

H. E. TALIAFERRO, EDITOR.

"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto

God, Judge ye."—Acts iv., 19.

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For Terms, &c., see last page.

For the South Western Baptist.
Paragraphs, by Tau.

The precious memories connected with the trial of the saints of all ages are a part of the inheritance of their successors. The moral resurrection of these saints—the exhumation of their buried history—will be a grand element in the millennial joy. The saints are bound to Christ and to each other by a fellowship of suffering. Ease-loving Christians, are you willing to fail of this fellowship?

"The war will throw the world fifty years backward." Think you so? How much truth was struck out, how much talent developed, how much character made, how many illustrious deeds performed in the American Revolution!—Are these not a legacy? Shall nothing of the kind take place now? What if the question of the subordination of races be definitely settled; men learn to correct their philosophy by the Bible, and not the Bible by their philosophy, albeit it seem to contain dark sayings; and a noble spirit of self denial and self-sacrifice be superinduced.

The discipline of the "sacramental host" is not found in so-called prosperity, but adversity. These times will make Christian men. Talk we of living for others? The time, the opportunity, is come.

We are prisoners of hope. "The creature was not made subject to vanity willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope." The upshot with them that believe will be, grace abounding more than though they had not fallen. They are preferred before the angels. The "elders," stand nearest round the throne in John's vision. The Redeemer is in the midst of his saints. His bodily presence is in the centre of their circle.

Most hearers go to Church to be agreeably stimulated, made happy, rather than instructed and rationally established. Hence they are impatient of instruction, be it never so rich. They say the instructive preacher is hard to understand. We are to grow in grace and in a knowledge of the truth. "Sanctify them by thy truth," was the prayer of the Savior. True, there is need of *heat* as well as *light*; but some have no use for light. They know not, that they are poor and blind. Some men are easy understood because they rarely say any thing their hearers did not know before. It is even as with a lazy family, who attend to the easy lessons most. Will the time ever come when a "royal road" shall be opened to attainments in the science of salvation?

For the South Western Baptist.

From the Indians West of Ark.

MICO CREEK NATION,

July 11th 1861.

DEAR BRO. TALIAFERRO: I am happy to inform my friends in the South that Capt. Albert Pike, in behalf of the Confederate States, has just concluded a favorable and amicable treaty with the Creeks, Choctaws and Chickasaws; and that a day is appointed to make a similar treaty with the Seminoles, which will without doubt be accomplished. The greatest enthusiasm, and almost entire unanimity prevails among these people, in favor of the treaty, and of Southern rights. A letter has also been received here from the Camanches, and other wild tribes, preparing to treat, and also to take up arms for the Southern cause. Chief Ross of the Cherokees, alone, seems to be stubborn; but his people will force him to leave, and take the right position. In the treaty with the wild tribes, provision will be made for their permanent location on the reserves of the friendly and more civilized tribes; and thus an effectual door will be opened for the introduction of the Gospel among them, as soon as we can conquer a peace with the Northern Government.

I hope Christians and philanthropists of the South will prayerfully consider this subject, and prepare for this opportunity of doing good. You are not aware of your indebtedness to the labors and influence of Southern missionaries for the consummation of the present satisfactory treaties; and if you will be wise in the future, you will so occupy the new field among the wild tribes, as to render it unnecessary for Black Republicans to send Abolition missionaries among them. It is known to every body acquainted with the Cherokees, that the Jones—sustained by the Missionary Union—have influenced Ross to side with the Union party.

The Creeks will raise a regiment, according to the stipulations of the late treaty; and could raise three times that number, if required. Chief Kanard a Baptist Deacon says he will head the regiment. My Interpreter G. Herrod is Capt. of a company. Rev. William McIntosh a native preacher is 1st Lieutenant, Genl. C. McIntosh was appointed by a late Gen. Council secretary of War. Hundreds of Creek Baptists are anxious to go to war in defense of Southern liberty. I would go as chaplain if needed, but if not, I will give all I can command for the support of those who do go, while I remain and preach to those who are not warriors. I wish to act in that way that will result in the greatest good. I have received no salary since Dec. 1860. I ought to state that brother Harrison who came here in April as a commissioner from Texas did great and effectual service in getting these people to espouse our cause. Also Col. Hamilton and Eccles of the same State.

Missouri has been overrun by Northern vandals, and subjugated as Maryland. Many have fled to Texas for refuge, and had not those people acted right and promptly, Northern and Eastern Texas would have been invaded. But Ben McCulloch has retaken Neosho, captured 100 prisoners, and is hastening to join Gov. Jackson. I doubt, however, if he could have succeeded ultimately in keeping the invaders in check, without the friendly co-operation of these Southern tribes. As it is, if they ever reach Texas, they will first leave us a lock of their hair, by way of remembrance.

We have had no mail facilities here for three months; hence I have not written. I expect to send this by the hands of G. L. Collins of your State.—The youngest son of D. N. McIntosh died last Sunday. Deeply do I sympathize with my afflicted brother.

Affectionately &c.

H. F. Buckner.

For the South Western Baptist.

INTRENCHED CAMP, NEAR NORFOLK, VA.

August 13, 1861.

EDITOR BAPTIST: Not having visited Norfolk since the day on which we removed from our first encampment near the place—the 15th of May—I determined on Saturday to go to the city and see what was to be seen, and also to pay a visit to Portsmouth and the Navy Yard. And I would remark, by the way, that I had not been inside of a house since the day before mentioned, until Saturday.

Norfolk possesses few objects of interest. The custom-house is an extensive building, built of granite, with marble floors, and no doubt, cost a great deal of money. But the object of greatest interest to me is St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church. It was built in 1737, and the year of its erection is worked in brick in one end of the building. The entire structure is of brick, and though built so long ago, its outward appearance would indicate that it has been standing not more than twenty years. It is in good repair, both inside and out, and looks as though it may stand many years longer. But the principal feature of interest connected with it is a cannon ball, apparently a 32 pounder, which is imbedded in the wall, near the upper corner of one of the wings of the Church. About one-third of the ball is visible. Its history, as I collected it is, that it was fired there from a British vessel in 1776, in the beginning of the Revolutionary War. For a long time it was thought that the ball had penetrated entirely into the wall, but one day it was found lying on the ground, having rebounded at first, or fallen out after remaining in the wall for some time. It was then placed in the vestibule of the Church, where it was kept for a long while, but on account of the curiosity to see it, it was more a source of annoyance than anything else. Accordingly it was placed again in the bed of its own making, and fastened there with cement, where it can be plainly seen in passing the ancient Church.

To go from Norfolk to Portsmouth, you cross the Elizabeth river on a team ferry boat, a distance of a mile. Soldiers are carried free of charge. Portsmouth has only a few thousand inhabitants, but the business houses look substantial and city-like. There being nothing there to attract attention, I took a hack and went to the Navy Yard, which is about a half mile distant, and in that part of the suburbs of Portsmouth called Gosport, hence its name of Gosport Navy Yard.

