

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

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Army Correspondence.

For the South Western Baptist.
IN CAMP AT WELDON, N. C.,
May 9th, 1862.

EDITORS BAPTIST: I was very glad to hear, some time ago, that you had commenced again the issue of your paper; and I have desired to resume my occasional correspondence, but have not had an opportunity of so doing.

You will see from the date of this letter that we have changed our location. On last Sunday evening we received orders to be ready to start for Suffolk at 3 o'clock the following morning. Accordingly we made the necessary preparations, and at the stated hour on Monday morning we bade farewell to our camp at Mose's Church, where we had spent so many pleasant hours—as pleasant, at least, as a soldier could ask for. In the darkness, rain and mud we marched to Norfolk, where we took the cars for Suffolk. We arrived at the latter place about 10 o'clock, and took quarters in the cabins first occupied by the 1st South Carolina Regiment. Other regiments have also been encamped there, and some of their members have died and been buried there. On a plain pine board, at the head of one of the graves, I noticed the following inscription, roughly marked with a brush: "D. L. Chandler, Company D., 16th Georgia Regiment." We remained at the camp until Wednesday morning, when we were ordered to this place. We came by railroad, arriving after night. Our tents are pitched in an open field, where the hot sun of the day and the cold dews of night come down in all their unpleasantness. Where we will next be sent, or what we will have to do, of course I do not know. We are ready for whatever service we may be assigned to, and will endeavor to perform it as good soldiers should do.

On the 1st day of this month, the Light Infantry had an election for officers for the ensuing two years, under the provision of the Conscription Bill. Capt. Swanson declined a reelection, having been advised by physicians to leave the service, at least for a time. The necessity for such a course on his part was much regretted by us, as his absence is a loss both to the company and to the service. As an evidence of our esteem for him, and of our regret at his leaving, we presented him on the day of his departure, a beautiful service of silver, which he will no doubt cherish as the proudest memento of his life. Lieut. S. B. Johnston having been appointed Adjutant of the Regiment (with the rank of 1st Lieutenant) is also lost to the company. While we are gratified at his promotion, we still would have been glad if he had remained with the company. But we are satisfied with our present officers, and hope that under them the Tuskegee Light Infantry will maintain the reputation it has ever had, as one of the best companies in the service. The commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the company now are: Robt. L. Mayes, Captain; Chas. J. Bryan, 1st Lieutenant; W. T. Bilbro, senior, 2d Lieutenant; T. A. Ethridge, junior, 3d Lieut.; E. F. Baber, 1st Sergeant; John J. Howard, 2d; A. H. Bailey, 3d; Augustus Germany 4th; James M. Tate 5th; Warren A. Clarke 1st Corporal; James A. Bilbro, 2d; David F. Wright, 3d; William H. Drakeford, 4th.

As the matter is becoming publicly known, it may not be amiss to tell you that our forces are evacuating Norfolk and the surrounding fortifications, and they will no doubt soon be in possession of the Yankees. The necessity for such a movement, on the part of the Government, is much to be regretted, but I am inclined to think it was a wise conclusion. There were 25,000 men stationed around Norfolk, besides a large number engaged in defending the various avenues of approach to it, and it is a mat-

ter of doubt whether the possession of the city was worth to the Confederacy the immense outlay of men and money required to defend it. Besides, owing to the peculiar location of the place, and the geography of the surrounding country, its defense was very doubtful, if attacked simultaneously at two or three different points; and that such was the intention of the Yankees, there is little doubt. The greater part of the valuable public property will be removed from Norfolk and the Navy Yard, and it is probable that the possession of the place will be of but little benefit to the Yankees, except in name.

The health of the Regiment is very good, considering the number of new soldiers which the Conscription Bill has brought into it, and the number of times that it has recently changed its locality. Yours, &c., E. F. B. P. S.—Letters for members of the Regiment, I suppose, had better be sent to Weldon, at least for the present.

The Religious Newspaper.

Thirty years ago there was scarcely a religious newspaper in existence. A few monthly magazines had been established, and a few attempts had been made to establish religious papers, but their circulation was extremely limited. Now how changed is the scene! Each church has its organs, through which religious intelligence is communicated, its enterprises advocated, and its triumphs made known.

The religious paper has gone hand in hand with every benevolent enterprise. It has witnessed and heralded the growth of the missionary cause, the Sabbath school, temperance, and Bible societies. It has entered the place of the wealthy and the hovel of the poor, alike conveying cheering intelligence of the progress of Messiah's kingdom. It surveys the world not with the eye of the politician, or the merchant, but condenses, arranges, and reports the events of the day, as connected with the religion of Christ. It is emphatically the poor man's friend. It inspires the child with a taste for reading, gives to the young enlarged views of Christian effort, presents to the active Christian the calls of duty, and develops the benevolent feelings of the heart. The family who reads no religious paper lives in ignorance of the spread of the church, and of the success of religious enterprise. Such a family lives thirty years behind their age.

ADVICE TO MINISTERS.—Warn with fervor—exhort with affection—invite with earnestness—expostulate with zeal—reason with perspicacity—and exhibit doctrines and duties with clearness and concern.

Let the cross be found in every sermon—as the object of attraction—the motive to duty—and the encouragement of the fearful soul.

Often ask in reference to what you preach, "Is it true? Is it important? Will it do to die by? Should I preach it if I was sure I should die to-morrow?"

Never forget your three grand rules:—"Let all thing be done with charity. Do all to edification. Do all to the glory of God."

Feed the flock with constancy, care and prudence; let none be lean for want of proper food, since the pastures of God's word are so various and so rich.

"HALLELUJAH."—Two heathen, from different parts of the world, once met upon the deck of a vessel. They had been converted from their heathenism, and were brothers in Christ; but as neither was acquainted with the language of the other, they could not speak to each other.

They pointed to their Bibles, shook hands, smiled in one another's face; but that was all. At last a happy thought occurred to one of them. "With sudden joy he exclaimed, 'Hallelujah!'" The other, in delight, cried out, "Amen!" These two words, not found in their own tongues, but given them by the gospel, were to them the beginning again of one language and one speech.

The Consequences of Subjugation.

BY REV. J. H. THORNWELL, D. D.

The ravages of Louis XIV. in the beautiful valleys of the Rhine, about the close of the seventeenth century, may be taken as a specimen of the appalling desolation which is likely to overspread the Confederate States, if the Northern army should succeed in its schemes of subjugation and of plunder. Europe was then outraged by atrocities inflicted by Christians upon Christians, more fierce and cruel than even Mahometans could have had the heart to perpetrate. Private dwellings were razed to the ground, fields laid waste, cities burnt, churches demolished, and the fruits of industry wantonly and ruthlessly destroyed. But three days of grace were allowed to the wretched inhabitants to flee their country, and in a short time, the historian tells us, "the roads and fields, which then lay deep in snow, were blackened by innumerable multitudes of men, women, and children, flying from their homes.—Many died of cold and hunger; but enough survived to fill the streets of all the cities of Europe with lean and squalid beggars, who had once been thriving farmers and shopkeepers." And what have we to expect if our enemies prevail? Our homes, too, are to be pillaged, our cities sacked and demolished, our true men hanged, and those who escape the gibbet, to be driven as vagabonds and wanderers in foreign climes.—This beautiful country is to pass out of our hands. The boundaries which mark our States are, in some instances, to be effaced, and the States that remain are to be converted into subject provinces, governed by Northern rulers and by Northern laws. Our property is to be ruthlessly seized and turned over to morose and strangers, in order to pay the enormous debt which our subjugation has cost. Our wives and daughters are to become the prey of brutal lust. The slave, too, will slowly pass away, as the red man did before him, under the protection of Northern philanthropy; and the whole country, now like the garden of Eden in beauty and fertility, will first be a blackened and smoking desert, and then the minister of Northern cupidity and avarice. Our history will be worse than that of Poland and Hungary.—There is not a single redeeming feature in the picture of ruin which stares us in the face, if we permit ourselves to be conquered. It is a night of thick darkness that will settle upon us. Even sympathy, the last solace of the afflicted, will be denied to us. The civilized world will look coldly upon us, or even jeer us with the taunt that we have deservedly lost our own freedom in seeking to perpetuate the slavery of others. We shall perish under a cloud of reproach and of unjust suspicions, seditiously propagated by our enemies, which will be harder to bear than the loss of home and of goods. Such a fate never overtook any people before.

