

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

S. HENDERSON,
A. J. BATTLE, } EDITORS.

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

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For Term &c., see third page.

For the South Western Baptist.

Prayer.

"Praying always" with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints."—Ephes. 6:18.

We do not understand by the words, "Praying always," that the Christian should spend every moment of his existence in prayer. The meaning of the Apostle is, that he should have regular seasons of prayer, so as to keep himself at all times in that spirit; and when he has this frame of mind in constant exercise, then it may be said of him, that he "prays always" and "without ceasing." In connection with this, he must participate in the duties of "all prayer"; the meaning of which is, all kinds of prayer.

Public prayer should be engaged in by every Christian who has the faculty of speaking fluently. And God will recognize no excuse from him who speaks with ease upon all subjects; and then refuses to take a part in the public exercises of the church. In the estimation of the writer, such Christians as these must live beneath the frowns of an indignant God.—Social prayer also, should be regarded as the duty of Christians. When several of them meet together in social life, how becoming, and how very right it would be, to break up with prayer. And then, here is family prayer; one of the most beautiful and delightful institutions in connection with the Christian religion. It is an inestimable blessing to every one that is in the family. And the father who fails to attend to this important duty, has no idea what a vast amount of evil he entails upon his children. But secret prayer is the most indispensable of all. It would be far better not to pray at all in public, than to neglect this, the most important of all duties. It is this that propagates religion in the soul, and the very food upon which it feeds and lives. And more than this, it is the only prayer, that the Christian enjoys. O, how precious are those moments that we spend alone with God in the closet.

The word, "supplication," does not mean a different kind of prayer particularly, but an humble, sincere and fervent prayer. And this is the way that every Christian should pray, with all humility, earnestness and sincerity. In fact, no other kind is prayer.

And now you will observe, that the Christian must pray "in the spirit." He must humble his heart; he must pray in sincerity, and then he must pray the believing prayer. Any other kind will not rise above the head of him who offers it. Besides, it is willful mockery, and the very highest of insolence for a man to go into the presence of Him who is holy, with no more feeling than if he stood before a stone. Let him first read a portion of Divine Truth, then, if necessary, sing an appropriate hymn, and meditate upon both them and the solemnity of the occasion, until his heart is prepared to worship Him who is a Spirit, and who requires all men to worship him in spirit and in truth. The Christian, moreover, should keep a watchful eye upon himself. Watching thereunto, seems to mean that he should watch himself, to see if he prays "without ceasing"; or participates in "all prayer"; or keeps his heart in the spirit of prayer. Watchfulness and prayer are inseparably connected, and he who does not take them both together, may well question the sincerity of his prayer. In addition to this, the Christian should pray with "all perseverance." That is, when he begins a petition for any thing, he should never stop until the object desired is granted. Jacob wrestled all night long with the angel, and would not let him go until he blessed him. Elijah prayed seven times before he discovered the small sign of rain. And the reason why the Christian prays so often without an answer, is because he does not persevere. He soon becomes wearied

wrestling upon his knees, and closes his prayer, thinking that he will take it up again at some other time. Now, this was not the way with Jacob and Elijah; and shall we not profit by their example?

Finally, the Christian must not only make supplication for himself, but for "all the saints." For they are all members one of another. They are strengthened by each others' prayers, daily. And there is no one so good that he does not need the prayers of his brethren. It removes every vestige of animosity, banishes all hard feelings, and melts their hearts in love, and causes them to run together like water. It enables them to see eye to eye, and to work together in every benevolent and Christian enterprise.

J. J. CLOUD.

The Lamb of God.

The most significant and remarkable type introduced into the divine ordinances, as well as into Israel's history and ritual, was the lamb. It even meets us at the threshold of Paradise in the sacrifice of Abel, as an object particularly acceptable in the sight of God. Later on the lamb with its blood consecrates the commencement of the history of the Israelites. The sprinkling of the doorposts with the blood of lambs was the means of Israel's preservation in Egypt from the sword of the destroying angel, and the departure of the people from Pharaoh's house of bondage. From that time the lamb continued to be the most prominent figure by which God typified the future Messiah to the children of Abraham. Henceforward it acquired an abiding footing in Israel's sacrificial rites in general, and in the yearly passover in particular. In the latter each house was enjoined by the Mosaic law to bring a male lamb without blemish or infirmity, to the sanctuary, there solemnly confess their transgressions over it, then bring it typically burdened with their sins, to the court of the temple to be slain; and after it was roasted, consume it entirely in festive communion, with joy and thanksgiving to Jehovah. That which was so apparent, that even the most sinful mind could not mistake it. Every one who was only partially susceptible of that which was divinely symbolical, felt impressed with the idea, that this divine ordinance could have no other aim than to keep alive in Israel, along with the remembrance of the promised Deliverer, the confidence and hope in him.

John the Baptist appears in the wilderness; and the first greeting with which he welcomes Jesus, which was renewed whenever he saw him, is, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!" thereby directing the attention of the whole world to Jesus, as if there were henceforth nothing else worth seeing in heaven or on earth than this Lamb of God; and by so doing he certainly directs us to the greatest and most beautifying of all mysteries, and to the pith and marrow of the entire gospel. For if Christ had been only the "Lion of the tribe of Judah," and not at the same time "the Lamb," what would it have availed us? As "the Lamb," he is the desire of all nations, the star of hope to the exiles from Eden, the sun of righteousness in the night of sorrow to those whom the law condemns, and the heavenly lamp to the wanderer in the gloomy isle of death.—Krummacher.

The Sinner Thoughtless of his Danger.

"This was madness, you may see," said Dr. Johnson, in reference to the care with which his father continued to lock the front door of his workshop every night, when the building had fallen half down for want of money to make repairs, and he saw that any body might enter without hindrance at the rear!

If that were madness, what shall we say of the petty precautions by which sinners seek to secure their happiness, when all interests for time and eternity lie open to the wrath of God, and they put forth no effort to avert the stroke which at any moment may overwhelm them with utter desolation and an eternal despair? In contrast with such folly

it is the height of wisdom to dream of security, when we have made fast the front door of a house which has lost the rear wall. It is trusting to a house without foundation, not knowing how suddenly the rain shall descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it.

Oh ungodly man, consider the "madness" of this inconsideration. The terrors of the Lord are set in array against you; but you "forget yourself to marble," and front them unmoved. Allured by momentary pleasures, or by riches and honors that must perish with the breath of your nostrils, you float on the current of worldliness and vanity, taking no thought of "the rocks against which you may be dashed, or the whirlpools in which you may be engulfed." In this willing blindness, how certainly must you be destroyed!

Nay, the process of your destruction has commenced already. This blindness is a part of it. Only while men sleep, the vampire bat drains their blood, so stealthily they know it not; and thus Satan lulls you into the sleep of inconsideration, that, while unconscious of his fearful work, the life of your soul may waste away. Believe us, your house of hope even now is "fallen half down," and you can never repair it. All that pass by, whose eyes have been enlightened from above, look sorrowfully to see it come crashing to the ground, and bury you beneath the hopeless ruins. Every hour it continues to stand, it is to them, it should be to you, a marvel (not to say a miracle) of grace.

Oh sinner, Christ saw what this blindness hides from you. "This hardness of heart in you, broke his heart on your behalf." Can you go on slumbering until you sink into the pit? Will you not awake?—Christ calls you. Here and live.

"Watch" Your Pastor.

On a Friday evening after the Lecture, as the Rev. Mr. — was about to pronounce the benediction, one of the officers of the church arose and requested the congregation to tarry a few moments. He then remarked that he had a somewhat embarrassing duty to perform, but the honor of the cause and the interest of all parties concerned, required that he should not shrink from the responsibility which had been imposed upon him. It had been deemed expedient, in view of certain developments, to watch the pastor, and he had been appointed to officiate in that capacity, and now he desired thus publicly to report! The people all wondered! Some were indignant; others wept! What had the pastor done? Of what serious dereliction, either in faith or practice, had he been guilty, thus to be subjected to the scrutiny of a vigilance committee?