The first thing that presents itself to the eye of the visitor at the Navy Yard is, the evidence of that vandal spirit which so eminently characterizes the Northerners in the present war. The charred and blackened walls, and ruined heaps of costly and extensive buildings cry shame upon their destroyers; and the naked hulls of noble vessels that were stripped of their rigging and machinery and sunk to the bottom, but which have been raised, and now float once more upon the water, tell a tale of meanness that might make a heathen hide his face. There is a large number of workmen engaged there, not, however, in rebuilding the houses, but in repairing the three vessels that have been raised, and in manufacturing implements and munitions of war. My time being limited, I did not see the half that was to be seen, but I saw enough to amply repay the trouble of going there. The greatest curiosity is the

dry-dock. It was made by making an excavation in the ground, near the water's edge, of sufficient dimensions to receive the largest ship, and allow several feet of space on each side and at the ends. It is thirty-five or forty feet deep, and when the workmen are at work on the lower portion of the vessel they are at least twenty feet below the surface of the water. In making the excavation sufficient earth was left to prevent the water running in until the dock was completed. When that was done, the earth was dug away and a flood-gate put in its place. When it is desired to get a ship into the dock, the gate is opened, the dock is filled with water, and the vessel carried in. The gate is then closed, and by means of two pumps attached to it the water is pumped out, and the vessel goes down and rests upon the bottom of the dock. Of course it is got out in the same way—by allowing the water to come in and raise it off the bottom. The dock is lined with granite, just as a cellar is lined with brick, in the best style of workmanship, and cost a vast amount of money. At the end, on the inside, are two inscriptions, in Capital letters, cut in the solid granite, which I give below, even to the punctuation. The first is as follows:

Commenced December 1 1827
John Q. Adams President of the United States
Samuel L. Southard Secretary of the Navy
Authorized by the Nineteenth Congress

The other is in the following words:
Opened 17 June 1832
Andrew Jackson President of the United States
Levi Woodbury Secretary of the Navy.
Loami Baldwin Engineer.

A great many cannon have been sent from the Navy Yard to different parts of the Confederacy, but there is still a large number there, one of which especially attracted my attention. Its bore is 11 inches, its length 10 or 12 feet, and its weight 15,597 pounds. It is not yet mounted for use.

I have thus consumed a good deal of space in giving you an account of what I saw. I hope it will prove interesting to your readers.

There is no news of importance about the camp. We are getting along tolerably well, and weather as well as could be expected. I have no war news to write, as you and your readers receive the news by the papers as soon as we do.

We have had no ballot for Major since I wrote you last, consequently we have not yet elected one.

Yours, &c.

E. F. B.

[The following letter was written by FRANK HARALSON, son of W. B. Haralson of Selma, Ala., who fell in the battle of Manassas Plains, July 21st. He was a young man of great promise, and his death is deeply lamented. We tender his afflicted friends our sympathies, and trust that God and true patriotism will sustain them. We are indebted to DAVID GORHAM for the letter.]

IN CAMP, NEAR WINCHESTER,
July 15th, 1861.

DEAR AUNT CASSIE: It is with feelings of delight that I seat myself this evening to write to one whom I have always loved, and never shall forget.—I reckon you all think that I have forgotten you, but no! never as long as eternity exists. I was sitting in my lonely tent this evening and all at once the thought of home flashed through my mind. I thought of the many pleasures I had had with those loved ones whom I had left behind, perhaps never to meet on earth any more, and it almost made me shed tears. I immediately seized a pencil and piece of paper, (for we never have pen and ink in camp) and thought I would try and console myself in writing. I don't know as I have any news to write. War news is all the go now. An attack is daily expected at Winchester where we are now stationed. Gen. Johnson who has command of all the forces stationed here, and from here all through the North-western portion of Virginia, is making preparations for the bloody encounter. For the last four or five days has been throwing up entrenchments, planting cannons in every direction, and is getting ready as fast as he can, for the attack is daily expected. Our Regiment is the 4th Regiment of Alabama, is stationed on a beautiful hill in sight of Winchester, where we can have a full view of the whole city. On the left we have one of the most picturesque scenes in the world, as far as the naked eye can span across the valley, nothing can be seen but rich pastures of clover and wheat, occasionally a bunch of locust trees.

The ladies of Winchester occasionally come to see us. They seem to like the Alabama boys better than any other. The Alabama Regiment seems to get the praise every where they go, for their good behavior. I have fallen in love with one of the fair sex of Winchester, and wouldn't be surprised if you didn't have a little niece when I come home. Before we arrived here, I hadn't seen a woman in two months, and had got so that I didn't care whether I ever did see one again or not until I got home. A poor private stands a mighty poor chance among the ladies when there are any officers about.

I received a letter from David the other day. I was somewhat surprised to find that he was in the 1st Regiment stationed at Fairfax Court House. He

said that he and Jim were well and getting on finely with soldier life. I would not be surprised though, if he hadn't rather be at home coon hunting. I was very glad indeed to get a letter from him. I had been wanting to hear from him sometime so that I could write to him. Enclosed in his letter to me, was a little note from "Bird," and a very sweet one, too, saying that she wanted him to tell me to be sure and not get killed, and also to bring her a little yankee girl to wash her and wait on her. Kiss her for me, and tell her I won't get killed.

Where is Uncle Alfred, now? Has he gone off to the wars, or not? The last time I saw him was in Selma, and he was looking very badly. Has he recovered his health, or not? I am afraid he has gone off to the wars and left you alone; if he was not in very good health when he left, he surely cannot stand a twelve months campaign, for it takes men of the strongest kind of constitutions. All the young men have left the country now, and it certainly must be very lonesome. I heard that Kinch was coming on to join us. I am in hopes he will, but you may tell him, if you should see him before he starts, that he may come with the expectation of seeing a hard time, and if he comes soon he will have the pleasure of being in the first hard battle, for we are going to have a desperate fight here in a few days. I must close. Give my best love to all, and kiss Bird and Charlie for me.

Your affectionate nephew,

FRANK HARALSON.

For the South Western Baptist.

The Commissioners of Conecuh county, Ala., at the instance of her leading citizens who are fully up to the emergencies of the times, have levied an additional county tax of twenty-five per cent, amounting to a very considerable sum, to be appropriated to the benefit of needy soldiers' families, and those who may return home crippled and unable to support themselves. The money is deposited in the hands of Gen. Martin, who acts as Treasurer gratis.—Two judicious men are appointed to each District to examine into the wants of crippled soldiers, families of soldiers in the army, report to the Treasurer, draw on him for money, and appropriate according to their necessities.

I hope every county in the Government will be prompted by such patriotism and follow this glorious example.

C. L. THORNTON.

Evergreen, Ala., Aug. 12, 1861.

The Ascent of Prayer.