The case is as desperate with our enemies as with ourselves. They must conquer us or be destroyed themselves. If they fail, national bankruptcy stares them in the face; divisions in their own ranks are inevitable, and their Government will fall to pieces under the weight of its own corruption. They know that they are a doomed people if they are defeated. Hence their madness.—They must have our property to save them from insolvency. They must show that the Union can not be dissolved, to save them from future secessions. The parties, therefore, in this conflict can make no compromises. It is a matter of life and death with both—a struggle in which their all is involved.

But the consequences of success on our part will be very different from the consequences of success on the part of the North. If they prevail, the whole character of the Government will be changed, and instead of a federal republic, and common agent of sovereign and independent States, we shall have a central despotism, with the notion of States forever abolished, deriving its powers from the will, and shaping its policy according to the wishes, of a numerical majority of the people; we shall have, in other words, a supreme, irresponsible democracy. The Government does not now recognize itself as an ordinance of God, and when all the checks and balances of the Constitution are gone, we may easily figure to ourselves the career and the destiny of this godless monster of democratic absolutism. The progress of regulated liberty on this continent will be a military despotism, which preserves order by the sacrifice of the last vestige of liberty. We are fully persuaded that the triumph of the North in the present conflict will be as disastrous to the hopes of mankind as to our own fortunes.—They are now fighting the battle of despotism. They have put their Constitution under their feet; they have annulled its most sacred provisions; and in defiance of its solemn guaranties, they are now engaged, in the halls of Congress, in discussing and maturing bills which make Northern notions of necessity the paramount laws of the land. The avowed end of the present war is, to make the Government a government of force. It is to settle the principle, that whatever may be its corruptions and abuses, however unjust and tyrannical its legislation, there is no redress, except in vain petition or empty remonstrance. It was as a protest against this principle which sweeps away the last security for liberty, that Virginia, North Carolina Tennessee and Missouri seceded, and if the Government should be re-established, it must be re-established with this feature of remorseless despotism firmly and indelibly fixed. The future fortunes of our children, and of this continent, would then be determined by a tyranny which has no parallel in history.

On the other hand, we are struggling for constitutional freedom.—We are upholding the great principles which our fathers bequeathed us, and if we should succeed, and become, as we shall, the dominant nation of this continent, we shall perpetuate and diffuse the very liberty for which Washington bled, and which the heroes of the Revolution achieved. We are not revolutionists—we are resisting revolution. We are upholding the true doctrines of the Federal Constitution. We are conservative. Our success is the triumph of all that has been considered established in the past. We can never become aggressive; we may absorb, but we can never invade for conquest, any neighboring State.—The peace of the world is secured if our arms prevail. We shall have a Government that acknowledges God, that reverences right, and that makes law supreme. We are, therefore, fighting not for ourselves alone, but when the struggle is rightly understood, for the salvation of this whole continent. It is a noble cause in which we are engaged. There is everything in it to rouse the heart and nerve the arm of the freeman and the patriot; and though it may now seem to be under a cloud, it is too big with the future of our race to be suffered to fail. It cannot fail; it must not fail. Our people must not brook infamy of betraying their sublime trust. This beautiful land we must never suffer to pass into the hands of strangers. Our fields, our homes, our firesides and sepulchers, our cities and temples, our wives and daughters, we must protect at every hazard. The glorious inheritance which our fathers left us we must never betray. The hopes with which they died, and which buoyed their spirits in the last conflict, of making their country a blessing to the world, we must not permit to be unrealized. We must seize the torch from their hands, and transmit it with increasing brightness to distant generations. The word failure must not be pronounced among us. It is not a thing to be dreamed of. We must settle it that we must succeed. We must not sit down to count chances. There is too much at stake to think of discussing probabilities—we must make success a certainty, and that, by the blessing of God, we can do. If we are prepared to do our duty, and our whole duty, we have nothing to fear.

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His fellowship lost, he came ruinously humbled to live in the District, at first under compulsion to take pupils, whom of course he could not manage. On the death of his mother an annuity was purchased for him, and paid him quarterly, to keep him out of debt, if possible.—He could not take care of money, and he was often hungry, and often begged the loan of a sixpence, and when the publicans made him welcome to what he pleased to have, in consideration of the company he brought together to hear his wonderful talk, his wit, and his dreams, he was powerless in their snare.

Hartley Coleridge—Strong Drink.

There are words of warning for young men, in the incidents narrated by Miss Martineau, in the following paragraphs from "The Atlantic." The name of Hartley Coleridge held a distinguished place among his literary friends some twenty years ago.

"The Hutchinsons must remember him. He was one of the audience, when they held their concert under the sycamores in Mr. Harrison's grounds at Ambleside; and thereupon he wrote a sonnet, doubtless well known in America. When I wanted his leave to publish that sonnet in an account of Frolics with the Hutchinsons, it was necessary to hunt him up, from public house, to public house early in the morning. It is because these are universally known, because he was spoken of by drivers and lax artisans as an ale-house comrade, that I speak of him here, in order that I may testify how he was beloved and cherished by the best people in his neighborhood. I can hardly speak of him myself as a personal acquaintance, for I could not venture on inviting him to my house. I saw what it was to others to be subject to day-long visits from him, when he would ask for wine, and talk from morning to night—and a woman, solitary and busy, could not undertake that sort of hospitality; but I saw how forbearing his friends were, and why—and I could sympathize in their regrets when I met him in company occasionally, and never saw him sober; but I have heard from several common friends of the charm of his conversation, and of the beauty of his gentle and affectionate nature. His mind was developed by the conversation of his father and his father's friends; and he himself had a great friendship with Professor Wilson, who always stood by him with a pitying love. He had this kind of discursive education, but no discipline; and when he went to college, he was at the mercy of any who courted his affection, intoxicated his imagination, and then led him into vice. His Memoir shows how he lost his fellowship at Oriel College, Oxford, at the end of his probationary year. He had been warned by the authorities against his sin of intemperance; and he bent his whole soul to get through that probationary year. For eleven months and many days of the 12th he lived soberly and studied well. Then the old tempters agreed in London, to go down to Oxford, and get hold of Hartley.—They went down on the top of the coach, got across to his room, made him drunk, and carried him with them to London, and he was not to be found when he should have passed. The story of his death is but too like this.

"His fellowship lost, he came ruinously humbled to live in the District, at first under compulsion to take pupils, whom of course he could not manage. On the death of his mother an annuity was purchased for him, and paid him quarterly, to keep him out of debt, if possible.—He could not take care of money, and he was often hungry, and often begged the loan of a sixpence, and when the publicans made him welcome to what he pleased to have, in consideration of the company he brought together to hear his wonderful talk, his wit, and his dreams, he was powerless in their snare.

"In the midst of the great black frost at the close of 1843, he was at a small dinner party at the house of a widow lady, about four miles from his lodgings. During dinner some scandal was talked about some friends of his to whom he was warmly attached. He became excited on their behalf—took champagne before he had eaten enough, and before the ladies left the table, was no longer master of himself. His host, a very young man, permitted some practical joking; brandy was ordered and given to the unconscious Hartley; and by eleven o'clock he was clearly unfit to walk home alone. The man took him through Ambleside, and then left him to find his way the other two miles. The cold was as severe as any ever known in this climate, and it was six in the morning when his

landlady heard some noise in the porch, and found Hartley stumbling in. She put him to bed, put hot bricks to his feet, and tried all the proper means, and in the middle of the day he insisted upon getting up and going out. He called at the house of a friend, Dr. S——, near Ambleside. The kind physician scolded him for coming out, sent for a carriage, took him home, and put him to bed. He never rose again, but died on the 6th of Jan. 1849."

Faith, Hope, Charity.

Faith! What uncounted comforts lie hidden in that little word! A shield for the unprotected, strength for the feeble, and joy to the careworn and grief stricken. Let thy saving and cheering influence descend upon every soul!

