsylvania, carrying with him the possibility of a job. Within weeks, the word came from the Shenandoah Valley that the pastorship of the church was his if he so desired. In February 1823, he received a letter stating, among other things, that "the meeting of the people was a respectable one, larger than I expected to see, considering that it is a week-day, & that the roads are in a very unfavourable state for moving about among these hills. A call for you to be their pastor was unanimously voted by the people."[9] McFarland was installed by the Presbytery of Lexington in 1823 and began what became a lifelong service to the people of the Valley. "This proved to be a happy Pastoral relation. A minister could hardly expect to find a more cordial and united people," he wrote years later.[10]

The next thirteen years of McFarland's life were spent in the service of Bethel. He married Mary A. Bent, a native Virginian born in Winchester and a dozen years his junior, and together they set up housekeeping in Augusta County. They eventually had nine children--Betsey, Mary, Francis, William, Francis William, Robert P., Lemuel B., James N., and Mary. Only Betsey, one Mary, Francis William, Robert, and James survived to adulthood. Betsey passed away in the summer of 1861, leaving her husband and children as well as her

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[9]Conrad Speece, to Francis McFarland, 12 February 1823, Francis McFarland Papers, Department of History (Montreat).

[10]Francis McFarland, to Secretary of the (Presbyterian) Board of Education, c. 1865, Ewing Humphreys, private collection, Lexington, Va.

siblings Mary, Francis William, Robert, and James to be deeply affected by the Civil War.[11]

The peace that McFarland found at Bethel was to suffer interruption just once in his lifetime, that coming sometime in late 1835 when he was called to serve the church on a national level. In January 1836, the Lexington Presbytery, which was the governing body of the Shenandoah Valley and western Virginia Presbyterian churches, was called together to consider McFarland's resignation from Bethel. Although the decision to leave Bethel was not an easy one, McFarland felt that he could better serve the national Presbyterian church in Philadelphia where he would act as corresponding secretary of the Board of Education. His emotional turmoil can be seen in his address to the session:

> In making this request, I make the greatest sacrifice of feeling that I have ever been called to make. I ask you to separate me from a people with whom I have spent the best of my life in almost unparallelled harmony and love; and the attachment, as far as I can judge, has been steadily increasing to the present time.... For I feel satisfied, if God enables me to perform the duties of that station as I ought, I can do more for the great interests of the church of Christ than I could do in my present connection.[12]

Although his well-rounded education and connections with church members across the country made McFarland well-suited for the Philadelphia job, he was apparently never happy away

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[11]Jedediah Hotchkiss and Joseph A. Waddell, *Illustrated Historical Atlas of Augusta County, Virginia* (Chicago: Waterman, Watkins and Co., 1885), 41; The cemetery records of Bethel Presbyterian Church, Union Theological Seminary, microfilm.

[12]Turner and Sprunt, 116-117.

from the close contact of a congregation. Despite that, however, he performed admirably during a time when the Presbyterian church was suffering through national questions over doctrine regarding theology, politics, and slavery. Later he would write that "the troubles within the church were at their height & the church was divided."[13] His efforts at working toward the good of the church, however, did not go unrecognized. In honor of his work, his Pennsylvania alma mater, Washington College, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1839.[14]

Back at Bethel, the church members, too, were suffering through a time of hardship. McFarland's replacement was never fully accepted into the fold, and he eventually offered his resignation in 1840. A search committee at Bethel turned its eyes toward Philadelphia, and sent out a call to the congregation's former pastor and friend in January 1841. The invitation came as a pleasant surprise to McFarland who was deeply troubled by the turmoil within the national church. Though unexpected, the call was a godsend in many ways, and McFarland's emotion was reflected in his diary entry. "This is a remarkable event," he wrote. "I scarcely know a parallel."[15]

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[13]Francis McFarland, to Secretary (Presbyterian) Board of Education, c. 1865, Ewing Humphreys, private collection, Lexington, Va.

[14]Turner and Sprunt, 121.

[15]Ibid., 125-126.

After some soul-searching and consultation with friends, he returned to Virginia for a Sunday visit in March of 1841, and was welcomed with open arms by his former congregation. At the end of that Sabbath visit, he recorded the warmth of the welcome in his diary pages: "They flocked up to me, especially the Ladies, to take my hand and many expressed a strong desire that I should become their pastor." On the following morning, he boarded the stage for Philadelphia, but left the congregation with the promise of his permanent return by the end of the summer.[16]

Making good his word, McFarland returned and was reinstalled on October 16, 1841. The rest of McFarland's life was spent among the people of southern Augusta County. Upon his return he purchased a 130-acre farm, Rosemont, just north of Bethel, settled in, and involved himself in the daily activities of the community. His diaries, kept sporadically at this time, become a record of the social life of the Valley people with whom he had so firmly linked arms. His return to Augusta County, however, did not signal an end to his activities with church governance. Throughout the rest of his life, he held offices on the regional, state, and national level. In 1856, he was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church and, in 1861, he presided over the first General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church until a moderator was elected. He was also Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian Synod of Virginia for

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[16]Ibid., 127.

twenty-five years.[17] He was active in Shenandoah Valley educational institutions as well, attending local commencement exercises and serving on the board of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, in Lexington. He was also a charter member of the board of trustees of Augusta Female Seminary, now Mary Baldwin College, in Staunton.

Together with his son, slaves, and hired hands, he operated Rosemont and accumulated a small amount of wealth. On the eve of the Civil War, his real estate was valued at $4,500 and his personal estate at $4,200, putting him into the upper middle class of Augusta County. The geographic location of Rosemont influenced, both directly and indirectly, the farming practices and decisions carried out by the McFarlands. By 1860, the Upper Shenandoah Valley had developed into one of the nation's agricultural breadbaskets. Resting strongly upon the convictions of the Scotch-Irish, German and English settlers who had carved out the frontier here barely one hundred years earlier, the area had developed some characteristics which set it apart from the rest of Virginia and even from the rest of the Valley. McFarland lived in a hotbed of Presbyterian heritage located in a geographic region divided by the headwaters of the northerly-flowing Shenandoah River and the southerly-flowing headwaters of the James River.[18] This region was created by a band of

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[17]Francis McFarland Papers, Union Theological Seminary, microfilm, introduction.

[18]James G. Leyburn, *The Scotch-Irish: A Social History*, (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1962), 200.

limestone-based land which swept through southern Augusta County and northern Rockbridge County, and was known as the Upper Valley of Virginia. Bethel Church was located about three miles from the turnpike villages of Greenville and Middlebrook. The turnpike which passed southward through Greenville was, by far, the most important of the two roads, for it was the Great Wagon Road or Valley Turnpike which had funneled settlers southwestward through the Valley since the 1730s. Rosemont and Bethel Church were located barely a mile west of the Valley Turnpike. Both were located in the middle of a rough triangle created by the region's three larger commercial centers. About nine miles to the north was Staunton, the Queen City of the Shenandoah Valley and the oldest and most prosperous of the three cities. McFarland did his banking and much of his business in Staunton. About twelve miles to the east of Bethel was the growing town of Waynesboro, best known for its location at the foot of Afton Mountain where a pass took travelers over the Blue Ridge Mountains to the state capital in Richmond. In the 1850s, the first railroad into the southern portion of the Valley crossed the mountain here, increasing the importance of the city. Twenty miles south of Bethel, in Rockbridge County, lay the town of Lexington. Though not as large as Staunton, Lexington was located on the Valley turnpike and was the county seat. There were two thriving colleges in the city, one was the military college of Virginia Military Institute where a Presbyterian named Thomas Jonathan Jackson taught in

the decade before the Civil War. The other school was Washington College, a college with strong Presbyterian roots.

The extent of McFarland's active participation in the daily operations at Rosemont during the 1850s is questionable; however, he spent a great deal of time supervising as well as traveling to the area towns to conduct business, both of a secular and ecclesiastical nature. Plagued with health problems since the attack of typhoid in 1822, he suffered a complete breakdown of health in 1852. For almost two years, he was unable to minister to his congregation, but he gradually recovered and returned to his duties. It was at this time that McFarland began keeping a regular, daily diary. Although he started the diary to record what he assumed was to be his life-ending illness, the small volumes turned into what he later called "a pleasant and useful reference." As his questionable health kept him at home for longer and longer periods of time in his old age, the pages became, not only detailed descriptions of his many afflictions, but a wonderful commentary on the community around him. Daily agricultural activities, happenings of the church, and family events, both trivial and important, are all noted in his neat hand. Also recorded on a very personal level are the horrors of the Civil War. After the war, the entries continue in an increasingly feeble hand until 1871. His entries during the last year of his life are sad indeed. January 1 was "the sadest New Year of my life." On that day he recorded the death of his wife who "departed to be with Christ" just after 11 p.m. On January 3 he sadly penned:

"This was a mournful day to me - I went & took my last look at that beloved face, & kissed those cold lips!!! They took the casket away - Jesus had taken the Jewel of love & piety to his private treasury." On January 4 he writes of "the Sad reality of my lonliness," but rallied somewhat on January 8, his eighty-third birthday. His last entry was Sunday, January 15, a mild day where the temperature reached sixty-one degrees. "A blessed Sabbath more enjoyment than usual," he wrote. He lived just a few more months, passing away on October 10, 1871. He is buried in the cemetery at Bethel Church.[19]

[19]Francis McFarland Collection, Washington and Lee University, diaries.

Chapter 1

"THE PERILOUS STATE OF THE COUNTRY" POLITICS AND RELIGION IN AUGUSTA COUNTY, 1860-1865

Long before Abraham Lincoln's election and inauguration, the subsequent firing upon Fort Sumter by the South, and the call to arms by the North, Francis McFarland was worried. The Presbyterian minister who immigrated to America as a child and grew up in Pennsylvania, long considered the Shenandoah Valley his true home. During most of the last thirty-seven years, he lived in Augusta County, one of the more prosperous areas of the Upper Shenandoah Valley. During those years, he steadfastly preached the word of God according to Presbyterians from the pulpit at Bethel Presbyterian Church. In addition, he built a prosperous farm, Rosemont, that thrived in part because of slave labor. He was also an active participant in educational endeavors of the region, attending local school exercises and sitting on the boards at both Washington College in Lexington and Augusta Female Seminary in Staunton. It was, then, with a great deal of anxiety that he opened his daily diary on January 15, 1860, and penned:

> Day pleasant. Roads bad. Preached at Bethel to a good congn on the duty of praying for rulers...as it seemed to be called for from the present alarming state of public affairs, especially in Congress, as the House of Representatives has not been able to elect a speaker now for nearly six weeks.[1]

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[1]Francis McFarland diaries, January 15, 1860.

In the months and year ahead, the people of the Upper Shenandoah Valley would find themselves in a difficult position, one which received frequent and agonized mention in the pages of McFarland's diary. Although a slave-holding region, the people of the area were, above all else, patriots, loyal to a government and nation which they believed to be the finest on earth.[2] "Many white Augustans were steeped in a commercial tradition, possessed enough assets to have developed a keen awareness of economic activities, and cultivated devotion to a strong nationalism as the best guarantor of their interests," wrote Michael David Lesperance whose 1993 University of Virginia master's thesis analyzed the political climate of Augusta County in the decade leading up to the Civil War.[3] Almost as one, the people of the county expressed indignation at the sectionalism that was tearing their country apart. They dismissed with equal disgust the Black Republicans of the North and the flame-throwing secessionists of the Deep South.

As the crisis worsened, days of fasting and political meetings marked the election year of 1860. In February McFarland led a prayer day at Bethel "for the youth of our

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[2]For an excellent and detailed analysis of the political situation in Augusta County from 1850 to 1861, see Michael David Lesperance's 1993 masters thesis from the University of Virginia, "Fighting for the Union: The Political Culture of Anti-Sectionalism in Augusta County, Virginia, 1850-1861." The thesis has been reprinted in the *Augusta Historical Bulletin*, Spring (pp. 11-46) and Fall 1994 (pp. 14-27) issues.

[3]Michael David Lesperance, "Fighting for the Union," *Augusta Historical Bulletin*, Spring 1994, 19.

Country," while the Virginia Synod appointed November 1st a fast day in light of the "threatening aspect of our public affairs."[4] As election day neared, the tension mounted. Of the four candidates for president: Republican Lincoln, Southern Democrat John Breckinridge, Constitutional Unionist John Bell, and the mainline Northern Democrat, Stephen Douglas, only the latter two were considered viable choices in Augusta County. A September visit to Staunton by Douglas, "The Little Giant," drew a crowd estimated at three thousand according to the Staunton newspapers.[5] Supporters of the Union ticket held several October and early November rallies, one of which was attended by McFarland's youngest son, eighteen-year-old James. "A great political meeting in Staunton. James went," wrote McFarland. The papers described the meetings as "Grand Rallies for Old Augusta" by "The People Resolved to Save the Union!" Music, speeches, and banners strung across Staunton's streets were all part of the rallies as the people of Augusta clung desperately to the hope that the election would serve to preserve the Union.[6]

On Tuesday, November 6, 1860, Augusta men went to the polls in record numbers in an effort to stave off disaster. "Ring the Alarm Bell and vote for the Union Bell!" proclaimed the *Staunton Spectator*. "Save your country by voting for Bell

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[4]McFarland diaries, November 2, 1860.

[5]*Staunton Spectator*, September 4, 1860.

[6]Ibid., October 23, 1860.

and Everett!!"[7] McFarland had not voted in a presidential election for twenty years, since the election of William Henry Harrison, but in 1860, he "thought it my duty." He traveled to Greenville and cast his vote for John Bell and Edward Everett, but wrote that he felt "great anxiety about the result of this election."[8] Two-thirds of McFarland's fellow Augusta voters cast their votes in the same direction, for the Union slate, while most of the rest voted for Douglas. Together the two garnered ninety-five percent of the Augusta vote. Breckinridge received only 218 votes from the more than 3,800 votes cast. Not even on the ballot, Lincoln failed to receive a vote in the county.[9] Augusta County's majority vote coincided with Virginia which cast its fifteen electoral votes for Bell. Indeed, the county's combined vote for Bell and Douglas compared favorably with the combined national popular vote for these two candidates which represented forty-two percent of the total vote as opposed to Breckinridge's nineteen percent and Lincoln's thirty-nine percent. So, it could be argued that Augusta County was in the mainstream of political America in 1860, caught between two sectional extremes. Lincoln's votes were so concentrated in the more densely populated northern tier of states that he

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[7]Ibid., November 6, 1860.

[8]McFarland diaries, November 6, 1860.

[9]*Staunton Spectator*, November 13, 1860.

won a majority of the electoral college and was thus elected.[10]

With the election of Lincoln, however, and the subsequent withdrawal of South Carolina from the Union, the national crisis worsened. "How dark and distressing our country's prospects!" wrote fellow minister James Ramsey to McFarland on Christmas Day, 1860. Fearing a national fissure, the citizens of Augusta County appointed a committee which resolved that the Constitution of the United States was "the easiest yoke of government a free people ever bore, and yet the strongest protector of rights the wisdom of man ever contrived." Another of the committee's resolutions, while expressing sympathy with the Deep South, appealed with those states to unite with Virginia "in testing the efficacy of remedies provided by the Constitution and the Union."[11] As the nation's rift widened, McFarland's anxiety deepened. The arrivals of newspapers were greeted with nervous excitement about "the state of our country." From his study and from the pulpit, he did what he could. On January 11, 1861 he wrote to his representative in the legislature, Bolivar Christian, "in regard to the perilous state of the Country." Stepping foot into the political arena was apparently a new experience for the seventy-three-year-old McFarland. "This is the first

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[10]Daniel W. Crofts, *Reluctant Confederates: Upper South Unionists in the Secession Crisis* (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1989), 82-83.

[11]Joseph A. Waddell, *Annals of Augusta County, Virginia, from 1726 to 1871* (Harrisonburg, Va.: C.J. Carrier Company, 1972), 454-455.

letter I ever wrote, as far as I remember to exert political influence. But the Crisis demands the prayers & efforts of every good man," he confided in his diary. A month later he fired off similar letters to Captain James Henry and Governor John Letcher and received a reply from Christian "in regard to public affairs."[12]

The new year brought renewed debates about the possibility of calling a Virginia convention to discuss the state of the nation and what Virginia should do in the situation. Although opposed to the idea of a convention because of its secessionist overtones, Augusta County decided to send Unionist representatives once it was determined that a convention indeed would be called. Again breaking from his established pattern, McFarland and his two younger sons, drove a sleigh into Staunton on January 28 to hear candidates for the convention speak. Six men addressed the group described by McFarland as a "vast assembly," and by the *Staunton Vindicator* as a group crowded "as closely as herrings in a barrel." "They all profess to be union men, but some more conservative," wrote McFarland of the speakers. The election of the convention delegates took place on February 4, a day in which McFarland again planned to break from his non-political stance. "The election of members of the Convention took place to day. I had intended to have taken an

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[12]McFarland diaries, February 11, 1861.

active part in the election for the first time in my life, but god prevented me," he wrote.[13]

The state convention opened in Richmond on February 13, a date recorded in McFarland's diary with the addition of a fervent prayer: "May Wisdom from above guide them." For two months, the convention opposed secession even as the antagonistic flames licked at the country from all sides. McFarland, like the rest of the country, watched, and waited, and, of course, prayed. "Recd. President Lincoln's Inaugural Address which I read with deep interest. It leaves me in great doubt whether his policy will preserve the peace of the Country," he wrote in early March. In April, the rest of the dominoes fell in rapid order. Fort Sumter was fired upon April 12; Lincoln called for 75,000 troops to subdue the rebels on April 15; and the Virginia Convention reversed itself to pass the ordinance of secession on April 17, 1861, subject to the vote of the people on May 23, 1861.

In formerly pro-union Augusta County, a vote *for secession* was now a given, according to Lesperance in his thesis. He wrote:

> The disintegration of Augusta's political culture, assaulted by the withdrawal of the Deep South from the Union and mocked by the remaining states, explains the county's nearly unanimous vote for secession. The people of Augusta County,among the last antebellum nationalists, believed that the compact which their parents and grandparents made with the other states of the federal Union had been broken...viewed through the eyes of people

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[13]McFarland diaries, February 4, 1861; and, Lesperance, *AHB*, Fall 1994.

> devoted to a concept they consistently read and wrote about, practiced and participated in, the decision was hardly a decision at all.[14]

As one of McFarland's friends and fellow clergymen, William Brown, explained: "Our beloved Virginia struggled hard, and nobly for peace: and at last she was not dragged by South Carolina, but driven by Lincoln."[15] Though he equated secession with revolution, when the convention's secession vote was put before the citizenry in May, McFarland voted in favor of the action, calling it the "most painful vote I ever gave." But, he added, "The Course of the Administration, making actual war upon the South to compel them to remain in the Union, or to return to it, seemed to leave me no alternative. I mourn in bitterness over the state of things, but Va. Did all she could for peace."[16] In Augusta County, the support of the ordinance was overwhelming, 3130 to 10.

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[14]Lesperance, *AHB*, Fall 1994, 27.

[15]William Brown, to Francis McFarland, 17 May 1861, Francis McFarland Papers, Department of History (Montreat), Montreat, North Carolina.

[16]McFarland diaries, May 23, 1861. As McFarland implies, Virginia was at the forefront in efforts to prevent war. In February, 1861, the Virginia State Legislature called together delegates from the states still in the Union for a meeting in Washington, D.C., known as the Peace Convention, under the Chairmanship of one of Virginia's favorite sons, former President John Tyler. The meeting was severely weakened by the absence of several states still in the Union as well as the seven seceded states of the Deep South. Eventually the hard work of the able delegation was a tragic and pathetic failure.

McFarland's precinct of Greenville, cast 206 "yes" ballots and only one man voted against secession.[17]

Although he felt out of place in the political arena, offering guidance through God was more in keeping with McFarland's line of work. In the days between the election and secession, he went about his chosen calling with extra zeal. Outgoing president, James Buchanan, appointed Friday January 4, 1861 as a day of national fasting. In Staunton and Augusta County, the people took the meaning of the day to heart. Stores were closed, business was suspended, and many churches held services.[18] "This is a day of Fasting, humiliation & prayer, appointed by James Buchanan, President of the U.S. In view of the threatening aspect of our public affairs," McFarland wrote of the occasion. "I rejoiced at the appointment. We had a good Congn. Four Elders prayed appropriately. I prayed & made two addresses. I trust God will hear his people."[19]

As April drew to a close, the course had been set and battlelines were being drawn, contingent only upon the ratification of the secession ordinance by Virginia's

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[17]*Staunton Spectator*, May 28, 1861. Of course, by the time of the referendum on May 23rd, Virginia unofficially made all of her military forces subject to call by the President of the Confederacy, and state troops occupied Union military facilities at Harpers Ferry and Norfolk. Also, Robert E. Lee resigned from the United States army and was given command of the state's military forces. Last, but not least, the Virginia Convention offered Richmond as the new Confederate capital, an offer accepted by the new nation.

