

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

H. E. TALIAFERRO, } EDITOR.

"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, Judge ye."—*Act iv., 19*

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For the South Western Baptist

The angel had delivered his message, and then took his flight back to the presence of God, leaving Mary alone to ponder over the wonderful message he had delivered, and to become the favored mother of the Redeemer of men.

For the South Western Baptist
INTRENCHED CAMP, NEAR NORFOLK, }
Monday, Oct. 21st, 1861. }

EDITOR BAPTIST: After an absence of seven weeks at the Hospital in Norfolk, I returned to camp on last Tuesday evening. My disease was nervous bilious fever, (I believe that is what the doctors called it,) not very severe, but slow and tedious. I regretted to be compelled to discontinue my communications to the "Baptist," although I could not flatter myself that they were looked for with much eagerness; but it was useless to complain against the dispensation of Providence. I feel that I have now nearly recovered, and hope to be able to perform all the duties of a soldier until the expiration of the twelve months for which we have enlisted. I did not go to the Government Hospital, but to the Hospital under the charge of the "Sisters of Charity," where the sick are cared for in a manner that reminds one very strongly of home. The Hospital is under the exclusive control of women, excepting the two physicians who visit there twice each day and prescribe for the patients. The medicines are compounded and administered by the "Sisters," who are well versed in the mysteries of the dispensary, and who understand the causes of ailment and the effects of the medicines as well as the majority of physicians. They are also the best of nurses, and the kind attention which a patient receives makes it almost a pleasure to be sick at their Hospital.—The charges are one dollar per day, which includes medical attendance and everything else except washing. The Hospital has been crowded with sick soldiers for three or four months, those who are able preferring to pay the very moderate charge rather than endure the comparatively rough treatment which is received at all public hospitals.

The system of treatment there is different from any other I ever saw practiced elsewhere. Strong medicines are not administered until it is proven that milder drugs are of no avail; and then, except in particular cases, patients are allowed as much food as they desire at the time. The latter, particularly, appears to me to be the sensible idea, for when a patient's appetite is satisfied during his confinement in bed, he does not get up with that voracious stomach, the appealing of which so often causes a relapse. Of course judgment must be exercised as to the kind of food that is given them; but it may surprise your old fogey readers, and perhaps some others, to learn that I was allowed to eat figs and scuppernong grapes while suffering from a bilious stomach and a nervous fever. They were entirely harmless if the pulp of the grape was not eaten.

The fountain head of the organization of the "Sisters of Charity" is at Emmitsburg, in Maryland, from whence they go out to all parts of the country, having charge of Hospitals in the large sea port cities, and attending to the sick wherever their services are required. They are certainly entitled to the public gratitude for the service they have rendered in taking care of our sick soldiers at the different public Hospitals in Virginia and elsewhere.—They are all Catholics, the organization having been originated by a Catholic Priest in Paris, and established in this country by a Catholic lady, soon after the revolutionary war. Their inevitable dress is black, or dark blue, with a large white bonnet that sticks out all round, except immediately behind.

I have been thus particular in giving an account of the "Sisters" and their Hospital because I feel grateful for their kindness to me, and because, though an old organization, comparatively little is known of them.

TUESDAY, 22d.—I was interrupted in my writing yesterday by the announcement that Gov. Letcher would visit our camp in a few hours for the purpose of reviewing the troops and the consequent order for the Regiment to form in line to give his Excellency a fitting reception. It was a raw, rainy day, and the men were compelled to stand in the drizzling rain for an hour awaiting the Governor's arrival. He came on horseback about eleven o'clock, attended by Col. Mahone, acting Brigadier General of the Brigade, and some other military dignitaries whom I did not know. The rain had ceased to fall for a time, and Lieut Col. Battle, who is in command during the absence of Col. Lomax, marched the Regiment in review before the Governor, who took his position at one side of the parade ground. The ceremony being over, the distinguished visitors spent a short time at Col. Battle's tent and then departed.

The Governor is a plain, farmer-looking man, of medium size, wears spectacles, and has a bald head and a small face. As he has never shown himself to be a very strong Southern man, I

TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1861.

50 NOS. IN A VOLUME.

did not feel that we were called upon to trouble ourselves to be polite to him, even if he is the Governor of Virginia.

We are now preparing to go into winter quarters. For several days detachments from each company have been at work preparing the ground for the new encampment. It is about three miles from here, and two from the coast. The object in moving there is because the water does not remain upon the ground after a rain, and wood is more plentiful. We will build cabins 14 by 16 feet, with chimneys to them.

The Light Infantry is now pretty well prepared for the winter, for which we are indebted, to a great extent, to our kind friends at home. Whatever the hardships we may have to undergo, their severities will be mitigated by the reflection that there are warm hearts at home whose pulsation is filled with the love they bear us.

The weather continues bad—drizzle, drizzle, drizzle—mud, water and wind—and there is no telling when it will stop. All that we can do is to indulge in grumbling, and such other amusements as come to hand.

Yours, &c., E F. B.

God's Tillage Ground.

Kummacher is the most spiritual of German religious writers. At times, indeed, he spiritualizes to an undue excess, but more frequently he is instructive and Scriptural, as in the following:

A husbandman named Otho called one day on his neighbor Godfrey, and said, "I have for many years observed your life and actions; but one thing has already appeared to me most excellent, and at the same time, most extraordinary. Although your lot has been very variable, and many troubles have befallen you and your family, still your countenance appears bright and peaceful, and your conversation and actions are the same on your unfortunate as your happy days. Teach me how you are able for such things!"

Godfrey answered, "That I will do in a few words. My own vocation and my daily labors are my instructors. Behold, I have learned to consider myself and my life as a tillage field."

At these words, Otho looked up as if he did not understand his friend, who went on. "Behold, my brother, when troubles come I think of the plough and harrow, which turn up the earth, I then search for the waste spot in my own heart, and for the weeds which flourish therein. These must be eradicated, or every exertion will be in vain to make the fruit flourish. Sometimes I look upon my troubles as a thunder-storm, which at first appears dark and threatening, but which afterwards draws down rain and clears the air; and then, I think, when this is over, the sun will shine again. It is thus that I consider myself and my life a tillage field—Dare the field to say to the plough, 'What dost thou here?'

"But," said Otho, "you tell me of the fruits instead of the root; tell me how you arrive at these thoughts and meditations?"

And Godfrey answered and said, "Can spiritual gifts come from any one but from Him, who sends rain and sunshine on our fields and causes the ground to produce food for us to eat?—Behold, we are God's tillage ground."

Times of Backsliding in the Church.

Voyagers across the Atlantic report that an iceberg may be "a long time" before it can be seen. It renders the air piercingly cold, while yet greatly lessening the range of vision.