Hope! Thou who hast a throne in every bosom, a shrine in every heart, what were the joys of earth without thy cheering light! Beneath thy brilliant beams, bright as the rays of morning stars, the cloud flits away from the lowering brow. Who could dwell upon the arid wastes of life's desert, did not thy beams point the road to future bliss? When sorrow plows up the heart with deep furrows, and the ties of life are sundered one by one, thy white-robed gentleness speaks peace to all that are within. Let thy beacon-blaze of celestial glory shine on in its unclouded splendor, till every darkened path be lighted by its cheering rays!

Charity! Greatest of all—the crowned queen among virtues—the brightest hand-maid of religion and love! May thy steps never wax feeble, nor thy heart grow cold. Let us mark the splendor of thy presence by every desolate hearth, and by every mourner's cot. Teach us to throw thy mantle of compassion over the ignorant, the erring and the guilty. Let thy influence soften every obdurate heart, and reclaim every vicious mind.

IS IT A PICTURE OF OUR TIMES?—Does the following extract of a letter, penned by General Washington in 1778, present a picture of the present times in the Northern States?—And is it a sketch of a large number in this Confederacy?

"If I were called upon to draw a picture of the times, and of men, from what I have seen, heard, and in part know, I should, in one word, say, that idleness, dissipation, and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of most of them; that speculation, peculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost every order of men; that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day; whilst the momentous concerns of an empire, a great and accumulating debt, ruined finances, depreciated money, and want of credit, which in its consequences is the want of everything, are but secondary considerations, and postponed from day to day, and from week to week, as if our affairs wore the most promising aspect."

THE DRAMA.—All great amusements are dangerous for the Christian life; but among all those that the world has invented, there is none more to be feared than the drama. It is a representation of the passions, so delicate and so natural, that it rouses them in the heart; and the more innocent they are made to appear to innocent minds, the more they are capable of being moved by them.—*Pascal.*

KEEPING.—"Keep thy heart with all diligence," keep it with all keepings; keep it from getting evil, as a garden is kept; keep it from doing evil, as the sea is kept at bay from reclaimed land; keep it with the keeping of heaven above, and of the earth beneath—God's keeping bespoken in prayer, and man's keeping applied in watchful effort. Keep it, with all keepings, "for out of it are the issues of life."—*Arnold.*

The believer is entitled to more than he knows, and more than he has courage to claim.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.
Thursday, May 22, 1862.
New Volume—Reduction of Size.

With this issue, we enter upon the fourteenth volume of the *South Western Baptist*. To Him who hath sustained us up to this hour, do we look to bear us safely through this trying ordeal.—The future is, to the eye of sense, dark and forbidding—but this must not paralyze our efforts. Indeed the Christian hero, like the patriot hero, must increase his zeal as embarrassments multiply. This is no time to calculate the cost of a faithful discharge of duty, either of labor or means.—He who now pauses to weigh interest against principle, is a traitor both to God and his country. The time has fully come when we must make an offering of all—money, labor, life itself—upon the altar of God and our country. If we survive this struggle, and save our liberty and our country, even though we lose every thing else, it will be a glorious success. And as the cause of our Redeemer is most intimately connected with this mighty struggle, we shall continue to devote our paper to the sacred cause of sustaining each—"rendering unto God the things that are God's, and to Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

We are compelled to reduce somewhat the size of our paper on account of the unparalleled rise in the price of material. We now pay nearly double as much for the paper on which this issue is printed as we did eight months ago for our former size. But although we are forced to adopt this policy, we shall furnish nearly, or perhaps quite as much reading matter as formerly.—There are now no advertisements, of consequence, as nearly all business is suspended; and the space usually occupied with these will be devoted to religious and secular intelligence. This cuts us off from one of the most prolific sources of our income, and throws us almost exclusively upon the income of subscriptions to sustain the paper. If this fails us, the paper goes down. But we have an abiding confidence that our brethren and friends will not allow this. The last few weeks has greatly encouraged us in this respect. In this confidence, we enter upon this new volume, believing that God will help us in this hour of extremity,—and that we shall yet, at no very distant day, celebrate his goodness and mercy in delivering us, "from the wrath of unreasonable men," and secure to us an honorable peace.

We hope that our brethren accustomed to write, will continue to furnish us occasional communications upon such topics as are appropriate at this crisis. Indeed, the discussion of any article of Christian faith or practice will not be out of place. This is a time that tests the foundation principles of religion, as well as civil government. Let them be brought out and discussed with earnestness, with candor, and in the true spirit of charity, and God will bless his own truth. Many of our churches are now destitute of pastors, and we desire to furnish in our columns such expositions of Christian doctrine and duty as will to some extent supply this lack of service.

"Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you: and that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men: for all men have not faith. But the Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil."

Atlanta Fire.

The late fire in Atlanta, Ga., seems to have aroused the Confederate Military authorities of the State to the protection of its stores. Gen. Lawton has dispatched Col. G. W. Lee, to Atlanta, who comes out in the papers with General Orders No. 1, which are strict, and about such regulations as are needed in every city where stores are kept.—No people upon the face of the broad earth have been as lenient to men and women residing in their midst, and holding on to the old wreck of the United States, as these Confederates, hence there has been ample opportunity for enemies to get into our cities, and plot and carry out their nefarious designs. It is time that the exact position of every man and woman within the limits of the Confederate States, was known, and if any be found who are not for our cause, they should be promptly imprisoned, so that they could not endanger our safety. Whether the fire in Atlanta was the work of enemies or not, it matters not. It is proper to so regard it, and take steps to prevent a like catastrophe. We have but small lots of stores in our city, clothing excepted, but we have the means to produce those stores, and a guard sufficient should be well guarded, and a sufficient should be set, so that every suspicious man could be made to give an account of himself. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."—*Columbus Sun*.

The Ecclesiastical Aspect of Subjugation.

In revolving the numerous evils resulting from subjection to the Northern power, we should not overlook the disastrous effects upon religion and our Southern Churches. Subjugation will extinguish the last spark of religious liberty in the South. And while all Christian persuasions will feel its withering influence, the most fatal blight will fall upon the Baptist Churches of the South. All history proves that Baptists do not flourish under despotisms. An essential and distinguishing feature of our polity, is the republican or democratic principle. The individuals composing the membership, are the sole earthly sources of power in a church. The members in their organized capacity, adopt their constitution and articles of faith, choose their pastor, admit and exclude members, and do all other acts which the law of Christ has enjoined upon the churches.

Now the subjugation of the South to our enemies will inevitably bring our churches likewise under the yoke, and deprive them of those inalienable rights which their Divine Founder has conferred upon them.

Can it be supposed that the oppressor of our land, who denies to us the God-given right of choosing our rulers and exercising the privileges of a free people, will tolerate a religious creed among his humbled subjects which strikes at the foundation of his usurpation, or which condemns his fanatical crusade against our institutions? To say nothing of the essential practical connexion between civil and religious liberty, there is no intimate alliance between Northern political and religious teachings on the question of slavery, that in carrying into practice the one, they will find it necessary to employ most actively the other. Judging from the history of the slavery discussion, and from the extreme height to which the tide of fanaticism now rises in their Congress, and their popular gatherings, it is logically conclusive, that their madness, in the event of success in this war, will not stop short of practical intolerance with respect to church creeds. To us, it appears almost self-evident, that these fanatics will erect a rigorous censorship over our Church faith and discipline, and will enforce their pleasure at the expense of individual opinion, and even at the sacrifice of religious liberty in a whole Church. If the unscrupulous tyrant, at Nashville, threatened the Episcopal clergyman with the rope, in case he refused to pray for the President of the United States, is it to be expected that more leniency will be exercised towards us, in regard to faith and worship, though we have no liturgy or printed forms of prayer? The measures of the invaders are now professedly conciliatory; but if they do such things in the green tree, what will they not do in the dry? If, while upon a career of conciliation, they resort to such high-handed outrages upon religious liberty, what will they not do, when having gained their end—our subjugation—they shall no longer need the mask of pretended kindness? We may well fear, not only a prescribed form of worship, but even the requisition that our creed must be revised or endorsed by our masters. And encroachments once commenced, where are they to end? An established Church, against which Baptists have been contending through so many centuries, would certainly be no worse.