[18]Waddell, 455-456.

[19]McFarland diaries, January 4, 1861.

citizens. On Sunday, April 28, he preached to a large congregation at Bethel. The subject? Our duty as a Christian Congregation in time of war. How quickly things changed on the Augusta County front. On Thursday, June 13, 1861, six months after the community turned out in response to President Buchanan's call for a national fast day, the citizens of the area were again urged to attend a day of fasting and prayer, this one appointed by President Jefferson Davis of the Southern Confederacy. All business for the day was suspended according to McFarland, and a large congregation, including a gallery full of slaves, attended services at Bethel. At 4:00 p.m., McFarland attended another prayer meeting in Greenville, while a simultaneous service went on a few miles away. The religious feeling in the community pleased the elderly minister who wrote: "I feel greatly encouraged by the character of these meetings. If they were generally such, it is a token for good from God, who has inclined men's hearts to pray."[20]

As it became apparent that a bloody civil war was the course chosen by the nation, the lines between politics and religion became increasingly blurred. On Sunday, July 28, 1861, McFarland found himself exhorting his congregation to "offer up their united thanksgiving & praise for the mighty deliverance wrought on last Sabbath in the glorious victory obtained at Manassas." It was a day of thanksgiving appointed by the Confederate Congress, and McFarland preached and

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[20]Ibid., 1861.

glorified God in the name of the Confederacy again in the afternoon.[21]

Once he had been pulled back into politics, McFarland seemed to accept the necessity of participation. In August of 1861 he visited the Gibson family and noted in his diary that "They are much afflicted & take wrong views of our Political affairs." On a Wednesday in November, he rode to Greenville to vote in his second presidential election in twelve months, but this time he cast his vote for Jefferson Davis.[22]

A nation divided meant the creation of new governments, both secular and ecclesiastical. Just as McFarland had to resolve his loyalties toward the new Confederate government, so, too, did he have to make decisions about the national Presbyterian Church. Although the Presbyterian church had successfully withstood the sectionalist strife that had torn at its edges since the 1830s, it could not withstand civil war. Fellow Presbyterian William Brown opined in May 1861 that the national church could not possibly remain intact: "I have now scarcely a hope left that our church can survive as one church. But surely we ought to refrain from anything rash, and do nothing ahead of the lights of Gods providence."[23]

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[21]Ibid.

[22]Ibid., 1861.

[23]William Brown, to Francis McFarland, 17 May 1861, Montreat.

In late May of 1861, the General Assembly (the national governing body of the Presbyterian church) convened in Philadelphia. McFarland and William White of Rockbridge County had been appointed to attend the meeting, but feared for their safety in crossing what would now be enemy lines. On May 8, the Reverend Samuel Brown penned an anguished letter to McFarland expressing his fear of the imminent collapse of the national church:

> It seems now a matter of great doubt whether either the Commissioners or documents from the South will reach Philadelphia this spring. Indeed, so far as I can now see, I cannot think it the duty of our Southern members to attempt to go. In all probability, even should they reach the City without molestation, there would be some wicked Abolitionists there ready to insult & even mob them.[24]

On May 9, McFarland received a letter stating that railroad lines had been restored and that he could travel to Washington, D.C. and thence to Philadelphia, but he declined the offer, having already written to the Reverend White two days before explaining that he would not attend. White agreed that the pair would be better served by not making the trip "least we suffer from the hands of violence." He added: "Though so much pained, I was not surprised at your determination. I have no doubt you have resolved wisely, and I shall most assuredly follow your example."[25]

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[24]Samuel Brown, to Francis McFarland, 8 May 1861, Montreat.

[25]William White, to Francis McFarland, 9 May 1861, Montreat.

Very few of the South's Presbyterians made it to the National Assembly either because they feared for their safety or because their loyalties now lay somewhere else. From the Virginia Synod, only two men arrived, both from the area that later became West Virginia.[26] Those Southerners who arrived were admonished by the assembly and urged to remain loyal to the Union on Biblical grounds found in Romans 13.[27] After heated debate in the assembly, the "Spring Resolutions" were passed which, among other things, declared it the obligation of the Presbyterian Church "to strengthen, uphold, and

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[26]In the mountains just to the west of Augusta County, Unionist sentiment remained strong, and conventions met in May and June of 1861 to consider steps to counteract the ordinance of secession, thereby putting into motion a chain of events which led to the establishment of the present state of West Virginia in 1863.

[27]James H. Smylie, *American Presbyterians: A Pictorial History* (Philadelphia: Philadelphia Historical Society, 1985), 105. The text of Romans 13 from *The New Oxford Annotated Bible* is as follows: "Let every person be subject to the governing authorities. For there is no authority except from God, and those that exist have been instituted by God. Therefore he who resists the authorities resists what God has appointed, and those who resist will incur judgment. For rulers are not a terror to good conduct, but to bad. Would you have no fear of him who is in authority? Then do what is good, and you will receive his approval, for he is God's servant for your good. But if you do wrong, be afraid, for he does not bear the sword in vain; he is the servant of God to execute his wrath on the wrongdoer. Therefore one must be subject not only to avoid God's wrath but also for the sake of conscience. For the same reason you also pay taxes, for the authorities are ministers of God, attending to this very thing. Pay all of them their dues, taxes to whom taxes are due, revenue to whom revenue is due, respect to whom respect is due, honor to whom honor is due."

encourage the Federal Government in the exercise of all its functions under our noble Constitution."[28]

The course for McFarland, and the majority of the Southern Presbyterians, was in a different direction. By mid-summer, the aging minister had produced an article for the *Central Presbyterian*, Virginia's Presbyterian newspaper, urging the formation of "the General Assembly of the Confederate States of America." In September, the Lexington Presbytery dissolved its relation with the General Assembly and offered to cooperate in the formation of a General Assembly in the Confederacy, appointing McFarland as a commissioner to attend such a formative meeting. In October, McFarland attended the synod meeting in Petersburg and,as the chairman of a committee on the "present & prospective State of the Pbn. Ch in the Confederate States," he helped lay the groundwork for a breakaway General Assembly. In November, when he was nearly seventy-four years old, he boarded a train bound for Augusta, Georgia where he was to be a representative at the General Assembly called to form the Southern Presbyterian Church.

Fraught with uncertainty during the best of times, the trip made by the elderly minister in wartime was amazing, but something he surely would have felt was a necessary sacrifice for God. Making the five-day trip even more arduous was the fact that his train wrecked on the way down to Georgia, although the passengers were spared injury. The meeting was

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[28]Howard McKnight Wilson, *The Lexington Presbytery Heritage* (Verona, Va.: McClure Press, 1971), 117.

held at the First Presbyterian Church in Augusta, Georgia, the sanctuary presided over by the Reverend Joseph Ruggles Wilson.[29] As the meeting opened on December 4, 1861, Wilson and Dr. William Brown came to McFarland and asked him to organize the assembly until a moderator and clerks could be chosen. He agreed and nominated Benjamin M. Palmer who was elected moderator of the assembly. McFarland was appointed Chairman of the Committee of Bills and Overtures, "a most important trust," he noted in his diary.[30]

The Georgia meeting resulted in the formation of the Presbyterian church in the Confederate States of America. An address was sent from the meeting to all churches explaining the reasons for the Presbyterian division, defending slavery, and praising the "spirituality" which was not found among the former Northern colleagues. In addition, the assembly prayed for the Confederate cause. On December 16, McFarland wrote: "Thus terminated this assembly remarkable for the harmony & good Spirit that prevailed. The God of life & peace was certainly with us."[31]

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[29]Although a competent minister in his own right, Joseph Ruggles Wilson is best remembered as the father of Thomas Woodrow Wilson, who became the twenty-eighth president of the United States. The Reverend Wilson and McFarland were old friends, and the future president was born in Staunton while his father presided over the Presbyterian church there. Wilson consulted McFarland about his removal to Georgia in 1857.

[30]McFarland diaries, December 5, 1861; Smylie, 106.

[31]Smylie, 106 and McFarland diaries, December 16, 1861.

The newly formed churches of the South never had a chance to carry on normal ecclesiastical operations. From the beginning, much of their energy was committed to the Confederate cause, both on a government level and on a more personal level with the soldiers. The worries for these spiritual leaders were twofold. Not only did they have to contend with division among the national churches, but they had to reach and convert the thousands of young men who would soon be dying in battle so they could go to heaven. The Reverend Samuel Brown pondered this problem in a May 1861 letter to McFarland: "The cloud indeed is a dark & threatening one. There is no place where we can hide & be in safety, but in God. But what is to become of those who rush to the field of battle & are unprepared to die."[32]

Many of the efforts of McFarland and the Confederate Presbyterian Church were aimed at insuring a good supply of appropriate Christian reading material for the soldiers. As the years of the war rolled one unto another, McFarland periodically called on the Bethel congregation to donate money for the purchase of religious tracts, among them the *Soldier's Visitor*; Bibles; and periodicals, like the *Central Presbyterian*. In August 1861 the congregation gave five dollars "to procure religious reading for the Soldiers," while in September 1862, the church gave $100.50 as a thank offering for the Confederate States Bible Society. The generous outpouring on that day was the result of Bethel

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[32]Samuel Brown, to Francis McFarland, 8 May 1861, Montreat.

services held because President Davis had asked that Thursday be set aside "as a day of thanksgiving to God for our recent Victories." In April 1864, and again in early April 1865, the congregation gave money so that the soldiers would have religious material to read. On several occasions, both McFarland and his wife also personally sent funds for the soldiers to buy newspapers.[33]

On a more ecumenical level, McFarland cooperated with The Evangelical Tract Society which was "chiefly occupied in distributing Tracts to our Soldiers, in the Army and in Hospitals." The publishing committee, which was comprised of one man each from the Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal and Methodist churches, noted that "many a dying soldier has found the valley of the shadow of death illuminated by the glorious light which streams from the pages of a little tract!" "Brother McFarland" was contacted several times by tract society members with pleas to raise money for the distribution of the tracts. The society, noted one agent, "is now doing a noble work in supplying our army with religious literature." The Presbyterian publications committee was doing its part as well. In late 1864, McFarland received a circular from that committee appealing to the churches for enlarged contributions as publication costs soared. "Meanwhile the demand for army reading is greater than ever, and the cost of publishing is constantly increasing. All our supplies, too, -- paper, printing, binding &c., must be paid

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[33]McFarland diaries, August 27, 1861-April, 2, 1865 passim.

for in cash. What are we to do? Stop? Deny our gallant soldiers this small gratification, and this means of good? Surely not."[34]

The various Christian groups operating in the South during the Civil War felt under no obligation to separate relationships between the church and the new government. On the contrary, the Evangelical Tract Society seized the opportunities to convert even at the highest governmental level. In December 1861, McFarland received a letter from A.W. Miller, the Presbyterian representative of the tract society. There were two causes for concern: Sabbath mail delivery and recognition by the Confederate government of the supreme authority of God. Miller asked McFarland to distribute a circular and petition created by the tract society condemning Sunday mail delivery. Miller lamented:

> It makes the heart of every Christian Patriot in the South, sad, very sad, to think, that our Young Government, around which we clustered all our affections, and on which are fixed all our hopes, has made little, if any advance, morally, beyond the Old Government; and particularly, that it is, equally with the Old, a habitual Sabbath-breaker in the sight of God. [35]

Miller also asked that McFarland petition the General Assembly to ask for an abolishment of "the wicked and unnecessary practice of Sunday mails, and thus preserve our beloved Confederacy from the just & certain judgments of a Holy God, and from merited destruction." In addition, he

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[34]McFarland, Montreat, miscellaneous folder.

[35]Ibid.; A.W. Miller, to Francis McFarland, 6 December 1861, Montreat.

requested McFarland ask that the Assembly petition the new government to insert into the new constitution: "a distinct recognition of the Headship and Authority of the Lord Jesus Christ over us, as a people."[36]

More than anything else, McFarland appeared to feel that the word of God was needed among the people during this time of crisis. It was certainly needed among the soldiers who needed God's support on the battlefield, and it was needed by the local community who had to continue with their daily lives despite worries about family members, shortages of staples and, at times, incursions from the enemy. Perhaps one of the most important links between the two spheres, the army camp and the home front, was General Thomas J. Jackson. Jackson was a deacon in the Lexington Presbyterian church and a good friend of McFarland's long before the war. Many area soldiers, including one of McFarland's sons, served under Jackson, in the famous Stonewall Brigade. The close ties were obvious and McFarland did all he could to strengthen those ties. In 1861, he paid a personal visit to Jackson who was encamped with the Army of Northern Virginia outside of Centreville. There he stayed in Jackson's tent, slept on the General's own cot, and prayed with the staff. To Presbyterians in the Upper Valley, Jackson epitomized a soldier of the cross. Such was McFarland's worry for his fellow Presbyterian that in June, 1862 he dispatched a letter to the Reverend Mr.Robert L. Dabney, Jackson's chief-of-staff, urging him to protect the general from harm. "I

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[36]Ibid.

request you to beseech him, in my name, & that of many other friends, not to expose his life but in cases of urgent necessity."[37] Later in 1862, McFarland received a letter from Richmond from another Presbyterian minister, William Brown, describing Jackson's piety and how it was contributing to the conversion of General Richard Ewell:

> He (Ewell) has been deeply interested for a good while past, dating before his wound at Manassas. He refers his impressions to his intercourse with Gen. Jackson. On the evening before the battle of Cedar Hill (I think it was) Gen. Jackson sent for Gens. Ewell and Whiting to come to his tent for Consultation about the operations of the next day. After a full Conference they asked him what his conclusion was. "I will tell you in the morning," was his reply. As they left his tent, Gen. Whiting who is an irreligious man said to Gen. E - "I suppose Jackson wants to pray all night over the matter." About an hour after he, Gen E, had occasion to return on some unexpected business, and upon opening the tent door found the General kneeling in prayer. He says he felt that Gen. Jackson had something which he had not, and became convinced that there was a power in religion which it was of supreme importance he should secure.[38]

Brown recorded the above story because he was certain McFarland "would be interested to know this fact." McFarland must have been very interested in the letter and may have even included it in his Sabbath message from the pulpit as he did a personal letter he received from Jackson. He deemed the correspondence, written by the general on July 31, 1862, "most admirable" and read the entire two-page document to his

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[37]Wilson, 118.

[38]William Brown, to Francis McFarland, 16 October 1862, Montreat.

congregation on August 10, immediately before prayer. "I am grateful to you for your prayers to God for the success of the operations which God has intrusted to me," wrote Jackson. "It cheers my heart to think that many of God's people are praying to Our Ever Kind Heavenly Father for the success of the Army...," he continued. Jackson concluded with a personal note to his friend in God: "Praying for a continuation of your usefulness I remain your much attached friend."[39]

The two had chance to communicate again later in 1862 when McFarland spearheaded a resolution from the Lexington Presbytery offering prayer for Jackson and his army. McFarland apparently used the above mentioned letter at the presbytery to gather unanimous support for the resolution. It was further suggested by the Reverend E.D. Junkin that McFarland send copies of the letter to be published in both the religious and secular newspapers of the South because:

> Gen. Jackson is esteemed all over the South & his letter is a most excellent one & would do great good I think if it were published... I know Jackson shrinks from publicity, but I think his letter alone would do more towards setting people to praying, & towards bringing honor to the course of true religion than all the resolutions our religious organizations can pass.[40]

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[39]Thomas Jonathan Jackson papers, Virginia Military Institute's special collections.

[40]E.D. Junkin, to Francis McFarland, 8 September 1862, Montreat. Junkin was the minister at New Providence Presbyterian Church near Brownsburg in Rockbridge County, just a few miles from Bethel Church. The Lexington Presbytery resolution read, in part: "Gen. T.J. Jackson, who has gone from among us, a Brother beloved; who in the Providence of God, has been appointed especially to the command of that portion of the army charged with our defence in this part of

It is not known whether McFarland ever followed Junkin's suggestion and forwarded Jackson's letter to Confederate newspapers for publication. He did send Jackson a copy of the Presbytery's resolution, which elicited the following response from Stonewall:

> Your kind Christian letter of the 16th inst with the accompanying resolutions have been received. I write this note to thank you for having so effectively(?) complied with my requests, and to ask that your prayers and christian efforts be continued as before requested. My trust is in God, and it is a great comfort to know that he answers prayer. I am very thankful to our Kind Heavenly Father for restoring you to health. I hope that both your sons, if not entirely well at present soon will be. Your much attached friend T.J. Jackson.[41]

The spirituality of the soldiers was an utmost concern in McFarland's life and one which he worried and prayed about constantly. At the onset of the war, none of his three sons had been accepted into the church membership and he agonized over the possibility that they should be taken before they accepted Jesus Christ. McFarland's continued concern was reflected in his 1862 diary notes from the Lexington Presbytery meeting: "Rev. Richard McIlwaine preached a good Sermon. He is the Chaplain of the 44 Regt. Va. Volunteers." McIlwaine appeared before the group to enter a plea for more army chaplains in light of the "religious condition of the

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the State...And as it is known to us that the General above named greatly desires & highly prizes the prayer of his christian friends, offered in behalf of him & the army under his command, we hereby pledge ourselves to him & them that we will pray to the Lord of Hosts that he may protect them & grant them abundant success in the defence of our country."

[41]Jackson papers, VMI.

army of the Alleghany." The Presbytery responded by sending four additional ministers to the army and many of these chaplains played a part in the religious revivals that spread through the army camps, particularly Jackson's, in late 1862. The army revivals reached their climax among the Virginia Confederates during the winter of 1863-1864, according to Presbyterian historian Howard McKnight Wilson, and many soldiers took the opportunity when home on leave to join their churches.[42] The worry over the conversion of the soldiers remained with McFarland and his fellow followers of God throughout the war, and in October 1863 he listened attentively to several "Very interesting addresses on the State of religion in the Army," while at the state synod.[43]

McFarland's two youngest sons were both caught up in the camp revivals and had joined the church by war's end. James wrote to his father "in a delightful Christian spirit," in July 1863, while in September a letter from Robert included a certificate of his church membership after being received into the church at camp. Robert came home on leave shortly thereafter and, on Sunday, September 30, 1863, he took his first communion at Bethel. "May God abundantly bless it to him," his father wrote.[44] James was not converted until 1864 when, as a prisoner of War in Fort Delaware, he participated in a "glorious revival" much to the delight of his father.

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[42]Wilson, 199-120.

[43]McFarland diaries, October 23, 1863.

[44]Ibid.,1863.

In Francis McFarland's life, there was no clear separation between his work for God within the church, the military, and the government, and he called upon the people of his congregation to pray for and support all three. During the war, there were at least ten national days of fasting, thanksgiving and prayer appointed by the Confederate government. McFarland took these appointments very seriously, holding services at Bethel and asking the congregation to pray for the government and the military. On February 27, 1863, on one such day of "fasting, humiliation & Prayer," he noted that "The Congn. at Bethel was large & it was to me an interesting day. May God grant an answer to our prayers, in this awful crisis of our affairs."[45]

Away from the Bethel sanctuary, McFarland continued to be the dutiful public servant that he had been for the Union. Feeling it his duty to now actively participate in political affairs because of the national crisis, he continued to vote in elections under the Confederate government. In 1863, he noted that he went to Greenville to vote, something he had rarely done during his life but "in these times I regard it as duty to vote for good men. During the pre-war years, careful financial planning and sound agricultural practices had allowed him to amass a comfortable amount of money. During the war, he invested heavily in government stocks and bonds and encouraged his children to do so as well. Certificates were another financial investment during the war. It was a way of aiding the army and avoiding taxes.

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[45]Ibid.