Prayer is a theme that can never grow old to the Christian, whose very breath of life it is. A writer of a former age discourses respecting it on this wise. It is a wonderful thought how far a prayer can go. Shoot up an arrow into the sky; it will seem to mount very high, but will soon fall back to the earth; its own weight will be sufficient to draw it down. Uncage a lark and let it fly into the air, let it mount and sing till it is almost out of sight; yet it cannot always rise; the little warbler will be soon baffled and beaten back by the winds, or it will come to an atmosphere which it cannot breathe, and so will sink down with weary wing to the earth again. The eagle may soar skywards; it may mount on its strong pinions, and tower far above the highest mountains; but its daring ascent will soon find its limit, and as certainly as the little lark, it will return back to its nest in the rock. But send up a prayer! send up a true prayer and nothing will, nothing can, draw it back again. It will rise above the hills, above the clouds, above the stars, and pierce even to the very throne of God. The man that offered it remains below; he is smiting on his breast like the poor publican, or in a prison like the chained Apostle; but his prayer is rising high and rapid on its way, and neither the stars in their courses, nor the wandering winds, nor the prince of the power of the air, can prevent it from reaching the haven of its destiny.

Is this the case of all prayers? Yes, undoubtedly, of all true prayers. Not of those which are formal and lifeless; not of lip prayers, however sublime; not of all litanies, however solemn; but of all prayers that are true, and humble, and earnest, and offered up in the name of Jesus, with faith in his most blessed intercession.

Pause then, and consider the value of prayer. You may sow your corn seed, but worms may destroy it, or moisture may injure it, and all your expectations may be disappointed; but let your seed be prayer, and 'et heaven be your field; sow there that precious grain, and there shall be no disappointment. God receives it, God guards it, God breathes upon it, and in due time it will return to your bosom again, with increase of thirty, or sixty, or even an hundred fold.

The celebrated Robert Hall was once asked what he thought of a sermon that had created a great sensation. "Very fine, Sir," he replied; "but a man can't eat flowers."

The Consciousness of the Justice of a Cause Inspires and Sustains True Courage.

[Below is another extract from Mr. DAVIS' sermon on religion and patriotism, selected for the benefit of the many soldiers who read *The Southern Presbyterian*. I think it is very applicable to our own case. If a few sentences, in which he mentions the king, Britain, France, and the colony, were omitted, one would suppose it was recently addressed to our own soldiers in Virginia. M. P. J.]

"It is of great importance, to excite and keep up our courage in such an expedition, that we should be fully satisfied that we engage in a righteous cause—and in a cause of great moment; for we cannot prosecute a suspected or a wicked scheme, which our own minds condemn, but with hesitation and timorous apprehensions; and we cannot engage with spirit and resolution in a trifling scheme, from which we can expect no consequences worth our vigorous pursuit. This Job might have in view in his heroic advice to his brother: 'Be of good courage,' said he, 'and let us play the men for our people and for the cities of our God.' We have engaged in a righteous cause; we are not urged on by the unbounded love of power or riches, to encroach upon the rights and properties of others, and disturb our quiet neighbors; we act entirely on the defensive, repel unjust violence and avenge national injuries; we are fighting for our people and for the cities of our God.

We are also engaged in a cause of utmost importance. We fight for our people; and what endearments are included in that significant word? Our liberty, our estates, our lives, our country, our fellow-citizens, our venerable fathers, our tender children, the wives of our bosoms, our friends, the shapers of our souls, our posterity to the latest ages! And who would not use his sword with an exerted arm when these lie at stake? But even these are not all; we fight for the cities of our God.—God has distinguished us with a religion from heaven; and hitherto we have enjoyed a quiet and untroubled exercise of it. He has condescended to be a God to our nation, and to honor our cities with His gracious presence, and the institutions of His worship, and the means to make us wise, good and happy. But now these most invaluable blessings lie at stake—these are the prizes for which we contend. And must it not excite all our active powers to the highest pitch of exertion? Shall we tamely submit to idolatry and religious tyranny? No, God forbid! Let us play the men, since we take up arms for our people and the cities of our God. I need not tell you how applicable this advice, thus paraphrased, is to the design of the present associated company. The equity of our cause is most evident. This is a clear case, and it is equally clear that you are engaged in a cause of the utmost importance. To protect your brethren from the most bloody barbarities—to secure the inestimable blessing of liberty—to preserve your estates, for which you have sweated and toiled, from falling a prey to greedy vultures—to guard your religion, the true religion of Jesus, streaming uncorrupted from the sacred fountain of the Scriptures—to keep from cruel hands your wives, your children, your parents, your friends—to secure the liberties conveyed to you by your brave forefathers, and bought with their blood, that you might transmit them unimpaired to your posterity.—These are the blessings you contend for. And, Virginians! Britons! Christians! Protestants! If these names have any import or energy, will you not strike home in such a cause? Yes! this view of the matter must fire you into men. Methinks the cowardly soul must tremble lest the imprecation of the prophet fall upon him: 'Cursed be the man that keepeth back his sword from blood!'

To this shocking but necessary word the Lord now calls you, and 'cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully,' that will not put his hand to it when it is in his power, or that will not perform it with all his might."

Watch and Pray.

"In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee—set my prayer in order for thee—and will look up." Ps. v. 3. There is here a beautiful allusion to the Mosaic ritual, which is unavoidably lost in a translation. The Hebrew verb is the technical term used in the Old Testament to signify the act of arranging the wood upon the altar, (Gen. xxii. 9, Lev. i. 7,) and the shew-bread on the table. Exod. xl. 23; Lev. xxiv. 6, 8. It, therefore, necessarily suggests the idea of prayer as an oblation, here described as a morning sacrifice to God. And I will look out or watch for an answer to my prayers. The image presented is that of one looking from a wall or tower, in anxious expectation of approaching succor. A similar use of the verb occurs in Hab. ii. 1, and in Mic. vii. 7. True faith is not content with the act of supplication, but displays itself in eager expectation of an answer.—Alexander on the Psalms.

A character, like a kettle, once mended, always wants mending.

One of the Family.

There was a certain family of great moral and social excellence, whose members were marked by a peculiar physical defect. It did not prevent them from being universally regarded with respect and affection. Two gentlemen were one day seated by a window, as a member of that family passed. "It is a pity," said one, "that he labors under that misfortune."

"Yes," replied the other, "it is a misfortune, but then it shows that he is one of the family, and that is something."

There are certain things experienced by all Christians, which are not in themselves pleasant, but which show that they belong to the family of Christ. Prominent among these things are afflictions. "No child of God," says a writer of a former age, "was ever yet without them. Not one of all that countless multitude in white robes, with palms in their hands, but came up out of great tribulation." How can you therefore expect or desire to escape that, of which all the other children in God's dear family have so largely partaken? "Think it not, therefore, strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." Dwell much, and frequently upon the views of that eternal weight of glory; it will tend more than any other consideration, to teach you to form a correct and scriptural estimate of your "light afflictions." It was thus, that Paul was able to bear an infirmity—a heavier load of suffering, than will ever be laid upon you. He cast all his trials, all his sorrows, all his sufferings into one scale and after consideration of them, declares them to be light, and but for a moment. He then lays the glory in the other scale, and pronounces it to be ponderous, weighty, and eternal—an exceeding "weight of glory." In the one, is sorrow for a little while; in the other, eternal joy. In the one, pain for a few moments; in the other, everlasting rest. In the one, is the loss of some few temporal things; in the other full fruition of God in Christ, who is "all in all."