The pastor, though evidently taken by surprise, yet conscious of his integrity, calmly awaited the issue.—At length, the Chairman of this formidable committee, after speaking of the liabilities, exposures and temptations of the ministry, that they were but men, needing the exercise of a large charity,—thus exciting and holding in painful suspense the minds of the people, drew from his pocket a magnificent watch, whose delicate movements marked accurately the hours and the minutes as they pass, and presenting it to Dr. B., said:

"This is the manner in which we propose to watch our pastor: not his theology, for it is sound; not his private or public walk, for there is no occasion for this; not the length of his discourses, for he never wearies by tediousness. But we have adopted this mode to express our continued confidence and affection, after a ministry of more than twenty years. Our minister has been variously and magnificently cased, and he carries the marks to this day;—he has been booked, and banished to Europe by his people, and subjected, from time to time, to similar treatment; but we have never before had occasion to watch the pastor!"

The Doctor was much overcome by this unexpected testimonial, but he proceeded to address the people in the most touching manner, alluding to his early connection with them,

their indulgence, sympathy and affection; their unswerving kindness in seasons of personal and unparalleled suffering and trial; his increased attachment to them, and his desire to live, labor, and die with them.—The whole scene was exciting and truly affecting, showing the mutual and strong attachment of pastor and people.

Pray First.

Calling with a brother, to see a sick man, who had long been a patient sufferer, we inquired, "Are you not almost worn out?"

"No," said he, "I shall never wear out, I have suffered more already than I should to die a half a dozen times. But suffering will never wear me out until God's time comes.—Then I shall go, and not before.—Add now I will tell you what I want. I want both of you to pray with me, and be short. Let both prayers be no longer than is often made at once. And I want you to do it first. Many come in and stay until I am tired with conversation, and then, when I am too tired to enjoy it, they propose prayer. And they pray for many things that do not especially concern me, and are so lengthy that I am all beat out. Now if you pray first, you will talk better, you will be less likely to be interrupted, and I shall enjoy the prayer. And I had rather lose all the rest. I wish (said he with emphasis,) that the practice of putting off prayer till the last thing when the sick are visited, was forever done away."

This person was one of those blunt people so called, who speak just what they think, and although, in his greatest distress, his mind wandered, we must think he was perfectly sane here. Let the reader reflect upon it. If ever we need wisdom, it is at the bed. And how important that we begin with prayer. How many bad causes, projects and investments of property would have been avoided had we prayed first. How many doubtful cases of duty would be made plain—how many crosses taken up which we now shun, did we pray first. Let the reader apply it to every enterprise, and always remember to pray first.

Old Chairs at Interest.

Nobody in all the neighborhood interested me like Mr. —, I love to think of the dear old gentleman. How pleasant was it to run into his bright little parlor, and sit by his side, hearing him talk, or talking to him; reading to him, or hearing him read; asking questions, or listening to stories of old times, when he was a boy. Though his frame bore the frosts and infirmities of threescore years and ten, they had not chilled his heart; it was still young and fresh, and brimful of kindness. It also held his purse strings so that from the little parlor streamed substantial blessings, as well as hearty love; and it happened that I had occasion to know how often they found their way to the humble lodgings of a widow and her daughter.

These two were the relics of a past generation, and they seemed to be almost strangers amidst the new one which had sprung up around them.—They had, in a measure, outlived their connections, their property, their early friendships, and the poor make but few new friends. Few cared for them, and they cared for few. The only light which warmed or cheered them was the setting sun of days gone by. But if this warmed them, it could not feed or shelter them, or hinder the embarrassment of poverty, had not the old man's purse come to their aid; and so steadily did he eke out the scanty income of the widow, that I sometimes thought he was likely to make her believe that her last days were her best days. I used often to wonder why he was so thoughtful of her wants: others were not, and what claim had she upon him?

One evening, in speaking of his early struggles, he said, "When Mary and I were married, we were young and foolish, for we had nothing to be married with; but Mary was delicate, and I thought I could take care of her best. I knew I had

a stout arm and a brave heart to depend upon." We rented a chamber and went to housekeeping. We got together a little furniture—a table, bedstead, dishes—but our money failed us before we bought the chairs. I told Mary she must turn up the tub, for I could not run in debt. No, no. It was not long before our rich neighbor, Mrs. M —, found us out, and kindly enough she supplied our necessities; half a dozen chairs were added to our stock. They were old ones, to be sure, but answered just as well for us. I shall never forget the new face those chairs put on our snug quarters—they never looked just right before. The tables are turned with Mrs. M — and me now: she has become a poor widow, but she shall never want while I have anything, never!" cried the old man, with a beaming face. "I don't forget those old chairs."

Ah, now the secret was out. It was the interest of the old chairs which maintained the poor widow.—She was living upon an income drawn from the interest and compound interest of a little friendly act done fifty years before, and it sufficed for herself and daughters.

How beautiful is it to see how God blesses the operation of his great moral law, "Love thy neighbor;" and we should oftener see it, could we look into the hidden paths of life, and find that it is not self interest, not riches, not fame, that binds heart to heart. The simple power of a friendly act can do far more than they. It is these, the friendly acts, the neighborly kindness, the Christian sympathy of one another, which rob wealth of its power to curse, extract the bitter from the cup of sorrow, and open wells of gladness in desolate homes. We do not always see the golden links shining in the chain of human events; but they are here—and happy is he who feels their gentle but irresistible influence.

A Good Hope Through Grace.

It is recorded of Selden, whom Grotius styled "the glory of England," that, in the near view of his death, he requested an interview with Archbishop Usher, with whom he freely conversed respecting the ground of his hope. He said that he had in his library books and manuscripts on almost all the subjects which engage the attention of literary men, but that out of the number there was only one which could afford solid support to his mind, and that was the word of God; and that the particular portion of the inspired volume which had most interested him was in Paul's epistle to Titus, "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Savior Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." These words are indeed very remarkable. What fine views of Christianity do they present to us; of its origin, its progress, and its consummation; of the present dignity, the important office and the great work of its author, of the one great design of his atoning sacrifice; of the distinguishing character of his disciples; and of the means by which their character is formed. He gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

Home Pictures.

Sombody with an eye to the beauty of well regulated homes, thus draws two touching "life size" pictures, which should be preserved as models by all who appreciate the holy associations of home.

"Have you never, as you wandered along the street about dusk, peeped into the snug basements through the half-drawn shades, just as the lamps were being lighted, and the absent ones come straying to their home seat by the fireside? Very bright

and beautiful, are these pictures, just tingled by the first shades of evening. Here a fond trio are circling around the glowing grate. Father has just come in, donned his dressing gown and cozy slippers, and nicely ensconced himself in his big easy chair, the little couch, for his evening nap. Watch the proud smile of that father as he gently pushes back the stray locks from the pure brow of the sleeper. Mother sits by with a smile of delight, gracefully plying the needle. We would fain linger and gaze upon that little 'nest at home,'

"But let us glance into the next window.

A mother sits alone, pale, and anxious, gazing upon the little moaning one in her arms, which she gently rocks to a low lullaby. She starts, as a well-known step echoes in the passage. One moment more and a bright countenance, beaming with love, is bending over her, a soft kiss is imprinted upon her forehead, and a sigh of relief, and joy, too pure for utterance, springs from that young heart. We love such beautiful pictures, such sweet holy sympathies.

"Oh! let us make our twilight firesides cheerful and happy, the dear resting spot, after the day's struggle in the troublous tide of business, cherish it for its holy reunions, happy meetings, and hallowed associations."

A GOD READY TO PARDON.—When God pardons a sinner, he never delays, nor puts off, but does it *instantly*. He sees the prodigal returning afar off, laden with all manner of sins, and cannot wait his arrival, but runs to meet him with pardoning mercies. He hears Ephraim bemoaning himself, and instantly cries, "Ephraim is a dear son, a pleasant child: since the time I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still, and my bowels are turned towards him; and I surely will have mercy upon him," saith the Lord.

