

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

S. HENDERSON, Editor.
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"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye."

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For Terms, See, see third page.
The Number Seven.

Josh says that the English word seven, from the Hebrew Shabab, is derived from a root signifying to be full, complete, entirely made up. Seven, therefore, is often called the "perfect number," being composed of the first two perfect numbers, equal and unequal, three and four.

No number recurs in Scripture so often, and as it cannot have an abstract virtue or significance, its constant use here carries some important allusion. Now let us notice some of the places where it is used in the Bible with the spirit of learning (if possible,) what that allusion may be.

The creative power continued six days, and the Lord rested upon the 7th, the Sabbath—a type that tells of that rest that remaineth to the people of God. Noah had 7 days notice given him of the imminent approach of the flood. It shall be 7 days yet. After the 120 years, God grants a reprieve of seven days. The fowls of the air were taken into the Ark by 7's, and the clean beasts by 7's. The Ark rested on the seventh month upon the mountains of Ararat, between two peaks 7 miles apart. It is supposed that the dove was sent forth 7 days after the raven, and again 7 days after. Jacob served 7 years for Rachel, and again 7 years; and it appears by computation that he was 77 (i. e. 11 times 7,) years old when he bound himself apprentice for his wife. The 7 fat and the 7 lean beasts, and the 7 ears of full and the 7 ears of blasted corn, which Pharaoh saw in his dream foretold the 7 years of plenty and the 7 years of famine.

The first plague inflicted upon Egypt was to turn the waters of the Nile into blood which continued 7 days. Note. "Never any thirsted for blood, but sooner or later they had enough of it."

For 7 days the Israelites ate unleavened bread. Many expositors suppose that they crossed the Red Sea on the 7th day, and that it was the Sabbath.

The old law required man to forgive the trespassing brother 7 times, but Jesus told Peter until 70 times 7. Not only every 7th day was to be a day of rest, but every 7th year was to be a year of rest, and at the end of 7 times 7 years commenced the great jubilee.

At the time Jericho was besieged and subdued, 7 priests with 7 trumpets went around the walls 7 days, and 7 times on the 7th day. The number of animals in many of their sacrifices (Israelites,) was limited to 7.

Solomon was 7 years in building the temple, at the dedication of which he fasted 7 days.

The golden candlestick had seven branches.

Naaman was commanded to wash 7 times in Jordan to cure his leprosy.

Gebaza was told to look 7 times towards the Sea, and at the 7th time he saw the desired cloud. Job's friends remained with him 7 days and 7 nights, and offered 7 bulls and 7 rams as a sacrifice for their sins.

Nebuchadnezzar elated by success and glorying in his power, wealth and the magnificence of his city, had his pride humbled by being thrown into a state of delirium in which he continued 7 years; a companion of the hosts eating herbs and grass, at the end of 7 years his reason was restored and he was reinstated upon his throne. The Scriptures are illustrated by 7 resurrections. Enoch, who was translated, was the 7th Adam, and Jesus Christ the 7th in a direct line. The Savior appeared 7 times after his resurrection. In 7 times 7 days he sent the gift of the Holy Spirit.

In the Apocalypse there are seven Churches addressed, 7 candlesticks, 7 seals, 7 spirits, 7 stars, 7 trumpets, 7 thunders, 7 vials, 7 plagues, and 7 angels to pour them out.

This mystic number occurring so

frequently and with so much emphasis, many believe that the Millennium will begin with the seven thousandth year of the world—when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. Then there shall be no more disease; the voice of war forgot; the sword a share; a pruning hook the spear. Love supreme will take the place of law, and wherever you meet a man, you shall meet a friend sincere and true. There all shall fear God, and serve him day and night in love.

W. A. B.
Hay, Ala., June 16, 1862.

A Changed Man.

In a missionary district in one of the suburbs of London there lived, a few years ago, a man named D. He kept a small coal store, was possessed of a little property, and was somewhat advanced in years. He was always friendly to the missionary, and thought himself a Christian; but he was ignorant, fond of disputation, and very dogmatic. There is no doubt but he tried to serve God; but having no clear idea of the way of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, he was without settled peace. He often spoke depreciatingly of himself, but the missionary feared that under the garb of humility and affected simplicity, there was concealed a proud spirit; and that a dependence on certain acts, set phrases, and peculiar opinions, prevented him from submitting to God's plan of salvation, and led him to love cavillings and disputings, better than close reasoning respecting his personal state.

When the missionary met with a sincere inquirer after truth, he was always willing to answer his objections one by one, and would spend any amount of time till he was able to lead him step by step out of the haze of ignorance into the light of truth. In this case, however, he thought it necessary to avoid disputation as much as possible, and to aim especially to lead this man to understand his sinfulness, his utter helplessness to save himself, and the absolute necessity for him to become as a little child that he might enter the kingdom of heaven.

This case was one which needed long and patient effort, and the missionary saw and conversed with this man a great many times. By degrees D.'s confidence in himself gave way, and at last he was led to relinquish every other hope, and to feel that he must be saved by Christ alone, or perish eternally. He was enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and obtained peace in believing; while he constantly manifested an humble and thankful spirit for the grace extended to him. He had often before spoken slightly of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, saying, that when he could not remember Christ without, would be fine enough for him to attend to that ordinance; but now uniting with the church of Christ, he esteemed it a privilege to obey the command of Him who said, "This do in remembrance of me."

In his after years affliction attended his course, but he was able to cast his care on God, and to suffer without complaining; and when death approached, he was able still to rely on Christ as his only hope and sure refuge. While he lived he gave evidence that he was "a new creature in Christ Jesus," and when he died, his friends had hope that he slept in Jesus.

THE SOLEMN MOMENT. Oh! how solemn will be that hour when we must struggle with that enemy, Death! The death rattle is in our throat—we try to speak; the death glaze is on the eye. Death has put his fingers on these windows of the body, and shut out the light forever; the hands well nigh refuse to lift themselves, and there we are, close on the borders of the grave! Ah! that moment when the spirit sees its destiny; that moment of all moments the most solemn, when the soul looks through the bars of its cage, upon the world to come! No, I cannot tell you how the spirit feels, if it be an ungodly spirit, when it sees a fiery throne of judgment, and hears the thunders of Almighty wrath, while there is but a moment between it and hell. I cannot picture to you what must be the fright which men will feel, when they realize what they often heard of.

Death.

It moves upon its victim, surrounded with a retinue of melancholy attendants. It is silent, ghastly, and unearthly. The deathbed attests the truth that this remorseless agent, is truly, the king of terrors. In the very midst of the joys of life, he advances his black banner, and summons his vassal train of mournful accompaniments, into the chambers of love. About the couch of the dying is heard no cheerful voice; but on the contrary, the moan of useless sorrow and unavailing sympathy falls sadly upon the ear. The foot step of affection is muffled; for death will have silence in his house. The business of life is suspended, and all things minister to the fearfulness of the scene. The doomed victim travels the way of death alone. Along the cold, murky, and howling passages which lead to the grave, there is no human fellowship. The most devoted friendships stop at that curtain which is lifted up between time and eternity. They can go no farther. How inconceivably awful is that dismal solitude! The damps of the valley of the shadow of death fall upon the naked spirit like showers of ice upon the uncovered body of the Siberian wanderer. And when the strife is over, how changed is the face divine! We scarcely recognise the visage of man in the relaxed features, the ashy lips, cadaverous brow, and glazed eye, of the stiffened corpse. And then comes the sombre pall, the mourning train, the funeral dirge, the resounding cold, the shriek of the bereaved, and the everlasting stillness of the closed tomb.—Hon. E. A. Nisbet.

The Good Die.

Alas, alas, that the good should die! alas, that the righteous should fall! Death, why dost thou not hew the deadly upas? Why dost thou not mow the hemlock? Why dost thou not touch the tree beneath whose spreading branches weariness hath rest? Why dost thou touch the flowers whose perfume hath made glad the earth? Death, why dost thou snatch away the excellent of the earth, in whom is all delight? If thou wouldst use thine axe, use it upon the cumber-grounds the trees that draw nourishment, but afford no fruit; thou mightest be thanked then. But why wilt thou cut down the cedars, why wilt thou fell the goodly trees of Lebanon? O Death, why dost thou not spare the church? Why must the pulpit be hung in black; why must the missionary station be filled with weeping? Why must the pious family lose its priest, and the house its head? O Death, what art thou at? touch not earth's holy things; thy hands are not fit to pollute the Israel of God. Why dost thou put thy hand upon the hearts of the select? Oh, stay thou, stay thou; spare the righteous, Death, and take the bad! But no, it must not be; death comes and smites the goodliest of us all; the most generous, the most prayerful, the most holy, the most devoted must die. Weep, weep, weep, O church, for thou hast lost thy martyrs; weep, O church, for thou hast lost thy confessors, thy holy men are fallen.