Dr. Payson.

All that Payson did may not be safely imitated by others. His machinery for doing good was peculiar, and bore the evident—marks of his peculiar mental temperament. There was a great deal of contrivance and "special effort," and sometimes appliances were used that in other hands would have resulted only in failure and contempt; but in this age of busy ingenuity, who shall censure the man who tasks his inventive faculties to find out new ways of winning souls to Jesus? In an age of over-bounding worldliness and smooth shaven formality, and listlessness within and without the pulpit, who does not love to look back upon the flaming track of the Portland apostle, and envy the fiery zeal that at last consumed itself and burned out, a holy cause to God? The church is in little danger of having too many revivals, too many special efforts for saving souls, or too many imitations of Edward Payson.

His sermons have none of the rhetorical flash and fancy—none of the pyrotechnics of the pulpit so fashionable in the present day; but there is not a weak, or worthless, or trifling, or meaningless sentence in them. They are simple in style, as one of Dr. Alexander's experimental "talks" to Princeton students in the "Oratory," or to a band of disciples clustered around the communion table. They are saturated with the Bible. They go clear and straight to the conscience of hearer and reader, and trouble the sluggish "pool" of thought within us like the descent of the angel into Bethesda. We have the same proof of their qualities that the world has of the character of Wellington's "Guards" at Waterloo, and that is in the execution which they did when brought into action. Blessed, ever, blessed be the memory of the man who leaves such a legacy as these "apples of gold in baskets of silver!" His monument shall never crumble. His record is on high. Even up to the right hand of God "his works shall follow him."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—In its notice of the death of Lott Warren, the Albany Baptist Church, Ga., says: "It deserves a special place upon our records, that the Hon. Lott Warren, the able Representative, Lawyer, Statesman and Judge, was emphatically the humble door-keeper of our Church. On days of public worship, his watchful, affectionate and gentlemanly service was ever tendered, when needed, to friends and strangers, to rich and poor, that they might be provided with comfortable seats in our worshipping assemblies. His humble, cheerful conduct in this particular, was a delightful comment, on the expression of the Psalmist, 'I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.'"

Two Books.

It has been said that the life of any man truly written would be an interesting book. Each one would certainly take an interest in such a record of his own life. Have you ever thought that there is such a book of your life written?—There is—there are two copies extant. One is written in God's book of remembrance, Rev. xx. 12, the other in your own memory, Jer. xvii. 1, "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond; it is graven upon the table of their heart." What shall be done with those books?

There is a day of publication appointed, Rom. ii. 5. Then the actions and omissions, the words and all thoughts shall be revealed. The question has been asked, Shall the sins of penitent believers then be published? If they are, it will be only to illustrate the marvellous grace of God in their forgiveness.

We are taught that the record of our sins may be blotted out; each copy, if not suppressed, so disposed of as never to be quoted against us; the conscience purged Heb. ix. 14; the justice of God satisfied, Rom. iii. 26.—If you have not a good hope that your sins are thus cancelled, be persuaded without delay to confess them to God and seek their remission through the blood of Jesus Christ. Better be convicted of them now when pardon may be secured, than in that day when the wicked shall be convinced of "all their ungodly deeds," and of "all their hard speeches." Jude 15.

Talking and Doing.

When Dr. Chalmers was executing his plan of establishing parochial schools in connection with St. John's parish, in Glasgow, a site, which belonged to the College, was selected for the first school to be erected. Chalmers called on Dr. Taylor, to purchase this site.—He expressed his hope of obtaining it on reasonable terms, in consequence of the novelty and importance of the undertaking.

"The undertaking," said Dr. Taylor, "is an important one, but it is not a new one. We have been talking for twenty years, of establishing parochial schools in Glasgow."

"Yes," said Dr. Chalmers, "but how many years more do you intend to talk about it? Now we are going to do the thing; and not talk about it, and so you must even let the price be as moderate as possible, seeing we are going to take the labor of talking and projecting entirely off your hands."

There is a great difference between talking and doing, though all do not seem to be aware of it. In the case above alluded to, more was accomplished by the latter in six months than by the former in twenty years.

There are many persons who would be greatly profited by exchanging talking for doing. For example, the student who talks of the attainments he is going to make, the minister who talks of the good sermons he is going to write, the church member who talks of the efforts for the conversion of men which he is going to put forth, the unconverted sinner who talks of the repentance which he is going to exercise.

Pithy Fragments.

AN OLD MAN'S REMORSE.—A good old man was once in company with a gentleman who occasionally introduced into conversation the words, "devil," "deuce," etc., and who at last, took the name of God in vain. "Stop, sir," said the old man, "I said nothing while you only used freedoms with the name of your own master, but I insist upon it that you shall use no freedoms with the name of mine."

AN INFALLIBLE TEST.—A deaf man went to listen to a controversy. It was not long before he said that he knew who had the best of the argument. On being asked how he knew, since he was deaf, and couldn't hear a word that was said, "Oh," said he, "I have always observed that he who shows the most passion has the worst side of the argument."

A writer of the last century observes, with great quaintness, that when the cannons of princes began war, the authority of the *canons* of the church were destroyed. "It was," says he, "first *mitrum* that governed the world, and then *nitrum*—first Saint Peter, and then Salt Petre."

"I remember," says the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'How could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?' 'Why,' said she, 'if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor.'"

SINGING.—"Unless you have singing in the family, singing in the house, singing in the shop, singing in the street—singing everywhere until it becomes a habit—you can never have congregational singing. It will be like the cold drops, half water, half ice, which drip in March from some cleft of a rock—one drop here, and one drop there; whereas it should be like the August shower, which comes ten million drops at once, and roars upon the roof."

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.: Thursday, Aug. 29, 1861.

Associations.

It is difficult to create an interest in any enterprise outside the struggle for independence. The Master's enterprises are either neglected or poorly sustained. This should not be, but the facts exist.

The period for holding annual Baptist Associations is near and the question arises, how shall they be attended? These anniversary occasions are always looked to with interest, are well attended, and great good done at them. One of the great objects to be accomplished by these gatherings of the Baptist Israel is the promotion of the Missionary cause. It is there that sermons are preached and addresses delivered upon the subject, and collections are made in addition to the monies sent through the delegates. A good impression is generally made in favor of every good work, this is carried home by the attendants, and the fruit is seen in the churches for immense good.

And now, brethren, knowing these things "happy are we if we do them." Shall we have full and efficient sessions at the approaching associations? Shall we meet in council, and do all we can to advance the Redeemer's Kingdom? Let full delegations go up from every church, not forgetting liberal contributions to the Mission Boards and Bible cause. Baptists at the South are faithful to the Confederacy, to their praise be it said, they should, also, be faithful and loyal to the Master. Now is the time, brethren, to discriminate in regard to our duty to God and Caesar. It takes a fervent piety in a well balanced mind, to discharge duty to God and country, understanding our relations clearly to each. God grant the churches such wisdom and piety!