Again, consider in what peril would be placed the right, inherent, and so dear to the membership, of choosing their pastor, and of listening to the truth, untrammelled by restrictions.—Let but the Southern pastor rise in his pulpit and interpret the word of God according to his own judgment; if he but trench upon the prejudices of the Northern censors, he must either be removed, and make way for one not of the Church's selection, or he must fail to declare the whole counsel of God, and thus the people be deprived of that instruction to which they have a right, from a teacher of their own choice.—And in many instances, churches will have Northern pastors forced upon them by circumstances, or demanded by the exactions of public policy.

We repeat, then, that the success of the South in this desperate conflict is necessary to the existence, not to say the prosperity of Southern Churches, and especially of Baptist Churches.—Let but our beloved land be subdued and we will be the victims of the most despotic tyranny that ever held men's souls and bodies in bondage. And in the atmosphere of a despotism our peculiar organism cannot exist. For the moment interference begins, its vitality ceases. Then, in the name of God and his Church, let us resolve at every sacrifice, to repel the invader from our soil, and never to lay down our arms until our independence is acknowledged by the power that would oppress us.—To every citizen and soldier we would earnestly repeat the exhortation of Job: "Be of good courage, and let us play the men, for our people and for the cities of our God."

The Hand of God in Adversity.

"Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it." Micah 6:9.

Of all the methods God has ever adopted to impress his creatures with the deep turpitude and fatal consequences of sin, public calamities are the most effective. They are the last appeals of defeated love—love that has failed to reach the heart through the kindly methods of goodness and mercy—love crossed in its gracious designs, and yet persisting in its divine overtures. "When thy judgments are abroad in the earth, the people will learn righteousness." We may be assured that matters are rapidly approaching a crisis, when God makes the appeal to fear—when the hoarse utterances of his voice are heard in the avenging rod. Then it is that He arrays himself in the terrible robes of his vindictive fury, to teach all men the estimate He puts upon his own law. It is this aspect of the divine conduct that shows the last stage of human corruption.

It becomes a question, therefore, of deep and painful solicitude, how we shall demean ourselves under the chastening of the Lord. If we are restive and fretful, and inclined to murmur, we may be sure that our ruin is at hand.—Listen at God's complaint against Israel—"O Lord, thou hast stricken them, but they have not grieved; thou hast consumed them, but they have refused to receive correction; they have made their faces harder than a rock." Jer. 5:3. They were proof alike against the goodness and severity of God, the cup of their iniquity was full, and nothing remained but for them to drain it to the dregs. Seventy long years of exile from their native land—of painful and degraded slavery—concluded the scene. That direst curse that ever befell any people became their portion: "They that hated them, ruled over them."

It is our duty first of all to view all events through the medium of faith. It must never be forgotten that "the Judge of all the earth will do right"—that infinite wisdom cannot err—and that no events in providence, no matter how dark and mysterious, can falsify the divine promise—"ALL THINGS work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." It is the province of faith to throw over the whole scheme of providence as displayed in the government of this world, the lustre of a triumphant vindication. In the very last extremity, it still exclaims, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." "It is the Lord," said good old Eli, in the sorest trial of his life, "let him do what seemeth him good." A calm and sweet submission to the will of God, combined with an unflinching trust in his holy name, are a temper of mind and heart to which we should constantly aspire. It afforded us no little gratification to learn a short time since, that the President of the Confederate States had made a profession of the Christian religion, and connected himself with one of the Churches in Richmond. He is now a praying man—and surely the Lord does not design a curse for our people by the conversion of their Chief Magistrate.

The state of mind to which we allude, instead of leading us to refer our calamities to our public men, will induce us rather to accept them as from the Lord, to "hear the rod, and who hath appointed it." We are aware that in the midst of such dire calamities as those which have recently befallen us, it is natural for people to censure the authorities charged with the public defense. The President, the Cabinet, the Congress, our Generals, all come in for a share of the blame which attaches to somebody for these disasters. Well, we are far from condemning a spirit of fair and candid criticism upon the delinquencies of public functionaries.—They should be held to a strict account for the manner in which they have discharged the momentous responsibilities with which they have been entrusted. If they have been unfaithful, discharge them, and appoint others. But let it be borne in mind, that the wisest, the best, the most sagacious of men, are sometimes defeated in their plans. In war, success is the rule by which we judge of the capacity of those who conduct it. But how do we know what is, and what is not success? A movement that looks to a casual observer as if it were fraught with untold calamities, has often proved the very salvation of a country. Who does not remember the burst of indignation which lit upon the lamented Johnston for the retreat of his forces from Bowling Green to Corinth? Yet when all the facts came out, the policy was vindicated as the wisest piece of generalship displayed in this war. So also, the fall of New Orleans, the evacuation of Norfolk, and the destruction of the Virginia, that monster whose debut is likely to revolutionize the navy of the world, is calling down upon the heads of our officials, civil and military, the usual quantum of public censure. But what can newspaper editors, a thousand miles from the scene of action,

know of the circumstances which influenced these movements? Has it not been demonstrated for months past that we have no fortifications which can withstand the naval armament of our enemies? Has not the whole country been clamorous for weeks to transfer this contest from the water to the land? Then why blame our authorities for withdrawing our forces from an element in which nothing but disaster and defeat has attended our arms, to one in which we have been as uniformly successful? Suppose the worst. Suppose our Secretary of the Navy has been notoriously incompetent—it is now too late to repair the injury during this war. If our losses upon our coast and rivers are attributable to his negligence or want of capacity, the genius of Napoleon could not now arrest the tide of defeat in this arm of the service. It becomes us to accept of all these embarrassments, and throw our energies where they are likely to be crowned with success. The Christian, at least, should look beyond all second causes, and realize that the hand of God is in all this. "Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?"—Our public men have at least as much at stake in this revolution as those who stay at home and criticize so unsparringly their conduct. We know that if fiscal disaster should overtake us, that they will be the first to suffer. We know that they will have to pay the forfeit of their lives to that despotism against which we are contending, if we fail.—Let us not, therefore, pass hasty judgments upon their conduct. Let us await the maturity of their plans, before we assume to sit in judgment on them.

Again: We should strive against the indulgence of any of the malignant passions even against our enemies. If we are correct in the views suggested, they are God's instruments to punish our guilty land. He uses them as he used Nebuchadnezzar to punish Israel. They may be as wicked as any of us suppose them to be. They may be actuated by the basest motives. But this does not release us from the duty of accepting of these calamities as from the Lord. A more basely wicked rabble never banded themselves together than that one who crucified our blessed Lord; and yet in the garden of Gethsemane, in full view of what awaited Him, He said to His Father, "Not my will, but thine be done." "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" He looked above and beyond the immediate agents of his sufferings to "the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God." So should it be with us. Let us look beyond all second causes, and detect a Father's hand in all the calamities of this war.

In our recent notice of the Georgia Convention, we stated that Rev. J. H. Campbell was a missionary to the soldiers under appointment of the Domestic Board. Brother Campbell writes us that he is not acting under a commission from that Board. He is sustained by funds furnished from the Baptists of Georgia.

Special attention is directed to the card of Miss W. Gooden, who advertises for a class in Music. The writer can conscientiously recommend her, from his own personal knowledge of her for three years past. Her own attainments in music are extraordinary, and her artistic skill is surpassingly brilliant. We feel sure that those who may favor her with their patronage will be amply repaid.

For the South Western Baptist.
New Testament Scenes.

BY J. M. W., COLUMBUS, GEO.

NUMBER 1.

Jesus Presented to the Lord: Luke 2:22-39.

Jesus was forty days old; and Joseph and Mary went up from Bethlehem to Jerusalem, a distance of about six miles. They bore in their hands, a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons, one for a burnt-offering, and the other for a sin offering, according to the law of the Lord in the 12th chapter of Leviticus. They also took Jesus up to offer him to the Lord in obedience to the requirements of the law given in Exodus 13:11, 12. Entering Jerusalem from the South, they passed through to Mount Moriah upon which stood the temple of God. Nothing remarkable occurred, until they entered into the sacred court where the priest officiated at God's altar. There a wonderful scene was exhibited.