All Marching to the Tomb.

This world is turning round on its axis once in four-and-twenty hours; and besides that, it is moving round the sun in the 365 days of the year. So that we are all moving; we are all sitting along through space. And as we are traveling through space, so we are moving through time at an incalculable rate. Oh! what an idea it is could we grasp it! We are all being carried along as if by a giant angel, with broad, outstretched wings, which he flaps to the blast, and flying before the lightning, makes us ride on the winds. The whole multitude of us are hurrying along—whether, remains to be decided by the test of our faith and the grace of God; but certain it is, we are traveling. Do not think that you are stable things; fancy not that you are standing still; you are not. Your pulses each moment beat the funeral marches to the tomb. You are chained

to the chariot of rolling time; there is no bridling the steeds, nor leaping from the chariot; you must be constantly in motion.

Song of Incarnation.

Salvation is God's highest glory. He is glorified in every dewdrop that twinkles to the morning sun. He is magnified in every wood flower that blossoms in the copse, although it live to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness in the forest air. God is glorified in every bird that warbles on the spray; in every lamb that skips the mead. Do not the fishes in the sea praise him? From the tiny minnow to the huge Leviathan, do not all creatures that swim the waters bless and praise his name? Do not all created things extol him? Is there aught beneath the sky, save man, that does not glorify God? Do not the stars exalt him, when they write his name upon the azure of heaven in their golden letters? Do not the lightnings adore him when they flash his brightness in arrows of light, piercing the midnight darkness? Do not thunders extol him when they roll like drums in the march of the God of armies? Do not all things exalt him, from the least even to the greatest? But sing, sing, O Universe, till thou hast exhausted thyself, thou canst not afford a song so sweet as the song of Incarnation. Though creation may be a majestic organ of praise, it cannot reach the compass of the golden canticle—Incarnation! There is more in that than in creation, more melody in Jesus in the manger, than there is in the worlds on worlds rolling their grandeur round the throne of the Most High.

A Tradition.

There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the Temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On this spot there was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said unto his wife: "My young brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day: I will arise, take of my shocks, and place with his, without his knowledge."

The younger brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said, within himself: "My elder brother has a family, and I have none; I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take of my shock, and place them with his, without his knowledge."

Judge of their mutual astonishment when, on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so; when on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full. Upon grounds hallowed with such associations as this was the Temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brothers' whole shock than add to it a single sheaf!

THE CHRISTIAN'S FAITH. Behold the uppillared arch of heaven; see how it stretches its gigantic span; and yet it falleth not, though it is unproped and unbuttressed. "He baneeth the world upon nothing."—What chain is it that bindeth up the stars, and keepeth them from falling? Lo, they float in ether, upheld by his omnipotent arm, who hath laid the foundations of the universe. A Christian should be a second exhibition of God's universe; his faith should be an uppillared confidence, resting on the past, and on the eternity to come, as the sure groundwork of its arch. His faith should be like the world; it should hang on nothing but the promise of God, and have no other support but that; and he himself, like the stars, should float in the ether of confidence, needing nothing to uphold him but the right hand of the Majesty on high.

From the Montreal Commercial Advertiser: Butler's Woman Order.

Fears have been expressed lest Europe should not have the opportunity to read and pronounce on this episode of Butlerism. The Northern papers at first pronounced it a Beauregard forgery, and then, when it proved to be genuine, refused to publish. But it has got abroad. Here is what a Canada paper says of it.

We publish the above infamous order of Gen. Butler's a few days ago, and repeat it now because it is proved to be authentic. When it first appeared, it was denounced by the federal press as an invention of Beauregard's, to "fire the Southern heart," and long columns of abuse were vented on the Confederate General for the wickedness of attributing such an atrocious document to a Union commander. It was truly said that such an order would virtually give official sanction and instigation to the violation of the women of New Orleans, for no other interpretation could be placed on the command to treat them as "women of the town plying their avocation."

We never had any doubt of the authenticity of the order; it was characteristically Northern in the violence of its cowardice, its licentiousness, brutality and utter infamy. We have seen in Washington ladies committed to the common jail for the crime of lifting a handkerchief to their lips; in St. Louis a whole family was imprisoned because a young lady being in the same house waved her handkerchief to a passing prisoner; we have seen Northern journals boasting that a Federal General threatened with an oath to quarter a soldier covered with the small pox upon a lady at Nashville who sneered at his troops; we know that the march of Banks' army up the Shenandoah, of McClellan's up the Peninsula, and of McDowell's to the Fredericksburg were accompanied by all the horrors of war in the middle ages, plunder, universal destruction of property, the violation of women and the murder of their husbands, brothers and fathers, who sought to protect them from a fate worse than death. Gen. Butler has only publicly avowed his intention to encourage that which other Northern Generals have allowed. The Federal commanders have improved on Russian and Austrian tyranny and brutality; they wielded only the knout and the stick, scoring the backs of women. Butler is greater in his way than Haynau; he has found a deeper degradation to which women can be subjected than blows; henceforth among their other boasts the Federals can claim that they have committed the most infamous outrages of modern times, and can point to the commander of the Union troops at New Orleans as the most cowardly, licentious and despicable villain that the world has ever seen.

Can any one wonder that the Southern troops fight with desperation, and are betrayed into acts of vindictive retaliation?—and that the whole population rises upon them when defeated, and slays them as they would a pack of wolves.

Northern Virginia has felt the tender mercies of the Union General and troops, as Spain felt those of its French invaders, and its revenge was the same. New Orleans will yet take a frightful vengeance for its wrongs—and the North will have bitter cause to repent the licentiousness of its hireling soldiers, and the punislanious wickedness of its leaders.

There was no Union sentiment in the Crescent City before its occupation; is it likely there is any now? Will the people love the Federal Government better, or hate its troops less because their women are threatened to be given up to the licentiousness of the scum of Northern cities? Is it by such means that the Union and Constitution are to be restored; peace is to give place to war, love to hatred, respect to contempt?

Gen. Butler's order will unite the whole Southern people still more closely in their determination to resist their invaders to the bitter end; it will confirm the doubting, strengthen the determined, fill the ranks of the Confederate armies with new soldiers, and arm them with a double strength.

It has destroyed at one blow the whole Federal successes of the campaign, by teaching the people of the Southern States the true character of their invaders, and what they have to expect from their domination. If in the coming battle the Confederate troops do not treat their opponents as noisome reptiles, which are conquered only when destroyed, they must be something more or less than men. In the armies at Richmond and Corinth there are thousands of soldiers who have left daughters, wives, sisters and lovers in New Orleans, liable at any moment to be treated as "women of the town plying their avocation;" this knowledge will nerve their arms, double-edge their steel; and should make them invincible against the northern hordes, however much they may outnumber them in men, and surpass them in material.

To Die is Gain.
Yes. "To die is gain." Take away, take away that hearse, remove that shroud; come, put white plumes upon the horses' heads, and let gilded trappings hang around them. There, take away that life, that shrill sounding music of the death march. Lend me the trumpet and the drum. O hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah; why weep we the saints to heaven; why need we lament? They are not dead, they are gone before. Stop, stop that mourning, refrain thy tears, clap your hands, clap your hands.

"They are supremely blest, Have done with care and sin and woe, And with their Savior rest."

What! weep! weep! for heads that are crowned with coronals of heaven? Weep, weep for hands that grasp the harps of gold? What weep for eyes that see the Redeemer? What, weep for hearts that are washed from sin, and are throbbing with eternal bliss? What, weep for men that are in the Saviors bosom? No; weep for yourselves, that you are here. Weep that the mandate has not come which bids you to die.—Weep that you must tarry. But not for them. I see them turning back on you with loving wonder, and they exclaim, "Why weepest thou?"—What, weep for poverty that it is clothed in riches? What, weep for sickness, that it hath inherited eternal health? What, weep for shame, that it is glorified; and weep for sinful mortality, that it hath become immaculate? Oh, weep not, but rejoice. "If ye knew what it was that I have said unto you, and whither I have gone, ye would rejoice with a joy that no man should take from you."