Winter Clothing for the Soldiers.

Exchanges are quite busy in urging this important subject upon the people. We who are at home must provide for our patriotic defenders. You may feed soldiers well, but if they are not well clothed, they cannot be efficient. Let every family and community do something towards clothing our soldiers. Most of them will be in a cold climate the coming winter and must be well clothed else more will die from sickness than by the guns of the Yankees. Every family can do something. If need be, the people at home can wear plain, common clothing and give the best to the Confederate soldiers. We can give our blankets and sleep in our warm houses under comforts and other bed clothing. Let all show their patriotism in this important item in the war account.

Confederate Troops at Pensacola.

At no point has the South troops entitled to more sympathy than those at Pensacola, and none are entitled to more credit, not even the Manassas heroes. To stay at one place (and such a place!) the year round; a burning sun, scorching sand, warm bad water, every kind of fever, gnats, mosquitoes, gallinippers, fleas—things too numerous to mention—all arrayed against them, is too much for frail humanity unless it is supported by the most exalted patriotism. To be doing nothing but watching live Yankees over at Fort Pickens, and can't get at them is worse than all. When the war closes, should they not fire a gun at the enemy, these patient sufferers and watchers will be regarded as the great heroes of the Revolution. Citizens, let us not forget them.

Holding Cotton.

Public sentiment, as gathered from our exchanges, is decidedly in favor of farmers holding their cotton during the blockade. The Charleston cotton factors as well as the New Orleans have so advised. Indeed the sentiment will soon be general. It is safer in the farmers hands than in cotton ports. Close it up thus and let the world know that it is one of the means of Southern defense. Let the South sternly blockade her cotton ports, and it will soon be declared that the blockade is not effective. Store it away carefully, and it will not be long before a high price will be given you.

The War News.

Last week we promised some details of the battle of Springfield, Missouri, for this issue. We could not get them. News comes slowly from that State.—We have seen a brief report from Gen. McCulloch to L. P. Walker, Secretary of War, in which he stated that the Confederate loss was 265 killed, 800 wounded, and 32 missing. The Federal loss was 800 killed, 1,000 wounded, 300 prisoners, and six pieces of cannon, and several hundred small arms. The Confederate victory was complete.—Gen. McCulloch and force were then in Springfield, and the enemy in full retreat.—Gen. Lyon and many officers of rank were killed. The Southern cause is prospering in Missouri, and every where. Generals Wise, Floyd and Lee are pressing into North-western Virginia with strong forces. The Tories and Yankees will soon have to fight or run. McGruder keeps the Yankees pent up in Fortress Monroe and Newport News. Johnston and Beauregard keep the Bull Runners in and near Washington. There is scarcely a Bull Runner this side the Potomac except at Arlington Heights and Alexandria, both just on its banks, and they are afraid to stir.—There have been a few lively skirmishes at different points by scouts, always resulting in favor of the Confederates.

Armageddon.

"Have you ever read Armageddon?" said a friend the other day. "Never," was the response. "Hav'nt you seen it?" "Yes." "Then why not read it?" We once opened the work, looked at his premises, saw they were wrong, and knew his reasoning must be false, also. A false premise must be sustained by false reasoning, and we have neither time nor patience to follow a man that starts wrong. We shall always save our eyes in such a case. There is truth enough in the world for a man's time and eyes. In our younger days we strained our eyes and added our brains in dipping into such fanciful analogies and speculations as "Armageddon." But it didn't pay heart nor brains.

To jump at analogies and press them into service like the author of Armageddon, we can prove that the battle of Manassas is the great battle of Armageddon in Revelations, yet we hope we shall not make a convert. Let us try: "An angel stands in the sun (meaning a kingdom, the Southern Confederacy) and cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven (in the regions around Manassas) Come, and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the Great God: that ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains and the flesh of mighty men (probable Fire Zouaves) and the flesh of horses, &c."

Now, wasn't this all fulfilled at Manassas? Wasn't the slaughter so great that burial was out of the question? And didn't the fowls of heaven that come at the call of the guardian angel of the Confederate States have a fine time of it? "And the wine press was trodden without the city (probably the city of Washington) and the blood came out of the wine presses, even unto the horses' bridle, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs." We do not know how many furlongs there are from Bull Run to the point where the Virginia Cavalry quit chasing the Yankees, but guess it was the very distance indicated, must assume it anyhow to make our interpretation go on all fours. "But was the blood up to the horses' bridle all along the route?" No; remember it is figurative language, highly so, and means whenever a Virginian would dip into the head of a Yankee his blood would spatter all over the horses' bridle. Now, reader, if you do not dispute our analogies we have, as the lawyer would say, made out our case.

If we assert man is a duck, and we are challenged for the proof, we make it out by analogy thus: a duck has two legs, two eyes and a mouth, man has the same, therefore man is a duck. We are quite sure that much of the analogical reasoning of many interpreters of prophecy is but little better than our duck case, and here we will leave the whole matter with the curious expositors and their curious readers, and deal with the stern affairs of life.

Howard College.

Parents and guardians are referred to the advertisement of Howard College for 1861-2. This flourishing College is justly entitled to the confidence of every citizen of Alabama, and should have a liberal support. The Faculty is able, the means of instruction complete, and the discipline, in every department of life, unsurpassed. We learn that Dr. Talbot, being unused to camp life, could not endure the labors of his position in the army, has resigned, and will be at home before the beginning of the next session.

We have often declined publishing the expulsion of members who obtained letters from Churches, removed, became guilty of immoral conduct, were expelled, and the expulsion asked to be published in the S. W. Baptist. We only publish the expulsion of ministers of the Gospel in such cases, as he is a public character and could do great mischief unless his exclusion were known. We very much regret to decline the publication of anything sent us by our brethren, but after mature reflection we sometimes do so.

A Good Chance to Enlist.

The 14th Alabama Regiment, Col. Thomas J. JENCKE, is now at Auburn, and will soon leave for Virginia. Captain WILLIAM C. ALLEN, of the Gilmer Grays, from LaFayette, Ala., a splendid company, wishes some eight or ten able bodied, moral men to make his company as full as he wishes it. A complete uniform will be furnished. Now is the time to enlist, for all things are ready for moving. Come quickly!

A Good Chance to Enlist.

Captain B. F. JOHNSON, of Notasulga, requests us to state that he wants immediately Eighteen or Twenty able bodied young men to join the Macon and Tallapoosa Seceders to be attached to Col. Thomas H. WATTS' Regiment. Apply quickly.

The following is refreshing news these war times:

RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.—An interesting religious meeting of eight days continuance closed on the 10th inst., at the old Cloud's Creek Baptist Church, during which thirty-five members were added to that Church. Among the number are six young men of Capt. West's Company, who will leave their homes for the service of their country on Monday next. A noble preparation for the battle's strife.—Edgefield Advertiser.

Brother JENKINS' brief communication contains good news. We are glad to see him in his revival harness. It reminds us of old times when we labored together in the Gospel. The Lord prosper his labors!