An old and very devoted Servant of God, whose name was Simeon, was there to hail them at their coming, and to rejoice at the sight of his incarnate Lord.—He had lived in the expectation of death; but had received the assurance from God, that his eyes should not wax dim, nor his strength fail until he should enjoy the privilege of greeting his Lord in his sacred temple. That memorable day, the spirit of the Lord signified to him that the holy promise would be fulfilled, and under its divine influence he had entered the sacred court in full expectation of re-

alizing the joy he had so long anticipated. When Joseph and Mary came in, and he saw the blessed babe in the arms of his mother; he took him to his own bosom, and with a heart smiling with emotions of gratitude and love, he blessed God and said: "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

Joseph and Mary beheld the scene with intense interest, and marvelled at the wonderful things that old Servant of God had spoken. Simeon then turned to them and pronounced a blessing upon them; and when he returned the babe to Mary, he said unto her, "Behold this child is set for the fall and rising of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against; (Yea a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also); that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

Just at that instant another wonder appeared. Anna a prophetess of God, a widow of Eighty four years of age, came into the temple, and with a heart impressed by the spirit, "gave thanks unto the Lord, and spoke of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem," (many in Israel.)

At the close of this very impressive scene, the astonished priest took the offerings that were given him, and went through with all the ceremonies of the law. Never before had so exalted a son been presented unto the Lord in his holy temple. Never had the law been so highly honored—and so completely fulfilled. Never had such glory irradiated the courts of the living God. The Temple of Solomon though far superior in other respects, yet was never honored by such royalty, for a greater than Solomon was there to honor that second temple. (Haggai 2:7.)

The whole scene was glorious beyond conception. Every circumstance connected with it was important and interesting. And when it closed the happy group departed. Joseph and Mary retired to their home, bearing with them the blessed babe, and the remembrance of what they had heard and seen. Good old Simeon went home to die in peace. And the devoted Anna left the temple on earth to enter the temple on high.

Prayer for the Country.

To guard against presumption in prayer, we must be persuaded before hand that the things for which we pray are agreeable to the Divine will, or in the absence of such a persuasion, we must hold ourselves in readiness to acquiesce without a murmur in the Divine appointment. We have no right to make our own desires the measure of God's dispensations; the design of prayer is not to bring Him over to us, but to bring us over to Him. His will is the standard of wisdom and right. There are some things in relation to which His will is clearly revealed. He has given us promises, and these promises we may confidently plead. The desires about which there can be no doubt. Hence we should dismiss all fear and apprehension when we ask for spiritual good. Our persuasion of God's readiness to bestow grace united to our need, cannot be too strong.—Our faith here can never be excessive. But there are other things in relation to which His will is not made known. They seem to us to be blessings, but they are not the specific subjects of Divine promises. God has nowhere pledged Himself, for example, to heal the sick, or to relieve the poor, to avert danger or impart temporal prosperity, in answer to prayer. With respect to such things our prayers must not be absolute, but conditional. They should express our own desires, with a readiness at the same time to bow in submission to His holy purposes.

In the present condition of our country a very interesting question arises as to the nature of our prayers for it. Are we authorized to assume that its deliverance is a thing agreeable to the Divine will? Can we pray in faith that the things for which we ask shall be granted? Has God promised us success? Is there any Word of His that we can plead for our encouragement?

There are several considerations which seem to us to justify a confident appeal to God for our ultimate success, though there is nothing to authorize the belief that it shall come at the time and in the manner which our prayers seem to indicate. God will hear us, and though He may not gratify the desire precisely as it is cherished, yet He will do more and better for us than we are competent to ask.

1. In the first place to pray for our success is to pray for His countenance and favor in the discharge of clear and manifest duty. This war we never sought. It has been forced upon us.—We have stood from the beginning upon the defensive. Our rights in the first instance were infringed by the election of Abraham Lincoln, and se-

cession was the only measure left to save our country from hopeless ruin.—If every step we have taken has been in the path of duty, if we have been shut up to it, then we are walking in the road which Providence has pointed out, and may confidently look to God for His blessing. There is no more lawful subject of prayer, than that of grace to do our duty, and there is no bolder faith than that which believes that the Judge of all the Earth will finally maintain the right.

2. In the next place, we are praying for interests to which all history shows that God is not indifferent. We are praying for the highest interests of the human race upon the American continent. Our cause and the cause of liberty are one. Will not God hear the oppressed? Is He not specially nigh to those who are struggling for the great ends of His own moral administration on earth? Let us look at a single aspect of this consideration. God certainly has a providential purpose connected with slavery. It would be to them to deny it. No purpose commensurate with the scale on which it has existed has yet been answered here. It is evidently reserved for a future period, and may we not hope that He is preparing this young republic to work out this very purpose? If we secure our independence, a new and brighter epoch will begin in the history of this institution. But if we fail, the negro is doomed to extinction, and his whole career upon this continent becomes an aimless episode in Providence. If, therefore, we have reason to believe that there are undeveloped schemes of Providence in relation to our country, to which the success of our cause is essential, we may pray in faith.

3. The spirit of dependence and prayer is an omen of success. God gives it, and He does not give it to mock us. If then we are humble and truly waiting upon God, we have already an earnest of the good He is preparing for us.

We might enlarge these considerations, but enough has been said to free us from the charge of presumption in bringing our cause before God. The most important thing is that we pray in spirit and in truth. Let us feel our need, let us recognize our absolute dependence, let us acquiesce in His own time and manner of relief, but let us trust Him with all our hearts. Our cause is safe if we truly put it into His hands.—*Southern Presbyterian*.

Tracts and Hymns for Soldiers.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I send you here with a list of tracts published by the South Carolina Baptist Colportage Board for the soldiers. We have now thirty-two, and hope to continue to increase the list. They are very popular with the soldiers, as the following letter—only one of many of the kind I am daily receiving, will show:

JAMES ISLAND, S. C.

REV. W. D. RICE—My Dear Brother:—I have received the tracts you so kindly furnished me from the Colportage Board of South Carolina, and find them highly evangelical in doctrine, and in every way well adapted to the wants of our soldiers. They are calculated to attract attention by their brevity, move the affections by their tenderness, arouse the emotions by their pathos, and strongly impress the mind by their familiar style.

Another feature which adds much to their popularity among us, is that they are, as the soldiers express it, "made by our own people whom we know to be interested in our welfare."

We shall be happy to receive any number you may have the kindness to send us. I have also received from you and other friends *free* hundred copies of the "Camp Hymns." It is a judicious compilation. We use it in all our religious services.

Your Brother truly,

J. HAWKINS.

Chaplain 20th Reg. S. C. V.

The "Camp Hymns" which we published some three weeks since, are in very great demand. In this time specified, (three weeks) we have distributed 12,000 copies. Here is what one of the Chaplains says about them: JOHN'S ISLAND, near Charleston, S. C.

DEAR BRO: RICE:—Accept my sincere thanks for the package of Camp Hymns and tracts. The men welcomed them as gladly as I did. They are exceedingly popular. Every man desires one. I have only the remaining 1,000. I would like to have as many as you can spare. Since the hymns arrived, the singing at night is not only general, but of the most heart-stirring and reviving character. I thank God for their publication, and feel that one of the great wants of the camp has been met. I hope every Chaplain will see to it that their *copies* are well supplied.

Your Brother in Christ,

JAS. F. BUNT.

Chaplain 12th Reg. S. C. V.

Should Georgia or Alabama soldiers need any of these sweet little Hymn Books, I shall be glad to fill all orders. One dollar will buy one hundred copies. One dollar will buy 1,500 pages of tracts. The selection and arrangement of the Hymns is by the Rev. Dr. Winkler, of Charleston.

Very Truly,

W. D. RICE.

Gen'l Supt. S. C. Colportage.

Charleston, S. C.

Secular Intelligence.

Confederate Army Order.

Telegraphed from Richmond, Va., to Gen. M. Lovell.

May 4, 1862.

The following dispatch was sent to you on the 25th ult:

A. T. BROWN.

Assistant Secretary of War.
"It has been determined to burn all the cotton and tobacco, whether for sale or our own, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy."
"You will therefore destroy it all if necessary to prevent them from getting it."

(Signed) G. W. RANDOLPH,
Secretary of War.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
Headquarters, Department No. 1.

May 3, 1862.

Camp Moore, La. General Order, No. 17.