OUR GOD A HEARING GOD.—Our God is no God who sits in one perpetual dream; nor doth he clothe himself in such thick darkness that he cannot see; he is not like Baal who heareth not. True, he may not regard battles; he cares not for the pomp and pageantry of kings; he listens not to the swell of martial music; he regards not the triumph and the pride of man; but wherever there is a heart big with sorrow, wherever there is an eye suffused with tears, wherever there is a lip quivering with agony, wherever there is a deep groan, or a penitential sigh, the ear of Jehovah is wide open; he marks it down in the registry of his memory; he puts our prayers, like rose leaves, between the pages of his book of remembrance, and when the volume is opened at last, there shall be a precious fragrance springing up therefrom.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.—I fear some persons have misinterpreted and misapplied Scripture. In the Bible we are told that God occasionally appeared to men in dreams and through them communicated his will. Perhaps some suppose that this method of communication will be practised now, and so put themselves to slumber in church a preparation for such revelations. My own opinion is that the method was temporary; like other miracles, it is now abandoned, and God only teaches and influences men when awake.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.: Thursday, July 10, 1863.

AGENT. D. B. DAVIS, of the "Book Emporium," Montgomery, Ala., is our authorized agent, to receive subscriptions and dues for our paper.

Wanted. A good article of dressed LEE, for which a liberal price will be paid, at the South Western Baptist office.

Hospital Supplies.

We earnestly suggest to the ladies of our country that the late battles near Richmond have thrown into the hospitals there thousands upon thousands of wounded soldiers. Self denying and laborious as are the women of that city, (and they have never been surpassed in this respect,) it is simply impossible for them to properly care for such vast multitudes. There should then be an instantaneous effort made by the ladies in every community in the South to collect and send forward with the least possible delay every thing which can contribute to the relief of our poor wounded soldiers;—Bandages, old clothing, rags, pillows, sheets, ticks for mattresses, blackberry wines, tea, coffee, sugar, rice, medicines of every description, pickles,—indeed every thing in the shape of necessities or delicacies that would be relished by the sick and wounded.—This is a time when every man and woman, every boy and girl, nay every servant, must do his and her duty.—Can we offer a more grateful sacrifice to God for his gracious interposition than to look after the sufferings of those who have poured out their blood to achieve our liberty and independence? Meanwhile let not the widows and orphans of those who have fallen upon that bloody field be forgotten.—Let them see and feel that a grateful country will never allow to visit those habitations which have laid such sacrifices upon its altar.

We notice that the ladies of our town and vicinity are moving with commendable energy in this enterprise. They have, without heralding it abroad, done their whole duty heretofore, and will not be behind any at this crisis.—A contribution in cash was taken up at the Baptist Church on Sabbath evening the 29th ult. at a general meeting of all the congregations in the place, amounting to upwards of \$150.

12th Alabama Regiment in the Battle of the Seven Pines.

We publish some interesting extracts of a private letter from Capt. McNeely, of company "F," who succeeded the gallant and lamented KEELING, in reference to the part taken by the 12th Regiment in the bloody battle of the Seven Pines. It is not a little strange that such deeds of noble daring have scarcely received a notice from the Richmond press. It will be seen that this regiment captured eleven of the sixteen guns taken in that terrific charge, at a loss of about one third of its number in killed and wounded. Let this regiment bide its time. Like the glorious old "4th" at the battle of Manassas, they have a future. It will be remembered that for weeks, and even months after the battle of Manassas, the "4th" was ignored by "army correspondents;" and not until the official reports of the enemy were published was justice accorded to that veteran band. For stern bravery and effective fighting, it was unsurpassed. So it will be with the 12th in the battle of the "30th and 1st." We are satisfied that when Virginia has finished doing justice to her own sons, that she will not be unmindful of those who rushed to her rescue when her soil was first invaded by an insolent foe with an avarice which has never been surpassed. Be this as it may, Alabama at least will take care of the reputation of her gallant soldiers. We shall ever bless God that He gave us sons who never turned their backs to a foe, and who never bowed the knee to any being but the Lord of hosts.

Casualties in Tuskegee Light Infantry.

Richmond, July 3. The following is a list of the casualties in the Tuskegee Light Infantry, Third Regiment Alabama Volunteers: C. J. Bryan, commanding—Killed—H. H. Bailey, E. T. Scott, John Tarver, P. S. Dickson, John Crawford. Mortally wounded, Ben Breedlove. Wounded—Captain C. J. Bryan, in hip, severe; Lieut. Ethridge, in arm and shoulder; Sergeant E. F. Baber, both arms; Corporal D. F. Wright, in arm, slight; Privates J. J. Rutledge, in leg and heel; Ed. Fowler, in foot, amputated; John R. Harris, arm and neck; E. B. Small, arm broken; Henry Foster, wrist; A. A. Reed, side, slight; W. Bailey Holt, arm; Stephen Pace, shoulder, slight wound in the wrist; R. B. Pierce, neck; James Alexander, shoulder, severe, James Snider, leg.—The above are the casualties in the battle of Tuesday evening, the first instant.

C. J. Bryan, Captain.

The Great Victory.

"Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel, when the people willingly offered themselves." Thus sang "Deborah, a mother in Israel," when the Lord interposed and delivered her people from the tyranny of Jabin and Sisera, who had oppressed them for twenty years; and thus may we sing, for the same Lord has interposed for us, and broken the strong arm of our oppressors. It is to be hoped that there will be such a heart among our people as will give God all the glory for the late wonderful victory He has enabled us to achieve over our invaders. History has not recorded so complete a victory within this country. It is far greater than many of the most sanguine dared to hope for. Had we succeeded in simply repulsing the "grand army" which for months has been menacing the capitol of the Confederacy, it would have been wonderful, considering the vast preparations our enemies had made in men, munitions, &c. But to have almost literally crushed that immense host, to have killed, wounded or captured perhaps one half of them, to have forced them to destroy most of their stores that we did not capture, to have taken most of their field and siege guns, with tens of thousands of small arms and large quantities of ammunition, altogether make it a victory such as has seldom been recorded in the annals of war.

When General McClellan, or as his admirers are pleased to call, "the young Napoleon," landed on the peninsula, he had an army which our enemies boasted as numbering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand.—Taking the lowest estimate, it was far superior, both in number and equipments, to any force it was possible for us to muster for the defence of Richmond. Under these circumstances, our noble commander-in-chief of the army of the Potomac, fell back to make the fight immediately before Richmond. The fight at Williamsburg might have suggested to the Yankee General what he had to expect in the issue of the struggle. But utterly blinded by a vain confidence, he converted that defeat into a victory on paper, and pompously telegraphed his government, that he should most certainly "press the rebels to the wall." The war cry, "On to Richmond," rung through his camp, and soon his hosts were on the banks of the Chickahominy, in six miles of the doomed "rebel capitol." The battle of the "Seven Pines" was a stunning blow, the effects of which could not be concealed. The dead and wounded, numbering not less than two thousand, told a tale which no "state craft" could long conceal. Penned within the swamps of the river, amid the stench of that field of carnage for three or four weeks, disease invaded his camp, and put hors du combat as many perhaps as did the battle of the "Seven Pines." Up to the opening of the last great battle, it is not at all improbable that by the casualties of war and disease combined, McClellan had lost in effectiveness forty or fifty thousand troops. But for the reinforcements sent him by McDowell from Fredericksburg of say twenty or thirty thousand, he could not have marshalled upon the field of battle more than one hundred thousand men, at the beginning of the great battle. We verily believe that when the smoke of that battle blows over, it will be seen that fully half of his boasted army are either killed, wounded or captured. He will return, if he returns at all, "by the way he came," with about one third of the army he landed on the peninsula four months ago. These will be broken fragments of regiments so thoroughly demoralized, that they never can be reorganized. In addition to this, there will be a decapitation of Federal officers from McClellan down, and a new set appointed before another army can be reorganized. This will require as long a period at least as it took the "young Napoleon" to organize, drill and equip his "grand army." What the Confederate army in Virginia will be doing in the mean time may well be imagined; for we have the best of reasons to know that the fruits of this victory will not turn to ashes as did those of Manassas. Now that the enemy is down, blows will fall thick and fast until an honorable peace will be extorted. He may protract the war for years, (though this is scarcely possible,) but never can be engineer such another army into the field.

But whatever may be the effect of this victory upon the northern mind, one thing may be regarded as settled.—Our independence will be recognized at no distant day by European governments. This, coming immediately upon the heels of so triumphant a victory, will paralyze any movement of the enemy to collect another army. The bright streaks of a glorious morning are already guiding our eastern horizon; and we should not be surprised, if before many moons shall wax and wane, the sun of Southern independence will be pouring its cheering

beams upon a peaceful, happy and redeemed people. But whatever may be our hopes for the best, let us keep our armor bright and be prepared for the worst. We are now in a condition to pray God's blessing upon our efforts, because these efforts are commensurate with the magnitude of the issue. As quoted at the beginning of this article, it was when "the people willingly offered themselves" that the Lord avenged Israel, and they joined in ascriptions of praise to his name. Let no Christian dare to commit so heinous a sin against God and his country as to "restrain prayer."

