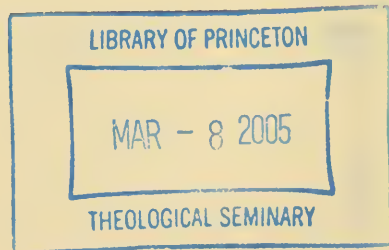


Moses Drury Hoge:

Life and Letters.

BY HIS NEPHEW,
PEYTON HARRISON HOGE.



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skies, while he lifted his heart to God in thanksgiving and praise for their deliverance. Yet the danger was not quite over. If they did not get free by night there was risk of their being boarded under cover of the darkness. But with the rising tide they were afloat again in the early afternoon, and that night they slept in Wilmington.

Dr. Hoge's first impression on returning from the wealth and comfort of foreign lands to his beloved Confederacy must have been depressing in the extreme. The fall before Wilmington had been scourged by yellow fever; in the suspension of all quarantine and sanitary regulations, it had gained an entrance with blockade-runners from the West Indies, and had swept through the town until hundreds had died, and every one who could get away had left town, many not to return until the war was over. Even then there were many hospitable homes whose doors would have been thrown open to him had his presence been known; but he went to a wretched little hotel—the only one that kept up a starving existence amid the general prostration. It was a great contrast to visits that he paid there in more prosperous times, but after all he was in his own country; scourged, bleeding, fire-girdled, it might be; but still the country of his love, for which he had suffered much, and was ready to suffer more. Two days later he was at home.

Mrs. Hoge wrote of it to Mrs. Greenleaf:

R—, ¹ December 14, 1863.

MY DEAR SISTER MARY: I wrote you soon after my husband went abroad, but never knew whether you received it, until his return. I was very glad you wrote to him, for it was so seldom he received any of our letters. We sent him more than a hundred and twenty from this house, and he got only thirty. I sent many through the North, thinking that was the most direct route, and not one got to England sent in that way, except by flag of truce. I suppose you saw an account of the wonderful escape he

¹ So written, evidently to avoid identification if the letter fell into the hands of the Federal authorities.

made in running the blockade. I believe it was in answer to the many prayers that ascended for him all over our land. Oh! you do not know what a thrill of joy was sent to my heart, weighed down by sorrow and intense anxiety, by the telegram sent from Fort Fisher, "Ran in this morning under heavy fire; all safe and well." Two days afterwards, October 13th, he arrived safely—we will pass over his arrival.

He looks more robust than I ever saw him, but his health was not entirely restored. He has not been well one day since he came, having had a fever, which prevailed in England a month before he left. He was not strong when he reached home; then a throng of company, and late hours to prepare for Sabbath sermons, have just kept him unwell nearly all the time.

He is much changed since you saw him. I never saw any one as crushed and broken-hearted as he is under this sore trial. Our little boy was nearly four years old, and so noble and beautiful that many persons remarked upon his precociousness. He was obedient and gentle and tender in his feeling, and, in fact, all that we could desire. But he sickened, and in a few hours congestion of the stomach carried him off. My poor heart is broken and bleeding, but I hope I can say, "It is well with the child."¹ In the bitter cup I had many mercies, and was wonderfully sustained, and so is dear Moses. I wish you could see with what sweet Christian spirit he bears it, and his preaching is so comforting to others in affliction, and, I trust, even since his return home, that God has given him many souls.

Upon his return home, Dr. Hoge had not only to take up the many threads of the work of the church, but was importuned to lecture on the experiences of his mission and the attitude of the outside world towards the Confederacy. At last the request came in an almost official form from the State and Confederate officers, and he consented, delivering several lectures in Richmond and Petersburg. No building in Richmond proved sufficient for the audiences, and the lectures netted several thousand dollars for the relief of the suffering families of Confederate soldiers.

¹ The text of Dr. Moore's beautiful funeral sermon.