Is it not so with seasons of declension in the church? Before these are seen, in deserts of the Lord's house or desecrations of the Lord's day, in open apostacies to the world or lives of flagrant disorder,—may they not be felt, in the chill atmosphere of the sanctuary, in languid songs of praise, and formal prayers, and lifeless pulpit ministrations! At the cold air warns the mariner to look out for the coming iceberg and to steer his vessel clear of collision—with it—should not this frigid tone of worship admonish the lover of Zion to bestir himself; to give all diligence, lest the time of gross, disgraceful backsliding should come upon her unawares, an miserable, and wretched? Oh, how much of harm, and shame, and loss, might be averted from the church, by the spiritual sensibility which would feel the coming declension before it is seen, and straightway fly from it!

THE TENDENCY OF SORROW—Nearly all sorrow has in it the same tendency.—While it lasts it depresses action, crushes hope and destroys energy, but it renders the sensitiveness more acute, the sympathies more genial, and the whole character less selfish and more considerate. It is said that in nature, but for the occasional seasons of drought, the best lands would soon degenerate; but these seasons cause the land to suck up from the currents beneath, with the moisture, also those mineral manures that restore and fertilize the soil above. It is thus with the experience of the aged is fruitful of suggestions to guide the unwary convert through the intricate labyrinths of Satan; and the sturdy vigor of the

from the deep fountains of the human heart a joy and fruitfulness not otherwise attainable.

The Work You have to Do.

God calls a few men to do some great thing for Him, and they are well and fitly employed in the doing of it. But in most cases the ordinary commonplace duties of "getting a living"—as we call it—are the works which God appoints for us to do; which he commands and expects to do well for Him. Never was there a more dreadful mistake than that which is so often committed, in supposing that there ought to be, or needs to be, a divorce between religion and common daily living. This is the blunder of the old monks. Well was it rebuked in the legend of him whom the Papists call St. Anthony.

He thought he served God best—in fact, that it was the only real way to do the work of life—by making himself a poor hermit in the desert. One day—the legend runs—as he sat by the side of his hole in the rocks, absorbed in meditation, a voice spoke to him out of the breeze that was blowing by, and said:

"Anthony! thou art not so holy a man as the poor cobbler that is in Alexandria!"

Amazed, Anthony took his staff and started on his journey, his long white beard blowing against his breast as he toiled toward the shore of the Mediterranean. After many days he came to Alexandria, and after a long search he found the cobbler's stall—a narrow place; a little dried-up, meagre man—yet with something bright in his eye, and something sweet even in the wither of his cheeks. Amazed to see so venerable a form as that of Anthony pause before his humble abode, the poor cobbler bowed, and began to tremble before him.

"Tell me," says Anthony, "how you live? How spend you your time?"

"Verily, sir," replied the little man, "I have no good works. I am a poor, humble, hard-working cobbler, with little time to think, and no ability to do any great thing. I just live from day to day as God helps me. I am up at the dawn. I pray for the city, my neighbors, my family, myself; I eat my scanty viands, and then sit me down to my hard labor all the day, and when the dusk shuts down, I eat, again, the bit I have earned, and thank God, and pray, and sleep. I keep me over, by God's help, from all falsehood, and if I make any man a promise, I try to perform it honestly. And so I live, trudging along my narrow path day by day, how dark soever it may sometimes be, never fearing that it will not bring me out at last, into the everlasting light."

Then turned away the long-bearded monk, and the voice in the breeze sighed—"Ah, me! that one life of man should be so humbly full, and another so proudly empty?"

This, then—this is the work He has given us to do. This work which is here, daily waiting by our hands and thrusting itself upon them. *Not* that which shines so bright over there, and seems to promise greater pleasantness, as if it would only be one-half work or every exertion will be in vain to make the fruit flourish. Sometimes I look upon my troubles as a thunder-storm, which at first appears dark and threatening, but which afterwards draws down rain and clears the air; and then, I think, when this is over, the sun will shine again. It is thus that I consider myself and my life a tillage field—Dare the field to say to the plough, 'What dost thou here?'

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young acts favorably on the growing feebleness of the fathers. The firmness of the resolute restrains the halting and unstable; and the courage of the bold stimulates the timid. Thus, each derives benefit from all, and all are helped by each."—*Zion's Herald*.

The Crazy Deacon.

Many years ago, a deacon in one of our New England churches became subject to a mild form of insanity. Being inoffensive, he was permitted to go at large and attend public worship, where he usually behaved with entire decorum. According to the custom of those days he occupied the "Deacon's Seat," in front of the pulpit. One Sabbath the minister preached a sermon on the subject of maintaining peace with all men. He first dwelt upon the duty, and then suggested various means of keeping the peace. The deacon was observed to be much interested from the first, but during the discussions of the second head, he turned towards the pulpit as far as the inconvenience of his seat would permit, and fixed his eye on the preacher. At length, he rose to his feet, and with his back to the congregation, gazed earnestly into the speaker's face with an excitement of manner, plainly significant of something special on his mind. Perceiving that his pastor had concluded his second head, and was about passing on to another division of the discourse, he became quite uneasy, and finally spoke out—"Permit me to suggest," said he, "that there is one other important means of keeping the peace which you have not mentioned." "Ah, deacon," said the pastor, "what is that?" "A substantial fine rail fence," was the emphatic reply.

I have often thought of the crazy deacon's expedient for keeping the peace, and must say, that taking mankind as they are, it is one that cannot be dispensed with. When I have seen two neighbors after trying to have all things common, falling out with each other, and quarrelling with bitter animosity. I have said to myself, "The deacon's fine rail fence would have prevented all this."

When I have seen two friends alienated in consequence of trusting everything to each other's honor in their business relations, and neglecting all written contracts and formal settlements, I have thought of the deacon's fence.

When I have seen Christians of different denominations trying to force themselves into a union of worship and labor, for which they had not the requisite preparation of heart, and fearing new quarrels by the attempt, I have sighed to think how much more real union would have resulted from the fine rail fence."

It were better, indeed, if no such barrier were needed. But since human nature, even when sanctified, is so imperfect, it is folly to attempt a contrived and unnatural union of parties, whose diverse sympathies and interests will only cause irritation by coming in contact. The dividing wall may, it is true, mark our infirmity; but we should gain nothing by its absence.

Though an evil, it prevents greater evils; and may be regarded as incidental to the best good of society.

Communion.

We have no more right to invite unbaptized persons to occasional communion than to become regular members without baptism. It is said "the church to which they belong is responsible for the regularity of its membership." This is true, but we pronounce them regular members if we ask them to communion; we strike down the mattock and the spade deep into the hard soil, with sturdy, steady stroke, so sure will the sweet waters of refreshment spring up even out of those very depths of dryness to minister and reward a blessed.

Church Fellowship.