The Interest of the North West.

It has always been a subject of wonder to the South that the people of the North-west were so blind to their own interests, as to make war upon their natural allies and best customers, in league with their commercial oppressors. That portion of the Union suffered, in common with the South, from the onerous tariff systems of New England. At the same time, it is true, that their chief profits were derived from their trade with the slave States. This, their own blockade of the upper Mississippi has rendered most painfully evident to them.

What motive could have prompted them thus recklessly to sacrifice this profitable traffic, by becoming parties to the war upon the South? Various explanations have been given of this strange infatuation. A considerable number of the North-western people are undoubtedly abolitionists of the most fanatical hue. These, for the sake of a mere sentiment, are bent upon the annihilation of Southern institutions, at any cost. They do not stop to calculate the consequences to themselves, or to the objects of their false philanthropy. But a majority, we believe, are fighting for the reconstruction of the Union and the restoration of trade.—Now, even if it were possible to compel the submission of the South, there would be, in reality, no Union. This, the whole world, Yankeeism excepted, clearly sees. And it is an anomalous spectacle, to witness the monarchists of Europe endeavoring to convince the republicans of America, of the impossibility of reclaiming, by arms, the lost allegiance of a people resolved on independence. It is a most remarkable inversion of ideas and facts that the descendants of those, who, less than a century ago, strove to rivet chains upon Americans, should now be lecturing the absurd folly of a similar attempt to restore affection and loyalty by bloodshed and conquest. As to trade, the people of the North-west know very well, that their own blockade established to punish the South, was at first the cause of their own distress. The snare which they laid for others, they themselves fell into. That great artery of commerce—the Mississippi—was left open to the trade of the world, by Confederate legislative enactment. And but for their own impetuous rush to arms, and their blind eagerness to crush "the rebellion" by cutting off the wanted supplies of grain, they would, perhaps, now be enjoying a lucrative commerce with the South. Their expectation was, that a few weeks would suffice for the suppression of the revolt, and then trade would return to its accustomed channels. But what has been the result of their experiment of coercion? What have eighteen months of invasion and carnage taught them? So far from recovering their trade, they have incurred the hazard of its perpetual alienation. They have forcibly opened the Mississippi; their vessels ply with but few obstacles through the thousands of miles of its meandering course; they have occupied our largest cities, whose inhabitants are completely under Federal rule; they have brought down their cargoes of Western produce; but trade, there is not. Aside from the fact, that they have taught us to be independent by their blockade, our people will not deal with them. The moral blockade they have imposed upon the will and the hearts of those on whom they are warring, is harder to break, than that of men-of-war investing a harbor. They may carry our fortifications and possess our cities, but they cannot compel our people to trade with them. Their rifled cannon may batter down our stoutest fortresses, the hurtling bombs may shatter and inflame our dwellings; but they will render more impregnable the citadel of the soul.

Has the Northwest not yet discovered this? We speak not of, nor to, the New England and Middle States. They are past redemption. Their blindness seems judicial—their madness is but the precursor of destruction. But will not the people of the States, north and west of the Ohio river, see their true welfare to consist in a retirement from this strife and a separation from their Eastern neighbors? We do not suggest any political connection between them and the South—this can never be, so long as the faintest memory of their inexcusable invasion of Southern soil.

and their cruel butchery of Southern lives, shall dwell within the breasts of our descendants. But as a matter of interest to themselves, to escape not only the discriminating duties imposed by New England, but also those, which the South will be obliged to levy upon Northern importations, the Northwest should make haste to shake themselves loose from this imbroglia, and initiate proposals of peace with the Confederacy. The South must and will control the navigation of the Father of waters. Its embochure is within our limits; more than half its entire length is included within Southern banks. If the West persists in this unholy and barbarous crusade, she must not be surprised to find this great inland sea shut against her commerce, by the same discriminations as will exclude the "notions" of New England from our shores.

If now, however, they will dissolve their connexion with their political associates of the East, and thus put an end to this scheme of subjugating a people who have never injured them, they may yet save themselves, by a commercial treaty with us on the basis of free trade—it being an essential condition of the treaty that all products of the Eastern and Middle States are to be rigidly excluded. This exclusion, which should be effected by duties upon Yankee goods, would inure to their interest, by preventing competition in the sale of their productions.

An argument, which appeals most powerfully for a distinct Republic in the West, is, that by separation, and separation alone, can the people of that section hope to escape the burden of that overwhelming debt, which will surely grind the North to powder. The East is in perpetual dread of this secession of the West, and its desire to crush the South is intensified by this fear, knowing well that the successful accomplishment of the Southern revolution will be a fatal precedent. And this apprehension has, without doubt, occasioned the late visit of Mr. Everett to the West. It is hoped that the eloquence of that distinguished orator may be instrumental in cementing the two sections in more indissoluble union, for effecting New England purposes.

The territory of the late United States is ample for the erection of three Confederacies. Let the Northwest withdraw from the East and establish a great republic, including all the free States west of Ohio, (except the half of California South of 36° 30') and the territories North of New Mexico. Let the Southern Confederacy extend the sway of her benign institutions over the territories of Arizona and New Mexico, the Indian colonies and Southern California. Let the Eastern and Middle States be left to absorb the inhospitable regions of the Canadas, if they can. Then by the development of our distinctive civilizations, each may work out that destiny which Providence intends for his own glory and the good of humanity.

There will be no paper issued next week. Last week, being the 4th of July, was our usual time to suspend to give the printers a little holiday, but we desired to give our readers all the news from the battles around Richmond that came to hand, at the earliest period. We refer to our news columns for interesting particulars.

The East Ala. Bapt. Convention.

Messrs. Editors: The Board of Managers of the East Alabama Baptist Convention at their meeting of June 23d, decided to postpone the approaching session of the Convention twelve months—that is, until Friday before the last Sabbath in July, 1863, unless changes in the condition of our national affairs should render it advisable to have a meeting sooner. In either case the Body will meet with Rahmah Church, in Jefferson county, as appointed at the last session. We have been led to adopt this course by the following considerations:

- 1st. The condition of the country.
- 2d. The great number of our brethren who have gone into the army who usually attend such meetings, with other reasons, renders it almost certain that an attempt to meet at this time would prove a failure.

J. J. D. RENFROE, Pres't of Con.

Baptist Historical Society.

The first anniversary will be held in Atlanta, on the 26th July, 1863.

Some volumes, pamphlets, and curiosities have been donated, but we want many more. We should be glad to receive McCall's History of Georgia, Stephens' ditto, Bench and Bar of Georgia and South Carolina, Crawford and Marbury's Digest, Life of Governor Jackson; including a copy of every Book written by authors in the Confederate States—sermons, pamphlets, minutes of all religious bodies, &c.—any thing that will throw light on the History of the country. Address S. Root, Esq. Treasurer and Librarian, Atlanta, Ga.

Rev. Dr. TERRY, of Greene, will deliver the anniversary address. Ann. Sumner, President.

Will the Press in the Confederate States please give this one insertion?

Address to Southern Baptists.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS: Permit us to address you in behalf of our Mission interests. Nothing is dearer to the heart of the Christian than the cause of Christ. That cause, owing to the condition of our country, is in danger of suffering. The public mind is necessarily drawn off from every other subject, in the universal interest felt in the prosecution of the war. But is the disciple of Jesus justified in paying tribute to Caesar alone? Should not God receive his share? Is the command of the blessed Savior abrogated, and the obligation of the Christian laid aside under any of the circumstances in which he may be placed?

To this Board has been committed the spiritual welfare of those at home. It is expected to look after the interests of the Domestic field.

The Indians in our Western Territory have been the objects of our sympathy, and have shared largely in our aid. Shall the Board continue to supply this aid? Those tribes to which we have sent our Missionaries, are true to the Confederate Government, and have risked their all in its support. Shall the Board still furnish them the bread of life? Then your sympathy and co-operation may be continued.

The large number of our male population in camp, battling for the independence of our country, has called loudly for our assistance. A small proportion of the regiments in the service of the Government are provided with chaplains. To meet this want the Board has appointed Missionaries to preach to them the Gospel, and furnish them Testaments and religious tracts as far as possible. Six brethren are already under appointment and are prosecuting their work in the camps and hospitals in Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Florida and Alabama. Others will be appointed as soon as the means can be secured for their support. Twenty-five Missionaries would not be too many to meet the urgent demand for this field. To carry on this work will also require your liberal contributions. Shall we appeal to you in vain? Shall this work stop for want of a small effort on your part? Will you go to work at once, and do what you can, yourself, and get others to do likewise? Much may be done, if all will do their duty; do what they can. Shall the Red Man, shall the soldier boy appeal in vain to the Christian patriot? They ask for the Bible, for the word of God, for the minister of Christ, from whose sympathies and labors they are cut off and the dangers of the camps, while you are quietly and safely enjoying your accustomed privileges of home and the sanctuary.