He finds the publican in the temple smiting upon his breast, and crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and sends him home to his house justified.

Oh, how true! "My ways are not your ways, saith the Lord." No, no; He pardons like a God, fully, freely, instantly, abundantly, and for ever.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.—We know the throne of grace from other thrones by the glory that it always appears in when revealed to us of God; its glory outshines all; there is no such glory to be seen anywhere else, either in heaven or earth. But I say, this comes by the sight that God gives, not by any excellency that there is in my natural understanding, as such: my understanding and apprehension, simply as natural are blind and foolish; wherefore, when I set to work in mine own spirit and in the power of mine own abilities, to reach to this throne of grace and to perceive somewhat of the glory thereof, then am I dark, rude, foolish; I see nothing, and my heart grows flat, dull, savorless, lifeless, and has no warmth in the duty but it mounts up with wings like an eagle when the throne is truly apprehended.—Bunyan.

THE SOURCE OF VICTORY.—When Joshua fought with Amalek, it was not only the well-timed onset, the quivering arrow, and the flashing sword that won the victory. It was the uplifted hand of Moses on the brow of Horeb, the prevailing prayer of intercession, that gained that laurel to the newly liberated people in their first encounter, and inscribed upon their altar of memorial, "Je-hovah—nisi—the Lord my banner." And when our armies are called to this deadly struggle for our life, while we use skill and courage, we must fall before the throne, praying the Lord of hosts to defend the right. And when final victory is given us of God, let a great altar be raised, and "Jehovah—nisi" be inscribed as the record of a nation's fervent gratitude, and the pledge of a people's living piety.—Central Presbyterian.

Christ never discouraged any sinner who came seeking salvation from him; and while time lasts, he never will.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.
Thursday, July 24, 1862.AGENT.
B. 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 draped L.E.Y. for which a liberal price will be paid, at the South Western Baptist office.

Prayer Without Ceasing.

The recent triumphs to our arms and the present lull after the storm, conspire to engender spiritual apathy on the part of Christians. It is too natural to relax our efforts at the throne of grace, after the immediate danger is past. The breaking of the cloud that recently hung so angrily over our heads, and the momentary cessation of the tempest, awakened a thrill of gratitude, but there is reason to fear that it was mere ebullition, and that we are relaxing into indifference and restraining prayer before God. But there are many reasons why we should feel a more intense concern than ever, and why our prayers should be more frequent and earnest than before.

The very disposition to restrain prayer is an alarming symptom. It is an ominous sign of incipient apostasy. It is the precursor of spiritual darkness, of the withdrawal of God's countenance and of Divine judgments.

But if we imagine that all danger to our country has passed, and that there is no longer need of incessant prayer on this account, we deceive ourselves. There is no doubt, that the severest struggles of our revolution are yet to be encountered. Our enemies have not abandoned the hope of possessing the Confederate capital. Their next effort will be more determined and desperate than any they have yet made. They are not yet so demoralized in spirit or so bankrupt in resources, or so exhausted in material, as to feel obliged to give up the contest. They are the most energetic and persevering race the sun shines on. They will concentrate myriads of troops; they will expend hundreds of millions in the way of armament; they will employ every conceivable artifice, and resort to every imaginable outrage to compass their purposes; and nothing that human energy can do or human ingenuity can invent, will be omitted, to get possession of the much-coveted rebel metropolis. If Richmond is saved, then, it must be by the blessing of God, crowning the most untiring effort on the part of the patriot defenders of our country, in answer to the unceasing prayers of His people.

But Richmond is not the only point of danger. Other localities are seriously menaced, and our armies in other quarters are confronted by powerful Northern contingents. And even when the organized forces of the invader shall have been routed from the places now especially endangered, still, what extensive areas are now occupied by the enemy, which of right belong to us? Fully one-half of Virginia, two-thirds of Tennessee, portions of Arkansas, Louisiana and Alabama, the entire States of Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland, our whole line of sea-coast, and the Mississippi river, below the mouth of the Ohio, are yet to be wrested from the tyrant's grasp and recovered to the Confederacy. The forts he has taken from us, and the Western Territories lying within the proper Southern parallels, must be yielded to us, before peace, so much desired, can return to our land. An immense work is yet to be done, which may require years of bloodshed and suffering, and which, without the Divine blessing is forever impossible.

We speak often of foreign intervention; but what we need most deeply is the intervention of the Almighty arm. We can do without European aid; but without Divine aid, we are utterly undone. With the blessing of Heaven, we need not fear what our enemy can do against us. His preparations are formidable indeed—his hosts are multitudes, his equipments are unsurpassed in efficiency, his energy is untiring; his courage not to be despised, his strategy skillful and wise. "But it is better to trust in God, than to put confidence in man; it is better to trust in God, than to put confidence in princes." "There is no king saved by the multitude of an host; a mighty man is not delivered by much strength." "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Let us, then, not cease to call upon this All-powerful Being, whose aid humbly and faithfully invoked can turn the efforts of our enemies into nothing, and significantly effect the complete deliverance of our country.

Friends Indebted.

We are greatly indebted to Dr. E. J. Hays, of Columbia, Ala., Rev. J. B. Parnham, and Rev. W. C. Morgan, of Georgia, for efficient services in extending the circulation of our paper. These brethren have recently sent us twenty-four new subscribers. We feel greatly obliged to them for their assistance in this our time of need. Many others are doing well. Forget us not, dear brethren, if you desire the S. W. Baptist to weather the storm.

Imprisonment of the Ministers of Nashville.

Some two or three weeks since, the "Military Governor" of Tennessee, Andy Johnson, called the pastors and resident ministers of the gospel of the different denominations in Nashville, to meet him. In the course of the interview, he took it upon himself to read them "a fatherly lecture" as to their duties as ministers and citizens, and concluded by requiring them to take the oath of allegiance to the despotism he represented; but as a matter of great condescension and grace, gave them a few days to deliberate on the subject. At the expiration of these "days of grace," they were again summoned before this petty tyrant to elect between "Federal protection" and a cell in the Penitentiary. These ministers, with one exception, chose the latter alternative, and they are now immured in the walls of a felon's prison. Their imprisonment is accompanied with an order to the Provost Marshall to allow no communication between them, and their sympathizers, so that they are wholly cut off from their families and friends. If they had been thieves, robbers and murderers, they could not be consigned to a more ignominious fate. And what is their offense? Why this, and only this—They have chosen to preserve a conscience void of offense toward God and man—they have declined to commit the double crime of perjury and treason—they have decided to remain loyal to their own chosen government. It seems as if these Yankee Generals and "Military Governors" are vying with each other, wherever they obtain a footing, as to who shall bear the palm in acts of refined cruelty. Hunter declares the slaves of "rebels" manumitted within the territories of Florida, Georgia and South Carolina, and is organizing "negro brigades," and arming them to fight their masters. Butler issues an edict declaring that any woman, who, by word or gesture, shall show any disrespect to federal soldiers, shall be "treated as a woman of the town, plying her avocation." Grant banishes from Memphis every man and his family who holds any office in the State of Tennessee or in the Confederate government, by which it is said not less than two thousand families will be driven from their homes. And now, "Governor" Johnson throws into prison the pastors of Nashville. Can the history of the world for the last five hundred years furnish any parallel to such a series of brutal unmitigated acts of tyranny?