The enemy by an overwhelming naval force having succeeded in passing the defenses and gaining possession of the city of New Orleans, are jubilant in the boast, the struggle which a gallant people are making from a bondage to which death would be preferable, is rapidly losing in disgrace and humiliation to the South. They claim that the great Valley of the West being opened, the remotest commercial interest of the civilized world will have cause to side with them in the iron-handed controversy which they are now waging upon; for the reason that cotton will flow from every tributary of the Mississippi to seek a market under their protection in the ports of Europe for without that staple they know ill well that a brief period will put an end to their attempt to conquer the South.

It is within the people to decide this question for themselves. If you are resolved to free—if you are worthy of the heroic blood that has come down to you through hallowed generations, if you have fixed your undimmed eye upon the tightness that spreads out before you and your children, and are determined to shake away forever and ever all political association with the rascal who that now gather like a pestilence about your fair country, now—now my fellow citizens is the time to strike! One sparkling, living touch of fire in many action for one hour upon our cotton plantation, and the eternal ark of Southern independence is fired and fixed in the great heart of the world.

It is no argument to show that with the destruction of negro property, the cotton and sugar lands of the South could be worthless, and that the mighty effort of this Abolition war is for its purpose is amply proved by a thousand evidences unnecessary to refer in his order, and which are rapidly unfolding in the various schemes of the Federal Congress in reference to the destruction of the slaveholding interest in all the border States.

Your Major General calls in this hour of danger for one heroic effort, and he feels consciously proud that he will not fail in vain. Let not a solitary bale of cotton be left as spoil for the invader, and all will be well.

By order of Major General Lovell,
J. G. PICKETT, Asst. Adj't Gen.

Successful Skirmish.

We are glad to record another successful skirmish of a portion of Capt. Boothe's company of the 2d North Carolina Cavalry. A picket of 18 of the company, commanded by Lieut. Roberts, were on duty last Sunday some distance below Trenton. Pickets were posted the rest of the men were at dinner at a farm house. The picket below discovered a company of cavalry advancing towards him, whom he first took to be Confederates, but on giving them the sign discovered they were Yankees. He fired off his piece at a signal, and retreated towards the farm house, the Yankees after him in full chase. He dashed on, the Yankees keeping upon him, and gave the alarm the squad not having heard the signal. The Yankees were too close on him to allow them to get their horses and Lieut. Roberts ordered them to charge. The Yankee commander ordered them to surrender, which was refused by a ball that brought him to the ground. The fight became general, our men standing firmly, and with ingering arms brought some 20 of the enemy to the ground. They were about to repulse them, when our men discovered a regiment of Yankee infantry advancing upon them, when, after securing sabres, pistols, &c., made good their retreat, with only one wounded man. He, an excellent young man of Gates county, Mr. Cross, received a ball in his lungs. Whether the wound is mortal or not is not known. Capt. Boothe's company is winning laurels by its intrepidity. This is the second or third skirmish in which it has met with success. If all our cavalry were properly equipped and officered, we might expect every day to hear of success. Goodness, judgment and courage will do wonders. The country requires every man to do his duty—his full duty. If we do, we can yet drive back the enemy.

The Wilmington "Journal" states that the above account from the "Raleigh Standard," it is as nearly correct, as may be. The skirmish took place at Mr. Bender's 2-1 miles below Pollockville. It is certain that a Colonel, named Eggleston, of the 103d New York regiment, was either killed or mortally wounded, and a Captain killed. The whole number of killed was probably about ten; the wounded cannot be ascertained. We regret to learn that three of Captain Boothe's men were made prisoners, not having been able to get to saddle before the infantry came up.

From Havana.

We are indebted to Captain D. A. Martin, of the schooner Break O'Day, which arrived yesterday morning from Havana, for the following news:

The steamer Fox, formerly the White more, left Havana on the 1st inst., for a Confederate port, with a large amount of powder and arms. She was chased into Bahia Honda, by a Yankee steamer, and a shell from the latter vessel burst on the White more's deck, wounding the captain, and disabling the steamer's engines.

He says there are from seven to eight Confederate vessels arrived there from different ports daily, and that the whole coast, from Cape Antonio, is strongly guarded by Yankee vessels.

He also learns, on what he thinks to be good authority, that the Captain General is in possession of certain information concerning the visit of the French Minister, M. Mercier, to Richmond, and that, he says it is undoubtedly stated that that government would recognize the Confederacy very shortly. This report, he says, is very current in all the circles in Havana, and that it was believed by every one.

We did not learn the exact amount of arms and ammunition, but can state that there is a considerable quantity of all kinds on board.—*Mobile Tribune*, 10/4.

Morgan at Lebanon, Tenn.

At Pulaski, Col. Morgan, as the public knows, had an engagement with the enemy, in which 110 of the latter were killed, and 315 taken prisoners, with the loss of but one man on our side.

The gallant partisan leader, leaving 600 of his men at Pulaski proceeded northward with the remaining 400 on an enterprise of much importance and daring. Unfortunately, however, some prisoners paroled at Pulaski reached Nashville in time to notify the Federal Commander of the intended movement. While at Lebanon, 30 miles east of Nashville, Col. Morgan, with his 400 men, were surprised and surrounded on three sides, in the public square, by three regiments of Lincoln troops—one of cavalry, and two of infantry. Morgan immediately ordered 200 of his men to dismount and fight behind their horses.

The first volley was a deadly one, and during the consternation produced, Col. Morgan charged furiously at the head of the other two hundred and cutting his way through the enemy, made his escape over the turnpike running westward on the South side of the Cumberland. The enemy's Cavalry followed in hot pursuit, but Morgan with forty of his men turned to the right, leaving the turnpike, and crossed the river at Carthage, eighteen miles from the Lebanon. The enemy supposing he would keep the South bank, passed the fork in the road, on the track of the other part of the force. These outran the enemy and crossed the river lower down, completely eluding their pursuers, and finally rejoined their comrades at a point near the Kentucky line.

Of the two hundred who dismounted at Lebanon, forty are killed, wounded and missing—most of their horses, having been killed in consequence of having been used for breastworks. The loss of the enemy was heavy supposed to be several hundred, as dead bodies lay scattered close together over a large area.

One of those paroled by Col. Morgan at Pulaski, named Woolford, was retaken. He was lashed to a horse, one of Morgan's men bestirring him—the object being to take him with them. But the enemy getting too close, a Bowie-knife closed his earthly career, the cords were cut, and his lifeless corpse was allowed to drop in the road.

Thus was the escape of this gallant partisan secured, and the enemy—foiled, in the most brilliant and successful manner; leaving him and his men at liberty to be a terror to the invaders, and to execute the great purpose of his enterprise. We have been informed that to that purpose, but deem it best to withhold it. He has four thousand picked men in Tennessee ready to join him, so that in due time, the public will hear startling news from—beware his genius and prowess, and which will be a crusher to our insolent foe.—*Atlanta Commonwealth*, 12th.

LATEST FROM VICKSBURG.—From the Whig of the 9th inst., we obtain the following:

THE FEDERAL FLEET.—At 4 o'clock yesterday noon six Federal vessels were anchored off Tunica, about twenty-five miles below Bayou Sara. One of the steamers went on down, and it is supposed will go to the city. Some of the men from the fleet went out to a plantation and threatened to kill the negroes if they did not get them some poultry, eggs, butter, etc. The negroes fled from their quarters to the overseer for protection.

What the fleet returned to Tunica for, is not known. Some think they ran short of provisions, and finding no sympathizers on the route, were compelled to send a boat back to New Orleans to get a supply. Others are of the opinion that they went to intercept troops and cattle coming out of Red river; while a few say they stopped to clean the boilers of the boat. But they would hardly drop down a hundred miles to clean the boilers as that could be done as well at one place as another; nor can it be to intercept troops and cattle coming out of Red river, as they have anchored some fifty or sixty miles below the mouth of that stream. The move is a mysterious one, and

puzzles the best skilled quid nuncs. Whatever kind of a *ruse de guerre* it may be, a few days will, we think, disclose it all.

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

ENGAGEMENT NEAR WILLIAMSBURG.