We do hope that a prompt and generous effort will be made to enable the Board to go on with their heaven-born work. Brethren and sisters, do not read this article and go away to forget our wants. We are dependent upon your voluntary contributions to continue the operations of the Domestic Mission Board.

Yours truly, in behalf of the Board, M. T. SUMNER, Cor. Sec. Marion, Ala., July 1, 1863.

For the South Western Baptist. CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, V., June 14th 1863.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND: * * *

You have probably received full particulars of the battles of Saturday and Sunday through the columns of the Dispatch; and I am sorry to see that our Regt. has not received its just meed of praise. The only notice given us, is in one line—where the writer says that the "6th and 12th Ala. stormed and took a battery of eleven pieces." We did more than that. But I will give you at length the degree in which our Regiment participated in the action. When we arrived within a mile and a half of the enemy's works, the Brigade was formed in line of battle, and the 6th thrown forward as skirmishers. The enemy retreated to their works, and we pressed forward through marshes and a thick undergrowth, that seemed almost impenetrable, until we reached the Williamsburg Road about half a mile from their trenches. Immediately in front of their batteries was an open field—and to their left a skirt of woods which they had felled to form an abatis. When we reached the road, the 6th was rallied on the right, and we commenced to march forward again, and just as we entered the battle we received their first fire. They had been throwing shell at us all the while—but they passed harmlessly over our heads—but when they opened with musketry we felt it severely. R. H. Fleweller and Wat. Zackery, were wounded before we had delivered our first fire. The firing continued for some time, with some loss to us, when Gen. Rhodes came up and ordered us to charge their batteries—we then commenced the charge, but the abatis was so difficult to cross that our field officers were compelled to dismount.—It was hard work to march for half a mile over tree-tops, and across ditches under a heavy fire—but not a single

man flinched. Only one or two companies had their bayonets fixed. There was an open space between the trenches, and the edge of the abatis—and just as we emerged into that open space, they poured volley after volley into us, from the right, completely enveloping us. But we rushed forward with a shout, and gained their trenches, when we took shelter for a moment from the shower of balls that was raining around us. We lost many in that charge. Capt. Darwin fell, shot through the head. We had four wounded—Bob Hall, in the foot, Wate in the leg, Ben. Ingram in the leg—Willerson in the leg—John Ingram, poor fellow, was killed.

We passed from the trenches into their camp—took their artillery and turned their guns upon them. Soon the order came for our Regt. to wheel to the right and charge them again. This was the most fearful trial of all to us, for they had retreated to a thick wood in rear of their battery and camp—and in order to charge them we had to march right through an open space exposed to their raking fire. The 6th was on our right, the 12th Mississippi on our left, and 5th Ala. in rear of our Regt. to support us. The other two Regiments (6th and 12th Miss.) were to serve as flankers. We pressed steadily on them, although our men were falling at every step. In this charge Col. Jones, and Capt. Keeling fell—the former shot through the heart the latter through the head. The Yankees were very obstinate here. Reinforcements had been sent to them, and they were about to flank the 6th on the right, which immediately fell back. That left us exposed to a cross fire, which we sustained for 30 minutes—and were then compelled to fall back. Gen. Longstreet's Division came up at this juncture, and drove them from the field. We staid in their camps at night, eating from their commissary stores, (which were numerous, and assorted,) and sleeping upon their soft blankets. We recovered the bodies of Col. Jones, Capt. Keeling and Capt. Darwin, and I carried them into Richmond on Sunday. When Capt. Keeling was killed, the command of the company fell upon Bob. Park, as I was acting Adjutant of the Regiment. Capt. Tucker was wounded in three places—he carried 38 men into the fight, had 8 killed and 18 wounded. Col. "F." had 12 killed on the field. It was a terrible engagement, but we were completely successful on Saturday.—We were not engaged on Sunday at all.

Gen. Hill made a speech to us some days afterwards, and complimented the Regiment very highly upon its gallant behavior in the fight.

P. L. Barry advertises the Tuskegee Steam Mills in full operation, ready to grind all the wheat and corn that may be sent him. Customers will find Mr. Barry an accommodating gentleman, and every way reliable, having proven himself to be thus since he has been in this town.

We call attention to Dr. DICKER'S Card, to be found in another column.

A Patriotic Letter from Senator Hill.

LAGRANGE, GA., June 21.

Messrs. Editors: I am asked to give my views of the Conscription Act, and the controversy on that subject. I decline. The duty of patriotism now is to encourage our troops, not to dissuade them; to keep our people united, and not divide them. State rights and individual rights are to be saved by soldiers—gallant, satisfied soldiers—and not by issue-makers and abstract theorists. And as for ambition, let me beg its votaries to consider that the times are inopportune for such aspirations now. Look upon this scene of disorganization, blood and death—a legitimate culmination of ambition and follies—and be shocked to silence for a season.

At the proper time, if I can see any good likely to result, I will give my views of the law. At present allow me to say it is the duty of everybody—of States and people—to obey it without reluctance and without quibbling. We know the enemy greatly dreaded this law, and hoped it would be resisted; but the soldiers and the people everywhere (except perhaps in East Tennessee) are nobly responding to its call; and when those affected are satisfied, there is surely nothing in State rights which requires the disturbance of this harmony by those not affected.

It cannot be so important to leave a few young men under 35 to drill privates over that age, as to require our great State, which did so much to inaugurate and is doing so much to defend the new Government to set the first example of resistance to its laws.

Having said this much by way of remonstrance, and certainly intending to observe no map, I dismiss the subject.

One word on another subject: The administration ought to be supported

cheerfully and without misgiving. No good can, but much harm will, come of opposition. Every blow strikes the cause. Mr. Davis is, in many respects, a noble example to all officers. He usurps no authority; he exercises no power without legislative grant; he interferes with no private rights, and fights none but the common enemy. Bares dropping libellers are un molested under the windows of his office, and slanderers and freedom in the light of his midnight lamp. He will never prove a dictator.

Above all let us preserve our unity—obey the laws and help, not abuse, each other. With this resolve we are certain of success, and when the struggle is over and we review it with calmness, we shall be astonished, not at so many, but at so few reverses—not that so little but so much was done.

When the contest began, the enemy had a great navy; a regular army; an organized government; well filled armories and magazines; a redundant population—adventurers gathered from every clime; immense manufactures, exhaustless resources; a status as a nation, and unrestrained access to all the world. We had no organic government; no army—not a soldier; a small white population, largely unused to exposure and labor; no navy—not a war ship; inferior arms, and but few of them; very limited munitions of war; very few manufactories, and very little raw material out of the bowels of the earth; and no name, standing or credit among, and no access to the nations of the earth.

Let us be true to our only friend—ourselves. Let us preserve our only strength—our unity. Let us always remember the one great fact, swallowing up every other fact, in this great struggle: Our enemies invade to destroy, insult and enslave. We defend to save, avenge and be free. Thus deservng we cannot fail.

Yours, very truly,
B. H. HILL.

Two Liberal Donations.

When in Augusta, Georgia, some months ago, I made a public appeal in behalf of the soldiers then in Virginia. After the services were concluded, a bright and beautiful little girl of four summers, came up with a dime, and said, "Tell my brother Johnnie howdie, and buy him some good little tracts with this." She thought of course everybody knew her brother, and that there would not be any difficulty in finding him. With a glad heart she went away smiling at the thought, that she had given her all. The next morning an old negro man came through the drenching rain to my place of abode, and made the following remark, "My heart was so sorry when I heard you tell of dem poor soldiers in Virginia—how dey starving for de Gospel; and to think that here I have the preached word all de time and they dey fighting for me. My heart is monstrous 'dicted when I think of my young master out in Virginia, and I wants to send him the Gospel." So saying he placed a gold dollar in my hand and expressed his regret that it was "so little." Several gave large sums; but of all the hands thrown into the treasury it seemed to me that this little girl and this gray-headed African were the most liberal—they gave of their poverty. God grant that brother Johnnie and the "young master" may become savingly interested in the great salvation!

A. E. DICKINSON.

Secular Intelligence.

[From the Montgomery Advertiser.]
RICHMOND, July 6.

The *Enquirer* has received Baltimore papers of the 4th.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald* says the Yankee Government has been notified by Ministers of the two leading powers of Europe, that the war must be immediately closed.

The *New York Evening Post* says Lincoln has issued a proclamation calling for three hundred thousand more troops.

The *New York Times* says there is now no room to doubt that the Yankee army has met with a serious reverse, and is in a condition of imminent peril.