The names of these ministers are, Doctors Sehon and Baldwin, and Rev. Mr. Saurie, of the Methodist Church—Dr. Howell and Rev. Mr. Ford of the Baptist denomination. It is a source of gratulation that these godly men possess the true martyr spirit, and that they have thus become "examples to the flock." God placed them in positions where they are enabled to show their countrymen and the world what Christian patriotism demands of those sections of our suffering country overrun by our cruel invaders. Their noble and heroic conduct will exert a widespread influence upon friends and foes. As in the case of Peter, when he was cast into prison, we doubt not that "prayer without ceasing will be made unto God for them," that the day of their deliverance may not be distant, and that they may be permitted to resume their peaceful and heaven-ordained labors in the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Not the shadow of a charge was alleged against them. From all that appears to the contrary, they had demeaned themselves with singular propriety ever since the city was occupied by the Federal army. But "governor" Johnson, like all tyrants, who are of necessity cowards, was afraid that they might do something, and he therefore placed them where they would be harmless to him, at least. The poor deluded wretch did not seem to be apprized that the very step he took would do more to exasperate the very class of people from whom the government he represents has more to dread than any other—the great religious denominations of the country. The day of Tennessee's redemption is at hand, and fearful will be the reckoning with her traitorous sons.

All these radical measures of our enemies only serve to strengthen our cause, and brighten our prospects of speedy and final success. The brutal order of Butler in regard to the women of New Orleans, has cost many hundreds and perhaps thousands of Yankee lives. "Remember Butler" has been the battle cry of every Louisiana Regiment in every battle since it was issued; and the terrific carnage before Richmond, at Secessionville, and in the valley of the Shenandoah, tells how fearfully woman's wrongs will be avenged by Southern soldiers. And these are but the beginnings of the end. The full measure of our redress for all these outrages is reserved for the Western army.

Some of the ministers of Nashville left the city as refugees on the ap-

proach of the Federal army last spring. Among these, it is proper in this connection that we mention Rev. J. R. Graves, editor of the *Tennessee Baptist*. He is now connected with the army of the West, and has already rendered efficient service. He bore himself most gallantly in the battle of Shiloh, as aid to the Surgeon General of the army, having saved an immense quantity of medical stores, captured from the enemy, and brought off from the field under a baking fire of artillery. In a recent interview with him, he informed us, that he would never leave the Confederate army while the foot of a Federal soldier polluted the soil of Tennessee. His property is already confiscated, but we trust in God that the enemy will be driven from Tennessee before the order can be executed.

S. H.

Col. C. A. Battle.

This gentleman, who is in command of that noble body of Alabamians, the 3d Alabama Regiment, is now on a visit to his family in this place to recruit his health. He has been quite ill almost ever since the memorable battle of the "Seven Pines," so much so, indeed, that he has been unfit for service for a month. His Regiment has suffered perhaps as severely as any in the service, having been in two of the most hotly contested fights of the war—that of the "Seven Pines" and the battle of Tuesday, the last of the series around Richmond. It will be recollected that in the first engagement, the former Colonel of the Regiment, the gallant and lamented L. Max, fell, and that he was succeeded by Lt. Colonel Battle, who, in the same engagement had his horse shot from under him. Our community is greatly gratified at the pleasure of a visit from this gallant officer, and to listen to the details of a contest from one who bore so conspicuous a part in it, and which is destined to yield one of the brightest pages of our national history. May a kindly providence continue to attend his career, until our independence is achieved, and peace shall be restored to our afflicted land. S. H.

Yankee Barbarity in North Ala.

The Rev. R. H. Taliaferro, brother of the former editor of this paper, has been driven from his home, all his property taken, his plantation laid in ruins, and his wife and children confined to a few yards around his dwelling. He was absent from home when those outrages were perpetrated, and he was not permitted to return. A private letter from him, from which these facts are gleaned, states that he is now a refugee in North Georgia. Such is the "protection" which the Federal government affords to Southern men! A few weeks ago we published a letter from Dr. Rice, Senator from Jackson county, and son-in-law of Mr. Taliaferro, detailing similar outrages upon his family. We understand that the Yankee soldiers are in the habit of making Mrs. Rice cook for them regularly, not even permitting her to be assisted by her own servants. They have long boasted that they intended to make Southern women the slaves of Northern mistresses. We suppose that this is the beginning of that policy. Is it any wonder that the women of the South are more determined, if possible, in this struggle than the men?

For the South Western Baptist.

Captain Robert L. Mayes.

Among all who have given their lives a sacrifice on the altar of their country, none is more worthy of honorable mention than Robert L. Mayes, late Captain of the Tuskegee Light Infantry, who fell in the battle of "Seven Pines," on the first of June, 1862, while gallantly leading his brave men against the invader of his native land.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me. His thoughts, motives of action, noble impulses, and high resolves, all passed before me in panoramic review, exhibiting the purest love of home and kindred, and a sublime devotion to liberty that rose even superior to the charms of domestic life.

True friend, devoted husband, fond father, honored citizen, hero soldier and martyred patriot, sleep thou quietly sleep! for on thy brow falls no shadow, on thy spirit rests no stain. C. A. B.

For the South Western Baptist.

MEANS EDITORS: Your Senior expressed a wish in your last issue that some friend would furnish an account of the Judson Commencement, and I avail myself of the invitation to say a few things to your readers about this institution. If there has been any year in its history in which its success has stood out more prominently than another, I think it is that just closed. The condition of the country has been a severe trial to our schools, yet notwithstanding the scarcity of money, the increased and pressing demands for it, the absorbing interest of the war, and the distress which it has brought into so many families, it has quietly, but steadily pursued its course. A corps of teachers not inferior to any of

their predecessors have kept their places. The catalogue shows 175 pupils against 225 in times of general prosperity. The session was passed without a single painful incident. Not a death occurred, nor any serious sickness.

The Commencement sermon was preached by Rev. Sam'l Henderson, of which delicacy forbids me to say more in this place than that, for the gratification which it afforded us, we are largely his debtors.

We were not favored with the crowd of visitors usual upon these occasions. This was not to be expected. The exercises throughout sustained the reputation of the school, and gave assurance that teachers and pupils had well improved the time.

The concert was a treat to those who can appreciate fine music. Professor Bowman showed excellent judgment and taste in the selection and arrangement, and the execution was highly creditable to that department.

The following is the order of exercises at Commencement:

Music.
Anthem;—Bow Down Thine Ear, O Lord—Chorus.

PRAYER.
French Salutatory, Miss M. J. Melton.

Music.
Lo! the Rose Morn is Breaking—Senior Class.

ESSAYS BY THE GRADUATING CLASS.
Lessons from the Beautiful; Miss M. E. Hardy, Dallas County.

Our Daily Paths; Miss Clara Phares, Louisiana.

The Ruins of Time; Miss L. N. Spruill, Pickens county.

Music.
The Moonlight Revel of the Fairies—Senior Class.

Old Things have Passed Away; Miss A. L. Cunningham, Perry County.

Man's Inhumanity to Man; Miss S. C. Morrow, Conecuh County.

The Head and the Heart; Miss C. E. Haralson, Selma.

Music.
The Gondolier's Serenade—Senior Class.

National Prosperity; Miss E. E. Clabaugh, Talladega.

The Bell and the Cannon; Miss M. J. Melton, Perry County.

The Pure in Heart; Miss M. A. Cotton, Mississippi.

Music.
The Huntsman's Farewell to the Forest—Senior Class.

Diplomas Conferred.
Valedictory Addresses—Miss L. N. Spruill.

Music.
Parting Song—Graduating Class.

BENEDICTION.
In the midst of our difficulties the institutions of religion and education ought to be pursued even at great sacrifices. Our houses of worship should not be closed nor our Sabbath schools neglected. If ever there was a time when more than another, we should cultivate earnest piety, it is the present. If God is not our helper in this struggle "vain is the help of man." Never have we so much needed the consolations of faith. The land is filled with mourners whom God only can comfort. We need more than ever an educated generation. The demand for intellectual cultivation of the highest order, must be supplied from our own freemen. A literature which shall not only be free from the taint of New England sentimentalism and infidelity, but which shall develop a civilization founded upon a pure Gospel, and pervaded by its spirit, is a present and pressing necessity.

We are contending for the right of self government, and our noble boys are illustrating our ability with God's favor to win it. When accomplished, the gentler arts of peace will invite our energies to other fields. To reap the harvest which, with our independence, will bloom and ripen before us, our children must be educated.