An official dispatch was on Monday morning received at the War Department, giving intelligence of a severe engagement near Williamsburg, on Monday, in which the enemy were repulsed, with a heavy loss in killed and wounded. They also lost twelve pieces of artillery and 900 prisoners. The fight lasted from 7 o'clock to 11 o'clock A. M.

The troops engaged on our side consisted of a portion of the division of Major-General Longstreet.

An official letter from General Johnston states that "a handsome affair" took place at Williamsburg on Monday. The enemy attacked our rear guard in great force, and were driven back to the woods about a mile.

Our latest information is complete upon the main points of the result of the engagement.—Our loss in killed and wounded was two hundred and twenty. The Federal prisoners captured by our forces numbered six hundred and twenty-three, and the number of field pieces eleven. The extent of their casualties is not correctly known, but it is believed that their loss amounts to upwards of a thousand in killed and wounded. They numbered six thousand, strong, and were deployed in a skirt of wood, opposite our position, from which they were driven, subjected to a disastrous fire from the right, left and front. The prisoners taken were yesterday on their way to this city, and were expected to reach here last night. They were but a few miles from the city late in the afternoon. They were marched by land under guard.

LATER FROM THE FRONT.—Some five or six soldiers, who were wounded in the fight of Monday, reached Petersburg Wednesday evening.

They state that the battle was long and bloody, beginning about eleven o'clock and continuing until dark.

Nearly the whole of Gen. Longstreet's brigade was engaged, although Gen. Johnston commanded in person. Our force is said to have been some eight or ten thousand, and that of the enemy is estimated to have been at least twice as much. They were reinforced rapidly, while the main body of our army was ten or fifteen miles distant, and reinforcements did not reach our position until late in the afternoon.

We repulsed the enemy driving them back at least two miles, killing and wounding over one thousand, and taking several hundred prisoners.

One of the wounded soldiers, who arrived last evening, states that the enemy landed in his transports on York river, near Williamsburg, and in this way brought his artillery to the scene of action, without trouble. It is also stated that we fought entirely without artillery, but we think this must be a mistake.

The enemy is said to be again preparing for an advance, and another fight is hourly expected, if indeed it has not already taken place.

Rev. J. R. Graves.

A correspondent of the Banner & Baptist of Atlanta, thus speaks of Rev. Mr. Graves, of Nashville, in an interesting article on the battle of Shiloh, written from Corinth Miss:

A refugee from his home and State, he came here bearing despatches to General Johnston, and learning that he had left Corinth, proceeded to the field. Arriving on Sunday morning he attached himself to Dr. Yandell's staff and acted in the capacity of surgeon during the fight. He went on the field and brought in the wounded, dressed their wounds, and did every thing to render them comfortable. In the evening, he took a wagon and brought a number of tents from the enemy's camp, with a large supply of blankets, and made a splendid hospital, where a hundred and fifty wounded men rested that night, secure from the rain to which so many were exposed and which caused the death of so many.

Learning the great want of medicines and medical stores, he took two wagons, early Monday morning, and went to the enemy's camp, taking a captured surgeon along with him as his guide; and although the enemy unexpectedly opened fire on the very place he was to go, he succeeded in filling both vehicles with medicines, flints, bandages, blankets, and other useful articles, and brought them safely to the hospital, though exposed to a severe fire for a mile on his retreat—left behind by our troops, and in charge of a prisoner. He secured over five thousand dollars' worth of stores, and by so doing got that which money could not buy nor love beg.

I heard Dr. Yandell, the Medical Director for the Western Department, say that he would not give him for any ten men on his staff—that he did more good on that field and at the hospital than any one who was with him. He has brevetted our brother, Dr. Graves, for gallant conduct on the field, and wishes to have him permanently attached to his staff; and as the new conscript law will prevent his raising a regiment, I presume he will do all the good he can by alleviating the sufferings of those who may fall while fighting the battles of a common country.

Yankees Again Routted.

To the Editors of the Enquirer:

GENTLEMEN: I learn from a gentleman direct from Lewisburg, that Capt. Downs, of the Virginia Rangers, after a three day's siege, succeeded in expelling the Yankees from the town of Somerville, with the loss of two men, killing thirty of the enemy, wounding a goodly number of them, and capturing some prisoners (number not known). The Federal forces at Somerville was between seven and eight hundred. Captain Downs' whole force was two hundred and sixteen. Somerville is the county seat of Nicholas county, and has been occupied by the Yankees all winter.

VIRGINIA.

CORINTH.—A correspondent of the Charleston "Courier" gives the following description of Corinth which will prove interesting just at this particular time:

Corinth is really "quite a place." I expected to see it an insignificant railway station, with a hut or two, and a shop and post office in one. I found it, on the contrary, presenting the appearance of a large village suddenly arrested on its way to become a considerable town.

There is a hotel, there are churches, several streets lined with shops, (where, however, there is now little to be purchased) and many good private dwellings. But the hotel and the churches have been turned into hospitals, most of the inhabitants have gone away, and the village has been converted into a busy and populous camp.

The London Standard says: "By recognizing the blockade of the Southern coast, we are condemning thousands of Englishmen to starvation, and are giving a most unfair assistance to the Federal Government. The fleet which it ought to employ in the blockade is devoted to predatory incursions on the enemy's territory. We are aiding to protract a barbarous war, and putting ourselves forward to pay its costs. The law of blockade is one which must be construed strictly. A nation which avails itself of a measure so injurious to neutrals must fulfill every one of the conditions under which its exercise is permitted. If it makes default in one its rights is lost. The Federal Government has made default in the most important requisite of a blockade. The default amounts, in the language of a great Federal authority, to an 'entire defiance to the measure.' It should be understood in Lancashire that the distress which prevails, and the starvation which threatens, have no other cause than EARL RUSSELL'S sympathy with the North."

RECEIVED.

The following bulletin was posted at the newspaper offices this morning:

The Yankee gunboats—it is supposed the Monitor and the Galena—opened fire upon our batteries at Wilton about 8 o'clock this morning, at a distance of about 500 yards. The enemy fired with great rapidity and violence. Our batteries replied deliberately.

At 1 o'clock, P. M.—We have just fired the Galena, and the other gunboats retired down the river. Our loss is four killed and eight wounded.

The Galena was on fire when she retired. Our troops are in high spirits, and confident of success.

(From the Mobile Advertiser and Register.)

CORINTH, May 14.—Skirmishing has continued throughout the day, but without results on either side of any importance.

The Confederates captured to-day one hundred and fifty beavers, somewhat to the detriment of the commissary's stores of the enemy.

The outlying Confederate troops have taken seventy Federal prisoners near Paris.

European intelligence to the 27th ult. received by the London papers.

The London Times considers the check to the Federal advance at Shiloh equivalent to a Confederate victory, and finds in it confirmation of its old argument that the military difficulties of the North have just begun with its attempted invasion of the inner South.

The steamer Tubal Cain had left Liverpool for Nassau with a heavy cargo of arms and ammunition.

The London Times speculates on the prospective fate of the negro population of the South, and in a result of the war sees for them only slavery, extermination or expulsion from America.

A weekly journal, established to advocate the Confederate cause, will soon appear in London.

P. W. A.

Obituaries.

The late Nicholas Perrell, Esq., of Trapp County, Ga.

Some tribute is due to the memory of this excellent citizen, who breathed his last at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Prosser, in Louisiana, whither he had gone to settle a planting interest, October 30th, 1861.

Bro. Perrell was a man of noble and generous impulses, of nervous and excitable temperament, and his faults were those of that temperament combined with a strong and impetuous will. His regrets for any follies into which he was betrayed, were singularly acute and ingenuously. By those who understood him, he was greatly beloved.

His integrity was unquestioned even by those who did not understand him. His fidelity as a public man, (and his fellow-citizens often placed him in positions of trust,) was chivalrous—his charities boundless.

To his pastor he often expressed the struggle going on between what he regarded his untoward nature and divine grace. Keenly were our sympathies awakened. He was our unwavering friend in every adversity. Long will his loss be felt by the unfortunate and the sorrowing.

A checked life, in many respects eventful, was closed in holy triumph. No doubt his thoughts were upon the protracted struggle to which we have referred when victorious graces enabled the dying man at more than three score and ten to exclaim, "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth and good will to men."