Stocks took a downward surge on Wednesday last. The gold market was excited and 184 was freely bid. Exchange on London 21.

PETERSBURG, July 6.

The Yankees have buried over 500 of their number at Shirley, and have left over 100 wounded who fell into our hands on Saturday morning. Our pickets now occupy Shirley.

Nine more prisoners who were brought to Petersburg say Gen. McClellan is now in a strong position at Berkeley, having been reinforced by the division of Gen. Shields; that he now has 80,000 or 100,000 men, and that he will give battle.

Balloons went up yesterday and to-day. The wagon trains are still visible, and the tents of the enemy dot the country for miles. A member of Sickles' Brigade says that out of 3,000 men who composed the brigade not over 500 are left.

KNOXVILLE, July 5.

Reliable information has been received that General Halleck's army is passing through Nashville, via Louisville, to Washington. General Halleck's forces are concentrating at Huntsville, Mitchell's, which have withdrawn from Smith Creek and Bridgeport.

ded and trains have reached James River, at Westover, 20 miles below City Point. We have succeeded in throwing a force between his main body and James River. We are throwing a column between him and the Chickahominy, and pressing him to the point. His escape if this account be correct, is impossible. We have them safe.

[From the Mobile Advertiser, 29th.]

The following dispatch received last night 4th July, from a high official source, has been handed to us by the gentleman to whom it was addressed:

RICHMOND, July 4.—Your dispatch received. The battle of Richmond has lasted eight days, and is not yet finished. Thus far the enemy has been beaten in every fight—has been driven from all his entrenchments—lost all his supplies of every kind, and is now surrounded by our victorious army. Every effort is being made to prevent his escape by way of James river, but it is feared that some part of his army will succeed in reaching the river and escaping on their boats. We estimate the number of prisoners taken at about seven thousand—the number of cannon, a very fine piece, besides forty-five spiked and abandoned by them last night. The number of killed and wounded cannot be less than twenty thousand. We have captured and secured about fifteen thousand stand of arms and an immense amount of valuable property. The quantity destroyed by the enemy in his retreat is enormous. Among the prisoners we have two Major Generals and three or four Brigadiers. Our own loss has been severe—at least ten thousand—but the only General killed is Brigadier General Griffith, of Mississippi.

The magnificent strategy of Gen. Lee is beyond all praise.

Additional from Richmond.

CONTINUED SUCCESS OF THE CONFEDERATES.
RICHMOND, June 28.—The whole number of prisoners taken is about 3600, including Gens. Reynolds, Saunders and Rankin, and a large number of field officers. The constant arrival of prisoners here produces a lively excitement about the streets.

All the reports from the field confirm the thorough discomfiture of the Yankee army, and many expect that McClellan will capitulate.

Several batteries were taken to-day. We have lost no general officer, but Gen. Elzey has been wounded, and it is feared mortally.

The gallant Maj. Wheat, of the Louisiana Tigers, was killed.

The Fight Saturday.

NO FIGHTING SUNDAY UP TO 11 O'CLOCK.
RICHMOND, June 29.—Only a few brigades of the attacking column of the Confederate army were engaged yesterday. Magruder's and Huger's divisions were still held in reserve on the west side of the Chickahominy, where it is understood, McClellan was yesterday massing large bodies of troops.

A renewal of the contest was expected this morning.

Two regiments of Magruder's Division, the 7th and 8th Georgia, suffered severely in attempting to take a battery near the Seven Pines, which was defended by at least two brigades of Yankees.

Col. Lamer, of the 8th Georgia, was wounded and taken prisoner.

Lt. Col. White, of the 7th Georgia, was wounded in the neck.

The casualties in the two regiments were about 200.

There seems to be no doubt that McClellan's communication with his source of supplies is effectually cut off.

[SECOND DISPATCH.]

RICHMOND, June 29.—The latest reports from the lines represent that there has been no fighting today, up to 11 o'clock. Our army was then in line of battle, and it was expected, would soon advance upon the enemy.

The anxiety to hear from the battle field is intense, though everybody is confident of a decisive victory.

[THIRD DISPATCH.]

RICHMOND, June 29.—The remnant of McClellan's army is now on this side of the Chickahominy river. The bridges were destroyed by the enemy to prevent pursuit from the Confederates on the North. It is reported here that McClellan is retreating towards James river, where his troops may embark in their transports under the protection of their gunboats. The latest reports from the lines give this information, and states that our army is pursuing the enemy, and hope to capture many of them before night.

Sunday's Fighting.

McClellan STILL RETREATING.

[FOURTH DISPATCH.]
RICHMOND, June 30th.—Yesterday afternoon McClellan destroyed a quantity of stores of every description, and abandoned his fortifications, preparatory to a retreat towards the James River, which was commenced last night through White Oak Swamp.

The Yankees have been closely followed by our troops, and hundreds of prisoners taken. It is confidently expected that the greater portion of the fugitives will be intercepted and captured before to-night.

Stuart's Cavalry captured 3,000 Yankees yesterday, who were trying to escape to the York river.

RICHMOND, July 1.

Yesterday afternoon the enemy was attacked by General Hager in the vicinity of White Oak Swamp. The divisions of Longstreet and A. H. Hill were also engaged. The action became general and lasted several hours, with heavy loss on our side. The enemy was driven back about two miles farther down. Jackson's forces were engaged with a column of the enemy and captured three batteries.

The fight yesterday took place on the Darbytown road about five miles north east of Darbytown, it commenced about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The forces engaged on our side were General A. H. Hill's division and several brigades of Longstreet's embracing Kemper's, Pryor's and Featherstone's. The Yankees made a desperate resistance, but were driven from their entrenched position and pursued two miles.

They were heavily reinforced and checked the further advance of our men but the arrival of Magruder's division, about 9 o'clock, again put them in motion.

The darkness prevented our troops from following and routing the enemy.

Our loss was very heavy but that of the Yankees was immense.

We captured 600 prisoners, who have arrived in the city, and twenty pieces of cannon. Among the prisoners is Maj. Gen. McCall

captured by Lieut. Hawlings, of the 47th Virginia. Brigadier General Meade, was also captured.

This morning Gen. Magruder went in pursuit of the Yankees but had not overtaken them at 8 o'clock, when our informant left. The engagement yesterday is reported to have been the most sanguinary of the series of conflicts before this city. The valor of our troops is beyond praise.

Gen. Butler's Order in the British Parliament.

In the House of Lords, on the 13th of June, Earl Carnarvon called attention to General Butler's proclamation relative to the ladies of New Orleans. He condemned it in severe terms, as without precedent in the annals of war, and asked if the government had information of its authenticity, and if it had protested against it. He also asked if there was any truth in the rumors of the mediation of France and England. The success of such mediation would depend greatly upon the manner in which, and the time at which, it was offered; but he trusted the government was in a position to give the subject favorable consideration.

Earl Russell said that, from Lord Lyons's dispatches, the government believed the proclamation was authentic; but with respect to any action of the United States Government in the way of approval or disapproval they had no information. Lord Lyons had made no representations to the American Government on the subject, and he did not appear to have any official information concerning the proclamation upon which he could do so. For his own part, he (Earl Russell) hoped the American Government would, for its own sake, refuse its sanction to it, and disavow it. The proclamation was important to the whole world. The usages of war should not be aggravated by proclamations of this character. He thought that such a proclamation, addressed to a force that had just captured a hostile city, was likely to lead to great brutality. He thought there was no defense for this proclamation, and he sincerely hoped the American Government would disavow it.

In the House of Commons Sir J. Walsh made enquiry as to the authenticity of Gen. Butler's proclamation, which he denounced as repugnant to the feelings of the nineteenth century, and moved for any correspondence on the subject.

The London Post of June 11, denounces in the strongest terms the proclamation of Gen. Butler relative to the ladies of New Orleans. It regards it as the greatest insult that could be offered to the Federal army, and thinks the government is bound to recall General Butler and have him court-martialed. Such an act as that of Butler's, says the Post, if not promptly disavowed, would soon turn the scale, finally and decisively, in favor of the Confederate cause.

Lord Palmerston thought that no man could read the proclamation without feelings of the deepest indignation. [Cheers.] It was a proclamation to which he did not scruple to attach the epithet of infamous. [Cheers.] An Englishman must blush to think such an act had been committed by a man belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race. If it had sprung from some barbarous people not within the pale of civilization one might have regretted it, but would not have been surprised. But that such an order should have been issued by a soldier—by a man who had raised himself to the rank of a general—was a subject not less of astonishment than pain. He could not bring himself to believe that the Government of the United States would not, as soon as they had notice of the order, have stamped it with their censure and condemnation. He Majesty's Government received a dispatch yesterday from Lord Lyons enclosing a copy of the proclamation of General Butler. There was no objection to lay the dispatch on the table. With regard to the course that the government might think fit to take, that is a matter for their discussion; but he was persuaded that there was no man in England who would not show the feeling so well expressed by Sir James Walsh and Mr. Gregory.