The Judson Institute will be opened as usual on the first day of October. It will then enter upon its twenty-fifth year. The Principal, I think, wisely determined to go on as heretofore, offering the best facilities in the land for a thorough female education. It is a mistaken policy to close our schools, or to lower their literary standard, where the necessity is not imperative, an economy that costs more than it gains, to shut up or diminish the sources of knowledge, or which denies our children access to them.

W. H. M.

Marion, Ala., July 8, 1862.

P. S. The Board of Domestic Missions last night appointed Rev. T. W. Tobey Missionary to the Army of the Mississippi Valley.

For the South Western Baptist.

MEANS EDITORS: I give you some of the results of labor performed by the Missionaries of the Domestic Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention during the 17 years of its existence.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

1164 Missionaries have been commissioned, (these commissions are issued annually.)

11641 persons have been baptized.

6419 persons have been received by letter into the various Mission churches.

6761 persons have professed hope in Christ through the labors of these Missionaries, but not baptized by them.

1,036,127 miles have been traveled by them in performance of labor.

106,026 sermons preached and 2690 addresses delivered.

107,837 visits made for religious conversation.

3689 churches and stations visited.

213 churches constituted.

131 meeting houses built.

194 ministers ordained.

294 deacons.

24525 prayer meetings attended.

INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

Results since 1855 when this department was attached to the business of the Board. 243 Missionaries commissioned (annually).

1524 persons baptized.

We have not included in this summary many other labors of an important character, such as the distribution of tracts, religious books, Testaments and Bibles, the organization of Sunday schools, &c., &c., &c. Thus we see that churches in our principle cities and towns throughout the vast country embraced by the Southern Confederacy have been constituted and God's truth maintained. Thousands have been taught the way of life and many have found peace in believing in Jesus through the instrumentality of those sustained by the liberality of Southern Baptists. We are encouraged to go forward and add fresh jewels to the crown of our blessed Savior.

Yours truly,

M. T. SUMNER,

Cor. Sec.

P. S. There has been contributed into the treasury of the Board during these 17 years for both departments the sum of \$356,560.23.

M. T. S.

The following telegram was sent to Governor Shorter, dated Richmond, July 14th:

"We have found, and fully identified, the bodies of Col. L. Max, Adjutant Johnston, and Captain Mayer, third Alabama Regiment."

J. G. JOHNSTON, M. D."

The Third Alabama Regiment.

To the Editors of the Enquirer:
HEADQUARTERS, 3d REG'T. ALY VOL'S.
CHARLES CITY ROAD, July 7, 1862.

GENTLEMEN:—Having seen in your admirable journal complimentary notices of the conduct of this regiment in the battles before Richmond, and knowing your willingness to do full justice to all those who are engaged in the struggle for independence, the following statement is respectfully presented:

The 3d Regiment Alabama Volunteers, entered the battle of "Seven Pines" with five hundred and thirty men. In that engagement one hundred and ninety seven were killed and wounded. Tenement L. Max, he Colonel of the regiment—man whom no purer spirit, braver man, or better officer was to be found in the Confederate army—together with a number of officers and soldiers of high personal qualities and rare military acquirements, was among the killed. The conduct of the entire regiment in the battle of the 1st of June was such as to elicit the unqualified admiration of Brig. Gen. Mahone, who, in his report made such honorable mention of it, that a general order was issued by Maj. Gen. Longstreet, commanding the right wing of the army, directing that "Seven Pines" be inscribed on the colors of the regiment. On or about the fifth of June the regiment was transferred from Mahone's Brigade, of which it had constituted a part for more than twelve months, and to which it was warmly attached, and placed in Rhodes' Brigade.

On the 20th of June the undersigned, acting on the advice of the Regimental Surgeon, applied for and received leave of absence, and did not resume the command of the regiment until the 5th inst. It is chiefly to do justice to the officers, who commanded during my absence, that this communication is written.

On Thursday, the 26th ultimo, the regiment left its camp under the command of that accomplished officer, Lieutenant Colonel Forsyth, as a part of the army destined to drive McClellan from his position before Richmond.

Rhodes' Brigade took no part in the battle of the 26th, but on the 27th held a most trying position, as the shot and shell of the enemy fell thick and fast among them. The men were not allowed to fire, but they remained firm as a rock amid surging billows. On this occasion the regiment lost two killed and fifteen wounded. On the following morning Lieutenant Colonel Forsyth, exhausted by fatigue and prostrated by sickness, returned to camp, leaving Major Robert M. Sands in command of the regiment. Thenceforward Major Sands acted as Colonel, Capt. R. H. Powell as Lieutenant Colonel, and Captain M. F. Bonham as Major. Nothing especially involving the conduct of the regiment occurred until the ever memorable first of July when it acted a most conspicuous part. About five o'clock Rhodes' Brigade went into action under the command of John B.

Gordon, the gallant and gifted Colonel of the 6th Alabama. The conduct of the entire brigade was worthy of high praise, for its killed and wounded fell close upon the lines of the enemy. Major Sands led into battle three hundred and fifty-seven men of the 3rd Alabama. Never were exhibited, in the ranks of war, higher examples of noble daring. Six color bearers were shot down, the colors were torn into fragments and scattered to the wind, the staff was shattered to pieces, and the last hero who held it, bore away thirty inches of wood—all that was left. Of the three hundred and fifty-seven men who had rallied around it, two hundred and seven lay upon the field killed or wounded.

Where every man displayed the highest qualities of the soldier, it would be improper to discriminate to a degree that would wound the most sensitive; but since all have bestowed upon Major Sands, and Captains Powell and Bonham the highest encomiums, I do not hesitate to place their names among those most distinguished in the battle of the first of July.

Trusting that I have not too far trespassed upon you,

I am yours, very respectfully,
C. A. BATTLE.
Colonel 3d Reg't Ala. Vol.

Secular Intelligence.

Richmond, July 19.

Northern intelligence to the 15th has been received. Dispatches from Nashville says that a fight had taken place at Murfreesboro' in which the Confederates were victorious. Two Yankee regiments were surrounded. Gen. Crittenden and Col. Duffield were captured. The Confederates are reported to be marching on Nashville, 6,000 strong.

In New York gold was 116 1/2. Sterling exchange 129. The news from Tennessee had a depressing effect on the stock market.

The Petersburg Express has a special dispatch from Knoxville, announcing the capture of Murfreesboro' on Sunday last by Forrest's Cavalry.

The New York Herald of the 14th, says Murfreesboro' was captured by 3,000 Confederate cavalry, under Forrest, on the 13th. The 9th Michigan, Col. Parkus, and Brig. Gen. Crittenden and Duffield of Indiana, and many other officers were taken prisoners. Great consternation existed in Nashville, and the Yankees say they will shell the city if they are compelled to evacuate it.

Col. Morgan was within nine miles of Frankfort on Sunday morning. There is great alarm among the Yankees in Kentucky.

Mortality Among the Iowa Volunteers.

A Davenport (Iowa) correspondent of the Chicago Times writes as follows:

The mortality among the Iowa volunteers that have gone into the service is appalling. I hear it stated, as coming from the report made to Governor Kirkwood, that of the seventeen regiments furnished in the service, but a trifle over half the number now remain in battle arms. Of the eleven regiments with Halleck there are about 3,000 fit for duty, while all that is left of these regiments, including sick and wounded, is but a little over 5,000 men, showing a mortality of fifty per cent. One regiment the twelfth, has, as I was informed on Saturday by one of its officers, but twenty-eight men left, all the balance being dead, disabled or prisoners to the enemy. These are sorrowful figures, and suggestive of thousands of sad and desolate homes, bereft of a short year ago, peace and happiness reigned supreme. At this rate should the war continue a year or two longer, a vast proportion of the State will consist of widows and orphans. Probate Courts will prosper amazingly, and destitution and poverty, if not crime, find their victims by thousands.

The Sentiment of Canada.