The Scotch poet, Allan Ramsay, in his celebrated pastoral drama, the "Gentle Shepherd," finds a beautiful illustration of marriage in two aged elms growing side by side. He supposes them to have been, "some years since," as bridegroom and bride. Each year they have pressed nearer and nearer to each other, until their spreading branches have mingled; and, as he sings, in old Scotch phrase,

"This shields the other from the eastling blast,

"That in return defends it from the west."

Had they stood apart and alone, each must have borne the violence of every wind, and bowed unsheltered before every storm.

This delightful image is as illustrative of the benefit of church fellowship, as it is of the advantage of married life. For church membership brings kindred minds into relations of mutual sympathy and protection. It tends to develop the richest sympathies of regenerated human nature; to create the purest friendships; to secure mutual benefits. The wisdom of one instructs the folly of the other; the strong faith of another becomes an encouragement to his doubting companion; the long experience of the aged is fruitful of suggestions to guide the unwary convert through the intricate labyrinths of Satan; and the sturdy vigor of the

A Wonderful Man.

"O, RISE SOME OTHER SUCH!"

The following extract is from the five "Discourses on Saint Paul" by that man of devoted piety, and unrivaled eloquence, the late Adolphe Monod, of France:

"We are astonished at the amount accomplished by a man—a single man. The wonderful activity of our apostle imparts to him a kind of omnipresence in all the Roman empire, over the vast extent of which the name of Paul projects everywhere its immense shadow. What are we, the preachers or missionaries of to-day, before such a man?—for he is a man, a mere man; we are obliged, indeed, to make an effort, in order not to forget this. Would not his history seem incredible to us, were it narrated anywhere except in the sacred Scriptures? Would not the chronicler seem to be speaking of one of those fabled giants, to whose adventures fact has hardly contributed its humble quota, or its modest starting point?—Where have vanished those grand figures of the first century? Is the race forever extinct, the mould broken, the tradition lost, as in the case of those animals that have disappeared from our globe; whose transit over the earth is revealed to us only by dry fragments of their bones? But, no; such as Paul appears to our effeminate generation, such must a Moses or Samuel have appeared to the worse than effeminate generation in which Saul of Tarsus saw the light; and well-nigh such to-day still appear to us a Luther or a Calvin. Prophets, apostles, reformers, separated by so many centuries,—all those great men of God,—were found at the very moment when God had need of them; and they would reappear to-day, if the faith of their hearts should be renewed in some one of their descendants, according to that admirable saying of Luther: 'If I had Abraham's faith, I should be Abraham.'"

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.—The Apostle says, "I taught publicly, and from house to house." We have none too much church religion in our day, and too little house or home religion; none too much teaching publicly, and too little "from house to house." The pastor is to take not only a general, but a particular oversight reaching to every member of the flock. Baxter says, "If a physician should only read a public lecture on physic, his patients would not be much the better of them; nor would a lawyer secure your estate by reading a lecture on law"—and so intimates, that neither would a pastor accomplish the work of oversight of the flock, who only calls after them publicly once a week. He is to "go preach" not merely to set himself in the pulpit once a week, and preach to those who come. The Savior's language still being, "I was sick and ye visited me, and in prison, and ye came unto me."

The Subject of the Body.

The Christian is justified and filled with all good, and made a true son of God, by faith alone. Yet while he remains upon earth, in this mortal state, he must keep his body in subjection, and perform those duties which result from an intercourse with his fellow creatures.

Here then, it is, in the Christian scheme, that works are to be placed; here it is that sloth and indolence are forbidden; and here the convert is bound to take care that by fasts, watching and labor, and other suitable means his body be so exercised and subdued to the Spirit, that it may obey and conform to the inward and new man, and not rebel and obstruct the operation of faith, as it is naturally inclined to do, if not restrained. For the inward man, being created after the image of God, by faith rejoices through Christ, in whom he possesses so great a treasure, and hence his only employment and delight are to serve God freely in love.—*Luther*.

SOVEREIGNTY OF GRACE.—The Rev. Dr. Lawson in a discourse on the sovereignty of grace in the conversion of sinners, made the following declaration:

"For my part I am firmly persuaded that all my hope must rest upon the riches and sovereignty of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. I am persuaded that millions already in hell were far less criminal when they left the world than I have been. I am sensible that I can never make myself a fitter subject of mercy than I am at this moment; and that therefore I must follow to the pit those miserable wretches that are groaning under the wrath of God, unless I am plucked as a brand out of the burning. A doctrine so necessary to my hope and peace as the sovereignty of divine mercy I hope never to renounce."

THE SWEAREE REBUCKED.—A few days ago a young naval officer, who was passing in the cars from Newark to New York, constantly introduced the most profane oaths into his conversation. His shocking profanity greatly annoyed a young lady who sat near him. At last, turning to him, she said, "Sir, can you converse in Hebrew?"—

"Yes," was his

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.:
Thursday, Nov. 7, 1861.

Spiritual Mindedness.

In the present state of anxiety, extending as it does to every class of commonality, it becomes a question of deep and painful solicitude how the Christian may prepare and keep in healthful vigor his spiritual mindedness. Partaking as he does in common with all our people in those sentiments of patriotism which thrill every heart in our vast Southern Confederacy, he cannot but feel an abiding interest in those historic events now transpiring which are to illuminate the brightest pages of American history. He feels as all true patriots feel, that this is a representative age—that we are now meeting responsibilities, and acting a part in the grand drama, which are to tell upon the destiny of distant ages. We are now working out the problem as to whether our children and our children's children for ages, shall inherit the priceless boon of freedom, or curse our memory as they clank their chains of slavery—whether existence to them shall prove a blessing or a curse. It were worse than madness in him, therefore, to affect indifference to a crisis, fraught with the most tremendous consequences ever staked upon the field of battle, or committed to diplomatic negotiations.

How then is he, while discharging his duty to his country, to witness a good confession before all men for his Savior? How may he show that while he is in the world, he is not to be of the world? How may he increase yet more and more in knowledge and true holiness, amid the political convulsions which agitate our country? Would that we could answer these questions, even to our own satisfaction. Would that we could provoke some godly man to furnish some thoughts upon a topic, the importance of which many a pious heart deeply feels as he beholds the desolations of Zion. And we propose the subject now, not so much to discuss it itself, as to enlist other pens more capable of the task. By way then of opening up the subject to the mind of our readers, and at least enlisting for it serious thought, we beg to offer a few considerations.