One Good Deed.

Since the 4th of March Dr. Lincoln has done one good deed. He has issued a proclamation, appointing the "last Thursday of September next as a day of humiliation, prayer and fasting for all the people of the nation, &c." The time is a good ways off, we suggest, but we are glad the Dr. has betook himself to prayer at last. One item to be prayed for is, "a speedy restoration to peace." Now, if the Dr. and his section will be sincere on this point, on that "last Thursday," their prayer will be heard, for they will see that they brought on the war and should close it. If Dr. Lincoln wishes peace he need not stave it off till the "last Thursday in September," let him call off his dogs of war and let the South alone and he can get "a speedy restoration to peace." Anyway, we are glad they have resolved to pray over the subject, and if they will honestly and squarely face the divine Throne the South will be satisfied with the result.

Treatment of Prisoners.

"Several Ladies" of Charleston have addressed a letter to the Richmond Dispatch suggesting that our authorities treat Yankee prisoners like they treat Confederate prisoners. In making such suggestions we think the "Several Ladies" neither consulted their judgment nor their piety. A sound judgment says treat them well, it will make the prisoners and their relatives and friends our friends, and will modify somewhat the feelings of the bitterest foes. Besides, it will give us character among the civilized nations. And all know what piety says upon the subject. "If thine enemy hunger feed him, &c." Individuals, families, states, nations lose nothing by merciful treatment, and to act upon Bible principles towards enemies is a great victory over foes and all opposing influences. We trust our authorities at Richmond, and elsewhere, will not depart from their course of kind treatment towards Federal prisoners, unless some treatment towards our prisoners violative of the laws of civilized nations is inflicted then the retaliation usual in such cases can be resorted to for redress.

Recruiting in Lincolnland.

In the foot department of recruiting the business goes on slowly. In the Cavalry and Navy departments it is much better. The Yankees think they can run faster on horses than on foot, hence recruiting is pretty good in that line. And the Confederate Government having no Navy there is no want of Yankee enlistments for the Lincoln Navy. Unless Manassas and Springfield can be forgotten by the Lincolns heavy drafting will be the result. Dr. Lincoln will find it a hard job to raise that five hundred thousand men.

False Telegrams.

Their name is Legion. We try to avoid them, nevertheless we are sometimes deceived and publish them. Last week we published, as "fully confirmed," so said the papers, the capture of 1800 Federalists at Leesburg, Va., by the Confederates. It was false. We shall try to be more careful in future.

Abraham's Troubles Thicken.

Clouds thicken in the political heavens of Abraham. Deep-toned thunders are heard in Missouri, which make Abraham's newly installed St. Louis tyrant, J. C. Fremont, tremble on his throne.

Brigham Young, the Mormon King, has declared himself free and independent of King Abraham, and is vigorously setting up for himself. Federal troops will be needed in that quarter.

Five Indian Nations West of Arkansas have formally joined the Confederate States. They will soon have a strong force with the Confederate troops.

New Mexico and Arizona are with the South in sympathy, and in connection with the Texas Rangers are fast driving the Federal troops out of those territories.

The storm clouds are thickening in Kentucky and Maryland. Verily the plot thickens, hurrah! hurrah!

A New Key.

The blind people of Lincolnland believed Southerners would not fight, and they would have an easy conquest.—Manassas and Springfield have opened their eyes, and they have set their music in a different key. The following extracts are from the address of Gov. Sprague, on the opening of the session of the Rhode Island Legislature. It will be remembered that he commanded the troops of his State in the late battle:

"The war will of necessity be a long one. We have been in error as to the strength of the enemy, and as to the long and persistent course which has been pursued by the South tending towards this point; while we have been occupied in our business, they have been creating revolution. We were under the impression that they were lacking in all the resources that go to raise and maintain armies, whereas, almost in every particular, we have found them superior to ourselves. We have found not only the physique of their men equal to ours, but their clothing, their arms, their subsistence, and their means of transportation—everything that goes to make up military efficiency, superior to ours. And when we have been obliged to be the attacking force, marching under a Southern sun, exhausted, without provisions and without shelter, they have been encamped and in fortified positions in a country unfriendly to us and friendly to them, where they could receive information of every movement of ours, and we could learn nothing as to theirs.

A Sermon Spoiled.

A Yankee Chaplain, of one of the Connecticut Regiments, knew the battle would come off Sunday, 21st, and was so confident of victory that he prepared a sermon for Monday from Ps. 108, 8, "Manasseh is mine." The sermon was not preached. If the Chaplain will send it South it shall be published. Wouldn't it be rich!

As the stock of flannel is not very large in the Southern market, anything which will answer as a substitute will be very serviceable. The Savannah Republican states on the authority of a physician of high reputation that under shirts made of common, coarse Georgia Osnaburghs, afford even greater protection against exposure than flannel, and that they are better for our soldiers.

Mistaken.

Last week we announced the suspension of "Brownlow's Whig," by the authority of Gen. Zollicoffer. We were mistaken, led into the mistake by other papers and inattentive reading. It was only the Daily that was suspended, and that was done by Brownlow himself, without force. Brownlow speaks kindly of Gen. Zollicoffer. As no paper in the Southern Confederacy has been suspended by force, we think the press in the South should correct this mistake.

Brownlow denies for himself and for the Union men of East Tennessee having any complicity with the Federal Government at Washington, in regard to sending arms or money into that section. He thus gives his opinion:

"In the absence of any information whatever, from any quarter, we venture the opinion, that the Federal Government will never send an army into East Tennessee, until it has had better success on the Potomac, and in fighting the Confederate army in Virginia. If the Federal Government can't sustain itself in Virginia, and put down this Rebellion at the National Capitol, it is worse than folly for it to make a descent upon the mountains and valleys of East Tennessee. Nay, more; if the Federal Government, with its superior number of men, its advantages in munitions of war, and its inexhaustible resources in money and credit, can't put down this great Southern Rebellion, it will sink below contempt, and those of us who have advocated the Union, will lose all respect for a Government that may have fallen into such weak and incompetent hands. And should the eleven Seceded States, without money or credit, and with half the number of fighting men, whip out the twenty-four other States, the only Government then remaining in America, entitled to respect, will be that of the Southern Confederacy. And Union men, will fall into its support, whatever contempt they may have for those who control it, and originated this Rebellion."

Upon the contingency that the Lincoln Government shall have no better success Brownlow will have to "fall into ranks" with the Southern Confederacy, and we are not without hope that he will soon employ his stringent pen in defense of Southern Rights.

Brownlow holds forth as follows in regard to exchange of prisoners:

"The usages of civilized warfare, in all civilized countries, requires a prompt exchange of prisoners, and this on all hands is declared to be the duty of belligerents. Nay, to exchange prisoners without delay, is considered the highest act of humanity, as well as the duty of the government. No matter how well a prisoner may be treated, in the hands of the enemy, he prefers being released and sent back to the Government in whose cause he had been engaged."