We find the following article in the Montreal, Canada, Commercial Advertiser of the 3d inst.:

The New York journal just now furnishes most amusing reading than "Punch," they are endeavoring to prove to themselves and their readers that an overwhelming defeat is a great strategic victory; that the retreat from Richmond was a masterly movement to get nearer it; that the abandonment of the line of communication by York river was a splendid manoeuvre to obtain a better base of operations; that the slaughter of 25,000 men was an admirable way to reinforce the army; and the giving of a succession of victories to the Confederates was a part of a magnificent design for their prompt destruction.

If such rubbish suits the Yankee appetite why should they not breakfast, dine, and sup upon it to their hearts' content? Possibly, by this time they are however satisfied that "brilliant strategy" is but a new name for overwhelming defeat.

The World acknowledges that if McClellan has met with disaster there can be scarcely a question that it will lead to the recognition of the South, by the European powers. Fully agreeing with the World that a Confederate victory before Richmond exhausted the goods that ought to be executed from the South of its ability to maintain the independence it has unanimously asserted, we trust that the North will prevent the necessity of European interference, and put an end to this useless and therefore wicked war by making the first advance in that direction.

MOBILE, July 17.—A special dispatch to the Tribune dated Grenada, 16th, says the Memphis papers of the 14th, report that Curtis' army arrived at Helena on Saturday last. This report is confirmed by persons from Friar's Point.

A dispatch from Louisville dated the 11th reports that Morgan suddenly turned up at Glasgow, Ky., where he was capturing Home Guards and stirring people up to insurrection.

Grant has revoked his late order, substituting obnoxious parades.

A Washington dispatch says the War Department is determined on a general exchange of prisoners. It is thought that the bill for forming negroes will pass the Federal Congress.

A Vicksburg dispatch says the ram Arkansas sank three Yankee gunboats.

A special dispatch to the Advertiser & Register, dated Jackson, 16th, says it is rumored the last evening the Yankee gunboats succeeded in passing down, firing on the Arkansas and killing two men as they passed. The Yankee works across the Bend is said to be a Railroad instead of a Canal. Cars are running on the Road.

THE ENEMY'S LOSSES.—We are satisfied that our papers greatly underrated the losses of the enemy in the battles before Richmond. We understand Gen. Johnston says they lost nearly more than 10,000 at Seven Pines. One of the Yankee papers says their losses have now been ascertained to have exceeded 13,000. We learn that captive officers estimated it at not one man short of 20,000 killed, wounded and missing. Our own loss was 5,810 in round numbers. Yankee prisoners say they lost in the last battles not less than 50,000 men, killed, wounded and prisoners. This estimate is corroborated by every person we have conversed with, who had an opportunity to form a judgment. Including the battle of Williamsburg, and the loss from sickness, we feel convinced that McClellan is a sufferer since he landed on the fatal peninsula, to the tune of at least 80,000 men. Our own loss, including that in the last battles at 15,000 killed, wounded and missing, is about 25,000 in the last three months. McClellan has been several times reinforced—on one occasion by 40,000 men. He has now probably about 70,000 men with him.—Richmond Dispatch.

The Battle as It Was.—The Richmond Enquirer brings forth from the mass of facts the following strategical view of the battle on the Chickahominy. It will compare for perspicuity with any chapter of military history, ancient or modern:

On Thursday at three o'clock, Major General Jackson took up his line of march from Ashland, and proceeding down the country between the Chickahominy and Pamunkey rivers, he uncovered the front of Brig. Gen. Branch by driving off the enemy collected on the north bank of the Chickahominy river, at the point where it is crossed by the Brook turnpike; General Branch, who was on the south bank, then crossed the river and wheeled to the right, down its northern bank. Proceeding in that direction, Gen. Branch, in like manner, uncovered at Meadow Bridge, the front of Major General A. P. Hill, who immediately crossed.

The three columns now proceeded in echelon—General Jackson in advance, and on the extreme left, Brigadier-General Branch, who was now merged with General A. P. Hill in the center, and General A. P. Hill on the right, immediately on the river. Jackson, bearing away from the Chickahominy on this part of the march, so as to gain ground towards the Pamunkey, marched to the left of Mechanicsville, while Gen. Hill, keeping well to the Chickahominy, approached that village and engaged the enemy there. The military talent exhibited by Gen. Hill in this approach and assault is worthy of great commendation, and has won imperishable honor for that gallant young officer; while the courage, ardor and firmness of his officers and men in the assault of the enemy's earthworks at Ellyson's Mill have reflected the greatest glory upon the Confederate army. Driven from the immediate vicinity of Mechanicsville, the enemy retreated during the night down the river to Powhatan Swamp, and next closed the operations of Thursday.

As soon as General Hill cleared the road at Mechanicsville, Gen. Longstreet's corps, paraded consisting of his veteran division of the Old Guard of the Army of the Potomac, and Gen. D. H. Hill's division, disengaged from the woods on the south side of the Chickahominy, and crossed the river at Mechanicsville. The position of our army on Friday night may be described as forming, with the Chickahominy at acute angle; our left still in advance under General Jackson, lying over towards the Pamunkey; General Hill occupying Mechanicsville and the center, and General Longstreet, with General D. H. Hill, composing our right wing immediately along the Chickahominy. Friday morning the general advance on the Chickahominy began; Gen. Jackson in advance and far to the left, gradually converging to the Chickahominy again; Gen. A. P. Hill in the center, and bearing towards New Coal Harbor; Gen. Longstreet and Gen. D. H. Hill coming on the Chickahominy to New Bridge.

Arrived at Hogan's house, near New Bridge, Gen. Lee awaited the consummation of his significant strategy—courier after courier arrived informing him of the approach of each division. As soon as Jackson's arrival at Coal Harbor was announced, Gen. Lee and Gen. Longstreet, accompanied by their respective staffs, rode by Gain's Mill and halted at New Coal Harbor, where they joined Gen. A. P. Hill. Soon the welcome sound of Jackson's guns announced his arrival and that the battle had begun.

The enemy now occupied a singular position; the portion of his army on the south side of the Chickahominy fronted Richmond, and was confronted by Gen. Magruder—the other portion, on the north side, had turned their back on Richmond, and fronted destruction in the persons of Lee, Longstreet, Jackson and the Hills.

These last were therefore advancing on Richmond with their backs to the city; such was the position into which Gen. Lee had forced McClellan. The positions which the latter here occupied, however, was one of great strength.

Jackson having begun the contest, it was taken up by General A. P. Hill in the center, and by D. H. Hill on the left; Longstreet, in reserve supported immediately the center, under General A. P. Hill. From the beginning of the conflict, Jackson pressed up and D. H. Hill down the Chickahominy. Our wings were thus approaching each other, while our center was driving the enemy back upon the river. From four o'clock until eight the battle raged with display of the utmost daring and impetuosity on the part of the Confederate army. The enemy's lines were finally broken and his

strong positions all carried and night covered the retreat of McClellan's broken and routed columns to the south side of the Chickahominy. This retreat to the Richmond side of the river was contained through Friday night and the morning of Saturday. Closely watched and pressed by our army, he held his fortified camp on the south side of the Chickahominy during Saturday, but evacuated it during the night, and resumed his retreat, taking direction to wards James river.

Col. Morgan at Tompkinsville.—The Knoxville Register of the 15th contains the following note from Col. Morgan's command:

TOMPKINSVILLE, Ky., July 8.—We had an elegant little fight this morning before breakfast, and cleared out a Yankee encampment as completely as it ever was done by any one. They had breakfast cooked, but had not time to eat it.

With their usual generosity, when acting without previous calculation, they left us many valuable trophies, such as watches, horses, very little cash, abundance of provisions, something to drink, blankets and huge piles of ready-made clothing and Union stationery, and last, but not least, quite a number of their carcasses—some "gone under," some a-going and others well and hearty.

The Register says it was the 7th Pennsylvania regiment, 270 men commanded by Major Thomas Jordan. The result of the victory was, that the whole camp and stores fell into our hands consisting of tents, 100 head of stock, horses and mules; eight wagons and harness; 100 carbines and rifles; a fine lot of side arms, and a large quantity of ammunition; fine lot of provisions, clothing, &c.