In the first place, we need more faith in Jesus Christ. On a certain occasion, our blessed Lord inculcated upon his disciples a painful and difficult duty—the forgiveness of personal injuries on the repentance of the party, “even unto seventy times seven.” The apostles, seeing their inability to such a task, “said unto the Lord, Increase our faith!” It would seem to a man unacquainted with the workings of divine grace in the heart, that the disciples should have asked the Lord to increase their love, their forbearance, their self-denial, or their courage. But they well knew, from happy experience, that faith was the root of every other Christian grace, and that if that was strong these could not be weak. On another occasion, our Lord reproved his disciples for their want of faith in curing a poor lunatic brought to them, saying, “If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye could say to this mountain, be thou removed, and it should be done.” The smallest faith is influential when brought to bear upon the greatest obstacles. So it is now. God has been pleased to assign to faith a kind of omnipotence. “If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.” There are no obstacles which faith cannot overcome. The greatest achievements ever recorded in the annals of time, have been assigned to faith. The apostle Paul has given us a synopsis of these achievements in the 11th chapter of Hebrews; and we are much mistaken if, after reading that chapter in a prayerful and docile spirit, the Christian does not rise from its perusal not a little profited. Once let the conviction be fastened upon his mind, that “all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose,” and it will instantly change the complexion of that cloud which lowers upon his horizon. Unbelief has placed him upon the wrong side of that cloud. He views it from the Egyptian stand point. Faith will transfer him to the bright side, and, as was the case with the Israelites on leaving Egypt, it will be a “pillar of fire.” To recur again to one of the circumstances already referred to,—when the father of the lunatic appealed to Christ to cure his son, after the failure of the disciples, he said to him, “If thou canst do anything for us, have mercy on us, and help us.” Christ responds, “If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.” He here transfers the “if” from his own almighty to the applicant’s faith. As if he had said to him, “It is not a question of power with me, but of faith with you.”

In the next place, intimately connected with faith in Christ, as essential to spiritual mindedness, is the divine “love shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit.” Indeed, these two principles co-operate together in the sweetest harmony, since it is said of faith that it “works by love, and purifies the heart.” The possession and in dwelling of the Holy Spirit, by which the unspeakable love of God fills the soul of the believer, was considered by our Savior as more than an equivalent for his bodily presence. Now let the believer ask himself the question, to what extent it would calm all the perturbations of his mind, and inspire within him that peace which passeth all understanding, if the adored Redeemer were here in person to counsel

cheer and comfort him? “O, if this could be so,” he is ready to say, “how soon would my heart be relieved of all its burdens! One benignant smile would calm all my fears, and send a thrill of delighted sensibility through my soul, body and spirit! One assuring word would arouse to activity every dormant energy of this hard ungrateful heart! One sweet promise would throw new life into every channel of Christian duty!” Well, just what the actual approving presence of Christ would do in these respects, the Holy Spirit was sent to accomplish. The fault is ours. We have grieved the heavenly comforter, and he has withdrawn his sensible presence from us.—We have allowed ourselves to become absorbed in the stirring events of the times so completely, that we have forgotten or neglected to seek his holy communion. We have forgotten the admonition of the apostle, to “possess our souls in our patience,” just at the time that that admonition is most important. And what can so settle and fix our hearts upon eternal realities as the return of the blessed Messenger of peace? Were He to descend again into our churches, how quickly would we “sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.” Then would we joyfully exclaim, “Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” Then would we find time to “speak of the glories of his kingdom and talk of his power—to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and glorious majesty of his kingdom,” instead of devoting all our time to speculations and discussions in reference to our national troubles.

We feel that we have but touched upon this weighty topic, but we must bring these reflections to a close—Brethren, may it not after all be the wisest dictate of patriotism as well as Christianity, for us to pray for more spirituality in our own hearts—in our churches—in the ministry of the word;—for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our land? May it not be the shortest road to an honorable peace, to refer our national perplexities to Him who overturns and builds up nations as either may subserve the interests of his kingdom? The wise man has said, that “righteousness exalteth a nation, and that sin is a reproach to any people.” And by righteousness he means godliness—religion “pure and undefiled.” And as the exaltation of our nation is an object dear to our hearts, as well as the object of all our civil and military movements, let us labor to manifest that righteousness on which it is founded. Thus shall our Christianity and patriotism march hand in hand toward the goal of all our wishes—the establishment of a nation whose God is the Lord.

S. H.

A Thought for the Thoughtful.

When a tradesman becomes so involved as that he must make an assignment of his assets for the benefit of his creditors, the law grants him the privilege to prefer some creditors to others. This law we suppose is based upon the idea that there are some debts contracted under circumstances which make them more binding than others, and the law therefore gives some verge to the exercise of the conscience and judgment of the debtor. Indeed, it is the privilege of all debtors, whether under process of law or not, to prefer some creditors above others, for obvious reasons. Now we humbly suggest whether a Christian at such a time as this, may not, we will not say prefer his Lord above all other creditors, but place his indebtedness to Him at least upon equal ground with his indebtedness to his fellow man? To the one he owes all that he has—to the other he owes a part. Is there any justice in his excluding his principal creditor, that he may satisfy his subordinate creditor? Must he, ought he, to make no provision to pay his debt of “ten thousand talents” he owes his Lord, that he may have wherewithal to pay the “one hundred pence” he owes his fellow servant? What will common sense and common honesty suggest in such a case? Is it not a fact that in all jurisprudence, human and divine, the higher law shall take precedence of the subordinate law? To place the obligation in its lowest possible form, is not the Christian morally bound to recognise the claims of his Master in heaven as equal at least to the claims of his creditor in this world. “We speak unto wise men: judge ye what we say.”

S. H.

Celestial.

Methodists and Baptists separated from the North long before the Southern States took any action in the premises. The Episcopal and Presbyterian denominations have recently dissolved their connection with their Northern brethren. The Protestant Episcopal Convention at their late session in Columbia, S. C., at the suggestion of Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, styled themselves, “The Protestant Episcopal Church in the Confederate States.”

The Old School Presbyterians having dissolved their connection through Presbyteries and Synods resolved to hold their first General Assembly in Augusta, Ga., on the 4th day of November. All their Churches in the Confederate States are to be represented.

We are just in receipt of the Minutes of the Coosa River Association. Sicknes in the family of the clerk, J. K. Bullington, prevented them from being prepared and forwarded sooner. They shall be printed and sent as soon as the times and circumstances will allow.

Day of Fasting and Prayer.

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 31.—President Davis has issued a proclamation, appointing the 15th of November as a day

The New Testament.

The Bible Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, has just issued an edition of twenty thousand New Testaments, with a special view of supplying the Confederate States at no distant day.—The tone of the English press is becoming more and more decided upon this question every week. A leading journal in London has already announced the proposition, that England has now to choose between revolution at home and the maintenance of peaceful relations with the United States government. A large number of English cotton mills are now running only half the time, and most of them are greatly restricted. The time is not distant when they will be compelled to suspend altogether. A large lot of cotton was lately reshipped from Liverpool to New York. Mr. Seward, the Premier of Lincoln’s administration, has recently issued a circular to the authorities of the Northern States, urging them to put their coasts on the Atlantic and the Lakes in a state of defense, as a war with the European governments is by no means improbable. This circular has fallen like a thunderbolt upon the Yankee nation. Government stocks fell in a single day four per cent. Of course Mr. Seward has the best of reasons to apprehend the danger against which he is providing. The inefficiency of the Lincoln blockade has already been officially reported to the English government. Our opinion is, that our recognition by these two powers at least, will occur within a month or six weeks.