The Administration at Washington, has shown more weakness, vanity, and presumption, in its refusal to exchange prisoners, than we had supposed it capable of. It has planted itself upon an abstraction—could not exchange prisoners, because that act would be an acknowledgment of the existence of the Southern Confederacy. This is tomfoolery, and a sticking for dignity and etiquette, that can only render them ridiculous. There is such a thing as a Southern Confederacy, or Southern Party, or Southern Army, or whatever we may choose to call them, with 200,000 troops in the field, and they made themselves felt at Manassas, to such an extent, as to at least entitle them to be regarded as belligerents, and an organization that the Washington Government might afford to exchange prisoners with!

A Brave Chaplain.

(Rev. W. D. CHADICK, D.D., Cumberland Presbyterian, of Huntsville, Ala., is Chaplain of the 4th Alabama Regiment. He wrote a private letter to his wife, an extract from which was sent to the "Banner of Peace" for publication. We give it below, as giving our views of the right sort of a Chaplain. A Chaplain that prays and preaches, and hides himself in the hour of battle will have but little influence with the troops. Well done Chadick!

We arrived at the Junction on Saturday, and on Sunday—O how sad the thought!—on Sunday fought the Waterloo of America! The most fearful conflict ever waged between belligerent forces on this continent. Early on Sunday morning, just as we had waked from our dusty pallets and eaten our humble meal an order came for us to fall into line immediately. About the same moment the thunder of cannon was heard in the distance. Our noble men, with more alacrity than if they had been going to a banquet buckled on their harness, shouldered their guns and knapsacks, and in a few moments were off in "double quick."

The position we were to occupy proved to be about six miles from our camp.—Weary and thirsty, we reached the field of dreadful conflict about 8 A. M. Bull Run, a small brook, divides the grounds occupied by the two contending forces. The line of battle extended eight miles or more along this stream. The position assigned our brigade (commanded by Gen. Bee) was far to the left of this immense line, and was the theatre of one of the most bloody fights ever fought in this or any other country.

Immediately after reaching our position, we found ourselves confronted by a force perhaps ten times our number. Our brave fellows walked up to their work with as much coolness and firmness as could be evinced by the veterans of a thousand battles. I feel safe in saying, that there never has been in any conflict, ancient or modern, a regiment placed in a more perilous attitude than was ours. We were four hundred yards in advance of the main line of our troops—sent there to flank a battery of the enemy on our left. We were at the same time unsupported by any battery of our own. We had to contend with at least four thousand men in our front, sheltered by fences, houses and barns; and while we were in the open field, and not even a shrub to protect us from their sight, or their balls. Then on our right we were flanked by a column of more than five thousand men, part of whom were regulars. Before our Colonel was aware of it, our own troops had fallen back not less than a quarter of a mile to our rear, thus leaving us to contend with four or five regiments in our front, and flanked by the same number on our right. We held this position for two hours under a fearful storm of bullets! Gen. Bee assured our officers that he had sent us an order to fall back long before we did so. Had we remained there five minutes longer, there would

not have been one of us left to tell the story of our fate.

To the East Ala. Convention.

DEAR BRETHREN: Your Indian Missions carried on through the Board of Domestic and Indian Missions is in danger of suspension, or serious suffering on the part of your Missionaries, brethren Read and Vandiver. At your late meeting the subject was considered and some measures adopted for their relief. No time should be lost. Our Board has not the ability to advance another dollar for them. At our last meeting I was instructed to inform them and you of this unpleasant fact, and that the payment of their salaries in future, would depend on the means furnished by the East Alabama Convention. Their salaries have been paid to July 1st, 1861. Up to that date this Board has paid for this special Mission, traveling expenses to the field, salaries, houses, and Interpreters, \$4348.20. In return the East Alabama Convention has paid but \$1109. It will be remembered the entire salary of bro. Read was pledged and \$500 per annum for bro. Vandiver.

Your Associations will soon meet.—Let every exertion be made by both ministers and members, to have an amount sent up and immediately forwarded to the Board sufficiently large to meet the wants of these brethren now in the field depending on you for bread.

Yours truly,

R. HOLMAN, Cor. Sec.

Marion, August 21, 1861.

Revivals.

SILVER RUN, ALA., Aug. 19, 1861.

BRO. T.: Our protracted meeting for Cold Water Church began Saturday before the 4th Sabbath in July. On the 9th day I had the pleasure to baptize 8 persons. I proceeded forthwith to Antioch Church, near home, on the 15th day (yesterday) I had the additional pleasure to baptize 44 persons, and one was laid over for baptism. I then went to Oxford; the meeting is going on now. I had sundry good preaching brethren with me at each place. At Antioch Church, thank God, more than two thirds of the congregation are Baptists. And now comes the great responsibility of a Pastor in nursing these young Christians.

Liet. T. G. Mattison and company of volunteers are leaving Oxford to-day. God bless all our volunteers and our Confederacy. If the Lord prosper the meeting at Oxford, you shall hear.

Yours truly,

S. G. JENKINS.

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not have been one of us left to tell the story of our fate.

Col. Jones, true as steel, as fearless of death as if he were made of marble, never did give an order to fall back; but remained in his position, awaiting Gen. Bee's orders which, as before remarked did not reach him. Some one, however, gave the order. The Colonel does not know who did it, or by what authority. It was obeyed, and barely in time for our men to escape being surrounded by seven or eight thousand men. Being very much exhausted, I did not see proper to move very fast, and so happened to be the last man off the field. Just before I crossed the fence, I found Phil Bradford (poor fellow) lying on the ground, severely wounded by a ball in the left thigh. He called to me, and said, "O, Doctor, I am wounded. Don't leave me; do help me off the field!" I instantly raised him up, putting my right shoulder under his left arm, hoping that by supporting his left side I could get him off the field. But after carrying him this way a few steps, I found that both he and myself were utterly exhausted. He sank down helpless as if he had been dead. I left him with the promise that if I was spared, I would return to him at the earliest practicable moment. I kept my word, and found him soon after the rage of battle had subsided.

[In the meantime he was taken prisoner by the enemy, who dressed his wounds, but had to leave him when they in turn retreated. He is since dead. His untimely fate is much regretted here, where he was a favorite.

—M. J. C.]

The next man I found fallen by the way was Col. Jones. He was severely wounded in the hip when he fell. Four of his men (Joe Angell was one of them) took him up, and when I came up with them were carrying him.—While being carried thus, with his head to the enemy, he received another shot in the other hip. This, however, is not a dangerous wound. A few moments afterward, Lieut. Col. Law and Major Scott both fell severely wounded, thus leaving our regiment without a field officer.

They however rallied after they got out of the angle of those two overwhelming columns. Gen. Bee himself rode up, saying, "Alabamians, you are all there is left of my command! I will lead you!" and as he was leading them to the second conflict and to final victory, fell himself. He was a noble man, a splendid officer, and as true a soldier as ever breathed.

Being left the second time without a leader, our regiment again became more or less scattered; and those who were physically able fell in with others and fought the battle through. At this critical moment, when overwhelmed by numbers, (seven or eight thousand of us fighting twenty-five to thirty thousand) reinforcements began to come up from the right wing of our line, and to rain fresh volleys of death upon the villains. Our troops, who were first in the conflict, saved the day by holding that immense mass in check until our help came; and so soon as these got fairly at them, they ran like scared dogs.