According to articles in the Staunton newspaper, these certificates, which were offered at various rates of interest, were assigned like stock certificates and used by the government to purchase supplies. "If our farmers will exchange their supplies for these certificates, they will not only secure an investment free from taxes, but will aid to that extent to keep down the expenses of the Government," noted an article in the 1864 *Staunton Spectator*. Certificates could also be assigned to those who turned in excess bond amounts in paying taxes. "For example," explained the editor of the *Staunton Spectator*, "if a citizen's tax be seven hundred dollars, and he give in a certificate of deposit, for one thousand dollars, he will receive a new certificate for three hundred dollars."[46] McFarland invested in the new government stocks and bonds as early as 1862, and received a dividend of $12.28 on January 1, 1863. June 1863 marked a flurry of McFarland's investment activity in both Virginia and Confederate bonds. On June 4, he rode to Staunton and invested $1,500 in eight percent Confederate bonds and deposited the bonds in the Central Bank. He also procured $500 worth in seven percent bonds, but received "not the bond, but only a Certificate." He invested money again on June 6 and June 12. On June 12, he recorded in his diary: "Thus I now have $1000. In Va. Six's $2000 in Confed. 8'S & 1000 in Confed 7's in all $4,000." In January, 1864, he went back to Staunton and withdrew the dividends on his Virginia and Confederate stock, $149.89 for him and $89.34 for his

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[46]*Staunton Spectator*, March 29 and April 12, 1864.

daughter Mary. In 1864, McFarland took the government up on its offer of using bonds in tax payment. "Gave my Check to E.M. Taylor, Cashr. For $700. To be invested in 4 pr.Ct. Bonds for the payment of my own & Mary's taxes."[47]

Maintaining a government involved in a long, drawn-out war was an incredible draw on the South and taxes were steep. In the Valley, farmers were obligated to pay a tithe of their produce to the government or turn in an amount of money equal to the tithe. Those who failed to meet the filing deadline, were slapped with a fifty percent penalty. A local newspaper article warned farmers of the consequences of not tithing, and added: "The Government needs the products and not money, and will not receive the latter in lieu of the former except where the collection of the products is impracticable."[48] On December 20, 1864, McFarland recorded in his diary of giving his tithe of hay which equaled two wagon loads.[49]

Although the minister recorded several instances of paying war tax, there were far more records of his selling produce to the government. "Transferred 10 Bls. To 20 Govt. Bags which I have sold to the Govt. At $7.25 per Bl," he wrote in August 1862. The next day he delivered the bags to Captain Henderson, the commissary agent in Staunton and received payment of $72.50. In 1863 he sold bacon, flour,

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[47]McFarland diaries, December 22, 1862-Mach 17, 1864 passim.

[48]*Staunton Spectator*, February 2, 1864.

[49]McFarland diaries, December 20, 1864.

oats, hay and corn to the government. In 1864, he sold pork, wheat and oats. In 1865, during the last gasp of the Confederacy, he continued to supply the government, although there was no profit to be made. In January 1865, he gave the government a wagon load of straw and on April 8 he made the following diary entry: "Mr. Benjn. F. McClung came to get flour for the Army. I let him have Four Barrels - the Govt give $400. Per B. In an order on the Treasy. Where I presume there is no money."[50]

By the time McFarland wrote these words, it must have been obvious to everyone that the end was near. A few months earlier, in January, the subject of McFarland's Sunday sermon had been "The Lord's controversy with us as a nation." In February, he had recorded news of a peace committee going to Washington, D.C. to negotiate an end to the troubles. "Alas! I have not the sleightest hope; from the temper of our enemies that any thing will be accomplished. May God bless the effort," he wrote. Finally, in April news filtered back to the devastated Valley that the war was over. In Augusta County, McFarland as well as the community around him must have felt an overwhelming sense of emptiness that what they had struggled for was lost, but they must also have had a sense of relief. The surrender at Appomattox, however, did not immediately make the nation whole again. Even those, like McFarland, who were never involved in the clashes on the battlefield had to make an effort to come back to the Union. That effort was called the Oath of Amnesty. In the July 11,

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[50]McFarland diaries, April 8, 1865.

1865 issue of the *Staunton Spectator,* the oath was explained to Valley citizens:

> A strange delusion prevails in regard to the propriety of taking the oath of amnesty. Many seem to think that there is no necessity for taking it and that they can take it or not, as happens to suite the fancy of individuals. This is a dangerous error, and one which should be promptly dispelled. Under existing laws of the U. States, every citizen of the Southern States, [with very few exceptions] has been guilty of treason. Treason consists not only in waging war against the United States, but in giving "aid and comfort" to its enemies.[51]

According to the newspaper article, McFarland was required to take the oath because "aid and comfort" included anyone who had ever aided or assisted the Confederate Government in any form or shape, directly or indirectly. Technically, when he voted in the elections, raised money for soldiers, gave or sold provisions to the government and bought government war bonds, he was committing treason. To be pardoned of treason and participate in the civil affairs of the community, the oath *had* to be taken. For a clergyman, for instance, failure to take the oath meant that he could no longer perform weddings. Therefore, on July 27, 1865, Francis McFarland "reluctantly set out for Greenville." There in the village he was administered the Oath of Amnesty "to authorize me to solemnize Marriage." At 8:00 o'clock that evening he married Matthew Thompson McClure and Sarah Catharine Bumgardner. It was the first of what was a flurry of marriages, both black

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[51]*Staunton Spectator,* July 11, 1865.

and white, that he performed once peace returned to the countryside.[52]

The perilous state of affairs that McFarland had felt such dread about in 1860 had probably been worse than anyone's imagination. But the community that had struggled so hard for the Union a little more than four years earlier was ready to make a go of it again. In the spring of 1865, as the soldiers were returning home ready to once again walk behind a plow rather than a cannon, the seventy-seven-year-old man stood in the pulpit at Bethel church and again issued a charge to his congregation. The subject? "Our duty now to the U.S. as Christian Citizens."

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[52]McFarland diaries, 1865.

Chapter 2

"OUR SINFUL BLEEDING COUNTRY"
THE WAR ON TWO FRONTS: AT HOME AND ON THE BATTLEFIELD

When the Virginia convention voted to leave the Union on April 17, 1861, there was little doubt about where the Reverend Francis McFarland would spend the impending war. At seventy-three the Presbyterian minister from Augusta County, Virginia, was far too old to be a fighting man, and even had he been younger, his health had been fragile since the 1820s. That does not mean that he would not become intimately involved in the war on a number of levels. When war broke out, two of his sons, twenty-three-year-old Robert and nineteen-year-old James, were still at home, one helped run the family farm and the other prepared to enter college. The third son, 27-year-old Francis William, left home several years before, but was still of prime age to enter the military.

Both of the two younger sons were members of the local militia and had drilled with their home units for more than a year. These local militia suddenly found themselves in the spotlight on April 15 when President Abraham Lincoln's "Proclamation of Insurrection" called for 75,000 troops, many from the state militia, to squelch the Southern rebellion. The local newspapers of April 16 carried news of the war's beginning. "A dispatch has just been received from...the Convention at Richmond, stating that Lincoln has called out

seventy thousand Militia. Where from? For what?...There is but one sentiment--every man is ready to take up arms. Intense excitement prevails in the community."[1] On April 18, 1861, two days after Lincoln's proclamation and one day after Virginia's convention voted to secede, McFarland's youngest son, James, was ordered to march immediately with his company to an unknown destination. "O God watch over my dear son," McFarland penned in his diary.

All over the Upper Valley, units were activated and at thirty minutes notice men were asked to leave their homes and march into Staunton or Lexington. From both Rockbridge and Augusta Counties, troops organized and set off to an unknown destination. Within a matter of days, Augusta County sent five hundred of its finest to defend Virginia soil. It was the most exciting scene ever witnessed in Staunton, according to newspaper reports. "There was a general feeling that the crisis was a solemn one, united with a firm and universal determination to resist the scheme set on foot by President Lincoln to subjugate the South." While he was in Lexington attending a board of trustees meeting at Washington College, McFarland witnessed a similar excitement in the Rockbridge capital. Captain Letcher's Company of Rifles left the city at 2:00 p.m. April 18 after receiving God's blessing from McFarland and the local Methodist minister, Mr. Tebbs. One man present confided to McFarland that his prayers for the safety of the young men heading into danger caused the tears

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[1]*Staunton Spectator*, April 16, 1861.

to flow freely. At 6:00 o'clock that evening, Captain White's Company of Cavalry also left Lexington.[2]

Two days after James' departure, McFarland related in his diary the "sad vacancy in my family." He added: "My beloved James gone & my poor wife distressed. But I desire to bow in humble submission to God's Overruling Providence." Not alone in their sentiments, he concluded the next day that there was "mourning everywhere about Sons &c gone to resist northern troops." The family back at Rosemont anxiously awaited news from James and the rest of the military. Robert, whose company was not shipped out in the first troop movement continued to drill and turned out for the home guard. In early May, he traveled into Staunton for several days of officers training. In the meantime, James sent word back to the family that he was in Bolivar about a mile from Harpers Ferry. He also wrote of sore feet from all of the marching. McFarland made a special trip to Greenville to mail his son's red jacket and white pants, apparently the company uniform, to him. The new soldier spent the next two months on maneuvers in the Lower Valley before coming down with a case of mumps in late June and being sidelined at his uncle's house in Winchester.

Even as James was recovering from his illness, the McFarland family was wrenched apart again with the July 15 order that the rest of the militia were ordered out. "Spent the day aiding Robert to get ready," the old man wrote as the family prepared to send another son into war. On July 16

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[2]McFarland diaries, April 18, 1861.

McFarland accompanied Robert to town and bid him and his company farewell. "It is sad to part with my last son - they are now all in the army. May God preserve them. I gave Robert $15. in money, and furnished him every thing. I bought a Revolver for him for which I paid $15. Other things $3.25." McFarland was correct in stating that all of his sons were in the army, for in May they received a letter from their oldest son, Francis, who had not been home in five years. He informed his family that he was an orderly sergeant in a cavalry troop stationed in Alexandria.[3]

The reality of war hit home on July 21 when 32,000 untried Confederate forces under Generals Pierre Beauregard and Joseph Johnston routed 37,000 Union troops under General Irvin McDowell at Manassas Junction. Three days after the battle, McFarland received a letter from a friend, and fellow minister, Jackson's chief-of-staff R.L. Dabney, who had been in the thick of things. Writing on a captured piece of Union stationery, he said, "Our Regmt had a gallant though not very bloody part. We lost four men killed and about 15 wounded, of whom two are I fear mortally hurt and one more seriously." He wrote of the tremendous rout and was of the opinion that "the heart of the enemy completely lost." Despite the thrill of an overwhelming victory, the reality of war was apparently not lost on Dabney either. "I never spent such a day of horror

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[3]Ibid., 1861.

and suspense. But it is impossible for me to give particulars," he concluded.[4]

News of the battle at Manassas trickled back to the Valley slowly, and resulted in a rash of rumours. Communication and the reception of accurate news was a problem that would plague those left behind on the home front throughout the war. Two days after the victory at Manassas, on July 23, McFarland recorded in his diary that he had "Heard of a great Battle fought near Manassas Junction." The following day, he traveled into Staunton to try to garner more information and found "great excitement about the recent victory," but difficulty in learning concrete results. The news of the war made its way slowly back to the home front, seeping into the people's lives as a constant, daily presence. On August 1, the good reverend spent much of his day "Reading chiefly of the wonderful victory that God has given us, July 21st." McFarland's friend, Henry Brown, penned a letter on August 7 in which he spoke of the "late terrible slaughter at Manassas."[5] Late in August, the battle was still part of the local conversation. When Robert came home for a visit on August 20, he brought "many mementos from the battlefield" including a "minnie Rifle," which his brother James had found the day after the conflict.

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[4]R.L. Dabney, to Francis McFarland, 24 July 1861, Francis McFarland Collection, Department of History (Montreat), Montreat, North Carolina.

[5]Henry Brown, to Francis McFarland, 7 August 1861, Montreat.

Even as the battlelines were drawn across the country, life on the home front was undergoing tremendous change as well. With many of the able-bodied men off to war, farm work was often neglected. Twice early in the war, as his sons packed up and went off to fight, McFarland lamented the situation, wondering in his diary how he would manage to run the farm without his two sons. "But I desire patiently to submit to the will of Providence," he recorded on July 30, 1861. The minutes of the nearby Churchville Farmers Club also record changes wrought by war. Members were often absent from meetings because of the war. In 1863, the farmers visited Samuel Wilson's farm and commented on the fencing not being up to par. "But the committee sympathized knowing the circumstances of the war, and the fact that Mrs. Wilson was tending to the farm while her husband was away," noted the club secretary.[6]

Many of the army's needs were met through the home front activities, often organized and carried out by the community's women. In May 1861, three hundred yards of plaid linsey were dropped off at McFarland's house with a charge for the women of the different congregations in the area to make one thousand shirts for the soldiers in three days. "Our ladies appointed to meet at the ch. tomorrow morning," McFarland wrote. Two weeks later, the women were busy making tents and uniforms for the soldiers. As area companies mobilized and marched off to war, quite a few units of men

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[6]Churchville Farmers Club Minutes, February 12, 1863, 97.

passed near Rosemont. The Fairfield McDowell Guards, a company of eighty men, stopped in the area on July 18, 1861 and were given a meal prepared by the area women. The day's pleasantries were duly noted:

> It was a pleasant entertainment & they took with them all they left which was more than they ate. Capt. Miller handsomely thanked the ladies in the name of the Company & I responded in the name of the ladies & then prayed at the request of Capt. Miller.[7]

As the war progressed, the Confederate government turned increasingly to private efforts from both organizations and individuals. In 1862, Bethel Church gave money to "aid the sick & wounded Soldiers," for instance. Many of the soldiers individual needs were met by their families. In 1863, McFarland bought cotton yarn so that his sons could have socks, and material for Robert's trousers. Soldiers' socks were apparently a recurring concern to the women in the Soldiers Aid Societies. An article in the September 1863 issue of a Staunton newspaper noted that a large supply of yarn was now available in town and it was hoped that the local women "will call for and knit up in socks for the benefit of our soldiers." "The mere mention of this fact, we are sure, is all that is needed to have this yarn in the fair hands of the ladies to be wrought into the form of good comfortable socks for the suffering Soldiers," the article concluded.[8] Wool material for blankets, overcoats, pants, shirts and jackets was also in heavy demand but short supply

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[7]McFarland diaries, July 18, 1861.

[8]*Staunton Spectator*, September 29, 1863.

throughout the war. As early as August 1861, the local newspapers were calling on farmers to forgo slaughter of sheep and to instead increase their numbers so more wool could be produced. Calling upon the patriotism of the Valley men, the article asked that the suffering at Valley Forge be remembered. "[We] should do all that is possible to prevent our gallant soldiers from suffering in a similar manner during the ensuing Winter," wrote the newspaper's editor.[9] A year later, in 1862, the newspaper ran another article, calling attention "to the melancholy fact that our soldiers are sadly in need of blankets, clothes and shoes." Whenever possible, the people were urged to "cheerfully and promptly" help "the Government in supplying blankets and clothes."[10] In 1863, in search of woolen goods, McFarland inquired of his friend, Samuel Brown, who lived in Rockbridge County at Kerrs Creek. Brown's reply concerning the supply of woolen textiles was not encouraging. "No one can now get cloth unless in exchange for wool. Wool is scarce [portion of letter missing] from five to eight dollars per pound...I do not think you need depend longer on the factory here unless you can exchange wool."[11] Although dry goods were almost out of reach late in the war, the McFarland family aided the cause where it could. Throughout the war, the minister sold and gave

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[9]Ibid., August 27, 1861.

[10]Ibid., October 21, 1862.

[11]Samuel Brown, to Francis McFarland, 16 July 1863, Montreat.

agricultural produce to the government. On an individual level, in 1864, the family sent "a keg of eatables to James."[12]

For Virginians, the Civil War was not acted out in some far and distant place. McFarland's sons and the thousands of other soldiers engaged in the struggle were usually within a day or two of travel time and often much closer home than that. As a result, the delineation between the home front and the battle front was often blurred. In the fall of 1861, McFarland did his part in further blurring the distinction. After traveling to Richmond and Petersburg to attend the meeting of the Virginia Presbyterian Synod, he met a fellow minister who agreed to procure passes, so that he and Dr. White could travel to Manassas where the Army of Northern Virginia was encamped. Feeling himself quite privileged, McFarland bragged in his diary that they were able to obtain the passes despite the fact that "they are refusing them almost universally." The pair of clergymen left Richmond at 7:50 a.m. October 23 and arrived in Manassas at 5:00 in the evening. At Manassas, they were refused a passport to continue to Centreville where General Jackson was headquartered. Meeting no obstruction, the daring duo pushed ahead anyway "Over 7 miles of the worst road I have travelled on wheels for 20 years." Jackson himself sent an ambulance to pick up the pair who arrived at the Generals headquarters at 8:00 p.m.

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[12]McFarland diaries.

The visit to the encampment was a rousing success. Two of McFarland's sons, James and Francis (whom he had not seen in nearly five years), were stationed close by and were given leave to visit their father. Always aware of the presence of a Supreme being, the elder McFarland conducted family service despite the late hour and then retired to Jackson's tent. "Genl. J. Gave me his own cot & he & Dr. White lay on the floor without bed or matrass," noted McFarland. The next day, the diary entries tell of rubbing elbows with several high-ranking officers, being shown around the camp and fortifications, dining with his two sons, and, of course, conducting a religious service for about fifty people. "There are probably thirty thousand men encamped in sight of Centreville, & they are strongly fortifying all the commanding position," recorded McFarland. On October 25, the minister arose at 3:00 a.m. after Jackson's servant, George, made a fire. George packed McFarland a lunch and at 4:00 a.m., riding Jackson's own horse and carrying with him the "countersign which Genl. J. Also gave me," he set off for Manassas with his son James. Manassas was reached before sunrise. It was there that James and his father parted, with the elder McFarland boarding the train for home which he reached in safety by dark. "Glory to God," wrote McFarland of the trip.[13]

There were three times during the four-year struggle that the military and home front became one and the same for the family in Rosemont. In 1862, during Jackson's Valley

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[13]McFarland diaries, October 25, 1861.

campaign, troop movements passed within a few miles of the farm and rumors swept through the area that the Yankees would soon be on their doorsteps. In 1864, the Yankees did march up the Valley, pausing long enough in Staunton and Lexington to pillage the cities and confiscating livestock along the way. Finally, in 1865, the harried Confederates tried in vain to stop the Federal forces around Waynesboro and Fishersville.

As 1861 drew to a close, the war moved closer to home with military theaters in the Lower Shenandoah Valley around Winchester. Robert came home in the fall of 1861 with fifty other sick men from his regiment. His case of mumps kept him home a short while, but he soon returned to active service for a brief time. Upon returning from the General Assembly meeting in Augusta, Georgia, McFarland found his middle son, Robert, again at home and "prostrated with Typhoid Fever," while his oldest son, Francis, was on leave suffering from "Neuralgia in his head & whole right side." Of the two, McFarland knew that Robert's case was far more serious, having already preached at the funerals of two local soldiers who had died of typhoid fever contracted at their army camp. Robert, he wrote, "has been down & very ill for some time - was brought in a Common Waggon to Staunton on Wednesday. This Morning Francis & Mary brought him home in a Spring waggon. He is very weak, unable to raise himself up in bed." As the year ended, McFarland's youngest son James, had been away from home and serving as a lieutenant under Jackson for nine months. His letters spoke of a hard winter campaign in western Virginia. On December 31, 1861, McFarland scratched

out his thoughts on the tumultuous year that had just passed. "Blessed be God mercies have abounded through the year. But it has also been a year of great affliction. My sons all in the army & all have been sick & in danger."[14]

The year 1862 was barely a month old when Francis left the military to be reporter for the *Examiner* in Richmond for fifteen dollars a week; James returned home for a brief visit while on sick furlough; and Robert found himself, at the end of one month in bed, with a healthy appetite and the ability to walk weakly through the house. James took the train back to his encampment near Winchester during the middle of February and soon wrote back to his family that he had re-enlisted for three more years or the duration of the war. "May God preserve his soul & body & may I live to see him at home again, free from the alarms of war," wrote his father.

As spring opened on the country in 1862, the struggles between the opposing armies were renewed in strength. March 23, 1862, marked the beginning of what would later be called Jackson's Valley Campaign. The opening clash, at Kernstown, was a defeat for Jackson, the only one of his career, but it achieved a strategic victory in holding Union troops in the Valley where they could not reinforce General George McClellan near Richmond. As usual, rumors of fighting preceded the actual facts for the families awaiting news at home. On the day of the battle, McFarland wrote: "Heard that Gen. Johnston had achieved a great victory near Luray: - Lost 180 killed & took 6000 prisoners! Can it be so?"

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[14]Ibid., 1861, 1862.