But let us not place too much reliance upon foreign aid. Our independence must, under God, be achieved by ourselves. This accomplished, we shall owe no nation anything but goodwill. Our independence has already been recognized, as we firmly believe, by the highest authority in the universe—the Court of Heaven. We can therefore afford to wait the more tardy action of earthly courts, especially as this tardiness will tend to develop those great elements of national prosperity essential to national independence. If results up to this time prove any thing in reference to a superintending providence, then may history be searched in vain for an instance in which God has smiled upon the efforts of any people to achieve their liberties, as He has smiled upon us. “Whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing.”

S. H.

These facts speak to the Christian heart of Southern Baptists, nay, of all denominations, with an eloquence which no language can increase. God has given us the victory upon almost every battle field; and now, in answer to the prayers of His Southern Zion, He is pouring out His Spirit upon our soldiers, and many of them are enlisting under His banner, thus combining in beautiful symmetry the virtues of patriotism and Christianity. Can any man who loves Christ, his country, or the souls of our noble young men, withhold his cooperation in supplying that religious instruction on which the existence, welfare and perpetuity of our New Republic is based? The moral and religious complexion of our army is destined to exert a most commanding influence upon the future of this great country. Indeed, to that noble band of patriots have we committed, under God, the fate of the Confederate States. Only as God shall bless them, shall we be blessed. As they shall fear God and keep his commandments, so will he be their “Leader and Commander” in the day of battle. He who labors to strengthen that arm that lays hold of Omnipotence at this critical period, may accomplish a service not only for his God, but for his country, the results of which may reach through all coming time. It was not without a moral significance that it was at the house of a soldier that the first Gospel sermon was preached, and the first gracious revival was enjoyed, which ever blessed the Gentile world. Acts 10th chapter. Away with that idea that the duties of a soldier and the duties of a Christian are incompatible. The ascending Savior has put the distinguishing honor upon that profession of being the first among all the conditions of the heathen to receive the gifts of the Holy Spirit.—Let us feel then, that in laboring for the conversion of our soldiers by sending them the Word of God, religious books, and the faithful ministry of the Sacred Oracles, our efforts shall not be in vain in the Lord. We are but following the line of duty marked out to us by the sanctions of Apostolic example and divine command.

It may be proper for us to say, also, that our Sabbath Schools can now be replenished by the Bible Board with any number of these small Testaments at a trifling cost. Let our brethren send on their orders, and they will be promptly filled. Should the efforts of our Board be generously seconded throughout the Southern Confederacy, we shall soon be independent of all other sources, as we are now cut off from them, to supply to our people this priceless treasure.

We also suggest to the churches in the several communities in which there are encampments of soldiers for instruction, the propriety of making up funds, and sending on at once for Testaments to supply them before they move to the seat of war. This would greatly aid the work of colportage now so vigorously prosecuted in our army. “Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.”

S. H.

Desolations of War.

“Upson” in the Columbus Sun gives a gloomy picture of the desolations between the two armies on the Potowmack. He says:

The entire country from Manassas to the Potowmack has been stripped of forage, and there is not even straw to be had, except in the most limited quantities to scatter in the tents. Even the gentle and industrious Ruth, if she were here, would not be able to “glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves;” for the two armies that have alternately occupied the country, did not “let fall some of the handfuls of purpose,” but consumed every ear of corn and every blade of grass within their reach. The fencing has been destroyed and the rails used for firewood; barns and hay stacks have been emptied; cattle pens and sheep folds have been exhausted; wagons and teams have been impressed, orchards stripped, farms cut up by newly made roads, and the whole country ravaged as if a fire had swept over it. Many of the inhabitants have been compelled by necessity to abandon their homes and retire back into the country where their families would be out of immediate danger and convenient to supplies for their support. It is but just to add, that the Confederates have paid for every thing their necessities have forced them to, to supply to our people this priceless treasure.

We also suggest to the churches in the several communities in which there are encampments of soldiers for instruction, the propriety of making up funds, and sending on at once for Testaments to supply them before they move to the seat of war. This would greatly aid the work of colportage now so vigorously prosecuted in our army. “Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.”

S. H.

How it Stands.

Since Abraham “put down his foot to subjugate the South he has been defeated in every battle of importance, and ten thousand of his men have been taken prisoners, while they have not taken quite two thousand of our men. At this rate how long will it take him to crush out the great rebellion?”

Day of Fasting and Prayer.

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 31.—President Davis has issued a proclamation, appointing the 15th of November as a day

Foreign Recognition.

There are indications which justify a reasonable hope that the English and French governments will recognize the Confederate States at no distant day.—The tone of the English press is becoming more and more decided upon this question every week. A leading journal in London has already announced the proposition, that England has now to choose between revolution at home and the maintenance of peaceful relations with the United States government. A large number of English cotton mills are now running only half the time, and most of them are greatly restricted. The time is not distant when they will be compelled to suspend altogether. A large lot of cotton was lately reshipped from Liverpool to New York. Mr. Seward, the Premier of Lincoln’s administration, has recently issued a circular to the authorities of the Northern States, urging them to put their coasts on the Atlantic and the Lakes in a state of defense, as a war with the European governments is by no means improbable. This circular has fallen like a thunderbolt upon the Yankee nation. Government stocks fell in a single day four per cent. Of course Mr. Seward has the best of reasons to apprehend the danger against which he is providing. The inefficiency of the Lincoln blockade has already been officially reported to the English government. Our opinion is, that our recognition by these two powers at least, will occur within a month or six weeks.

S. H.

Report of the Battle of Roanoke Island, N. C., Oct. 10, 1861.

BRO. TALIAFERRO: I send you some extracts of a letter written by Joe A. Maharey, of Company H, 3rd Georgia Regiment, to his brother at this place. It was strictly a private letter, but may interest some of your readers. I also send along with it a Northern account of the same from the New York Herald, which you can publish if you think proper.

Respectfully, &c.,

For the South Western Baptist.
Foster's, Ala., Oct. 25th, 1861.

BRO. TALIAFERRO: I send you some extracts of a letter written by Joe A. Maharey, of Company H, 3rd Georgia Regiment, to his brother at this place. It was strictly a private letter, but may interest some of your readers. I also send along with it a Northern account of the same from the New York Herald, which you can publish if you think proper.