[From the Richmond Enquirer.]

The Battles on Friday and Saturday.

Glorious Succession of Confederate Victories.

The right wing of the enemy having been driven from its advanced positions, near Mechanicsville, on Friday morning, fell back upon its stronger works in the direction of the centre. Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson was bearing down upon them with invincible energy, supported in front by Gen. A. P. Hill's Division, when Longstreet's Division was ordered, about four o'clock in the afternoon, down the north bank of the Chickahominy, to follow up the advance of Hill's Division on the main batteries of the enemy at a mile beyond Gaines' cross roads. The Division (Longstreet's) failed by the Chickahominy, and Gen. Pickett's Brigade was detached as an advance to support Gen. Hill's assault, the latter being then engaged in a terrific fight in front of the works in view. Upon reaching the scene, Pickett's Brigade was ordered to support a battery which was then playing upon the enemy, who were retreating a hot fire upon Gen. Hill's left. The brigade was then ordered to charge, which being accomplished, resulted in the repulse of the enemy. An Alabama and Mississippi regiment came up to the support of the brigade when the latter were ordered to fall; the Alabamians and Mississippians then charged over them upon the enemy, and the brigade arose again and followed.

The charge now became desperate, and never were such harassing difficulties encountered and successfully overcome. Our men found themselves suddenly charging upon the enemy in a dense woods, forming a portion of an extensive swamp, which presented somewhat the appearance of the pit of a theatre, surrounded by a ditch five feet wide by five feet deep, while on the opposite side, the mud of the marsh was knee deep, over which arose the hill, upon which the enemy's batteries were placed. At the foot of the hill the enemy had erected a parapet of infantry works, and another at the top, overlooking it, and also one on the edge of a ravine on the left of the brow of the hill. A battery was stationed in the ravine, while three others, in two tiers, ribbed the front of the hill, the whole presenting a fire upon our forces which told with terrible effect.

But our troops rushed on, crossed the swamp, the field officers having dismounted from their horses, it being impossible to carry them on, and charged upon the foremost batteries. In the first assault, the brigade and its supports were repulsed; in the second they passed and laid down. The 4th Texas and several North and South Carolina regiments came up; the rest of Hill's Division was pressing on, and Longstreet's was rapidly approaching the scene of conflict. The third charge was made, and the battery was taken. The number engaged in this charge was not more than 4,500, while that of the enemy on the ground captured

about 10,000, comprising General Porter's Division. Our supports now came up, and secured the possession of the hill, capturing many prisoners. The enemy a cavalry made an attempt to retake the position, but were repulsed, and fled precipitately. As our troops gained the brow of the hill General Jackson appeared on our left, about four hundred yards off, just completing his irresistible storm on the enemy's right flank, and aiding materially in securing the position then in the possession of our forces.

The general engagement, closing with this brilliant finale, brought into the field 40,000 Confederates and 50,000 Federals.

The enemy was pursued for some distance out, when they finally disappeared, it being now eight o'clock at night, and our men, commended by their officers for their gallantry, and flushed with victory, were content to stop upon the field of their success and rest for the night. We regret to learn that our loss was very severe. It is estimated that in killed and wounded, Gen. Pickett's Brigade lost from 40 to 50 per cent. Such daring, such sacrifices, were never before made on the altar of liberty.

We have been unable to gather the full particulars of our loss, nor that of the enemy, except so far as we learn from our prisoners who represent their loss as very severe. Two regiments, captured during the day, the 11th Pennsylvania and the 4th New Jersey, about six hundred in all, together with their officers, reached the city about ten o'clock, Saturday morning, and were quartered in the Libby and Greaser's Prisoners.

Portions of several Federal Brigades were also captured on various parts of the field, and company officers. There arrived in the city at an early hour on Saturday, Brig. Gen. John F. Reynolds, of Illinois; Brig. Gen. Rankin, of Pennsylvania; (Philadelphia), and Capt. O. Kingsbury, Jr., and to Gen. Reynolds. Several Colonels also arrived at the same time. The whole number of prisoners taken in the four days' fighting sums up, in round numbers, five thousand.

Twenty-three hundred and fifty privates and ninety-three officers, had already been brought to Richmond.

Our Generals, accompanied by staff and regimental officers, rode over the battle field of Friday, on Saturday afternoon, and estimated the number of Federals left dead on the field, at one thousand. A large number of their wounded also fell into our hands. Their total loss in the several engagements, is estimated at about ten thousand. In killed, wounded and prisoners, our loss, it is told, does not exceed twenty-five hundred. The fighting on the Confederate side exhibited a degree of coolness and undaunted heroism which have never been excelled in the history of nations. The work of our men was rendered brilliant by the number, state and irrepressibility of their bayonet charges, which carried everything before them, and so completely eclipsed the "bayonet charges," which McClellan pictured up for popular mind of the North, on the occasion of the battle of the "Seven Pines," that not even the shadow of a respectable hand to hand resistance was offered them.

In our combined assault upon this last and strongest series of works on the right wing of the enemy, our force increased to upwards of forty thousand men, while the enemy presented a force of about fifty thousand strong, consisting of the whole of Gen. Fitz John Porter's corps d'armee, a division from Franklin's and a division of McClellan's corps d'armee. The enemy was thus driven back upon his center, and his entire plans disorganized. He was busily fortifying his position on the north on Saturday, in order to resist attack from the rear.

The plan of attack in this day's battle may be summed up as follows: General Jackson made his way around the entire rear of the enemy, and pitched into their left driving, or rather "huddling" them all up on their centre. He then passed around their rear and came up on their left, which Gen. A. P. Hill's corps was pursuing down the right of their centre, while General Longstreet, and General D. H. Hill were driving back their front in the same direction. It must be understood that the battle was fought between one portion of our forces and one half of the enemy, the other half being on this (South) side of the Chickahominy where no fighting of importance occurred at all. Gen. McClellan, though immediately near, and expected to command his forces in person, did not appear on the field. The prisoners taken by us manifested a strong feeling in consequence of this circumstance, and stated that the entire army engaged was similarly influenced.

THE BATTLE ON SATURDAY ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CHICKAHOMINY.

No fighting occurred on the north side of the Chickahominy, on Saturday. At an early hour Gen. Magruder, whose forces threaten the front of the enemy's forces on the south side, sent forward a portion of Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, to capture a battery on the Nine Mile road. Our men were elated with the idea of at length joining in the fray which had so long been in progress, and moving on marched upon and charged the battery and captured it. The enemy, however, had a strong battery of howitzers in the rear, with which they played upon our men incessantly, so that at length they were compelled to abandon the work. Our loss in the charge was about two hundred, killed and wounded. Most of our killed and wounded in this engagement, including Col. Lamar, of Georgia, who was severely wounded in the leg, were left in the hands of the enemy. No more fighting occurred along the lines during the rest of the day. An armistice was agreed upon in the afternoon, for the exchange of the wounded and the burial of the dead, and thus closed the events of the day and week, the field for the most part, in our possession and the mantle of victory covering our deed.

THE POSITION.

Our General having disconcerted the enemy's centre, and the latter seeing no earthly chance for themselves, so completely were they hemmed in, it is said, immediately made for their gunboats on the Pamunkey, but, to their utter surprise and horror, found themselves out flanked by the indomitable Jackson and his brave army. They then re-crossed the swamp in the wildest confusion, and fled towards their gunboats on the James River, closely followed by Jackson, Hill and Longstreet, who expected to overtake McClellan and his half of the army Saturday night or early Sunday morning.

The other half of the Federal army is represented as completely surrounded by our troops. Magruder in front, Holmes on their right, and "Bethel" Hill and other Generals in their rear. It was expected that all of these Generals would move against the enemy at an early hour Sunday morning, while those of our troops in their rear will probably advance upon the enemy towards Richmond. The enemy was, on Saturday, busily employed in strengthening his fortifications, both in front and rear, so as to resist, if possible, the combined assaults of our forces—their rear being at the time totally unprepared to meet any vigorous attack.

OPERATIONS ON YESTERDAY (SUNDAY).

The operations of the enemy on Saturday night consisted in a clandestine movement, in order to get to the James River, sustained by their army on this side, in front of Magruder's forces. There was no regular avenue below the New Bridge road, which was in our hands and consequently they destroyed a large quantity of stores and other material, in order to pass by the by-roads and through the woods to the South side. They managed to get one during the night, after the loss of a large quantity of what they considered in the emergency superfluous plunder. On this side they moved their "other half," and caused a force to be sent down in the direction of the Charles City road, to protect it from interception by the force advanced consisting of a battery of

artillery, supported by a regiment of infantry and a squadron of cavalry.