Unfortunately it was not so, as he found out two days later when he wrote: "I learn there was no foundation whatever for the reported victory. But Gen. T.J. Jackson had a battle on last Sab. 3 ms.[miles] below Newtown & was repulsed by a vastly superior force & it is said with considerable loss. John Wilson & Robert Grass of Capt. Newton's Comp.[the same company James was in] killed. I trust in God my dear son James is safe."[15]

The rumors and delays in communication experienced by McFarland during the Valley campaign were typical of those experienced by communities throughout the South. One can only imagine the suspense and agonies that the families and friends waiting on the home front went through every day for four years. It was not until March 27, four days after the battle, that McFarland learned that his son James was safe, and then it was only by chance. "Went to the hospital - Saw a man who saw James on Monday - He is safe - thanks to God." No newspapers arrived in Staunton the week after the battle, and McFarland had to continue to rely on hearsay and second and third-hand accounts for more information from the military theater. "I saw Dr. McGuire, who informed me that a man from Newtown told him as I understood; that he had helped to bury our dead, & there were 82. Mr. Baker, the Clerk at the Hospital, told me there were 148 wounded on their books."[16] On April 3, eleven days after the battle, McFarland visited the

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[15]Ibid., 1862.

[16]Dr. Hunter McGuire was Stonewall Jackson's surgeon.

Alexander Brownlee family and their daughter Margaret, whose husband John W. Wilson, had been killed in the Battle of Kernstown.

As the Union and Confederate forces danced around the Lower Valley, "a great uneasiness" was felt by the people in the Upper Valley. Because the cars (trains) were used to transport troops, the mails and newspapers were sporadic at best and the people had to continually rely on hearsay. "Unfavourable Rumors of war," McFarland would write that spring, indicating that residents in the Valley were only hearing stories of fighting somewhere but that more reliable information than that was scarce. In late April, the armies appeared to the west and north of Staunton causing rumors to fly thick and fast. "Intelligence came that Gen. T.J. Jackson had fallen back beyond Harrisonburg, & the enemy were advancing and that Gen. Johnston was ordered to fall back from Shenandoah Mountain," McFarland wrote. In panic, the sick and wounded from hospitals in Staunton and western Augusta County were shipped east of the Blue Ridge mountains. A neighbor of McFarland's sent his two sons and two Negro men over the mountains as well. Robert McFarland, who was still recovering from typhoid and too weak to rejoin his outfit, was also sent away "to get out of the reach of the Enemy."

Nearly every day's entry in his diary during late April and early May addressed an unsubstantiated rumor or story. Although he preached a sermon, on April 25, about enjoying peace of mind even in the midst of war, the suspense was apparently more than McFarland could stand. On April 29, he

and a neighbor rode many miles to the western part of Augusta County so they could see where Confederate General Edward Johnson was encamped. While there, they dined and talked with several high ranking officers which apparently eased his troubled mind. Later, he recorded in his diary: "It is reported that New Orleans is in the hands of the enemy. I am encouraged to believe that we will not be here subjected to the Yankee troops as soon as I had feared."

Apparently, the Southern commanders did not reveal any military secrets to the wondering minister. On May 2, he remarked on seeing two hundred cadets from Virginia Military Institute heading off to join General Jackson[17] and, on May 5, while in Staunton, he was astounded by what he saw. "To my perfect astonishment, Gen. Jackson's Army is passing through Staunton towards Buffalo Gap. I know not what it means." The next day he met his son, James, at the depot as Jackson's troops continued to pour into the city. "He is very well & looks fat & hearty I visited him at his Camp." While in Staunton, McFarland took the two opportunities to visit his good friend Jackson. Although he "recd. me very kindly," the poker-faced Stonewall apparently revealed no military secrets to his friend because McFarland's entries contained the puzzled notation: "I cannot comprehend Genl. Jacksons movement, unless it be to surprize the army west of us." A

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[17]Although the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute did march off to war in 1862 with the intention of joining Jackson at the Battle of McDowell, they were held in reserve and then sent back to Lexington. The cadets did not actually participate in a Civil War engagement until the Battle of New Market on May 15, 1864.

good guess by the man of God, for two days later, on May 8, the Highland County town of McDowell was the scene of a victory for the South. From their home at Rosemont, thirty or so miles away, the McFarland family heard the cannon pounding.[18]

From the May 8 victory at McDowell to the stunning triumphs on June 8 and 9 at Cross Keys and Port Republic, Jackson marched his men so swiftly and maneuvered so effectively that not only were the Union forces prevented from joining McClellan in Richmond, but Washington, D.C. actually feared attack. When it was over, "Jackson had won a spectacular string of victories and thwarted 64,000 Federal troops with an army of no more than sixteen thousand. In the course of three months, he had inflicted seven thousand Federal casualties, with the loss of only 2,500 men, and had become the most famous soldier of the day."[19] The McFarland family had an unwelcome and somewhat confused seat in the campaign. James, who participated in some of the opening movements of the campaign, missed the later part in Rockingham County because of illness. While the battles were fought in the Valley, the news, although usually unsubstantiated, traveled swiftly and was recorded by McFarland within hours of its occurrence. June 8 at Cross Keys and June 9 at Port Republic marked the final battles of the Valley campaign. McFarland's diary entry of June 9 told

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[18]Ibid., 1862.

[19]James M. McPherson, *The Atlas of the Civil War* (New York: Macmillan, 1994), 68.

of hearing "the booming of Cannon in the direction of Port Republic." He rode into Staunton to learn more and there he heard that General Ewell had driven back Freemont's Army the day before with the loss of eighteen killed and two hundred wounded. "To day it is said Jackson is fighting Shields, east of the Shenandoah River & below Port Republic."

By June 19, 1862, James recovered enough that he rejoined Jackson's army. The junior Francis, who was home for a visit, took his brother in a carriage and set out in search of the army. They located the army just west of Charlottesville, and Francis dropped his brother off and returned home. James rejoined his unit just in time to accompany Jackson's army to the gates of Richmond where General Robert E. Lee and the Southern army were set on turning back McClellan and the Union forces. Armed with knowledge of the Yankees' isolated right flank, Lee decided to attack and turn the Union flank. What followed was the Seven Days Battles, from June 25 to July 1, 1862. Lee's strategic victory caused McClellan to withdraw from the outskirts of Richmond, but the Confederate triumph was not overwhelming. What is more, the losses were staggering, 20,141 casualties for the South and 15,849 for the North.

Although the military portion of the war had removed itself to the other side of the mountains, the Valley still felt the effects of the enormous struggle outside Richmond. On July 1, on a hot summer afternoon, McFarland sat in his study and wrote these words:

> The report by Telligraph is that we are almost daily victorious below Richmond, & the battle

> has now continued since last Wednesday = 7 days. The cannonading has been terrible this afternoon. I have heard it distinctly in my study, doors & windows shut. And now while I write (7,20' p.m.) the reports are often more frequent than I write words. The wind is from the direction of Richmond & a dense atmosphere. O, may God have mercy on our sinful bleeding country, & may he spare my dear son James, who, I suppose is in the battle with Genl. T.J. Jackson, & may God grant us a complete victory, that we may have peace.[20]

As impossible as it seems, McFarland was not the only one in the Valley to hear the cannonading on that July 1 day from a distance of more than one hundred miles. Joseph Waddell, who lived in Staunton and kept a diary during the war, distinctly heard the cannon reports on June 30 and then again on July 1. On July 2, he wrote in his diary: "Very heavy and rapid cannonading was kept up yesterday evening till long after dark. We heard it distinctly at our house. (The distance by air line is about a hundred miles)."[21] The July 1 cannonading heard by the two old men in the Valley was at Malvern Hill where Lee hurled his entire army headlong into the teeth of McClellan's guns. The Federal army emptied all of its firepower into the Confederate line, including heavy fire from the navy's gunboats. The Northern artillery broke the Confederate lines and allowed McClellan to extricate himself from the Peninsula. The awful scene heard a hundred miles away was vividly described by a Wisconsin infantryman present at Malvern Hill:

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[20]McFarland diaries, July 1, 1862.

[21]Joseph A. Waddell, *Annals of Augusta County, Virginia, From 1726 to 1871* (Harrisonburg, Va.: C.J. Carrier Company, 1972), 474.

> Charge after charge is made on our artillery, with a demoniac will to take it, if it costs them half their army. Down it mows their charging ranks, till they lie in heaps and rows, from behind which our men fight as securely as if in rifle pits...The slaughter is terrible, and to add to the carnage, our gunboats are throwing their murderous missiles with furious effect into the ranks of our enemy.[22]

As was the case throughout the war, the families in the Valley were left in suspense for days after the Seven Days' Battles, grabbing at any rumor or piece of news that trickled into the area. Waddell wrote of the difficulty in getting accurate news after the Seven Days Battle. On July 2, the city of Staunton received telegraph reports of an enemy defeat, but little more. Newspaper accounts were even more vague, although the train did arrive from Richmond that day bringing some news. On July 4, Waddell noted: "I am certain of this only, that the enemy has been repulsed, losing several thousand men in killed, wounded and prisoners, and some cannon, etc.; and that our loss is also heavy." On July 7, six days after the battle, he remained without accurate news:

> A great variety of reports from Richmond since Friday, but no reliable intelligence. At one time we hear that the greater part of the Federal army is surrounded and will certainly be captured, (there was a rumor yesterday that 50,000 had been taken), and immediately afterwards it is asserted that it has effected its escape. The latter I believe to be true.

On July 8, he noted sadly: "Yesterday a poor woman who lives in town heard that her husband, a soldier in the Fifty-second

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[22]McPherson, 72.

regiment, had been killed. Her wailings, which were kept up for an hour or two, were most distressing."[23]

McFarland, too, sat in anxious suspense wondering if his son or friends were mowed down in the heavy cannonading. On July 4, three days after the battle, he heard "Wonderful inteligence of victories near Richmond gained by our troops. Thanks be to God." On July 8, he heard, through a friend, that James was still safe. Finally, on July 9, he received communication from his son. "Received an interesting letter from James describing the horrible slaughter in the battle near Richmond. Blessed be God, he is safe."

It was to be a long summer for the two armies, however, as they clashed again near Manassas. The Second Manassas campaign dragged on through half of July and all of August, as Federal General John Pope mounted a new threat against the South with his revived Army of Virginia. Stonewall Jackson's forces were in the thick of the campaign from beginning to end. On August 9, they were victorious at Cedar Mountain. On August 25, Jackson's "foot cavalry" marched fifty-four miles in thirty-six hours in a move around Pope's rear. The daring strategy resulted in the capture and burning of Pope's supply depot at Manassas Junction and set the stage for the Battle of Second Manassas August 28-30. The Confederate victory sent the Yankees into disorganized retreat and for the next two days, Jackson's troops harassed the retreating Union forces.

The news of the battles in northern Virginia came to the Valley slowly. McFarland heard of the August 9 Cedar Mountain

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[23]Waddell, 474-475.

clash on August 12, entering into his diary: "We hear that Genl. Jackson's Army has had a battle on last Saturday with Genl. Pope's & drove the enemy 5 miles taking a number of prisoners...As far as I can learn James is safe, blessed be God." Near the end of the campaign, either at Second Manassas or the day after, James was wounded and taken to Aldie, a hospital near Leesburg. On September 5, the diary records the fact that the family finally learned the news: "We learn our Son James recd. a flesh wound in the calf of his leg in the late battle & is in hospital near the scene of action." Finally, on September 11, the family received a letter from James confirming his situation. "A letter from James last night dated the 2d instant informs us of his wound & his situation. The ball still remains in his leg, alas, he is very desirous to get home, but there is no transportation from that place." Two days later, the young man surprised the family by arriving in Staunton and hitching a wagon ride to the farm. By the new year, the wound was completely healed and James and his brother, Robert, who had been prostrated for a year with typhoid fever, headed back to the army on January 14, 1863.[24] James' flesh wound and Robert's illness had allowed them both to escape the September slaughter at Antietam, the bloodiest single day of the war.

News from the battlefields was not the only thing that filtered back to the Valley home front. Death also made its presence felt. "Some of our people are in deep sorrow here,"

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[24]McFarland diaries, September 11, 1862-January 14, 1863 passim.

McFarland's friend Samuel Brown wrote from Rockbridge County on July 16, 1863.

> Mr Dunlap had his son John killed at the battle of Gettysburg, & another taken prisoner, He has one at home with a leg amputated, others of our people have lost sons. We have had but little news yet of the casualties, & fear that others have fallen. My Bro. Henrys son is wounded in both thighs & taken prisoner. O, that these mournful days were ended, & blessed peace once more restored to our country."[25]

As days and weeks passed after a large engagement, McFarland, as a spiritual leader of the community, went about the unhappy task of visiting the wounded and conducting funeral services for the dead. Many of the funerals were weeks and even months after the death occurred because of delays in moving bodies and having the remains prepared for reinterment. Deaths from battle wounds occurring weeks after the engagement were also common, as were deaths from camp-related diseases, especially typhoid fever. McFarland's son Francis wrote from Richmond in 1864 of the Hollywood Cemetery interments, "which average <u>eighteen daily from Typhoid Fever alone</u>."[26] In all the elder McFarland attended or conducted sixteen funerals of young men struck down by battle wounds or camp fevers. For the aging minister the diary entries read like a sad reflection of the nation's blood bath: two funerals in two days in November 1861, from typhoid; another in February 1862 from typhoid; while on May 11, 1862, he

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[25]Samuel Brown, to Francis McFarland, 16 July 1863, Montreat.

[26]Francis W. McFarland, to Francis McFarland, 16 (?) July 16 1864, Montreat.

visited and prayed with a young lieutenant with typhoid who died that afternoon. By the middle of 1862, deaths from battle wounds were creating large gaps in the community: On June 2, 1862, Mr. Anderson died from wounds at Kernstown (March 23), while on October 19 McFarland preached a funeral discourse for "George Trainer, Narcissus F. Quarles both killed in Battle at Manassas Aug. 20 last, & Robert Doyle, thigh broken by a ball Aug. 28th at Manassas & died of his wound at Aldie Sept. 25th 1862." Other funerals included: John Wright, "a good young man who died in Camp;" Carlisle Rippetoe, who had been wounded in the knee at Second Manassas, died and was buried at a hospital in October, and then was reinterred at Bethel; "Lieut. John W. Wilson aged 32 who was killed in the Battle of Kearnstown;" and "Mr Quessenberry who was shot thro' heart & killed instantly on Sunday May 3d in the Battle of Chancelorsville." The funerals continued in 1864 when, in February, when he wrote: "I went & preached at the funeral of Wm. Beard Jr. of the army & a member of Bethel ch. He died at the hospital at Orange Ch. H. He was a good young man." Other services included those of: "Cicero Bare who was killed at Gordsonville;" and William Gardner, killed in the same battle as Bare.[27]

There were not as many wounded at local private homes to visit simply because the hospitals were usually set up near battlefields or railroad lines. He did, however, note that he had visited the following community members: Captain John

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[27]McFarland diaries, November 3, 1861-December 1, 1864 passim.

Humphreys, severely wounded in the mouth; and William Bumgardner who came from the Army sick in May 1862; Captain Moore, a wounded soldier; and in August 1862, he called on Mr. Moneymaker, "a soldier wounded at Port Republic, who I fear will die." In May 1863, he dropped by the home of Jacob Rosen who was severely wounded with a broken jawbone, while in November 1864, he called on Major Newton "whose leg was amputated," and a month later he minister visited the wounded John McClure, Jr. He also wrote letters to several of his friends who had been wounded.[28]

Many of the wounded were taken to makeshift hospitals and Staunton, being on the railroad, was flooded with the military's sick and wounded. In July 1861, after clashes in the area that became West Virginia and at Manassas, Joseph Waddell recorded in his diary that in Staunton there were probably three hundred in the hospital and the town was "overflowing with sick soldiers and stragglers." The next day, he added: "The streets are full of soldiers, many of whom are lying against the houses and on store boxes." With the situation critical, the town used the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind as a hospital and the women of the town volunteered to nurse the soldiers.[29] Hospitals were also established just over the mountain in Charlottesville. Margaret Cochran wrote to her son, Howe Cochran, that the town could not procure enough planking to

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[28]Ibid.

[29]Waddell, 459, 461.

make coffins for all of the men dying at the hospitals. She added:

> Every nook & corner of Charlottesville is crowded with the sufferers. My Dear Son - could you see what I have seen, you would become a minister of the Everlasting Gospel & try to preach up peace & good will in place of talking secession & killing people to make them do as you want after it amounts to nothing more or less than to enrich the worn-out Soil of Old Virginia by blood & flesh.[30]

McFarland saw the local hospitals as a chance to spread both comfort and the word of God. During the war, he made several visits to area hospitals, including Sunday, November 24, 1861, when he "Preached at Variety Springs to the invalid convalescent soldiers. There are about 120 there." Collections were also taken at Bethel for the sick and wounded in the hospitals.[31]

There was one additional death, in 1863, that dramatically rocked the Valley community and, although he did not attend the funeral, hit McFarland particularly hard. May of 1863 marked the Battle of Chancellorsville, considered by many to be Confederate General Robert E. Lee's greatest victory. Outnumbered nearly two to one by Union General Joe Hooker's forces, Lee repeatedly divided his army and routed the Federals. The fighting in the tangled wilderness, however, was frightful with fiery underbrush cremating many of the wounded. The two armies together suffered 31,000

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[30]Margaret Cochran, to Howe Cochran, 27 July 1861, Folly Farm Papers, Alderman Library, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia.

[31]McFarland diaries, November 24, 1861 and July 27, 1862.

casualties, but perhaps the worst of all was the death of Stonewall Jackson, who had been wounded in the arm on May 2 and died on May 10 of pneumonia.

Both Robert and James were involved in the clash at Chancellorsville, but it was days before their family heard of their fate. The first news they received, on May 5, was simply of "a great Battle," that included "heavy loss on both sides." McFarland also heard that Jackson was severely wounded, General A.P. Hill Slightly so, and that the Southern forces took "10,000 prisoners & were in possession of the heights of Fredericksburg." The news of the battle made McFarland "very anxious about my Sons." The letter received from James on May 6 did little to relieve the family's suspense because it was written on April 30 on the battlefield "while a fierce cannonade was going on." The brief correspondence from his son "created intense feeling; but I trust God has spared my Sons in ansr. to our prayers & theirs." McFarland tried to ride into Staunton to see if he could learn more about the battle, but thunderstorms prevented him from doing so. He managed to travel into Staunton the next day, May 7, "but could get very little reliable news." What he heard was hardly encouraging: "I believe Roberts Brigade was not in Battle but held in reserve. I believe it is true that Gen. Jackson has had his left arm amputated & is wounded in the right hand. Alas. The Battle was most bloody." Finally, on May 9, the family heard "apparently from good authority" that James was safe. A letter the next day from James confirmed that fact and

described the battle as "the severest he has been in." A letter the same day from the wife of Colonel M. Harman confirmed that Robert was safe as well. Two days later, on May 13, McFarland sadly wrote in his diary of the loss of his friend in Christ, General Jackson:

> The Sad inteligence has reached me to day of the death of my valued noble friend, Lieut. Genl. Thomas J. Jackson. It has produced a feeling of Sadness & distress such as I have rarely experienced on the death of any one. It is a national Calamity of no ordinary weight. May God raise up another to fill his place, & may our hopes rest more on God & less on man.[32]

For the McFarland family, Jackson's death marked the biggest blow of the year, but the Staunton newspapers and the good reverend's diaries were filled with news from other monumental clashes during 1863. In early July, the question was raised in the community about the whereabouts of Lee's army. Only the newspapers smuggled in from the North revealed the answer-Lee was invading Pennsylvania. On July 7, the *Staunton Spectator* told of a "Terrible Battle in Pennsylvania," the day that McFarland recorded hearing of the battle. On July 9, the minister traveled to Staunton hoping to hear how his sons had fared in the battle but could learn little beyond the fact that the engagement was "Perhaps the bloodiest of the war." On July 11, McFarland met a man returning from the army, who reported that both Robert and

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[32]Ibid., May 13, 1863.

James were safe as of July 4th at noon. "Thanks be to God," recorded McFarland.[33]

As the war continued into its third year, the effects were felt on the home front across the nation in a number of ways. In the South, depreciated currency and shortages of living necessities due to the Federal blockade complicated the situation. In March of 1863, McFarland received a letter from his friend, William Baker, who complained of prices in Georgia and compared them unfavorably to those in Staunton and Richmond. His letter detailed the complicated and interrelated problem of rising prices, worthless money, and shortages of provisions. "Prices here are high and rising," Baker noted. "Yarn is retailing at $10....No one can get therefore a bunch of yarn at the store for money, except it be some poor soldiers family known to the storekeeper. This rule is necessary to provide themselves with goods. When they sell for provisions however, they fix their own price."[34] In the same month and year, McFarland penned a notation in his own diary about the rising prices: "Sold to James Hays 15 Bushels of corn at $3 per bushel & he paid me $45. This seems an enormous price, but I am told $4 is paid in Staunton & 4.50 has been offered. These prices undoubtedly arise from our depreciated currency." An October 1863 article in the *Staunton Spectator* lashed out at the rising prices, blaming

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[33]*Staunton Spectator*, July 7, 1863; and, McFarland diaries, July 9, July 11, 1863.