Respectfully, &c.,

* * * * *

ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C., Oct. 10, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: I have the pleasure of saying to you that I have been in one fight, which took place last Friday and Saturday on Chicamacomico Island, 20 miles Southeast of here. We learned that the 20th Indiana Regiment was encamped at that place, and we concluded we would give them a brush, which we did in good style. We left here on Thursday night and reached Chicamacomico about 9, A. M., Friday, landing in the face of the enemy. The water was so shallow that our boats could not get nearer the Island than a mile. The “Young Guards,”* of which I am a member, and two other companies jumped overboard and waded up to our arms in the water and landed in 15 or 100 yards of the enemy, with but little or no opposition by them.—But I assure you we had a rough time of it before we got through. Though we did not lose the first man by the balls of the enemy, we were engaged in the “Bloody Third,” and view us with the greatest terror. You never saw the like of knapsacks, coats, pants, shirts, drawers, hats, caps, cartridges, cartidges, belts and almost everything else, that they threw away, when they were running from us. I think some of them must have reached Fort Hatteras stark naked. * * *

In our pursuit we caught some of the Yankees who had run themselves nearly to death, and I expect some died from it. Some told us they had rather be captured or killed than run another step. They say they call us the

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SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

The Battle of Leesburg.

The recent victory of Gen. Evans over the men near Leesburg continues the prominent topic of conversation and every new fact or incident is received with the utmost relish.—Dr. Geo. S. Stewart, of Madison county, Miss., has placed us in possession of some interesting information connected with the battle, gathered from soldiers who participated in it. It appears that a report reached General Evans that the Federals were crossing the river at Edwards's Ferry on Monday morning, and the 13th Mississippi Regiment was sent down from Leesburg to keep them in check; and under the belief that the heaviest part of the enemy's force would cross at that point, the 18th Mississippi followed. It turned out, however, that another place was chosen by the enemy, some miles higher up the river, where the channel is from 175 to 200 yards in width, and not fordable. They crossed in flat-bottomed boats and skiffs, and the first engagement was between the 5th Virginia regiment and the advanced columns of the foe. The skirmishing continued with considerable severity for some hours, and the 18th Mississippi, bearing the flag marched in double quick time to the scene of action; the 13th remaining at Edwards's Ferry, to prevent the rebels from crossing there and executing a flank movement. The grand and closing fight of the day took place about 4 o'clock P.M., when the Federals made a desperate stand on the bank of the river. In a clear space between two growths of forest, our three regiments—the 5th Virginia and the 17th and 18th Mississippi—had the enemy partially surrounded, forming a sort of semi-circular trap, from which the rebels had no means of escape except by the river or through the woods on either side. The latter alternative was adopted by some, who were afterwards captured. The fighting now became terrible. The contending forces were in close proximity, and we are informed that not only bullets and bayonets, but even bowie-knives were used with fearful effect upon the enemy. The latter, finding they were overpowered, made an effort to reach their boats, which a large number succeeded in doing; but the rush was so great that several boats were overturned or sunk, and the panic-stricken soldiers were drowned in large numbers.—We have no means of ascertaining how many reached the island in the river; but it is not so difficult to say how many failed in the attempt. Those who were left on the shore then laid down their arms and surrendered, and this terminated the battle.

The entire casualties upon our side may be considered definitely ascertained, since a dispatch was received yesterday by President Davis from Gen. Bevaregard, based on a report from Gen. Evans, in which the Confederate loss is stated at 27 killed and 120 wounded. The Federal loss is set down by the same high authority at 1,200 killed, wounded or captured. We have no doubt of the entire accuracy of this information.

We as stated yesterday, there is no truth in the rumor that Gen. Evans has fallen back from Leesburg, though it seems to be the general impression that the enemy crossed the river subsequent to the battle and again retired to a more secure place. We have reports of reinforcements being sent up to Gen. Evans, but not in a form sufficiently authentic to justify publication.

GENERAL RESULTS.—Col. Featherstone, of the 17th, Mississippi regiment, makes the following statement of the results of the battle of Leesburg:

Taken by us, 729 prisoners, 4 pieces of artillery, 1,600 stands of arms and a quantity of clothing.

Our force consisted of the 8th Virginia and the 17th and 18th Mississippi volunteers. Aggregate strength engaged in the fight about 1,500 men. The enemy's force was from seven to twelve regiments.

Our loss is about 130 killed and wounded. The enemy's loss, in prisoners, killed, wounded and drowned, not less than 2,000.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

A SKIRMISH IN BARREN COUNTY—A BOLD DEED.—We have information which we know to be reliable, of a skirmish which took place recently in the county of Barren, in this State, in which a few Southern Rights men displayed acts of daring and valor unexampled in the annals of war.

Cyrus Hutchinson, a well known citizen of Barren, having become obnoxious to the Federal forces at Greenup, on account of his political opinions, it was determined to arrest him. Mr. Hutchinson hearing of their kind intentions towards him, and that a troop of 60 cavalry had been dispatched to execute the arrest, prepared himself in the best manner he could to give them a suitable welcome, rallied among his neighbors a few men who promised to stand by him. He also procured a few Southern soldiers. The whole number of the Southern force was 15.

After dark, the Federal force arrived at his house, and leaving their horses in charge of a portion of the troop, they entered the dwelling. Finding their intended victim was out, they intended to search for him in the plantation and out-buildings. Hutchinson, in the meantime, had drawn up his men around the yard fence, and as his force left the house let them have a salvo by a discharge of the rifle shot. This the enemy promptly returned. At the first fire six of his Hutchinson's men fell him, at the third or fourth more despatched. This left him with only men; but this Spartan band maintained the unequal fight until the foe retreated. After the battle was over there were eight dead men found in the yard and adjacent grounds, four more were ascertained to have died on the road back to Greenup, and four who entered the town are understood to be mortally wounded.

The party left in charge of the horses, seized with fright, fled in the panic and left thirty horses behind, all branded U. S. These the victorious Kentuckians captured, and will let the Lincoln men have them when they can get them.—*Kentucky News.*

Change of Schedule.

Office Tuskegee Rail Road, October 24, 1861.

The Passenger Trains on this road will leave Tuskegee, as follows:

DAY TRAIN leaves Tuskegee 9 A.M. arrives at 10:45.

NIGHT TRAIN leaves Tuskegee 1 P.M. arrives at 1:30.

NIGHT TRAIN leaves Tuskegee 7:30 P.M. arrives at 9:15.

Stamps not excepted.

All freight to insure shipment by next Train must be delivered at least one hour previous to its departure.

Freight coming to this road will be delivered at any hour of the day after arrival.

Adams' Southern Express Office kept at this Depot, Oct. 21, 1861. Geo. W. STEVENS, Sept.

NOTICE.

It is hereby given, that on the 21st day of October, 1861, Administration on the Estate of Steve Brooks, deceased, was granted to me by the Probate Court of Macon County: That all persons who are indebted to said Estate are hereby notified to come forward and make immediate payment to me, and those who have claims against said Estate will present their demands duly authenticated to me within the time allowed by law, or they will be forever barred.