There never was a more brilliant victory. . . . The citizens by whose houses they passed in their flight, represent them as having not only thrown away their guns, but every thing else they could dispense with. Many of them had neither hat shoes, nor even their pantaloons on! Many of them were heard to say, as they threw down their guns, "that they would never again take them up against the South."

I have not attempted any general description of the battle, because I am not sufficiently familiar with its details, and because all my powers of description are utterly beggared when attempting to paint a scene so unmitigatedly horrible. Our killed and wounded will amount to not less than 3000; that of the enemy is no doubt four times that number.

I have a Sharp's rifle, which I bought at Harper's Ferry. It is one of John Brown's guns with which he invaded Virginia. It was taken from him when he was captured. I got a number of his cartridges and caps; so in the great battle the other day I fought the rascals with one of their own weapons.

You were misinformed as to my going into lines of battle on horseback. I have never done so. I have gone to or near the places where we expected to fight on my horse, but always dismounted and went to the expected scene of action on foot. I have no place in the ranks, nor any command of any one but myself, and in such cases, no one has command of me, so I choose my own positions. In the battle of the 21st I went with the regiment. I dismounted two miles from the scene of action, gave my horse to a black boy, and walked the remainder of the way.—When the regiment took their position in their line of battle, I took my position on the extreme right, and when the command to "fire" was given, I obeyed it, and continued to do so until we retired from the field. When we fell back in order to escape being outflanked and surrounded by the enemy, I walked away deliberately amid a storm of bullets, bombs, and cannon-shot; but God protected me as I believed he would do. I was not only spared myself, but every one of my church members and Sunday-school scholars came out unscathed; for which I feel devoutly thankful to God. You have no conception of the feelings I have had for those dear boys. They have been almost as near to my heart as if they had been my own sons. I have scarcely ever looked on one of them since we left home without breathing a

prayer to God that he would spare them. So far they are safe. May the Lord protect them still, and return them to their mothers, sisters, and wives. Our boys—Lettwich, Elgin, White, Angell, Reasoner, Lee Allen, Jackson, Ott, Matt Robinson, Clem Tate, all that I can think of now, are safe.

Wilie Lowe is better, and I think will get well. Col. Jones is improving, and I have no doubt will recover. He has suffered immensely, but the worst is over now. He has no bones broken, and the range of the ball in the worst wound is not towards any vital part. I have been with him day and night ever since we came here, a week ago to-day, and up to within the last day or two would not let any one else touch him, not even his physicians. This accounts for my not having written sooner.

Your affectionate husband,
Wm. D. CHADICK.

Orange C. H., Va.

Secular Intelligence.

Rich Report.

Col. Heintzelman, commander of the Third Yankee Division, in the battle of Manassas Plains, has made his report, which is decidedly the most interesting which has been seen. We will publish the report to-morrow. Col. H. tells with a good deal of frankness how he was disappointed, and how he commenced the attack. The "Alabama Regiment" according to his report, was composed of the most gallant fellows the world has ever produced.—Heintzelman tells how he led the Zouaves against them, and how, "at the first fire, they broke" and fled, and, "as a regiment," has never been seen since. Next he led up the Minnesota regiment, "which was also repulsed, but retired in orderly good order." Next was carried up the First Michigan, "which was also repulsed, and retired in considerable confusion." Next the Brooklyn Fourteenth went forward "in gallant style!" "Soon after the firing commenced," they too, "broke and ran!" Brave Alabamians! four successive regiments rushed upon you, and were broken upon you as waves upon a rock!

Col. Heintzelman having "utterly failed" in every attempt to rally his men, concluded then to make the best run he could. Describing this, he candidly says: "Such a rout I never witnessed before. No efforts could induce a single regiment to form after the retreat had commenced."—Lynchburg Virginian.

Backlogs, Muscles and Pluck.

The Lincoln Journals in New York, having thrown out intimations that such newspapers as the News, the Daybreak and the Journal of Commerce "may find themselves suddenly suppressed by the Government," the News says: "We do not doubt it. Who can hope that it should be otherwise? Since the Constitution, from which the people derive their right of opinion and free speech, has been 'virtually suspended,' the pen of the Journalists is paralyzed and the sword is actually drawn in the editorial room—until the sentinel stands with fixed bayonet at the door and the handcufts on the editor's wrist—some pens will work in their behalf, and some brains will be active to thwart and to argue that the constitution shall not be virtually suspended."

But, as there are still some Journalists in the land, who, tenacious of their rights, will not admit that they are yet the bondmen of Abolitionism, the people may rest assured that until the sword is actually drawn in the editorial room—until the sentinel stands with fixed bayonet at the door and the handcufts on the editor's wrist—some pens will work in their behalf, and some brains will be active to thwart and to argue that the constitution shall not be virtually suspended."

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Aug. 17th, 1861.

On and after this date the following rates will be observed on the Montgomery and West Point Railroad and the Alabama and Florida Railroad of Alabama:

On articles contributed to any of the military hospitals in the Confederate States will be carried without charge. These must in all cases have the destination plainly marked, and also be marked Hospital Stores.

Wounded or sick soldiers will be passed free, on exhibiting a surgeon's certificate that they are in the service of the Confederate States, have leave of absence, or have been honorably discharged.

Soldiers on furlough will be passed at half rates, but will be required to show their furlough to the ticket agent before a half-rate ticket will be issued, and they will be entitled to but one trip up and down the road on the furlough.—CHAS. T. FOLLARD, President.

War Resources of Arkansas.—Salt, and Selt.

It is frequently the case that what we deem our greatest misfortunes are blessings in disguise. The State of Arkansas has within her limits, besides the untold wealth of her lands and other minerals, lead enough to supply the armies of the world in bullets, saltpetre enough to supply the armies of the world with powder, and several States are actually drawing a great quantity of salt. If the war develop these latent resources of the State, it may, in the end be a blessing instead of a curse.—Arkansas Gazette.

Texasan Victorious in Arizona.

We received yesterday afternoon, through Adams' Express, an extra from the Houston Telegraph, of the 10th instant, from which we gather the following glad tidings:

We take the following from the San Antonio Ledger of the 5th instant. The news is not to be doubted:

El Paso, July 26.

MESSRS. STREET & LACROIX.—Gentlemen: A fight occurred at Mesilla on the 24th instant, between Col Baylor's company and the Yankee troops stationed at Fort Fillmore, in which the Yankees are reported to have lost two lieutenants killed, and thirty privates killed, and wounded. Loss on our side none, and none wounded.—They abandoned Fillmore in the night, and fled toward Fort Stanton. Our troops are in pursuit, and we expect to night to be at their capture. The Lincoln force is almost double our own. Another mail party has been killed, consisting of seven men, sixty miles west of Mesilla. The troops are now all withdrawn from Arizona, leaving your mines very much exposed.

Yours truly,