[34]William Baker, to Francis McFarland, 12 March 1863, Montreat.

them on poor government policy and speculation. "We were surprised to learn that flour had suddenly risen to $50 a barrel," the article noted. "There certainly can be no sufficient reason for this rapid increase."[35] Staunton's Waddell tracked the rise of prices throughout the war, using keeping track of salt, flour, sugar, and coffee prices. In August 1861, he noted that the price of salt rose to ten dollars a sack and coffee was forty cents a pound. In March 1862, sugar was just over thirty-three cents a pound, and salt could not be bought for any price. By March, 1863, flour was twenty-five dollars a barrel, coffee was $3.50 to four dollars, sugar was one dollar per pound, and butter was $1.75. He added, "The money value of a day's rations for one hundred soldiers, formerly about $9, is now at market prices more than $123." He also described substitutions, like "Confederate candles," made because of shortages. These candles were created by dipping candlewick in melted wax and resin, wrapping it around a stick, and drawing it through a wire loop fastened on the end of the stick. "The end of the wick burned freely when lighted, but the illumination was very feeble, and unless the candles were watched, and the wick drawn through the loop and trimmed every few minutes, the whole affair was soon aflame," he wrote.[36]

By late 1863, Waddell wrote that "money is plentiful, but alas! It cannot be used as food or clothing." By this

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[35]*Staunton Spectator*, October 27, 1863.

[36]Waddell, 461-479 passim.

time, material sold for ten to fifteen dollars per yard, flour was eighty dollars a barrel, and buttons were made from wood. By November 29, flour was $95 per barrel and Waddell wrote: "At this rate of depreciation we shall soon have no currency at all, as the money we have will buy nothing." In August 1864, Waddell described the difficult task of procuring a new suit of clothes:

> I am again engaged in the arduous labor of getting up a coat and vest. Five yards of coarse cloth, which I obtained by a trade, would have cost in our currency at least $200. Having procured the cloth, the difficulty now is about trimmings and making. Two yards of skirt lining will cost $30....Alas! Everything of that kind is now used up, so I must make the back of an old vest serve another "tour" to help out with the new one. The usual charge of a tailor for cutting out a coat and vest is $15, and a woman charges $33 for making. These prices are not considering what the currency is worth. For coat buttons I must rob an old garment.[37]

Just as the rest of the community suffered from shortages and inflation, so too did McFarland. In 1863, he complained about the poor quality of paper he was using and, in 1864, he paid a farm hand thirty dollars in the new issue for one day's work, something that would have been worth about a dollar before the war. In late 1864, he convinced the Bethel congregation to pay his wages in produce instead of currency. "Confederate Money having So depreciated, the Congn. agreed to pay in Produce at old prices," he wrote in his ledger book. His pay, until the end of the war, consisted

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[37]Waddell, 484-486, 496.

of beef, pork, "two old hams," a turkey, flax, flour, lard, corn, oats, apples, and cloth.[38]

Even as he had to contend with problems on the home front,the realities of war kept coming back to haunt McFarland and his family. Francis, the oldest son, had always been somewhat of a free spirit before the war, moving from one occupation to another. By 1863, he had already served as an orderly sergeant in the cavalry, a newspaper correspondent in Richmond, and had, in 1863, signed on as a privateer with Captain Beall. It was much to the family's dismay, in November of 1863, that they learned from reading Northern newspapers of the capture of Beall and his sixty men, including Francis. The rumors of the imprisonment were confirmed on December 11 when McFarland received a letter from William Brown relating that Francis was in irons at Fort McHenry in Maryland. "May God bless the awful providence of his soul," was the notation in the diary. The younger Francis was held in prison three months. Initially, the men were to be tried for piracy, but when it was proven they were commissioned as privateers, an exchange ensued. After eighteen months away from his family and three months at Fort McHenry, Francis returned home in March 1864. It was a bittersweet release for the young man. Although he returned to his reporting work in Richmond for the remainder of the war, his stay in prison had, apparently, so destroyed his health that he was an invalid for the rest of his life. He death in July 1866, at the age of thirty-two, was, according

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[38]McFarland, Montreat, ledger book.

to his tombstone, "in consequence of imprisonment at Fort McHenry."[39]

The year of 1864 was also bittersweet for the entire McFarland family. Although there was much rejoicing at Francis' release in March, dark clouds soon appeared. In April, McFarland traveled to Lexington to visit "the Grave of my lamented friend Genl. T.J. Jackson." The visit in itself was ironic. For two years, the Valley had been free of enemy incursion, mostly due to the brilliance of Jackson's Valley campaign. Now, in 1864, the times were different. Many of the South's irreplaceable soldiers were gone and the people left at home suffered from the effects of war as well. Within a few short weeks in May and June 1864, the McFarland family was turned upside down as the Yankees marched past their house, their son James was taken prisoner, and Robert died in battle. During the opening days of May, McFarland received letters from each of his sons. Robert reported that the Confederate forces had eighty miles of entrenchments from the Blue Ridge to twenty miles below Fredericksburg. That was the last communication from his sons for quite some time. For the next few weeks, rumors of fighting were all that reached the Valley. News of the Battle of the Wilderness, May 5-7, arrived in the area via a wounded man who arrived in Augusta County to recuperate. "It is rumored that a great battle has been fought in N.Va. & heavy loss on both sides," read McFarland's diary. A few days went by, during which no news arrived, and then news of the carnage at Spotsylvania Court

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[39]McFarland diaries; and, Bethel cemetery inscriptions.

House drifted home. The engagement at Spotsylvania, which occurred May 8-19, was bloody. Action in the first phase of the campaign reached a crescendo on May 12 when the Union troops launched a concentrated attack on the Confederate fortifications. The Yankees came hurling over the fortifications at 5:00 o'clock in the morning, capturing three thousand prisoners, including two generals. Fierce hand-to-hand fighting in the vicinity continued for twenty-two straight hours and became known as the Bloody Angle. Accounts of the bloodshed at the Bloody Angle arrived back in the Valley three days later. McFarland wrote in his diary: "The reports continue to arrive of a terrible Battle on Thursday - it is said that the 5th Regt. Va. Infantry went in with 400 men & came out with only 150, & that the 52 also suffered severely. Oh, my Sons, my Sons! But the Lord Reigns." On Monday, McFarland received a letter confirming his suspicions that his sons were in danger. "Our Son James, if alive is a prisoner, Alas. The enemy took a fortification in which he was." More than likely, James was one of the prisoners captured as the Yankees spilled over the Confederate earthworks at 5 a.m. Two more days passed before the McFarlands received a communication from James, but unfortunately, it did nothing to ease the tension, having been written in "an excellent Spirit" from the trenches, on May 9, three days before the Bloody Angle. Finally, on June 2, the family heard more concrete news about their son's capture. The relief was evident in McFarland's diary notation: "Thank God, a letter from James, dated Fortress

Monroe, May 15. He is in good spirits & well treated - destination - Fort Delaware."[40]

The fighting at Spotsylvania Court House decided almost nothing strategically for either side, and the Union forces, under General Ulysses Grant, continued to maneuver slowly southward toward Richmond. In late May and early June, battlelines were again drawn around Cold Harbor where clashes soon occurred. On Saturday, June 4, the McFarlands received two telegrams from their son Francis who was in Richmond. The first, dated June 2, simply said: "Robert in hands of Enemy - Reported Seriously wounded." The second, dated June 4, was worse: "Robt. was shot through the heart; never spoke." "Alas! Alas!" wrote the father in his diary. Because of uncertain communication, however, the family still held out hope that Robert lived. These hopes were buoyed on June 6, when a neighbor heard that Robert was not hurt, and again, on June 17, when another neighbor said he saw a member of Robert's company who said their son had been wounded, but not badly. "O! To be relieved from suspense," wrote the reverend. Finally, nineteen days after they had received the first telegram from Francis, four letters arrived, one from a man who saw Robert fall, another from a man who found his body, and two sympathy letters. The second letter, from Samuel Morrison, was hastily scrawled in pencil from near the Cold Harbor battlefield:

> I found the body of Lt. McFarland covered with earth - I suppose on the very spot he was killed. - also that of Capt. Dold from Tinkling Spring -

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[40]McFarland diaries, June 1864.

> Nearby was the body of Lt. Col. Watkins 52 Va Regt. Col Terrell 13th Va & a number of others whom I knew - I had not seen Robt. for two weeks - & would not have recognized the body myself - but there were present two members of his regt who knew him well - The buttens had all been cut from his coat - I send you a lock of his hair & two buttens - one from his vest another his shirt - I had his grave marked so that his body may be moved in future - His grave is about ten miles from Richmond on the left of the Mechanckville & Cold harbor road....I don't know whether Robt. was a professor of religion or not - He was regarded as a young officer of good promise by all who knew him.[41]

In a way, the sad letters brought relief. "We have been held long in suspense," wrote the grieving father. "Now the sad reality is known. Glory to God, we have satisfactory evidences of his Piety." Of the family, the news probably hit young Francis the hardest, for he had been very close to his twenty-six-year-old brother. On July 4, the younger Francis wrote to his sister of their brother's death:

> I rode out Friday to find poor Roberts grave. It is in a very quiet place, not on the battlefield, but at the foot of a walnut tree near the house of Mrs Starke. He is buried beside Col. Terrell...I have never experienced such a loss as <u>his</u> death: I could do nothing for several days. I loved him to the exclusion of nearly all else - and that he returned my devotion in full measure, I well know. He alone had my confidence and he alone never blamed me. I had feared his fall for I knew how brave he was and any one who has seen the rain of death missiles on a battlefield will wonder more that any escape than that any particular one was killed.[42]

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[41]Samuel Morrison, to Francis McFarland, 6 June 1864, Montreat.

[42]Francis W. McFarland, to Mary McFarland Lewis, 4 July 1864, Montreat.

young Francis also sent his parents letters describing Robert's last moments. Other sympathy letters also arrived at Rosemont. William White spoke of the family's comfort in knowing Robert "had connected himself with the church, and that he was a good soldier both of his country and the cross." Robert Dabney, Jackson's former chief of staff, wondered about the future of the South: "Sometimes I fear that so many of the bravest are falling, we shall be left at last a remnant of old men and heartless cowards - that the mettle and nobility of our race will be gone, and its quality fatally deteriorated."[43]

The emotions of the family at Rosemont must have ridden a roller coaster daily during the summer of 1864, just as did those of countless other residents. Even as the McFarlands wondered about the fate of Robert and James, the Yankees invaded the Upper Valley. In late May, General David Hunter took command of the Union forces and blazed up the Valley with a vengeance few could match.[44] After winning a lively battle at Piedmont, in Augusta County, on June 5, the path was opened for Hunter. During the next two days, the Yankees burned and looted their way through Staunton. By June 7, most of the Federals left, skirmishing and plundering their way

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[43]William White, to Francis McFarland, 27 July 1864; and, R.L. Dabney, to Francis McFarland, 5 June 1864, Montreat.

[44]James McPherson in his book *The Atlas of the Civil War* writes, "Hunter's despoliation of the valley's riches was ferocious, and the general tended to express pride in his achievements rather than regret them as military necessities."

toward Lexington. On June 11, Hunter and his men occupied Lexington and burned VMI.

These facts were reported in McFarland's diary as well, although tinged with the awful excitement induced by an enemy invasion. On June 6, he wrote: "Yankees are in Staunton. Our troops fought them yesterday but fell back to Waynesboro. Gen Hunter with 3 to 10,000 troops in Staunton." His entry the next day was a great deal more lively, especially considering Rosemont was *visited by Yankees*:

> This a day of great excitement but thanks to God, though quite unwell, I am pretty calm. There have been in all eleven Yankees here (Averills men) - They crossed at pond gap - took my horse Squire 14 yrs old a saddle & bridle & a few bushels of oats - they offered no violence & did not search the house. We gave them some breakfast. A Jos. Little, said to be chaplain who once taught music here, I understand charged them not to disturb us.

Although the McFarlands lost only a horse, some tack, and a few bushels of oats, others in the area were not so fortunate. On June 9, McFarland noted the "sad accounts of my neighbors losses, especially in horses." Bethel church suspended services for several Sundays that summer because, as McFarland explained, "few have horses to go." The excitement continued for another two weeks, until the Confederates took a strong stand at Lynchburg and forced the Union retreat. From Rosemont, the McFarlands saw and heard much of the action. On June 10 they heard sharp musketry fire for an hour at Arbor Hill just a few miles away. On June 13, they observed Southern General John Breckinridge pass by with 10,000 men and wondered about their route. On June 14, McFarland's son-in-law returned two horses to the farm and

the minister, thanking God, noted "No yankees this side of Lexington." On June 15 he recorded that there were reports of great damage in Lexington, but that the Yankees left with the Confederates in hot pursuit. Finally, on June 16, cannon was heard in the direction of Lynchburg. Despite the fact that the Union forces had left the area, rumors continued to fly. A report that the Yankees were in Middlebrook (just a few miles from Rosemont) on June 21, however, proved to be false. "I rejoice that the Yankees did you so little harm," wrote young Francis to his family.[45] For the time, the Yankee threat was squelched, but it would return again before the war was over.

Much of the family's efforts were now spent worrying about James and trying to communicate with him. In early July, the younger Francis tried to get communications through to his brother but failed. "I have done all in my power to get a letter to James, but it is impossible to do so. I will write to some friends North & tell them that he is in Ft. Deleware. I can send letters through to personal [?] North, but not to prisoners of War," he wrote to his sister on July 4th.[46] On July 27, the family finally received a letter from another man informing them that James was well. Encouraged by the news, McFarland penned a letter to his son. On July 27, the family received a letter from James telling of a glorious revival among the prisoners. McFarland rejoiced at his son's

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[45]Francis W. McFarland, to Francis McFarland, 4 July 1864, Montreat.

[46]Ibid.

conversion. In October, always ready to do his part for God and the cause, joined the "Confederate States Christian Association for Relief of Prisoners Fort Delaware Military Prison." For payment of two dollars, McFarland was made a "Life Member of this Society," and entitled to "all the privileges pertaining to Said Office."[47] Also in October, McFarland received a letter from Isaac Handy who had been a prisoner with James at Fort Delaware and whom James asked to contact the McFarland family when released. Handy reported that the young man was in "good health and spirits," detailed his many religious activities, and wrote "I have high regard for him as a worthy & most excellent young man."[48]

Two more letters from James arrived at Rosemont in January, and then, in March, 1865, came a jubilant diary entry from McFarland: "The joyful inteligence has just reached us that James, our Son, So long a prisoner, is now in Richmond. Glory to God." The next day, after ten months imprisonment, James returned to Rosemont. "Our beloved James reached home to our great Joy and in good health. Glory be to God who has heard and thus graciously answered our prayers." Much to the delight of his father, James continued his Christian ways at home, asking blessing at the table and conducting family worship. On May 16, about a month after the

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[47]Francis McFarland Collection, folder, Washington and Lee.

[48]Isaac Handy, to Francis McFarland, 26 October 1864, Montreat.

war was over, James went to Staunton and was paroled by a Union officer.[49]

Before the war ended, however, the Upper Valley suffered two more enemy incursions. In late September and early October, 1864, General Philip Sheridan led his Union troops up the Valley, ravaging the region that had been the breadbasket of the Confederacy. Mills and barns were burned so that, in Sheridan's words, "a crow would have to carry his own rations across the Valley." Sheridan's forces never advanced farther south than Staunton, but it was enough to send waves of panic through the community. On Sunday, September 25, Bethel canceled services when news was heard of the enemy being near Staunton. The next day bore rumors of a large cavalry force in Staunton. McFarland sent his horses off to a friend's house and "spent much time hiding property." For several more days, there were rumors of enemy movement around Staunton, but finally on September 30, McFarland had his horses brought home.[50] For his part in devastating the Shenandoah Valley, Sheridan received a personal note of thanks from President Lincoln.

The cry of alarm sounded again in March, 1865. "It is said the Yankees are coming up the Valley, 8000 men. I trust me & mine to the protection of my God," wrote McFarland on March 1. The next day, he was again "busy arranging," the family's belongings. McFarland's grandson, Frank, and a

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[49]McFarland diaries, May, 1865.

[50]Ibid., September, 1864.

rented slave, Jefferson, were sent away with the horses. On March 3, the family heard the cannons roar again, as Sheridan crushed the Southern forces at Waynesboro and the Valley was taken. The Yankees "are now from Fishersville to Rockfish Gap," he wrote on Saturday, March 4. The next day was Sunday, but there were no services at Bethel. "Another lonely Sab. - people scattered with their horses &c," he wrote.

For the Confederacy, the end was just a few weeks away but hope still flamed briefly. Although the congregation at Bethel was "sad and desponding," false rumors that Confederate General Joseph Johnston defeated Union General William Sherman in the Carolinas were reported on March 6 and again on March 27. Of course, there was no truth in the rumors and, in early April, the truth trickled into the Valley:

> April 5 - The sad inteligence has reached us that Richmond has been abandoned to the enemy! The communication was so obstructed that Gen. Lee's army could not get supplies. The last rumor is not reliable. Gen. A.P. Hill said to be killed.
>
> April 6 - Exciting rumors afloat that a Yankee force of 12,000 men are coming up the Valley & are within 50 miles of Staunton. James went to Staunton to get the news. Gen. Lomax's Division is said to be skirmishing with them & falling back. The news from Richmond is very sad - may God protect his people & my poor Son.
>
> April 7 - The Enemy down the Valley have fallen back to Cedar Creek. It Seems the fighting near Richmond had been very terrible & the loss tremendous.
>
> April 10 - Rumoured that Lynchburg has fallen.
>
> April 11 (Tuesday) - The Startling inteligence has reached us that Genl. R.E. Lee for want of amunition &c provisions had to surrender his whole army on last Sunday morning to Genl. Grant. This

will probably close the war.

April 12 - The news is that Gen. Jos. E. Johnston surrendered his army 2 days before Gen. Lee Surrendered. This makes it Still more certain that we are conquered.[51]

The war was indeed over. For Virginians, it ended on April 9, 1865 when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. McFarland and the people in the community around him lived a lifetime of sorrow in the four years since their world had turned upside down. The McFarland family was irreparably changed. One son was dead, killed at Cold Harbor at the age of twenty-six; another, his health damaged in a Yankee prison, died fourteen months later. The Valley was in ruins and the ranks of labor, needed to return farms to their former agriculture vigor, were severely depleted. On April 19, McFarland wrote in his diary of a rumor which had reached the area that President Lincoln and Secretary of State William Seward were assassinated. It must have been with the intimate knowledge of the past four years fresh in his memory that he penned: "They certainly deserved to die, but it is Sad that death came in that form, & that they Should be plunged into eternity with so much blood on their souls." The nation was, indeed, a sinful, bleeding country.[52]

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[51]Ibid., 1865.

[52]Ibid.

Chapter 3

"I FEEL MUCH INDEBTED TO THE OTHER SERVANTS" FRANCIS MCFARLAND AND THE BLACK COMMUNITY, 1860-1866

Although the Civil War had a profound effect on the lives of the Upper Shenandoah Valley's white community, perhaps what is often overlooked is the fact that the war probably had an equal, if not greater, impact on the region's African-American community. Afterall, the enslavement of these men, women and children, who represented one Augusta County resident in five, were, the reason for the conflict.[1] Evidence that residents in the Valley were not oblivious to the fact that slavery was a factor in the increasing sectional differences can be found in a letter sent to Francis McFarland from a fellow clergyman in February 1861. "Is this nation to be divided in our day - about the question where a few Negroes are to live? - & what better will Negroes be after we are divided?" wrote Henry Foote.[2]

Earlier historians theorized that the Upper Valley region on the eve of the Civil War had little to do with slavery and its associated evils. According to John W.

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[1]Although historians disagree on all of the causes of the American Civil War, without a doubt slavery was the one cause that factors into all of the other reasons. American historian James M. McPherson in the prologue of his book *The Atlas of the Civil War* puts it quite succinctly: "The poison was slavery."

[2]Henry Foote, to Francis McFarland, 16 February 1861, Francis McFarland Collection, Department of History (Montreat), Montreat, North Carolina.