LITTLEBERRY STRANGE, Administrator, Oct. 31, 1861.

The State of Alabama — aaron carlton.

LETTERS of Administration having been granted to me, the undersigned by the Judge of Probate of Macon County, on the 31st August, 1861, upon the estate of WM. H. MCKAY Esq.

All persons are hereby notified to present their demands against said estate within the time prescribed by law, or they will be forever barred; and those indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment.

JOHN A. MCKAY, Administrator.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of administration on the estate of Marx Wolff, was granted to the undersigned on the 21st day of September 1861, by the Hon. Lewis Alexander Judge of Probate, for Macon County. All persons having claims against said estate will present them within the time prescribed by law or they will be barred.

Oct. 24, 1861. Mrs. E. WOLFF, Administratrix.

DISOLUTION.

The WAR in KENTUCKY.—The Athens Post has a letter from Bowling Green, Ky., dated the 21st, furnishing satisfactory information of the number and condition of the troops at that and other points on the line of operations.—Our friends have no fears for the success of the southern cause in Kentucky. The Confederate troops are ample. In a short time the Confederates will sweep like an avalanche in the direction of Louisville and Cincinnati, and the State be relieved from the thralldom which some of its deluded and degenerate sons were trying to bring upon it.—*Memphis Appeal.*

LAW CARDS.

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Poetry.

Shunshine After Rain.

Come! sunshine after rain,
With joy again,
After heavy bitter grief,
Dawneth surely sweet relief;
And my soul, who from her height
Sink to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

He, whom this world dares not face,
Hath redress'd me; His grace,
And His mighty hand command,
Chains of hell about me wound;
Quicker, stonger, leaps my blood,
Since His mercy like a flood,
Pour'd o'er all my heart for good.

Bitter anguish have I borne,
Keen regret my heart hath torn,
Sorrow dimm'd my weeping eyes,
Satan entwined me with lies;
Yet at last am I set free,
Help, protection, love, to me
One more true companion be.

Never was a helpest prey,
Never with shame was turn'd away,
He who gave himself to God,
And on him had cast his load;
Who in God's hot hope hath placed
Shall not live in pain or waste,
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still,
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begin.
As God willst much the hour,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
And what'er we ask'd is ours,

When my heart was vex'd with care,
Fill'd with fears well nigh despair;
When with watchings many a night,
On me fell pale sickness bright;
When my courage fail'd me fast,
Camest thou, my soul at last,
And my woes were quickly past.

Now as long as here I roam,
On this earth have house and home,
Shall this wonder gleam from Thee
Shine through all my memory,
To my God I yet will cling,
All my life the praises sing
That from thankful hearts outsp'ren.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the Eternal Father's heart,
Had appalled me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store.

As my life flows on I take
Calmly gladly for His sake,
No e'er faintless murmur make.

I will meet distress and pain,
Will greet 'e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave,
Whom the strongest doth defend,
Whom the Highest counts His friend,
Cannot perish in the end.

Paul Gerhardt, 1659.

Miscellaneous.

Morals in Politics.

Is there any such thing in reality? Have men recognized its existence?—Does the Bible? The Bible does; but civilians, men and governments generally have ignored the fact, or what is worse, have repudiated it, when known to exist. Alas, for them! The glory of God in the happiness of men has not been the grand moving cause in pronouncing individuals to our various legislative, judicial, and executive departments, civil and military; hence we the American people, have at last, struck the rock on which we have split. No well informed, conscientious, God-loving and God-fearing Christian civilian dare question the truth of the following, namely: That infidelity, licentiousness, ungodliness and a general want of the spirit of Christianity, on the part of politicians, rulers and people, have brought our present ills upon us. Instead of recognizing our allegiance to God, and the Christian religion, and being actuated and guided by an abiding sense of such recognition, we have apparently most scrupulously banished all such notions in our civil and political relations. Instead of requiring of our candidates proposing to serve in our legislative, judicial and executive departments, that they fear, love and honor God, that they practice equity and justice and sound morals in all their relations and intercourse with the world, it is a notorious and scandalous fact that will ever blotch the pages of our history, that we, professedly a Christian nation, appear studiously to have promoted the wickedly profane, the drunken, the lewd, and licentious an abandoned every way. The biggest liars, the most foul-mouthed, swearing blackguards who scorn religion and the religious, and turn them into vice ridicule, but when restrained by a selfish policy, to feign to respect it and him; who studiously avoid professing Christ publicly, lest they should become less popular; who most freely circulate the decanter, and send around the liquor keg and barrel to turn men drunkards and fools that they may thus buy their votes; who sedulously so frame the laws they make so as to encourage litigation that they may goit far upon the spoils, regardless of equity; who labor that they and their party may become and remain dominant with a view to the emoluments of office; these are the monsters whom for the sake of party politics we have encouraged, and that in the very act of violating the laws they had made, and their oath to be true to those laws. Truth is, that so generally has this state of things obtained, and so corrupt have been our office-seekers and public men, that a stricken conscientious, unfeigned Christian man, though otherwise well qualified, can but little expect to be promoted by the people, and feels but little inclination to be if he could. So extravagant and latitudinarian have been our notions of liberty, and such a pious horror have we cherished as to union of Church and State, that we have but too effectually banished every thing savoring of religion from our national politics and civil organizations and transactions. For example, the world-renowned Abraham Lincoln and his abettors, prompted by the most excessive avarice, thirst for territory and power, have plausibly and hypocritically pretended that they believe the slavery of the South to be morally wrong in the abstract, and hence to remove this wrong, to hold that they are morally and religiously right in making every effort by the point of the bayonet and mouth of the canon, to circumscribe, and ultimately exterminate it, and with it the whole Southern people, they have entirely ignored that feature of the Gospel which teaches that righteousness is to be promoted not by "carnal weapons," but by "the sword of the Spirit." Hence, making their religion a most base pretext, they have encouraged wholesale murder, burning, robbery, rape, in a word, a species of

the most despicable tyranny that has ever cursed our earth. One result is, that the American people are to day, among the enlightened nations of the earth, objects of just contempt and derision as well as compassion. What has been said in regard to Lincoln and his abettors, but too readily applies to various individuals and parties throughout the land, perhaps on a smaller scale. O Americans! people of the Confederate States! I pray you listen to a voice from the dead, the voice of the revered and sainted Washington: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert the great pillars of human happiness, those firm props of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it be simply asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in the courts of justice. "And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of a peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail, in exclusion of religious principle." Again: "Observe good faith and justice toward all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all.—Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it?" Can it be that Providence has connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue?" The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! it is rendered impossible by its vices." Hear him lastly: "There is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and course of nature and indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage," &c.—The propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained." Now we ask, most emphatically, in the name of God, of religion, and of human happiness, whether we be Pagan, Jew, Christian, Mohammedan, Turk, &c., or does it mean that in order to national perpetuity and happiness as a republican government we must be based on strictly Christian principles? This latter, the writer must believe is essentially the meaning of the illustrious hero and statesman denoted.—But alas! people and rulers now a day feign to be wiser, if not better than Washington. O that men were wise; that they would consider their latter end!—Southern Luthran.