Owing to the locality, Col. Morgan was compelled to burn a large portion of his spoils, consisting of all the wagons but one, all the tents, and 270 new Yankee uniforms—the force having just been newly equipped, but not yet having had time to don their new apparel.

This Yankee force has lately been marauding in Feutrest and Overton counties, committing depredations, and outrages.

We regret to learn that Col. Hunt, of the Georgia cavalry, was accidentally very seriously wounded in the leg by one of his own men.

"SUPERIOR FORCES."—"Young Napoleon," insists that he was "attacked by superior forces" and the Yankee estimates put our army at figures, ranging from two to three hundred thousand. The Richmond Whig commenting on this says, "we don't wonder. They judge by effects, and the Southern army did hit them with a force of two or three hundred thousand men. We have all seen the account of the man who, struck by another with a great deal of sledge hammer power in his arm, and knocked some ten paces, through a rail fence when he 'came to,' about a half an hour after, asked if the lightning hit any body else? We ought not to be surprised that McClellan, when he sees what has happened to him, should conclude that he was attacked by 'superior forces.' It is clear enough that our forces were superior, though not in number."

Obituaries.

Died, in LaGrange, Ga., on the 24th of June, ANDREWS BATTLE, son of Col. D. W. and M. J. Morgan; aged eight years and three months. Naturally docile and affectionate, frank and truthful, little Battle was the more easily impressed by the strictly religious training of his infantile years. He believed as only a child can believe; received into his heart, without a doubt or demur the simple truth that Christ died to save his soul; and in that child-like faith, passed from earth to Heaven.

Food, mourning parents! methinks, in gentle whispers, the departed one thus speaks to you:

O! weep no more, dear mother,
That I am called away;
My Savior bade me hither—
Whom you taught me to obey.
You would not have my spirit back
To its frail form again?
To languish weary days and nights
On my little couch of pain?

I know you miss me, dear mother,
When that empty couch you see,
And hear no more my playful or moan;
But do not weep for me.
For you'll soon come to me, dear mother;
Then God will tell you why
He took your darling from your home
To a better one on high.

And father, dear, my Savior sends
Sweet messages to you;
He says, "There are many mansions here—
One is prepared for you."

Wear and heavy laden, come,
And I will give you rest;
Take up your cross and follow me,
And be forever blest."

O! that you could see this mansion fair,
And this great throne of light,
That fills all Heaven with radiance,
And ne'er goes down in night;
And high above, the golden crown,
Sparkling with jewels bright;
Father, your jewels deck that crown,
—And Christ is that great light.

Would you see the "loved and lost" again,
And dwell with them for aye?
Back in the ever glorious light
Of Heaven's eternal day?
Then, "come to Christ," my father dear,
And his beauteous obey;
Come join the pious saints of God
Who tread the "narrow way."

My brother and sweet sisters, too!
You'll bring them all along;
And be forever linked in love
A holy, happy throng.

JOHN C. MOORE died at the residence of his father, Dr. J. S. Moore, near Warrior Stand, on the 10th day of July, 1862, in the 23rd year of his age.

This estimable young man was among the first to respond to the call of his country eighteen months ago. He was a member of the Tuskegee Light Infantry, and belonged to the illustrious 3rd Ala. Regiment, whose discipline and prowess, it is thought, are unsurpassed by those of any other regiment in the service. His gentlemanly bearing, strict integrity, genial spirit, and ready obedience, had won for him the unbounded confidence of his officers, and the admiration of all his companions in arms. All his officers bear testimony to his gallantry as a soldier, and his bravery as a man. Soon after this, he was seized with typhoid fever. His father succeeded in bringing him home some ten days before his death, where surrounded by the loved ones at home, he peacefully breathed his last, in full assurance of a blissful immortality. His memory will be cherished with the same fond affection as if he had fallen upon the field of battle. May his death be sanctified to the good of that excellent family of whom he was so bright an ornament.

S. H.

Died in camp at Saltillo, Mex., June the 2nd 1862, of Pneumonia, Bro. JASPER N. HUBBARD, aged twenty-three years and 15 days. Thus has passed away another Soldier.

Death! how solemn the sound yet how often it visits our flock. "Friend after friend departs, who has not lost a friend." The deceased was a member of the Baptist church, was baptized by Elder J. A. Fontaine at Orléans, 10th day of September, 1857. He died in triumph of a living faith and blessed hope in Jesus. "His words were I am going where pleasures never die." He exhorted his friends and fellow soldiers to meet him in glory. Thus he breathed his last. "Truly Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are."—Father, mother, wife, brothers, sisters and friends: another Christian has gone to meet Jesus. Do not grieve as those who have no hope. But will you meet him in that blissful world? God grant it. Amen.

J. P. NALL.

MARY THOMAS OWEN, the only daughter of Maria and Thomas E. Owen, departed this life at the residence of her grandfather in Butler Co., Ala., on the 4th day of July 1862. Mary T. was born in Chambers Co., Ala., June 24th, 1854. Sweet little Mary is dead! she has left this world of trouble and gone to her home in heaven.

Eight summer suns had scarcely rolled
Above her little head,
Ere she was called to leave the world,
To dwell among the dead.

Those bright eyes that sparkled with such intelligent joy, are closed to all on earth. The patter of her feet that ran with glad delight to meet a dotting mother, no more will be heard in the home of love; that angelic voice that oft so sweetly sang the songs of love, is hushed to silence—and the tongue that lisped the names of "Ma, and grand Pa," so tenderly, is palsied by death. But 'tis not true that a life is lost—a star put out—a jewel perished; for, her happy spirit still lives—a brilliant star now shines in the firmament of glory—a precious jewel becks the Savior's crown. A more than golden chord 'tis now that binds loving hearts to the throne of God above.—Think not, then, stricken mother and friends, that the pains bestowed in the training of little Mary, is labor lost, affection misplaced; no far from it. She served the purpose for which the Lord gave her.

And while the ceaseless angels roll,
In rest, sweet rest, will dwell her soul.

Little Mary's father died a few weeks before her birth; and I trust they are now enjoying each others company in the Paradise of God.

Oh, Mary, Mary, that the grave could claim
And hide thee from our sight,
And fill, with mournful memories,
The home thou madest so bright!

"Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and thy graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep."
Geo. L. LEE.

BURST CORN, July 8th, 1862.

Died of Typhoid fever, on the 19th of June, at Dr. Witherspoon's, near Crawford, Miss., LIEUT. JOHN R. PAYNE, son of John and Francis Payne, of Butler county, Ala. John was born April 4th, 1842, aged 20 years 2 months and 15 days. He had been a member of the Baptist church in Greenville, Ala., for more than two years and a devoted follower of the Savior. He was loved by all who knew him. A youthful but devoted patriot, he rushed to the defense of his country. He belonged to Capt. Perryman's company in the 17th Ala. Regiment, and at the battle of Shiloh he led his company on in the night, his Captain and 1st Lieutenant being sick. He fought as Alabama knows how to fight. He has fought his last battle. He now sleeps his last sleep. Can you say more but he knows it. Friends and relatives may weep over him, but he needs it not. Sleep on, dear and noble youth, until the last trump shall wake thee from thy slumbers.

A FRIEND.

Tribute of Respect.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, by death, our young brother, LESLIE WALDRON and TWO'S, PAUL, while in Virginia, upon the tented field, in defense of their Country: Therefore,

1. Resolved, That by their seemingly untimely deaths the Church has been deprived of two worthy young members, and the Country of two patriots; who by their steady habits and many deportment, gave promise of much future usefulness—Their memories will ever be cherished by their brethren, and their names gratefully remembered by their fellow citizens.

2. Res. That the church deeply sympathize with the families and friends of the young brethren; and while we admit that the circumstances attending their deaths render these afflictions peculiarly severe, yet we remember that "the Lord of all the earth will do right," and that "All things shall work together for good to them who love and serve God." Therefore we should meekly submit to the inscrutable decrees of a just and merciful God.