Wayland, one of the Valley's first historians, the area's small farms and agricultural methods did not lend themselves to slave labor, and only the prosperous families owned a few slaves.[3] Joseph A. Waddell, an Augusta County historian, elaborated on this point:

> The institution of slavery never had a strong hold upon the people of Augusta. The Scotch-Irish race had no love for it, and the German people were generally averse to it. Most farmers cultivated their own lands with the assistance of their sons....The institution, as it existed in the county, was as mild and beneficent as possible. The slaves seemed contented and happy. Many privaleges were granted to them here which were denied to those of the same class elsewhere. Every farmer who owned slaves had a headman, who was next to his master in authority on the plantation. He wagoned the produce to market, sold it, and received the money, acting generally as confidential agent.[4]

When the facts are examined, it can be seen that Waddell and Wayland were not completely accurate in their assessment of slavery in the Upper Shenandoah Valley. Although a large plantation system revolving around a cash crop, like tobacco, never developed in the Valley like it did in the Tidewater and even the Piedmont, there was, nonetheless, a slave-based agricultural system west of the Blue Ridge. The cash crop was grain, primarily wheat, but also corn and rye. Although not as labor-intensive as tobacco, the production of wheat did demand large amounts of labor at particular times of the year, especially during harvest in late June and early July,

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[3]Howard McKnight Wilson, *The Lexington Presbytery Heritage* (Verona, Va.: McClure Press, 1971), 106.

[4]Joseph A. Waddell, *Annals of Augusta County, Virginia, from 1726-1871* (Harrisonburg, Va.: C.J. Carrier Co., 1972), 414-415.

and during threshing which usually occurred in the winter, often in January. By the middle of the nineteenth century, the Valley developed into one of the nation's leading breadbaskets with its wheat and flour funneled directly to Richmond and Baltimore where it was then processed and shipped throughout the country and around the world. As this agriculturally-rich area developed prior to the widespread use of mechanized equipment, the demand for slaves rose alongside of it.

A look at the census data makes the picture even clearer. Much of Tidewater Virginia had concentrations of slaves, which reached fifty percent of the population, and plantations there housed large numbers of slaves. The Shenandoah Valley, however, was not as far removed from these figures as Progressive era historians would have us believe. With 1860 population figures indicating that from twenty to twenty-five percent of the population within the Upper Valley counties was of African-American descent, the region appears to have made a firm commitment to slavery. In 1860 Augusta County's total population was 27,765, of which 21,625 were white, 5,553 were slaves, and 587 were free blacks.[5] Thus, on the eve of the Civil War, twenty percent of Augusta County's population was held in bondage.

As a community leader and farmer, McFarland occupied an important place within his community, and, as indicated previously, it was a society that had made a commitment to

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[5]U.S. Bureau of the Census, Eighth Census: 1860, Population schedule.

slavery. In 1850, Francis McFarland was a slaveowner; in 1860 as the nation moved toward civil war he was not. Despite the fact that he divested himself of slaves for unknown reasons, the Presbyterian minister was still intimately involved in the slave system through religion[6] and through hiring practices. Not only was McFarland a minister, but he was also a farmer. Together with his three sons and hired hands from the area, both black and white, he managed Rosemont, the family farm, and generated a great deal of his family's income through products grown there. By 1860, approximately one hundred acres of Rosemont were under cultivation producing wheat, corn, oats, Irish potatoes, and hay. The family also had three horses, four milk cows, from which butter and cheese were produced and sold, and sixteen pigs.[7] According to Presbyterian historian Howard McKnight Wilson, Valley ministers from the 1830s to the 1860s were "so poorly paid that many had to depend upon financial help from their families or income from slave labor or teaching to eke out a living."[8] For the McFarland family, making a go of the farm

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[6]McFarland's religion was intertwined with slavery on two distinct levels. Doctrinally, the Presbyterian church in the South supported slavery but pushed for a humanitarian system and urged church members, for instance, to consider slave marriages as sacred. On a local level, McFarland was involved in the spiritual well-being of the slaves he knew. He counseled them, ministered them when they were sick, and spoke at their funerals. He also preached to separate services held specifically for local African-Americans and he allowed slaves to be members of Bethel Church.

[7]U.S. Bureau of the Census, Eighth Census: 1860, agricultural schedule.

[8]Wilson, 109.

meant hiring or contracting for slave labor. The need to have additional help, most often slave labor, on the farm was so fundamental that McFarland felt it necessary to begin his 1859 diary with the following entry: "Robert & James [McFarland's sons] are at home & have undertaken to carry on the farm without my hiring a man by the year." The experiment apparently failed, and it is worth noting that in late December, McFarland set off in search of a slave for the next year. From 1852 until 1866, the year 1859 stands out as the only year that the family attempted to run the farm without the help of black men hired on a yearly basis.[9]

Hiring hands in this manner was done on a long term basis with arrangements usually worked out between slave owners and employers, like McFarland, in late December or early January. The particulars of many such agreements between McFarland and various members of the community were recorded in the parson's diary. He first negotiated with a particular slave's owner for a year's worth of work. When the specifics of the agreement were ironed out, he traveled to the owner's house and signed a bond describing the terms of the contract, which usually required payment of property taxes on the slave as well as a commitment to pay to the owner a particular amount of money at the end of the year. In addition, the employer was often responsible for the slave's clothing, food, bedding, and medical care during the leasing period. A year later when the lease expired, McFarland was required to travel to the owner's house again, pay for the

[9]McFarland diaries.

past year's work, less any amount deducted for sick time lost by the slave. If the terms were agreeable to both men, the contract might be renewed for another year.

The arrangements McFarland made to hire the slave, Jefferson, provide a clear example of the specifics of the protocol for hiring slaves as practiced in Augusta county. Jefferson was the property of Joseph Smith, a wealthy member of the community who operated nearby Folly Farm and was a neighbor of the McFarlands. Smith owned more than the average number of slaves, and he apparently hired out more than half of them to generate income. In 1854, Smith's personal "Negro List" indicated that there were nineteen slaves at Folly Farm, and twenty-four more who were hired out at the total rate of $967.50 per year. Jefferson first appears on Smith's list in 1853 when he was hired out to S.F. Taylor for forty dollars. Surviving papers record Jefferson's leasing arrangement for every year through 1857, at which time he was worth to Smith an annual rental revenue of $110. Although the 1858 and 1859 lists are missing, the 1860 list of "Negros to Hire" shows Jefferson being hired to "Mr. McFarlane." McFarland's diary entries serve as verification for this transaction. The December 26, 1859 entry read: "I agreed to hire a Boy named Jefferson from Joseph Smith for the next year at $110." His entry five days later relates the continuation of the business arrangement: "Sent Robert with my Bond for $110 for the hire of Jefferson." The deal between Smith and McFarland continued through the end of the Civil

War, at which point the agreement was continued until 1871 as a contract between McFarland and the freedman Jefferson.[10]

Probably, the most common form of slave rental was through the yearly contract system, but slaves were also hired to McFarland for shorter periods of time in order to help with specific chores during times when intense labor was needed or for periods when the regular servants were ill. These slaves were rented by the McFarland family for a day, a week, or a few months at a time. Daily and weekly wages were set by the owner and employer but the contracts for these shorter intervals appear not to have been as rigid.

Not only did McFarland have an economic stake in the existence of slavery, but he had a moral and theological stake as well. McFarland clearly abided by and believed in the mainline views of the Presbyterian Church of the United States. Throughout the nineteenth century, the church struggled to maintain a national, unified front on matters of theological concern, and, on the eve of the Civil War, had rather successfully fought off sectional divisions. Northern and Southern Presbyterians were linked in a number of ways, including a common General Assembly and the fact that the theological seminary at the College of New Jersey in Princeton was still the primary theological training ground for Presbyterian ministers. By the middle of the century, however, slavery, more than anything else, strained the seams

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[10]Folly Farm Papers, 1791-1883, Business papers of Joseph Smith, 1851-1862, slave lists, Special Collections, Alderman Library, University of Virginia, Charlottesville; and McFarland diaries.

of Presbyterian unity. The controversy over slavery was felt within congregations as well as at the presbytery (or regional) level and at the synod (or state) level. Debates over the subject also raged in the national General Assembly. The sides of the slavery issue were not clearly delineated, and white and theologians with leanings in both directions struggled with a problem that was, according to one church historian, "destined to overshadow every other issue until the Civil War."[11] Although the slavery issue did not create a complete split along regional lines, Southern Presbyterians, for the most part, supported slavery to one degree or another, while those in the North opposed it. There were radicals on both sides, but apparently McFarland followed the Southern Presbyterian's main line. This theological thought evolved into a defense of the paternalistic system of holding African-Americans in bondage. The Southern defense of slavery in the Presbyterian church as well as in other denominations, had many facets encompassing social, political, economic, and religious concerns, but the basic defense rested on Biblical interpretation pulled directly from the Old Testament and indirectly from the New Testament. "Since slavery was directly sanctioned in the Old Testament, and was not condemned by Christ or the Apostles in the New Testament, then it could not be sinful for Christians in any era," read

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[11]Wilson, 90.

that defense.[12] The theological argument was clarified, however, to incorporate into the system certain responsibilities of slave owners. Presbyterian defenders of slavery noted that while slavery granted certain rights to the slaveholders, it also put paternalistic responsibilities on their shoulders, and created a society "where benevolent masters functioned as kindly fathers toward childlike and obedient Africans."[13] In the 1850s, as Southern Presbyterians felt the increasing rebuke of abolitionists, there was also a tendency to modify their defense of the slave system. Where justifications were once couched in terms of financial gains for the masters, the system was now described in terms of the guardianship it provided for the Africans.[14]

As the country spiraled toward Civil War in 1860 and 1861 and the national issue of slavery continually re-surfaced, McFarland's diary revealed the minister was not inflexible in his views, as he reflected on the various arguments formulated for and against the South's "peculiar institution." "Read Rev. Dr. N.L. Rice's Lectures on Slavery. They are able & opportune although I do not agree to every position," wrote McFarland in January, 1861. Rice, a Chicagoan, was a well-known moderate defender of slavery whose views were closely examined in the national limelight.

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[12]Andrew E. Murray, *Presbyterians and the Negro: A History* (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Historical Society, 1966), 69.

[13]Ibid., 74.

[14]Ibid.

An Old School Presbyterian (the same as McFarland), Rice was brought to Chicago by Cyrus McCormick in order to serve as pastor of the church there as well as to edit the *Presbyterian Expositor*, a conservative Old School periodical subsidized by McCormick.[15] By 1860, Rice's theories evolved into a moderate defense of slavery. He denied being an actual defender of slavery, but refuted abolitionist claims that the ownership of humans was a sin in and of itself. Freeing slaves through emancipation was not the answer, he contended, because the freedmen could not care for themselves.[16]

When the news of secession spread through the nation in 1861, neither the Shenandoah Valley nor Virginia immediately jumped onto the side of the Confederacy. The Valley, in particular, was a pro-Union pocket of support, and the thought of being ripped from the Mother Country left many western Virginians in fear. By an overwhelming margin of 88-45, the Virginia Convention actually voted against secession in early April 1861, but later that same month the tide turned. Just forty-eight hours after President Abraham Lincoln issued his Proclamation of Insurrection and called for 75,000 troops to quell the invasion, the vote shifted in

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[15]Cyrus McCormick, the inventor of the reaper, was born and raised in the Shenandoah Valley just a few miles from Bethel church. After his invention of the reaper in the 1830s, McCormick migrated to Illinois where he could better market his product. As the hand-picked spiritual leader in McCormick's church, Rice became known throughout the national Presbyterian Church for his views on slavery, and he participated in the General Assembly debates on the subject. Murray, 110.

[16]Ibid., 110.

favor of joining the Confederacy. In May 1861, the National Presbyterian General Assembly met in Philadelphia, and voted to uphold the United States Constitution, forcing the Southern members of the Presbyterian church to withdraw from that assemblage as well. "I feel intense anxiety & distress at the state of our public affairs," wrote McFarland in his April 18, 1861 diary entry. Although the Union had not yet cast its lot with abolition, the fate of Virginia and the Shenandoah Valley was now sealed irrevocably with a nation that saw slavery as a cornerstone of its new government.

McFarland's diary in the early years of the war mentioned servants only in the normal sense of what work was being done or who was being hired. However, the local newspapers, of which he was an avid reader, began to reflect the changing attitudes toward the Southern black population. In 1861 at least two stories of "Negro loyalty" in the face of Yankee incursions appear in the Staunton paper. One article told of two Bath County slaves who were in western Virginia at the time of a Northern invasion. "When the Yankees came, the two slaves made a beeline for their home in Bath County," noted the article.[17] As the war progressed, the stories shifted in tone and told of the horrible things that happened to "our negro servants" who were captured by the Yankees. The Southern newspapers and accounts played up the Yankee menace, in some cases to scare the servants, but in other instances because the Southerners genuinely believed that slavery was a paternalistic system which ultimately

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[17]*Staunton Spectator*, 1861.

considered the welfare for their servants. An October 1861 letter among the Folly Farm papers gives an example of this. The writer described how a family member, forced to suddenly take a train trip to Richmond, told the family servant to pack her bags and be ready to leave immediately in order to accompany her. Apparently the servant, Bella, was so distraught about going that she was not forced to accompany her mistress on the trip. The letterwriter spent a great deal of space theorizing on the reasons for Bella's fears, finally concluding: "I now believe, as she has so often been deceived in being taken away to be sold, she thought we had some evil design of that kind & intended to Sell her or worse still she was going where she heard the Yankees were ready to fight & if successful the Negroes would be stolen from us & she one of the number."[18]

The picture of "the evil Yankees" was also played to the hilt in the local papers, especially where blacks were concerned. Although very few slaves would have been able to read the paper, it is probable that the stories were passed on to the servants by their masters. A November 1862 article reflected the journalistic tone: "The Yankees propose to put the captured or stolen negroes of the Confederacy to work in the coal mines, as labor is scarce. The poor negroes who fall into the hands of the Yankees will be certain to see hard times." In December of the same year, the headlines told of "Yankee Depredations in Highland," and went on to describe

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[18]Mrs. Peyton, to Howe Peyton, October 1861, Folly Farm Papers.

how the Northern troops took a number of blankets, butter, honey, other small articles as well as $2,000-$3,000, a gold watch, one hundred horses and twenty Negroes.[19]

The focus of the reporting shifted subtly again, this time in the fall of 1862 when Lincoln issued his preliminary Emancipation Proclamation, a decree he officially enacted on January 1, 1863. Although McFarland's diaries never mentioned the proclamation, the local papers treated it with derision. The propaganda campaign designed to instill a fear of Yankees within the slave population continued unabated, and Lincoln and "his abolitionist friends up north" were added to the list of things to ridicule. Two articles appearing in the Staunton paper on the same day, February 17, 1863, are very telling in this regard. The first carried a headline "Lincoln's 150,000 Negro Soldiers." The article underneath read: "Slavery being the proper condition of the African race, it may be that Providence is now using the madness of the abolitionists to return to slavery the 'American citizens of African descent.'...as soon as they come within reach of the Southern army they will be captured, and be restored to the condition for which Providence designed them." The second article described refugee Negroes in the city of Baltimore who were "dying at the rate of twenty or thirty per day," because citizens of the area refused to take care of them. The numbers of runaway slave advertisements also appeared to increase slightly as the war headed into another year. In December 1862, William Tate of Staunton advertised for the

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[19]*Staunton Spectator*, November 18, and December 16, 1862.

return of "my boy ABNEY," who was about forty years of age, and William Hopkins offered a reward for the return of "my girl Salley," who was "a mulatto, of about twenty-three years, above the medium size, and inclined to corpulency...."[20]

The first indication in McFarland's diary that the labor situation in the South was not operating in a business-as-usual mode came in December 1863. On Christmas Day, he wrote "Servants all absent," while the next day's entry contained the notation: "James out about Servants." Again, on December 28, he wrote: "James went to Staunton to see about a man servant. The prospect is bad from the scarcity & enormous prices asked." The next day was more of the same: "Went to see Dr. Hammond about a servant: was unsuccessful. I feel much discouraged but trust God will provide."[21] McFarland did not elaborate on the labor situation or explain why it was so hard to find servants, but further investigation exposed the problem. Some slaves had, of course, run off since hearing the word about freedom, but most were actually away from the Valley serving the Confederate Army. As early as 1861, the Confederacy drafted male slaves between the ages of eighteen and forty-five into service. Some slaves and freedmen were also sent to mines in Bath, Highland, and Pendelton counties to help dig nitre for gunpowder so that a larger percentage of the white male population could fight. According to

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[20]*Staunton Spectator*, February 13, 1863 and December 9, 1862.

[21]McFarland diaries, December 25, 28, 29, 1863.

Captain James F. Jones of the Nitre and Mining Bureau in Staunton, the blacks at the mines were "well fed, kindly treated, and paid sixty cents per day."[22] Many other slaves were taken to Richmond where they helped build fortifications around the city. The *Staunton Spectator* ran the following article in December 1861:

> To Slave Owners
> We have been requested to state that the Committee, appointed by the Court to appraise the drafted slaves, desire the owners to have their slaves here on the first day of January that they may be enabled to get through with the appraisement in time to send them off the next day.[23]

Rockbridge County was under the same draft system as Augusta and, during the course of the war, 608 slaves were sent from there to work in Richmond. Owners who wished to have their slaves excused from service because of disability were required to take an oath verifying their statement.[24] Although the slaves were not armed and did not fight, there was still an element of danger involved in their work away from the Valley. They could come under attack by Union troops, be injured in the heavy construction work, receive poor treatment with short rations, and get little medical attention. Apparently rumors filtering back to the Valley of area slaves suffering in Richmond prompted the following "telegraph" article to the editor of the Staunton newspaper:

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[22]Robert J. Driver, Jr., *Lexington and Rockbridge County in the Civil War* (Lynchburg, Va.: H.E. Howard, Inc., 1989), 49.

[23]*Staunton Spectator*, December 31, 1861.

[24]Driver, 40.

Augusta Slaves on Fortifications
Richmond Va., Jan 12th 1863
Mr. Mauzy: Let the owners of slaves know that they are all well, near Drewry's Bluff. In fine Spirits and cheering for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy. Their rations are short - new corn meal sifted and bacon. Owners should join and send enough for one ration a day to the respected overseers, to the care of Jno. Taylor & Son, Richmond.[25]

The drafted slaves were rotated in and out of service at Richmond as is apparent from two entries in McFarland's diary where he negotiated for the hire of Moses for the entire year of 1863. On December 30, 1862, McFarland wrote: "agree to hire Mose at the rate of $100. for the whole year & take him after he returns form Richmond provided he goes." On January 2, 1863, he added: "Gave my note for Moses' hire ($100.) with The reserve that if he goes to work for the Govt. a reduction must be made, or if he returns unfit for service."[26] Some slaves never made it back from their forced service with the government as is evidenced by the April 1863 notice in the *Staunton Spectator*:

TO OWNERS OF SLAVES
We are requested to state for the information of those whose slaves died while in the service of the Confederate States at labor on the fortifications that no payment can be made for said slaves under existing laws. The owners of these slaves, therefore, will have to await further legislation, of which, we are sorry to say, there is no prospect at the present session of Congress.[27]

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[25]*Staunton Spectator*, January 20, 1863.

[26]McFarland diaries, December 30, 1862 and January 2, 1863.

[27]*Staunton Spectator*, April 31, 1863.

The labor shortage, especially in regard to male slaves, was desperate through 1863 as is evidenced by McFarland's search for a servant that year. The shortage was felt throughout the Upper Valley, and the *Lexington Gazette* suggested that the slaves of white war refugees in the Valley be used locally to help repair the streets and roads which had fallen into deplorable shape since the war's onset.[28] The Staunton paper was also full of notices pleading for able-bodied hands even as prices skyrocketed because of the labor shortage and the inflated Confederate currency. One *Spectator* advertisement asked for "FIFTY YOUNG NEGROES of both sexes for which he will pay the highest cash price," while another needed "25 able bodied negro men, to be employed in chopping wood. A liberal price will be paid." The subscriber added that "Refugees and others having negroes to hire, can address by letter."[29]

Despite the fact that there were no enemy incursions in the Upper Valley in 1863, the year marked a time of trouble and unrest on the home front. On several occasions the home guard was called out, presumably to patrol for unauthorized movements of blacks and strangers in the area. "Preached at Bethel to a rather thin Congn. The Home guard being out," wrote McFarland in his diary on December 13, 1863.[30] Much of the trouble was, either accurately or not, blamed on the

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[28]Driver, 40.

[29]*Staunton Spectator*, April 21, 1863.