E. B. TRACER.

Departed this life at his home, in Chambers county, Ala., on the 8th of May, 1862, Mrs. Susan J. Penn, wife of bro. Wm. Penn, in the 26th year of her age.

Sister Penn, whose maiden name was Bucklew, was early in life a subject of divine grace, and for about 42 years was an exemplary member of the Baptist Church. During the last 8 months of her life she was deeply afflicted, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation; during her last hours she was unusually calm and sensible of her approaching dissolution. She requested her friends not to weep for her, and often desired them to sing the songs of Zion, especially referring to the one containing the lines:

"Let music charm me last on earth
And greet me first in heaven."

Thus while her earthly home of this tabernacle was being dissolved, her redeemed and happy spirit passed to her house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Sister Penn left an aged widowed mother, a kind husband and two small children, one but a few weeks old, with many relatives and friends to mourn their loss—but they sorrow not as those who have no hope, for they feel fully assured that their temporal loss is her eternal gain.

HER PASTOR.

Departed this life April 4th, 1862, at the residence of her husband, Mr. James T. Gardner, near Reform, Pickens county, Ala., Mrs. Rebecca C. Gardner, in the 35th year of her age. She was born in Camden, S. C., May 13th, 1824; removed with her parents Mr. Gardner and Mrs. Rebecca Gardner to Pickens county, Ala., in 1833, and married Mr. James T. Gardner Sept. 24th, 1840. She was a tender mother and a kind, obliging and affectionate wife. She was devoted to her family and her family were equally devoted to her. Her husband's wishes were her highest earthly pleasures. She joined the Baptist Church in 1848, and accompanied by her beloved husband, they both went down into the water, thus following their blessed Lord in the ordinance of baptism. She lived a quiet, consistent Christian, and was an ornament to the Church of which she was a member. Truly may we say, "None knew her but to praise her." Her exit was very sudden.

She had been sick but was thought to be convalescent, and just as her family thought she was out of danger and was happily recovering she was attacked suddenly and violently, and in a few moments her pure spirit was liberated to go to the spirit world. Life's sun set to burn when it had just passed the meridian. But the assurance of an eternal day burst forth upon her enraptured vision. For, "the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And what seemed to us the agonies of death were to her but the motions of a new life. For her Saviour said, "As I live ye shall live also." She left a tender babe and several children, and a devoted husband and many warm friends and brethren and sisters of the same church to mourn her departure. But they mourn not as those who have no hope. For our loss is her eternal gain. For it shall be well with the righteous. May her children and surviving companion be prepared when the solemn change comes, to rejoice in that eternal world of bliss, is the prayer of their Pastor, W. A. BATTLE.

Died, at the residence of Noah Robinson, in Butler Co., Ala., March 19th, 1862, J. P. Passons, in the 23d year of his age. His sudden and untimely death was from inflammation of the kidneys and bowels, causing most excruciating pain which he had borne for several days and nights with the greatest degree of Christian fortitude and resignation. He was fully sensible of his approaching death for several days, and often spoke of his departure as of going home where he expected to meet his dear father (who had preceded him only a few months) and whom in prospect, he could see with the holy Angels waiting for and beckoning him away. On the day before his death he requested those present to sing a favorite hymn which had been sung at the time of his conversion, or when he embraced the blessed Jesus; (the "Prodigal son or Afflictions, &c.") he joined with spirit and animation in the singing,—"Amazing grace how sweet &c.," at the close of which, after asking those present (none of the public men) to "unite in prayer"—offered up himself a very fervent and appropriate prayer, in which he did, as his great Prototype, "prayed that," for the sake of "dear wife and babe, a bereaved mother, many sisters and brothers; the eldest of whom is now at Yorktown, Va., a soldier, and for the church, he might be spared," but doct saying, "Not my will but thine be done." He suffered on a painful last night when the happy spirit left its clay tabernacle and winged its way to glory. He leaves a wife, infant, widowed mother, sisters and brothers, and many church members and friends to mourn his sad death, but they mourn not as those who have no hope, believing as they do, that loss to them is his eternal gain. He often spoke of his hope being steadfast and his faith unwavering and his prospects bright before him. He was born in Harris Co., Ga., May 22nd, 1839; from Harris his father moved to Russell Co., Ala., where he was baptised by Rev. C. A. Stanton as Obasweley, in the Fall of 1859; from Russell he moved to Butler, and united first with the church of Christ, and subsequently with the Georgian church, with whom was his membership at the time of death. Strange and mysterious are the ways of providence but we bow submissively, saying the Lord's will be done. P.

Business Department.

Receipt List.

	Paid to Volume	No.	Amount
N Davis	13	50	\$3 85
G P Crowder	14	20	15
P H Drake	14	22	5 00
L M Biggers	14	26	2 00
Rev. L Allen	14	43	2 00
Rev. S. P. Chilton	14	9	2 00
D Hoffman	14	39	1 00
Luke Robinson	13	32	1 80
A Ellington	14	44	1 80
A C Baker	15	15	3 00
D Stringer	14	20	2 50
Mrs E Dewrey	14	3	2 75
H H Shoberd	17	46	10 00
B O'Brien	14	17	2 00
Dr G C Gibbs	13	9	2 00
M J Welborn	14	47	2 00
J H Clarke	15	8	5 00
O H Perry	15	2	2 00
J W Wayne	14	49	2 00
Dr S Ball	15	36	4 00
Wm Newberry	14	14	3 00
Mrs M A McCallen	14	60	2 00
Mrs E S O'Hara	13	1	2 00
Rev I U Wilkes	15	34	2 00
Rev J D Teague	13	40	2 00
Mrs C Brodnax	14	34	2 00
Mrs F A Lee	14	5	2 00
Col W H Shoberd	14	4	2 00
B R Donaham	14	30	2 00
Dr R F Cook	14	49	2 00
S Henderson, senr.	14	49	2 00
Rev C R Hoyl	14	24	1 00
Mrs V A Barrow	14	50	4 00
Hon W Lumpkin	14	8	5 00
Sam Stallings	14	49	2 00
Wm W. W. W.	14	49	2 00
Rev M P Perry	12	30	1 00
J F Fiquett	14	33	2 00
J G Hookabee	14	9	2 50
A G Goodhue	14	7	2 50
Mrs J V Harrel	14	33	4 50
P P Perry	14	50	4 50
S M Lawrence	14	50	2 00
L A Wyatt	14	6	2 50
Rev W H McIntosh	14	15	2 50
Mrs M A Price	14	48	4 50
Mrs M E Mosely	14	50	2 00
Mrs Sarah Montague	14	50	2 00
Enoch Fagan	14	36	4 50
Col W H Wyatt	14	50	2 00
P M Cobb	14	50	2 00
L M Harris	14	8	1 00
R S Waldron	14	24	1 00
D N Hudman	14	20	2 00
Rev E W Warren	14	49	2 00
E S Roberts	14	48	7 70
A J Fletcher	14	50	2 00
Mrs M G Ingram	14	50	2 00
M H May	15	47	3 50
Jas Philley	15	3	2 50
J A Skelton	12	41	2 00
Rev R Farnam	14	25	1 00
Capt J A Williams	14	50	2 00
Mrs S L Williamson	14	50	2 00
H W Roberts	14	33	2 04
A C Cochran	14	50	5 00
Prof S F Sanford	15	49	2 00
C W Glenn	12	40	5 00
Dr B White	14	50	2 00
Rev W Ashcraft	14	50	2 00
Jas T Gardner	14	26	2 80
Mrs S J Starkely	13	50	5 00
Dr E E Wilson	14	50	2 00
Mrs Geo W Dargatz	14	50	2 00
Capt A F Edwards	14	50	2 00
Mrs S W Motter	15	2	2 00
George Harris	13	30	2 00

LESSONS ON THE PIANO.

WILL be given by Miss W. GROSCHKE, to any young ladies in Tuskegee, who may desire to receive instructions in Music. If a class can be obtained, she will occupy a room in the East Ala. Female College. At present she may be found at the residence of Rev. A. J. Battle. Terms cash.

Estray Notice.

TAKEN up by B. W. BARNETT and posted by order Thos. PULLER, an acting Justice of the Peace in and for said county, a Brown Bay Horse, about fifteen hands high—about 12 years old—marked with saddle.