A Striking Confirmation of Scripture.

One of the most interesting of the monuments of ancient Rome is the triumphal arch erected to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus, who, after the destruction of the temple, made a triumphant march to Rome, bringing with him a long train of captive Jew and the spoils, among which were the sacred vessels of the temple. This procession is represented in the beautiful arch, which furnishes an illustration of the Bible no where else to be found, these being the only representations that exist of the sacred vessels, the table of the shewbread, the golden candlestick with its seven branches, and the silver trumpets used by the priests to proclaim the year of jubilee. The Roman Senate and people little thought, when erecting this monument to a deified emperor, that they were erecting a monument to the true God in the verification of prophecy and divine history. Not one of the Jews of Rome—of whom there are about six thousand—will, even to this day pass under the arch of Titus, although it spans one of the thoroughfares of the city; they shun it as a memorial of a subjugation of their nation, which has never yet been retrieved, and regard it with aversion.—*Exchange*.

The VULGAR.—Be true to your own highest convictions. Intuitions from our own souls, of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give us a consciousness of spiritual force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life, who march as they are drilled, to the step of their tunes.—*Channing*.

A Child in Heaven.

A clergyman lost a child. A brother minister attended the funeral, and at the close of his remarks, the father of the deceased child arose, and spoke as follows to his people who were present:—

"When I have sought to minister to you consolation in the time of your affliction, weeping with you over your dying children, you have often said to me that I knew nothing of the anguish and could not sympathize with you in your loss. I feel it now, if I never did before. Then he directed them to the source of his comfort and support, and invited all to the fountain of living waters. His house stood on a hillside, overlooking a beautiful river, on the other side of which were luxuriant fields. Alluding to this, he continued: "Often as I have stood on the borders of this stream, and looked over to the fair fields on the other shore, I have felt but little interest in the people or the place in full view before me. The river separates me from them, and my thoughts and affections were here. But a few months ago, one of my children moved across to the other side, and took up his residence there. Since that time, my heart has been

there also. In the morning when I rise and look out toward the East, I think of my child who is over there and again through the day I think of him, and the other side of the river is always in my thoughts, with the child who has gone there to dwell. And now, since another of my children has crossed the river of death and has gone to dwell on the other side, my heart is drawn out towards heaven, as it never was drawn before. I supposed that heaven was dear to me; that my Father was there, and my friends were there, and that I had a great interest in heaven, but I had no child there; now I have; and I never think and I never shall think of heaven, but with the memory of that dear child who is to be among its inhabitants forever.

Bearing with Ourselves with Charity.

People who love themselves as they love their neighbor, will endure their own feelings, as they do their neighbor's with charity. They will see the defects to be corrected in themselves as they see those of others; and they will manage themselves as they would another, whom they would lead to God. They are patient with themselves and only insist upon those things that may be accomplished under present circumstances. They are not discouraged because they cannot be perfect in one day. They condemn, without qualification, the slightest imperfection; they see it in all humanity and sorrow, and they neglect nothing to cure themselves; but they are not fretful in the performance of this duty. They do not listen to those murmuring of their pride and self-love, which would mingle their complaints with the deep but quiet joys, which the spirit of God inspires within us of the correction of our faults.

These useless murmurs only serve to discourage the soul, and to occupy it with all the refinements of self-love, and to separate it from God; to lead it to seek for consolation contrary to his will; to weary, distract and exhaust it; and to prepare for it a sort of disgust and despair of being able to hold on its course.

Nothing retards the progress of the mind more than trouble of this nature, when we voluntarily seek them; but when we only endure them without producing them by reflections induced by self-love, then they will, like our trials, become sources of virtue, they will be ranked among the other tests of our virtue, which God sees necessary for our purification; and we must submit to them as we should to a fit of sickness.

Nevertheless, we must pursue our labor within, and outward acts of duty as far as we are at liberty to do it.—Prayer will not be less a privilege in this state, nor enjoyed; our love will not be less animated and true; the presence of God will not be less distinct nor less consoling, our duties will not be less faithfully fulfilled.—But our constancy is certainly greater when maintained under such painful circumstances. It is a greater force that carries a row-boat against wind and tide a quarter of a league, than impels it a whole league when it has them both in its favor.

We must treat these complaining of our self-love, as some people treat the vapors. They take notice of them, and act as if they did not feel them.—*Fenton's Letters*.

Western Virginia.

The campaign in Western Virginia has been a very severe one on all engaged in it; not so much on account of what our soldiers have had to perform as to dare, as what they have had to endure. The theatre of operations has been mainly in a country of mountains and of clouds, of rugged forests and wretched roads, where supplies could not be obtained, and to which it was difficult to transport them. Let the soldiers who have had to endure these hardships be remembered with an especial favor.

While we deeply regretted the unavoidable privations of our men, it affords us a grim satisfaction to find that the enemy have suffered at least as much. The extracts in our yesterday and to day's issue, will show that the North western soldiers are intensely disgusted with their service in our mountains. We wish they were a hundred times sicker than they are.

In this connection we present the following from a Western Virginian contemporary, who knows whereof he affirms, and from actual service in the war. The Abingdon Virginian says:

We are sorry to see some of our exchanges unnecessarily and unjustly concurring of Gen. Lee's conduct of the war in the North West. They want him to be in great haste—perhaps precipitate—and intigate he has more science than common sense, and more caution than discretion. These writers are unacquainted with the country in which he is operating, and entirely ignorant of the nature of a campaign in that region of gorges and mountains. Turn one of these grimy boulders loose in those hills and he would be lost in an hour and would never be found again, unless he should take the precaution to hang a cowbell about his neck.—*Richmond Enquirer*.

The CALIFORNIA MOUNTAINS.—Hutchings' Magazine states that of the western side of the State, the Coast Range of mountains, whose peaks are elevated from 1000 to 4000 feet above the sea. Along the eastern border lie the Sierra Nevadas, a range about 70 miles wide, and from 6000 to 10,000 feet high. The highest mountain peak is Mount Shasta, at the head of Sacramento Valley, 14,000 feet in elevation. It is clothed with snow at all seasons of the year, nearly a half mile perpendicularly down from the summit, and presents a grand and beautiful sight to a large extent of country, north and south. Mount San Bernardino is 8500 feet high; Mount Diablo, 3760 feet; and Castle Peak, 13,000.

CRACKERS.—One tea-cup of sweet milk, half teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of the white of an egg, two of butter. Mix very stiff and pound, roll thin and bake quick.

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