[30]McFarland diaries, December 13, 1863.

black population as is seen by a short note from the Staunton Mayor delivered to McFarland by a Staunton police officer:

> We have much stealing of bacon &c. In town - this morning a negro woman has been arrested with a piece of bacon in her possession which appears to have been in oats - which she says she got from your negro woman Roby through the hands of another slave. The woman is in possession of the military in the guard house - and I address you this note as your woman is implicated that you may investigate the matter - and if she is guilty that she may be properly punished - Robberies of meathouses occur here nearly every night & we must do something to arrest the perpetrators - If your woman is innocent we must have her as a witness.[31]

McFarland's answer to the mayor was to write him a note "giving Rhoda a good character of honesty." Rhoda had been hired by the McFarland's since 1860 and was a trusted member of the household. The family's trust paid off in full measure in late 1864 when unrest among slaves of the area must have reached full swing. The particular incident which involved the fidelity of Rhoda and another rented slave, Liz, was apparently sparked on December 20, 1864 when McFarland's daughter, Mary Lewis, sold her slave, Julia, to Captain Roberts. Julia must have been informed of the sale and, not happy with the arrangement, decided to seek revenge the next day:

> This morning when I was dressing, Mrs. McFarland & Mary Lou rushed into my room & Julia following them in an insane rage with an axe. I seized the poker & ran out & Rhoda & Liz were holding Julia & trying to get the axe from her which she was holding above her head & trying to get at us. Rhoda cried to me to get out of the way, which I did & locked the door - believing I could not contend with her & the axe. They got the axe

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[31]N.K. Trout, to Francis McFarland, 5 October 1863, Montreat.

> from her & took her to the kitchen I sent for Mr McPheeters & he & Capt. Roberts came & tied her & I sent her in the Waggon to Staunton and Mr McPheeters had her put in Jail. This has been a distressing day to us all, but Blessed be God preserved all our lives. And I feel much indebted to the other servants whose fidelity has been instrumental in saving our lives.[32]

The labor shortage of 1863 was created, for the most part, by Confederate governmental policy rather than emancipation, but the picture changed in late 1864 and 1865. By this time, the Confederacy was in rapid decline and, for the first time in the war, the Yankees had a successful military surge southward through the Valley. From June 1864 until the middle of 1865, chaos was the norm for much of the time in most of the region. As previously described, General David Hunter successfully led his Union troops through the Upper Valley in June, 1864, plundering Staunton and then marching southward through Augusta County and Rockbridge, burning mills and barns and generally wreaking havoc along the way. When Hunter reached Lexington, he issued orders for much of the city to be burned and looted with particular vengeance to be wreaked on the buildings at the Virginia Military Institute. Hunter's forces were pushed from the Valley a few weeks later, but another wave of Yankees moved in from the north in February, March and April 1865, again devastating the area around Staunton and Waynesboro and supporting the troops by pillaging the Valley's belongings. The effect on the countryside was devastating. A Confederate sergeant summed up the destruction in February 1865 with this

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[32]McFarland diaries, December 21, 1864.

paragraph: "The citizens in the Valley are very destitute, and depend principally on their friends south of Staunton. No large force of cavalry can subsist in the Valley below Mount Jackson twenty-four hours."[33] Northern journalists who flocked to the area at war's end described the former breadbasket as "almost a desert," with its barns and dwellings burned, bridges demolished, fences, tools, and livestock destroyed."[34]

As each wave of Union activity passed through the area, slaves flocked to the Yankees offering their services in exchange for protection or generally joining in the looting of property. A Yankee officer from Virginia described the scene in the Staunton streets as "a mixed mob of Federal soldiers, Negroes, Secessionists, Mulatto women, children, Jews, and camp followers and the riff raff of town [who] were engaged in plundering the stores and depots. Even after the Yankees left Staunton, the local home guard had to be recalled to the city to restore order among the slaves who, according to reports, "have been greatly demoralized and are acting quite as badly as the enemy did while occupying the place."[35] The looting in Lexington duplicated the Staunton melee, although "All the regular negro servants of the

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[33]*The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1894), 46:386.

[34]Eric Foner, *Reconstruction: America's Unfinished Revolution, 1863-1877* (New York: Harper & Row, 1988), 124.

[35]Gary C. Walker, *Yankee Soldiers in Virginia Valleys: Hunters Raid* (Roanoke, Va.: A&W Enterprise, 1989), 141, 192.

Institute [VMI] showed a marked fidelity."[36] Elsewhere, the former slaves actively participated in the dismantling of the city. A refugee who spent most of her war years in Lexington, reported on the activities and noted that even her own slaves were involved in the destruction apparently without consequence from her. In her memoirs after the war, she described her impression from those days of Yankee invasion in Lexington:

> Yankees and exultant negroes had their full satisfaction. Negroes were seen scuddling away in all directions bearing away the spoils of the burning barracks - books, furniture, trunks full of clothes of the absent cadets were among the spoils. The new and beautiful carpets and curtains of the Society Hall were appropriated by the thieves. My cook brought home a beautiful brocade curtain among her spoils, which she used as a counterpane and which she was glad enough to hide a few weeks after that when the legitimate reign was restored...They all held high carnival. Gen. Crook [Union] had his headquarters on a hill near me, in a large handsome house belonging to Mr. Fuller and as it was brilliantly lighted at night and the band playing it was quite a place of resort for the coloured population.[37]

As the Yankees marched through the countryside, McFarland and his family scrambled to prepare for the worst. On March 1, 1865, he wrote: "It is said the Yankees are Coming up the Valley, 8000 men. I trust me & mine to the protection of my God." During this period of uncertainty, the horses were taken into the woods and hidden from Yankee view,

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[36]Ibid., 212.

[37]Cornelia McDonald, *A Diary with Reminiscences of the War and Refugee Life in the Shenandoah Valley, 1860-1865* (Louisville, 1875; Annotated and supplemented by Hunter McDonald, Nashville: Cullom & Ghertner, Co., 1934), 207.

a trust given to the hired slave, Jefferson. There seemed to have been no doubt of Jefferson's loyalty to the family, for McFarland also sent him to town to get news from the nearby battle in Waynesboro and Fishersville. Other slaves in the area, though, appeared to have taken the opportunity to run. An entry on March 6, 1865 told of the home guards going out. "Dr. Humphreys, James Gilkeson & John Witherow dined here on their way in search of Negros and stolen horses."[38] In nearby Rockbridge, patrols were set up in the city and countryside to maintain law and order and prevent the night-time movements of slaves.[39]

When the Yankees moved through the area, the ranks of the slaves accompanying them swelled. The Valley residents claimed that the Yankees impressed their servants for labor, while the Union claimed that many slaves appeared with a bundle of belongings and volunteered to work. Typical of the Southern view that the Yankees "stole" the slaves, rather than believing that the blacks in the community would actually want to leave, was a letter sent to McFarland by his son, Francis, in July 1864. "I suppose Zeke was not taken off by the Yankees in their late visit as nothing has been said about it in the letters from home."[40] An eyewitness to Union troop movements in Fishersville later passed his

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[38]McFarland diaries, March 6, 1865.

[39]Driver, 51.

[40]Francis W. McFarland to Francis McFarland, July 1864, Montreat.

recollections of the events down to his grandson: "They impressed all negro men into their service and took them down the railroad to destroy the track and bridges. The colored people were indignant, and did much less damage to the railroad than they could have done."[41] The *Lexington Gazette* reported that "A considerable number of slaves, variously estimated at from three to five hundred, were carried off from Rockbridge."[42] Eyewitness accounts from Union troops clearly created a different view. General Sheridan sent between two and three thousand Negroes to Fort Monroe in March of 1865, many of them probably from the Valley.[43] One Massachusetts man described the scene in the Valley: "The Negroes...are wild with joy, and throng our camps, giving information...Many of them have engaged as officers servants," while an Ohio man wrote of "The ever faithful colored people...flocking to our army by the hundreds. Many of them carried heavy loads of provisions, which they gladly divided with the soldiers, and told us where flour, meal, bacon, hogs, and other eatables were concealed."[44] The Virginia Yankee recording his army's march through the Valley, wondered at the strangeness of the local people who continued to put their trust in their servants. "The

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[41]Howard McKnight Wilson, *Tinkling Spring: Headwater of Freedom* (Verona, Va.: McClure Press, 1954), 319.

[42]Driver, 76-77.

[43]*The War of the Rebellion*, 46:41.

[44]Walker, 212, 352.

satisfaction of these people in regard to the Negroes is surprising," he wrote. "They seem to believe firmly that their Negroes will not leave them on any terms. Thus when running off their cattle, horses, and the goods into the mountains, they take their Negroes with them. The Negroes take the first opportunity they find to run into our lines giving information as to where their masters are hidden and conduct our foragers to their retreats. In this way our supply of cattle had been kept up."[45]

The Civil War finally drew to a close in April, 1865 and the end of Confederate hopes was recorded in McFarland's diary. On April 11, 1865, he wrote in his diary of the surrender at Appomattox. For McFarland and the rest of the residents of the Upper Valley, the conclusion of the war meant that great changes were in store. The slave system, once firmly embedded in the agriculture of the Valley, had breathed its last and residents, both black and white, were faced with having to work through a new labor system from scratch. In addition, the first few months of peace were as chaotic as the war had been for the Valley communities. Augusta County historian Joseph Waddell, who kept a diary during and just after the war, wrote that conditions immediately after the surrender were exacerbated by Negroes asserting their freedom by leaving the farms and flocking to Staunton where the Yankee troops were stationed. "The negroes can't realize that freedom is possible in their old homes. One old man started, but soon returned, saying it was too

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[45]Driver, 89.

far," he wrote. He added that shantytowns were set up in Staunton "as if they could not be free in the country." His diary entry from May 1, 1865 describes the situation in detail:

> Negroes flocking to Yankee camp, some of them having come from home on horseback. The Yankees gave up stolen horses to their owners when called for. The officers have told everybody that they did not wish the negroes to go off with them, and would furnish them neither transportation or rations, but they were not at liberty to send them home.[46]

Many slaves simply disappeared from the homes of their former owners during this time. The Reverend James Morrison, a close friend of McFarland who lived in Rockbridge County, wrote to his daughter in May describing the "sad condition of our country":

> The Yankees are now in Staunton & passed through Brownsburg to Lexington a few days since then have since returned through Fairfield to Staunton. Many of the negroes have gone and more are dayly going. Three of your [illegible] & cousin Adam Browns have gone. As yet all ours have remained. ...We are constantly fearing incursion and interruption from the Yankees.[47]

The McFarlands were not immune to this massive movement of the Valley's African-American population following the war's end. On June 27, 1865, he wrote of one servant leaving the farm: "Liz, being now free, left us without making it

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[46]Waddell, 509.

[47]James Morrison, to Emily Bondurant, 23 May 1865, Bondurant and Morrison Family Papers, Special Collections, Alderman Library, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

known to any of the white family. A foolish negro."[48] What he meant by the second sentence is uncertain, but it may have been a simple concern for her welfare. Tales of mistreatment toward the freed slaves were rampant across the country and the feelings of both Northern and Southern whites toward the four million newly freed slaves were not always benevolent. Even the Yankee soldiers did not always meet the ex-slaves with open arms. Waddell's diary reports instances of illiterate blacks being cheated in the Staunton camp, tricked into thinking they were receiving money for baked goods they were selling when in reality they were being given worthless scraps of paper. Even worse was an incident that was to reoccur on several occasions in Staunton. It seems that for amusement the Yankee soldiers used tents to toss black individuals up in the air. Waddell wrote:

> A number of tents had been taken from the military hospital to the Yankee camp, and some of them were spread upon the ground and used as blankets for tossing up the colored friends. Men, women and children were thrown up at the risk of cracking skulls or breaking necks. One woman having been tossed up several times fell on her head, and at last accounts was lying insensible.[49]

In order to restore order, a new labor system had to be created in the Valley. An October 1865 editorial in the Staunton newspaper addressed the problem created by emancipation. "There is no problem more difficult of

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[48]McFarland diaries, June 27, 1865.

[49]Waddell, 509.

solution, than the future of the 'freedmen.' Half a million ignorant and helpless people, have been turned loose in Virginia, with no capital to begin business, no skill in mechanic arts, and no means of providing for themselves and families," began the article. Further on the editorial proclaimed: "The fate of the poor Negro is a hard one. Their professed friends in the North have cut loose the ties which bound them to their masters and secured for them comfortable homes and ample provision for all their wants in sickness and in health, and having set them, as it were, adrift, they leave them to float on to destruction." The writer proposed that landowners create a system of "black tenantry," by leasing parcels of farmland for the freed slaves to work. "When the intoxication of freedom passes, and the pressure of want comes, they can be made to work," the writer added. He asserted that black tenants would not have the desire to move West like white tenants and besides "they delight in corn bread and bacon, the peculiar diet of Virginia."[50]

By the time the above article was published in the local paper, McFarland had already worked through his labor problems. He had reacted fairly quickly by simply making a few minor adjustments in the hiring system that he had always lived with. The only difference in the new system was that, instead of negotiating with a slave's master, he bargained directly with the individual freed person. Labor was still hired either for a year or for a shorter length of time at a weekly or monthly wage. Settling up and renegotiating

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[50]*Staunton Spectator*, October 31, 1865.

continued to be done in December and January. The war ended in April, however, and it was necessary for McFarland to make some negotiations in the middle of the year, specifically the hiring of a black woman named Caroline for fifty cents a week starting in June. From then on, his negotiations were carried out according to the established end-of-the-year accounting routine. In December 1866, he hired a black woman for one dollar a week, but she never reported for work. Her status as a newly freed woman was clearly reflected in McFarland's diary entry: "Diana, a coloured woman formerly belonging to Mr Shields came here & I hired her at a dollar per week. (She never returned)." Two days after Diana's failure to show up for work, the family took in a young black girl to work in exchange for food and clothing. Jefferson also continued to work for the family, and the terms of the agreement were recorded in McFarland's diary. Interestingly enough, Jefferson's surname, Howard, is recorded for the first time in six years. On December 28, 1865, the first hiring agreement between the now free Jefferson and McFarland was recorded: "I have hired Jeff. for another year - I am to pay him $100. & give him a winter suit, consisting of Coat, vest, pantaloons & Shoes." Since Jefferson was sick at the time of the agreement, McFarland paid another former slave, Zeke, who had been hired by the family during the war, the rate of $8 per month to fill in during the interim. A year later, in December 1866, McFarland again renewed his contract with Jefferson, writing in his diary: "I settled with Jefferson

Howard this evening & paid him for next year at $120 - no clothes."[51]

The Staunton newspapers were also filled with suggestions concerning the new labor system. A September issue ran a list of rules regarding the hiring of African-Americans on Tennessee farms and was designed, perhaps, to serve as a guide for labor agreements in Virginia. A November article was very specific about Virginia labor contracts noting:

> As soon as the Legislature shall meet a law should be enacted in reference to the contracts for labor which may be entered into between the Freedman and their employers. This should be done before the Holidays, as that is the time at which most of the contracts, for next year's labor will be made. The law should be [illegible] to ensure on the one hand, the faithful performance, by the Freedman, of their part of the contracts, and, on the other, to protect efficiently the Freedman against the imposition of such employers as would be base enough to attempt to take advantage of their ignorance or dependent circumstances. The law should be rigid, and even and exact justice should be meted out to both of the contracting parties. The Freedmen should be required to work faithfully, and their employers should be required to pay them punctually a just compensation.[52]

Other newspaper reports did not include such a recommendation for just labor agreements. A September article offered a "proposition to Freedmen," suggesting that they migrate to French Guiana where "they will be well fed and treated and prejudice of cast is not so strong." The same issue ran

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[51]McFarland diaries, December 28, 1865 and December 1866.

[52]*Staunton Spectator*, November 7, 1865.

another article headlined: "A Hint to Negroes," which intimated that large numbers of white laborers from Europe would soon be coming to the South and could take jobs away from "misbehaving" blacks. "The downfall of slavery has opened in our Southern States a vast and inviting field for European immigration and the Southern blacks must go to work cheerfully, steadily and systematically or they will be rooted out, except in the swamps, by white labor," the article concluded.[53]

New situations also had to be confronted by the Valley community on a religious front, and it was here that McFarland faced a great deal of frustration. Just ten days after Lee's surrender, the Lexington Presbytery issued a call to its churches concerning the black population. The report stated that the "Presbytery feels an interest deeper than heretofore in the spiritual condition of the colored population & urge upon our Ministers increased diligence in their labours for the religious improvement of this class of our population."[54] For many Southern Presbyterian ministers, however, their concern was in vain. Presbyterian historian Andrew Murray wrote that "After emancipation, when the slave was finally given a choice, he preferred a church which he could make his own, rather than the Presbyterian church which offered him only second-class citizenship."[55] According to

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[53]Ibid., September 5, 1865.

[54]Wilson, 127.

[55]Murray, 61.

Murray, church defections touched a sensitive chord among Presbyterians who were proud of their work with African-Americans, and felt they understood them better than Northerners. Despite attempts at keeping their black members, many regions experienced the same thing as one North Carolina presbytery where "The Colored membership has melted away from our churches like snow before the rising sun."[56] Bethel, too, felt the loss of its black members. In December 1865, McFarland traveled to his church to attend a special session with the purpose of purging the membership rolls, "especially in regard to coloured members who are now becoming very irregular." The loss of black members apparently was not complete, however, because McFarland appointed a minister to preach an afternoon service to "the Negroes" at Bethel on at least two occasions late in 1866. Once he had taken the oath of amnesty in the summer of 1865, he also solemnized the marriages of several African-American couples. Although he had always performed slave marriages with written permission from the owners, the former marriages were not legally recognized. Now, with Emancipation, blacks could be legally wed. McFarland performed three marriages among blacks between October 1865 and June 1866. The October wedding was performed despite the aging ministers poor health: "In bed all day except I rose to marry Alexander Strauther & Martha Mary Smith, coloured persons," he wrote.[57]

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[56]Ibid., 146.

[57]McFarland diaries, June 1866.

There were other areas of transition between the black and white communities, especially in the areas of education and social equality, which had to be faced after the war. To help ease the transition between slavery and emancipation, the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands was established and offices set up in the conquered South. The local freedmen's organizations were not always welcomed among the white population and confrontations were frequent. In Staunton, a Freedman's School was established in the courthouse and "female teachers from the North have arrived and rooms were fitted up in the jury rooms." A protest was filed by the local white citizens concerning the misuse of the county court, and the school was moved elsewhere.[58] Protests concerning poor treatment of newly freed blacks were often filed by blacks to the Freedman's Bureau, leading some whites, like a Lexington woman, to describe the bureau officials as "small tyrants." She went on to add that "The negroes were at all times encouraged to be impudent and aggressive, and there was danger of their coming in contact with the whites in a hostile manner at every place where they happened to meet....At the slightest offense given to a black, or a bureau man, the wrath of the officials would be brought down on the head of the luckless offender."[59] One Staunton case, however, had a different ending which may be why it qualified for reporting in the local paper. The

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[58]*Staunton Spectator*, October 31, 1865.

[59]McDonald, 262.

incident involved a black man and woman who "presuming upon social equality, went into the sitting room of the [Staunton's American] Hotel and seated themselves upon one of the sofas whilst another was occupied by white ladies who had just arrived." The management tersely informed the freed people of their social error and the blacks promptly filed a grievance. The newspaper rather gleefully reported that the two people were told they got what they deserved and ended by stating: "We suppose that negro doubts whether 'de bottom rail be on de top now."[60] McFarland, too, had a run-in with the Freedman's Bureau, but no details beyond his entry are known. On May 3, 1866, he wrote: "James went to Staunton to see the agent of the Freedman's Bureau about a Complaint that Rhoda had lodged there that She has been hired to me for two years after She had been made free by the will of her mistress & had recd. no compensation. When the facts were Stated there was no difficulty."[61] One can only imagine the surprise of the McFarland family over Rhoda's actions, considering the past relationship between her and the family that included an 1863 character witness McFarland gave for her and then the reciprocating event in 1864 when Rhoda helped save the family's lives. Rhoda's view of the situation and of her relationship with the family, apparently, was different.

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[60]*Staunton Spectator*, October 3, 1865.

[61]McFarland diaries, May 3, 1866.