This force was scarcely in position before the 23d Virginia Cavalry were ordered down to take possession of the position, but arriving too late, they nevertheless charged upon the Yankee Cavalry, caused them to retreat, and, perceiving their position best a retreat in good order, under their artillery and infantry fire.

The situation on last (Sunday) evening was one in which the enemy will find a universe of difficulty in getting out of. Our gallant army have driven them to their utmost extremity, and the issue must soon be decided. We have possession of every avenue by which they can escape.

ARMY WAGONS.

A large number of army wagons were captured by our forces near the Chickahominy on Friday.

An old lady is reported to have made her appearance in a country town not long since, anxiously enquiring after the health of "Stonewall" Jackson. She feared he was dead because he had taken 500 gallons of castor oil, 200 ounces of quinine, and large quantities of other medicine, and that was enough to kill any man. On learning that he had captured, not taken, the above amount of medicine, she went away satisfied.

MARRIAGE.

Married on the 15th of May, by Rev. Basil Manly, D.D., Lieut. Albert J. Thompson, to Miss ALICIA, only daughter of Judge H. W. Watson, all of Montgomery.

Obituaries.

It is a hallowed friendship which records the death of the meek and good. Mrs. JAMIE GRAY NICHOLS, died in Columbia, S. C., at the house of H. E. Nichols, Esq., Thursday morning, June 19th. She was a native of Chambers Co., Ala.; educated, mainly, under Milton E. Bacon, at LaGrange, Ga., and became a member of a Baptist Church by public confession and baptism, some six or eight years ago. On December 1st, 1858, she was married to James H. Nichols, Esq., (of Charleston, S. C.) in the 1st Baptist Church, Montgomery, by the Rev. John L. Dawson. Always of a delicate frame and feeble constitution, her health began, soon afterwards, to fail. She was ill for two years; and since February last, had lost her voice. She was a gentle, consistent, pious woman; much beloved by her circle, from her girlhood up. Her illness tried and developed the grace of the Christian temper. Her supreme love to her Savior chastened, but did not obscure her love to the friends who survive her; and the hour for her departure found her serenely ready to go. Her residence was in Lowndes county, Ala., for the last few years; and it was truly a touching scene, when she, who had gone out of the church in Montgomery, a bride, was now seen entering it, for the first time, a corpse.

Followed by her husband and many of the party who had witnessed the nuptial hour. Many of the congregation had assembled, though on short and imperfect notice, to attend on the funeral services; and the tender solemnity of the scene was heightened by the theme which the Pastor employed on the occasion, "Rest with us."

Thomas L. Whitehurst.

Died in Auburn, Ala., on the 15th day of June 1862, in the 26th year of his age. He was a soldier in the 37th Regiment of Ala. Volunteers, a citizen of Pike county, Ala., and a member of Capt. Amor's company. Whilst encamped at Auburn, he, with many of his companions in arms, in passing through the acclamation of camp life was the subject of measles which terminated fatally with this noble young man. The writer never saw Mr. Whitehurst until the day on which he died—at that time he was entirely rational, and seemed fully conscious that "the time of his departure was at hand. Though he had never made a profession of religion, yet, from his candid confessions and earnest prayers to God; and also the assurance he gave of his resignation to the divine will—and above all, the peace of God, which he was then enjoying through faith in Him "who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light," left no doubt on the minds of those who stood around the bed of that dying soldier, that he had fought the good fight and gained the victory over his last and greatest enemy, Death. It may be a consolation to his pious and absent parents to know that their departed son had gained the special regard of the kind ladies who attended the sick soldier, by his gentle and meek temper in all his afflictions. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." W. B. J.

Died in the city of Tuscaloosa, April 3d, 1862, Mrs. ELIZA J. SIMMONS. She was born in Spottsylvania county, Va., January 30, 1817. It pleased God to call her by His grace in early youth; and while quite young she made a profession of religion. The truth of her profession was manifested by a steadfast adherence to the cause of the Redeemer, and by a life fruitful in the development of Christian graces and good works. A great and almost constant sufferer for many years, there was never a murmur against Him who thus placed her in the furnace. To those who knew her, and especially to her family, the recollection of her life is peculiarly precious, as an illustration of the influence of a patient, unflinching, constant faith; showing in actual life, how a Christian wife, mother and neighbor may fulfill the high obligations resting on her.

Her death was in accordance with her life—Cheered by the presence of the Savior through all her days of weakness and of suffering, even to the end of life, her departure was one of calm, Christian triumph. The enemy she had sometimes dreaded, while living, was not to be found in life's last struggles. Death was swallowed up in victory. C. M.

Died, in the 1st Ala. Hospital, Richmond, Va., June 6th, 1862, in the 27th year of his age, Lewis G. ALBRIGHT, eldest son of Clark and Mary Albright, of Russell Co., Ala.

The subject of this notice was a member of the 14th Regiment Ala. Volunteers. His kind, amiable, and gentlemanly deportment, while in camp, won for him the love and esteem of all with whom he was associated. He was full of life, kind, generous, frank, and honorable, and in the language of an officer of his Regiment, "A truer and nobler heart never beat in human bosom." Brother Lewis professed religion at an early age, and united with the County Line Baptist Church in Russell Co., Ala., at about 12 years of age. His place in the sanctuary was uniformly filled, and when asked to take a part in the prayer meeting, he never refused. Bro. A. was kind to all, and I have been credibly informed that he never gave father, mother, or wife, a short answer or a cross word. He had been in the Army 11 months, and in the march from Yorktown to Richmond, he became very much fatigued and worn down, especially in the battle at Williamsburg, where he lost his blankets and clothing, and even his beloved companion, his pocket Bible. Being thus exposed in the continued march, through rains, and deep mud, his physical system gave way and he was carried to the Hospital. On his arrival there he called a friend to his bedside and said to him that he felt like his end was near, and requested that his Pa be telegraphed to come to him; his father left on the first train after receiving the telegraph, but failed to arrive in Richmond until about the time his son was buried. The Surgeon of the Hospital, who attended Bro. A. through all his sickness, told his father that the fatigue of the march brought on Typhoid Fever in such a form as to build his life.

The deceased has left an affectionate wife and an interesting little son, father, mother, brother, sisters and many friends to mourn an irreparable loss. It is, however, a great consolation to the parents of Bro. A. to know that the early instructions imparted to their son, made a lasting impression upon his mind and heart, producing the desired fruits; for they are fully persuaded that their son Lewis lived and died a Christian. But a few months before his death he wrote to his mother in the following language: "Nothing but an All-wise Providence has protected me through the perils I have passed. I have had many temptations to resist; but with the aid of my God, I have been enabled to resist them like a man. I am proud I can say this to you; for I believe you have prayed to God to help me, and I feel like your prayers are answered. One blessing I have never been put in the guard-house! nor as yet, received a cross mark." Though Bro. A. sickness and died far away from all his relatives, yet it may be consoling to them to know that he was kindly cared for, and carefully nursed, under the superintendence of that very estimable lady, Mrs. Hopkins, of his own State, who has done so much, and is still so nobly and patriotically laboring for the welfare of Alabama soldiers. A FRIEND.

A LIST OF LETTERS, REMAINING IN THE Post Office at Tuscaloosa, Macon County, Ala., July 1st, 1862.

Anderson, Miss M. B. Knight, Mrs. K. J.	Longins, Miss Susanna
Braswell, E. D.	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Baugh, Thornton	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Reedy, William A.	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Brookner, H. T.	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Canby, Miss A. E.	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Dawkins, William E.	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Edwards, Mrs. Mary	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Graves, Aaron	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Grady, A. T.	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Gardner, B. F.	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Harris, Catharine	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Howard, Wm. B.	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Hodge, H. H.	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Haney, G.	McKee, Mrs. J. A.
Jones, W. W.	McKee, Mrs. J. A.

When any of the above letters are wanted, please say they are advertised.

JOHN HOWARD, P. M.

July 1st, 1862.

MEDICAL NOTICE.
DR. W. R. DRISKELL, has located at his father's residence, where he can be found at all times, when not professionally engaged. He respectfully tenders his services, as a Physician and Surgeon, to the surrounding country. July 10, 1862.

THE BLOCKADE IS BROKEN UP!

MR. P. L. BARRY, late conducting miller at the Palace Mills, Columbus, Ga., has now leased the *Tuskegee Steam Flour Mills*, formerly owned by John E. Dawson, and has altered the entire machinery for the manufacture