By the end of 1866, McFarland had ceased making many diary references concerning the community around him. At seventy-eight years of age, his daily life was increasingly wrapped up not only in his own illnesses, but those of his family. By this time, his relationship with the African-American community within the Upper Valley had worked itself out within the bounds of the new system, and he had made the legal adjustments required of him by Reconstruction. The changes were made, seemingly, with very little struggle; he barely missed a beat when going from a slave system of labor to one of hiring contracts arranged with the newly freed blacks, and his lone confrontation with the Freedman's Bureau appeared to have been handled with very little stress. McFarland's ideological stand is harder to assess. Although never a strong proponent of slavery, he was firmly caught up in the existing system. This did not make him a morally evil man. In fact, as a religious leader he was probably more concerned about the welfare of the area's blacks than most other members of his community. He was, however, still a man of his times which made him a believer in the theory that the African race was inferior in many ways to those of European blood and therefore needed to be cared for within a paternalistic system whether it be slave or free. It is doubtful whether, at the age of seventy-eight, McFarland ever changed his opinion in this matter. It is of worth to note that he entered the final phase of his life without rancor toward African-Americans despite the destruction and death unleashed by the war. With the lone exception of a statement

condemning Lincoln, no evidence of bitterness or grudges against either the freed slaves or the soldiers and civilians from the North can be found. In the months after the war, for instance, he maintained a very civil relationship with a Union army chaplain, entertaining him at Rosemont on several occasions. With this attitude and moral outlook, he was able to ride the transitional wave from slavery to freedom within his own community in the Upper Valley of Virginia. And, it is almost certain, that he went to his grave still trusting in the "fidelity of the servants."

CONCLUSION

The Civil War had not yet begun when Francis McFarland wrote that he mourned in bitterness over the state of things, and yet the words turned out to be prophetic. He could just as easily have penned the words in the spring of 1865 as the nation set about the task of healing its wounds.

The process of examining the evidence for this paper has made it all too clear that the communities in which Francis McFarland lived and worked were very deeply affected in a variety of ways by the war. Although military action only touched the area directly in three short instances during those years (once each in 1862, 1864, and early 1865), it is obvious that the many reverberations of the war were a daily reality.

As the national crisis worsened in the election year of 1860, McFarland became interested in politics for the first time in decades, an interest he felt it was his duty to continue even after Virginia was coupled with the Confederacy. Support for the new government was forthcoming from the McFarland family, both on a voluntary and involuntary basis. The family invested in Virginia and Confederate bonds and sold farm produce to the government. The McFarlands also anteed up on the Confederate-instituted

tithes and accepted the draft of area slaves as part of the war-effort.

The change in religious venue was faced by McFarland on a variety of levels. He made certain that his Presbyterian flock was behind the war effort and spent many hours in the pulpit exhorting them to patriotism. The spiritual well-being of the soldiers in the field, including his own three sons, was aided through his prayers and donations to the tract society. In the national governance of the church, he was a key member in the creation of the breakaway Southern Presbyterian church which was established in Augusta, Georgia in late 1861.

Certainly, not a day went by when McFarland was not reminded of the war in one way or another. He aided the efforts of the community's women as they sewed uniforms and tents and helped outfit his own sons with clothing and firearms. On dozens of occasions during the conflict, he rode to homes in the community to visit the sick and wounded men recuperating away from the battlelines, and on all too many occasions, he was called on to preach funeral discourses for those who were not so lucky. He also suffered, as did the rest of the Upper Valley, when inflation struck the Confederate currency sending prices skyrocketing. Coupled with inflation was a shortage of many goods created by the successful Union blockade.

The teetering balance that existed between McFarland's white community and the African-American community was also thrown into chaos during the war, leaving one segment of

society with its freedom and an uncertain future, and the other without the means of labor to support either the white or the black community. This profound change created both by the distant military actions and the invasions within the Valley fostered an uncertainly in the society at all levels.

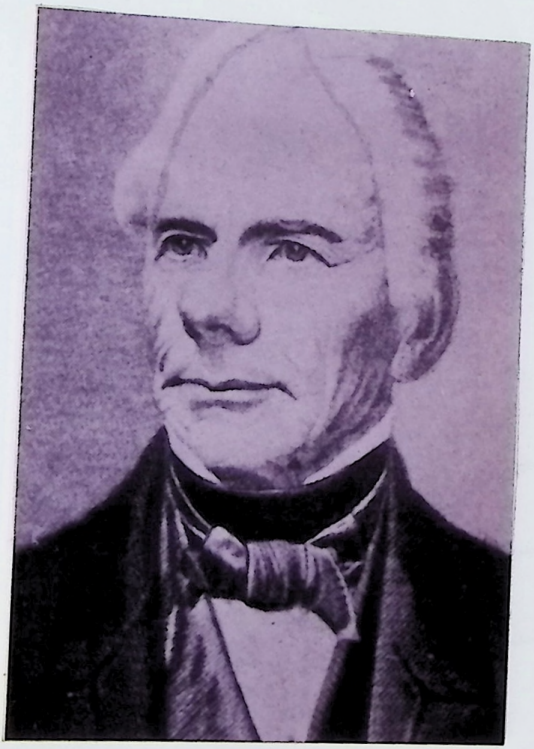
Later in the war when McFarland wrote of his "torn and bleeding country," he was writing of effects he felt on a very personal level. Not only did he devote a great deal of time to visiting maimed and sickly soldiers and conducting funerals, but he also sent his only three sons into battle. In 1864, his middle son was shot through the heart and fell dead without ever speaking. It took almost three weeks for the news of his death to be confirmed at Rosemont. His other two sons were both held for various lengths of time as prisoners-of-war; the side effects of imprisonment eventually took the life of his oldest son in 1866.

As the war ended, the "sad and desponding" community perked up as what was left of the community's young men came home. Even then, however, there were adjustments to be made. Finding himself classified as a traitor, McFarland reluctantly took the oath of amnesty and went about the task of once again becoming a United States citizen. He adjusted to the new African-American community rather quickly and made several efforts at continuing the Presbyterian Church's spiritual guidance for the freedmen.

For the aging minister, however, the war years did not create a pleasant closing chapter on what had been a fairly rich life in the communities of the Upper Valley. On every

level his communities suffered deep and profound change, some like the freeing of slaves was good, but most of the changes were not so positive. A rich agricultural landscape had been invaded and left almost desolate by the enemy, and a large portion of the generation needed to rebuild Virginia's heritage lay buried. By the war's end, there would have been every reason for him to "mourn in bitterness" over his "torn and bleeding country."

APPENDIX 1

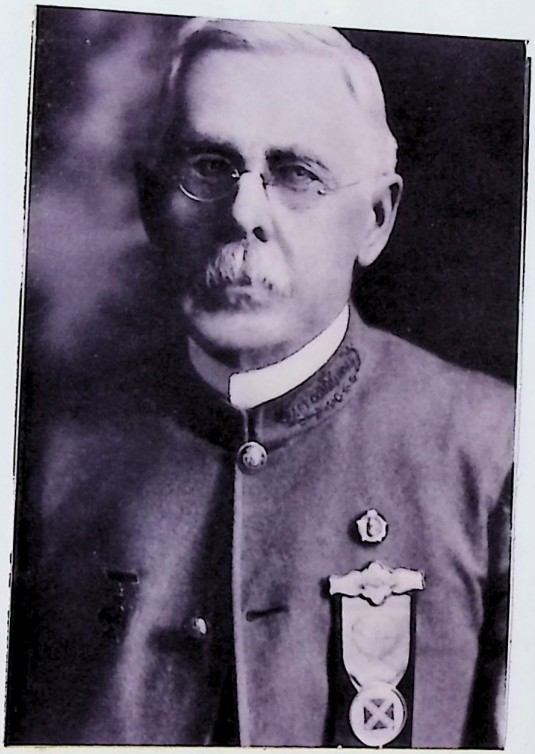


Francis McFarland (1788-1871). *The McFarland Family of Augusta County, Virginia* by Dr. Herbert S. Turner.

APPENDIX 2

Mary Bent McFarland (1800-1871), wife of Francis McFarland.
Private collection of Ewing Humphreys, Lexington, Virginia.

APPENDIX 3



James McFarland, the youngest son of Francis and Mary McFarland and the only son to really survive the Civil War. *The McFarland Family of Augusta County, Virginia* by Dr. Herbert S. Turner.

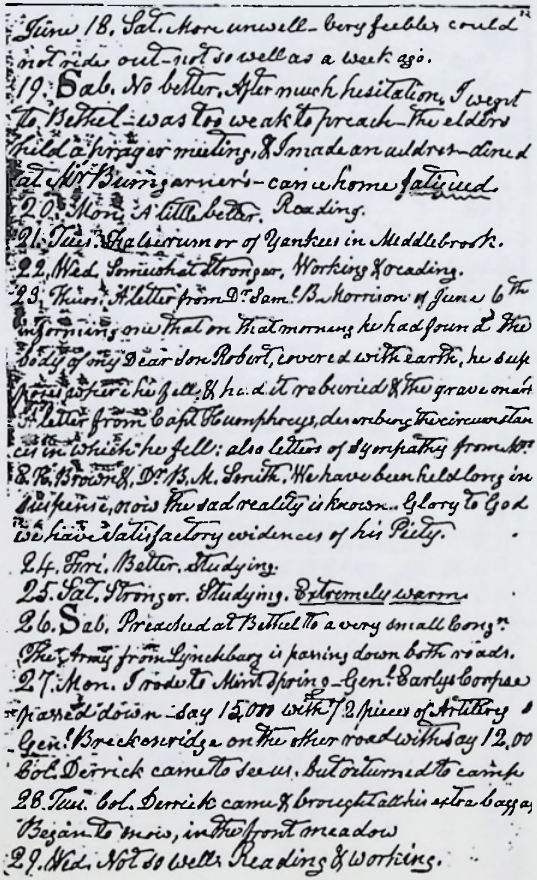
APPENDIX 4

The tombstone inscriptions of Francis William McFarland who was imprisoned during the war and died in 1866, and Robert McFarland who died in 1864 at Cold Harbor. Bethel Presbyterian Church cemetery.

APPENDIX 5

Francis McFarland's farm, Rosemont, as it looked in 1885.
From *Illustrated Historical Atlas of Augusta County, Virginia*
by Jedediah Hotchkiss and Joseph A. Waddell.
Size has been reduced.

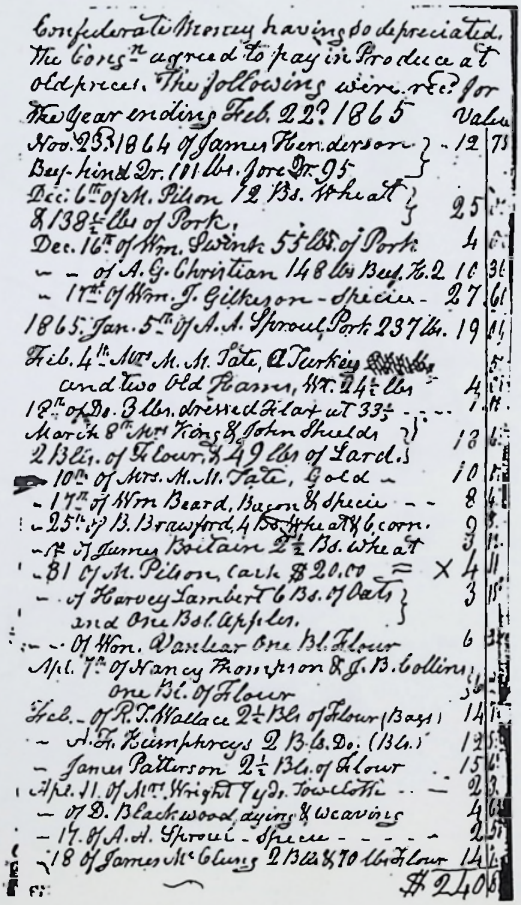
APPENDIX 6



June 18. Sat. Mor unwell - very feeble could not ride out - not so well as a week ago.
19. Sab. No better. After much hesitation, I went to Bethel - was too weak to preach - The elders held a prayer meeting, & I made an address - dined at Mr Burrgarner's - came home fatigued
20. Mon. A little better. Reading.
21. Tues. Rather rainy or of Yankees in Middlebrook.
22. Wed. Somewhat stronger. Working & reading.
23. Thurs. A letter from Dr Sam.l B. Morrison of June 6th informing me that on that morning he had found the body of my Dear Son Robert, covered with earth, he supposed after the battle, & had it reburied & the grave noted. A letter from Capt Humphreys, describing the circumstances in which he fell; also letters of sympathy from Mr. R. Brown & Dr. H. M. Smith. We have been held long in suspense, now the sad reality is known. Glory to God we have satisfactory evidences of his Piety.
24. Fri. Better. Studying.
25. Sat. Strong or. Studying. Extremely warm
26. Sab. Preached at Bethel to a very small congr.n The Army from Lynchburg is passing down both roads.
27. Mon. I rode to Mint Spring - Gen.l Early's Corps passed down - say 15,000 with 12 pieces of Artillery. Gen.l Breckenridge on the other road with say 12,00 Col. Derrick came to see us, but returned to camp
28. Tues. Col. Derrick came & brought all his extra baggage, Began to mow, in the front meadow
29. Wed. Not so well. Reading & working.

Page from Francis McFarland's 1864 diary.
Washington and Lee University Library.
Size has been reduced.

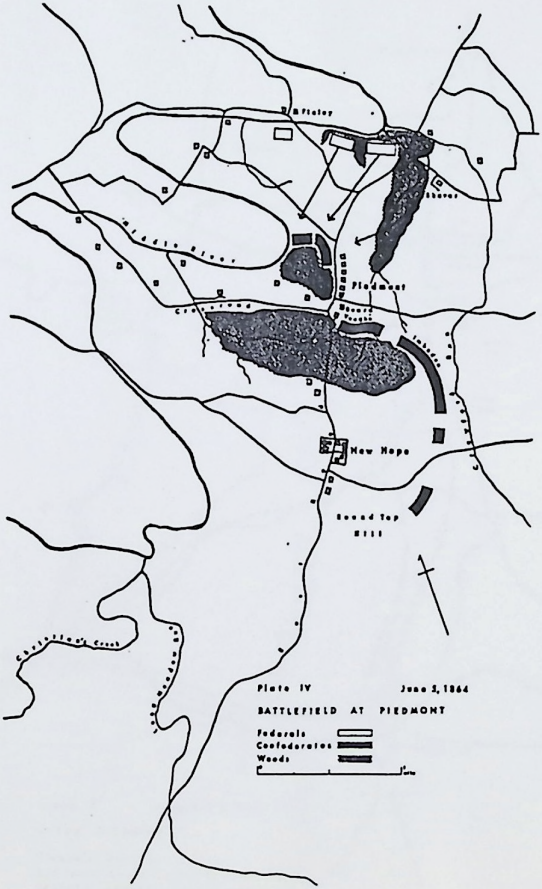
APPENDIX 7


Confederate Money having so depreciated, the Govt agreed to pay in Produce at old prices. The following were rec'd for the year ending Feb. 22? 1865

		Value
Nov 23 1864 of James Henderson	12	75
Beef hind Qr. 101 lbs. Fore Qr. 95		
Dec. 6th of M. Pilson 12 Bs. Wheat	25	
& 138½ lbs of Pork.		
Dec. 16th of Wm. Swinks 55 lbs. of Pork	4	
" " of A. G. Christian 148 lbs Beef & c. 2	10	31
" 17th of Wm. J. Gilkerson - Specie -	27	61
1865 Jan. 5th of A. A. Sprouel Pork 237 lbs.	19	11
Feb. 4th Mrs M. M. Tate, a Turkey and two old Geese, Wt. 24½ lbs	4	
18th of Do. 3 lbs. dressed Flax at 33⅓	1	
March 8th Mrs Hoss & John Shields 2 13 lbs. of Flour & 49 lbs of Lard.	13	
10th of Mrs. M. M. Tate, Gold -	10	
17th of Wm Beard, Bacon & Specie - -	8	
25th of B. Brawford, 4 Bs. Wheat & 6 corn.	9	
" of Jurney Boitain 2½ Bs. Wheat	3	
31 of M. Pilson, Cash $20.00 = X	4	
" of Harvey Lambert 6 Bs. of Oats and One Bsl Apples.	3	
" of Wm. Wallace One Bl. Flour	6	
Apl. 7th of Nancy Thompson & J. B. Collins One Bl. of Flour	5	
Feb. of R. T. Wallace 2½ Bls of Flour (Bags)	14	
" A. F. Humphreys 2 Bls. Do. (Bls.)	12	
" James Patterson 2½ Bls. of Flour	15	
Apl. 11 of Mrs. Wright 7 yds. Towelling -	2	
" of D. Blackwood, dying & weaving	4	
" 17. of A. A. Sprouel - Specie - - - -	2	
" 18 of James McClung 2 Bls & 70 lbs Flour	14	
	$ 240	

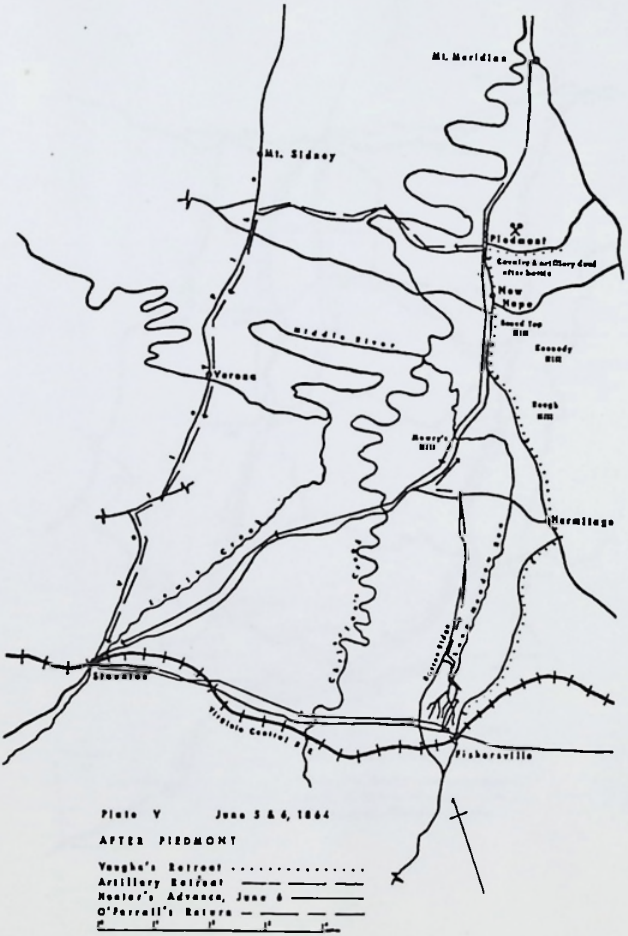
Page from Francis McFarland's ledger book showing his salary being paid in produce after the depreciation of Confederate money, Francis McFarland Collection, Montreat, North Carolina. Size has been reduced.

APPENDIX 8



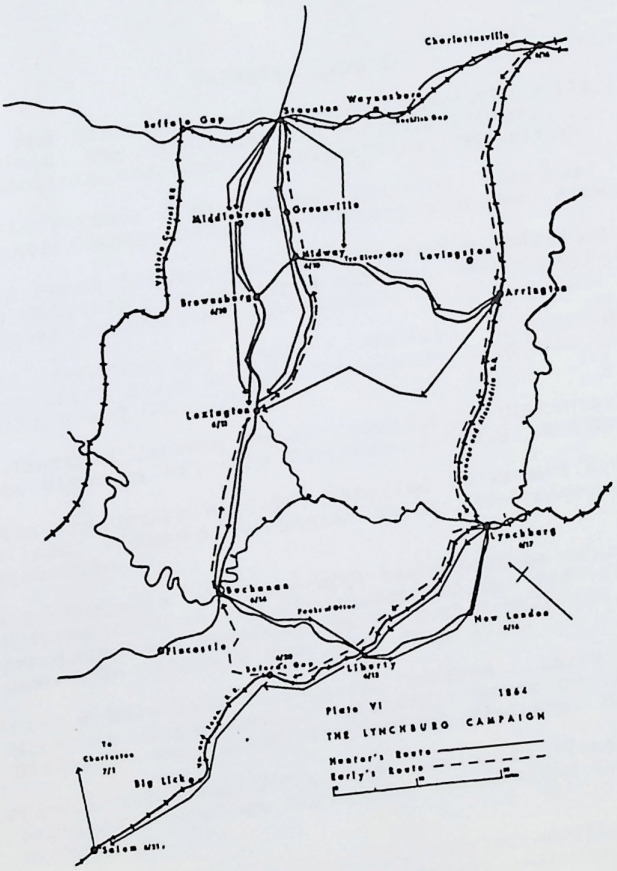
Map showing Battle of Piedmont, Augusta County, Virginia, June 5, 1864, *Conquest of a Valley* by Marshall M. Brice. Size has been reduced.

APPENDIX 9



Map showing troop movements in the aftermath of the Battle of Piedmont, June 5 and 6, 1864, *Conquest of a Valley* by Marshall M. Brice. Size has been reduced.

APPENDIX 10



Map showing Union General David Hunter's march from Staunton to Lexington in June, 1864. *Conquest of a Valley*, by Marshall M. Brice. Size has been reduced.

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