3. Res. That we recommend that their names be inscribed upon the monument proposed to be erected by the community, to the memory of our young friends who may fall in this untimely war.

4. Res. That these resolutions be placed upon the church record, a copy of them sent to the parents of the deceased, and one to the "South Western Baptist" for publication.

Unanimously adopted by the church in Conference, June 21st, 1862.
T. E. WILLIAMS, Ch. Clk.
PLEASANT HILL, ALA.

Tribute of Respect.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Howard College, held at Marion, Ala., June 26, 1862, it was moved that a committee of three be appointed to present resolutions expressive of the feelings of this Board upon the death of Gen. Edwin D. King, whereupon W. H. McIntosh, W. N. Wyatt and L. B. Lane were appointed that committee, who after retiring a few moments reported the following Preamble and Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, since the last annual meeting of this Board it has pleased Almighty God to remove from the scenes of his earthly labors, our brother and associate in office, Gen. Edwin D. King who on the 11th day of January, 1862, closed his earthly career, venerable in years, and honored for the life-long virtues of his character, and whereas his death is deeply lamented by this Board, as a loss not only to us but to the denomination and the cause of Christ. Be it therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Gen. E. D. King this Board has lost a wise counselor, Howard College a liberal benefactor, and the cause of education an earnest and efficient friend.

Resolved, That it becomes us to recognize the hand of God in the event which has deprived us of the co-operation of a brother remarkable for the fidelity and energy with which he met all the obligations of life.

Resolved, That the foregoing Preamble and Resolutions be entered upon the Records of the Board, that copies of the same, signed by the President and Secretary, be published in the South Western Baptist, and transmitted to the friends of the deceased.

JAS. P. BAILEY, Pres't Pro Tem.
Wm. H. McIntosh, Sec. Pro Tem.

Died of camp fever, in Scott county, Miss., June 10th, 1862, WILLIAM WASHINGTON, son

of Jesse M. and Elmira Pearson, aged 17 years 6 months and 12 days.

It is with painful emotions that we record the death of another young soldier friend. Yet his true name has fallen! One who was the pride of the home circle and one of the best and noblest of boys. Yes, William was indeed a noble boy and in point of intellect had few superiors. He was a student at a select school in Talladega, Ala., his native State, from February, 1858 to July, 1861, where he made rapid progress in his studies and endeavored himself to his teacher by his remarkable diligence and good behavior. His preceptor in a letter to his father a short time previous to his leaving school, spoke in the highest terms of his good morals and superior mental faculties. In September last he entered the junior class at the University suspended for want of patronage.

William's patriotic spirit would not permit him to remain at home content, while his country's rights were trampled upon by the abolition hordes of the North, consequently he entered the Confederate service in April last—was ordered immediately to Corinth, where his manly form soon fell a prey to disease, and withered as a tender flower of the field, beneath its poisonous breath.

Ten days before he expired his father bore him again to his home. But alas! how changed! Only a few weeks since he departed and was the picture of health—now a withering form, approaching death. Ah, how soon were those hopes blasted which buoyed him up when he bade adieu to the loved ones at home for the last time ere his departure! Doubtless ambition whispered of laurel wreaths that should ere long twine about his noble brow. But methinks a more glorious crown was in store for him, one wrought by angel fingers with flowers of eternal love.

During his painful illness not a murmur escaped his lips, but he endured his sufferings with the patience of one reconciled to his Father's will.

William was brought up in the lap of piety and a few months previous to his illness, manifested a deep anxiety for his soul's salvation, and expressed a determination never to rest till he had found peace in believing in Jesus. We have reasons to believe that he was faithful to his promise. Then, grief-stricken parents, be comforted—his brother angel added to your treasures in heaven! With an eye of faith pierce the veil which conceals eternity from mortal eye and view thy darling boy with all the glad angel throng around the great white throne with golden harps singing in joy and triumph the song of redeeming grace and undying love.

A FRIEND.

Death of Wm. F. Beard.

Whereas, Our beloved brother, Wm. F. Beard has fallen in breasting the storm of despotism that is intended to subvert our political and Christian liberty and in driving back the invader from the capitol of our Confederacy, Resolved, That we recognize in the character of our departed brother all those manly and Christian virtues which endeared him to us and entitled him to this testimonial of our love and esteem. As a Christian we have known him in the private walks of life, faithfully providing for his own household. At the place of worship he was devotedly punctual, and have habitually known him bearing the cross at the altar of prayer, and from his last evidence he still possessed that hope which has ended in immortal fruit.

As a patriotic soldier he was a type of the former. In his heart he bore aloft the emblem of our common liberty with a devotion worthy of emulation. He volunteered to exchange the comforts of home—the society of his loved ones for the perilous life of a soldier in our defence and upon the altar of our common rights that life has been offered. May heaven accept the sacrifice! Death is appalling and sad, but when it reflects the light of Christian virtues back to earth and transmits the soul illuminated to the paradise of God, when we are satisfied that death had no sting and the grave no victory, when we know that it is but the last and eternal Christian triumph, and when we feel that our temporal loss is his eternal pleasure, then in mourning we should rejoice, and instead of complaining we should "learn obedience from the things we suffer."

To our bereaved and afflicted sister with her children we offer our sympathy in sharing their grief and praying God's blessings in the consolatory promises of the Gospel. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Resolved, That we request the publication of this testimonial in the South Western Baptist.

By the Baptist church in conference at Chewachia, July 5, 1862.

R. KELLAM, Clk. W. B. JONES, Mod.

Business Department.

Receipt List.

Paid to Volume No.	Amount
Mrs. Elvira Mendenhall	15 33 \$4.00
Mrs. W. B. Melton	13 50 5 75
Rev. G. E. Brewer	14 35 2 00
John Moore	14 22 2 00
A. B. Goodhue	15 7 2 00
Mrs. Dr. Holman	14 47 2 00
Mrs. E. Johnson	11 50 1 30
E. Hobbs	14 31 1 00
Gov. John Miller	14 33 10 00
W. H. Martin	15 5 2 00
W. B. Talbot	14 25 4 00
H. C. Hooten	14 32 2 50
Rev. S. Williams	15 11 2 00
Eliza Strickland	10 38 6 00
M. J. Walker	15 16 2 00
M. J. Freeman	16 7 4 00
Mrs. A. S. Sledge	15 19 3 00
Mrs. F. B. Sledge	14 44 2 00
O. Florence	11 42 4 00
D. Paschal	15 2 2 00
Mrs. S. A. Parker	14 38 1 00
Rev. W. Cearly	14 27 1 00
S. Williams	14 27 1 00
Mrs. E. E. Odom	15 7 2 00
J. A. Shelton	13 29 2 00
Robert Hill	14 33 2 50
R. M. Daugherty	15 30 2 00
O. Gregory	15 50 6 00
O. Haggerty	14 48 2 00
Mrs. E. J. Adams	15 5 2 00
J. W. Smith	15 7 2 00
George Morris	15 7 2 00
H. S. Estes	15 9 2 00
Mrs. Mary Curry	14 39 4 50
Wm. Curry	18 30 9 50
Rev. E. B. Beard	15 7 2 00
J. H. Nichols	15 23 2 00
Mrs. B. Jones	15 7 2 00
Mrs. W. A. Berry	15 7 2 00
M. H. Favor	15 7 2 00
M. Fromberger	13 49 3 00
Rev. M. Bishop	13 27 2 00
Wm. Monroe	10 33 5 00
P. L. Barry	15 7 2 00
Mrs. S. C. Peterson	14 34 2 00
L. G. Blunt	15 7 3 00
Rev. J. G. Foster	15 30 2 50
A. S. Terry	14 16 2 00
John Peaton	15 7 2 00
Lewis Curry	14 5 1 00
E. H. Beall	15 22 2 00
S. B. Glizner	14 7 3 00
Silas Gardner	14 42 2 00
I. H. Garrett	15 28 6 00
N. Gabet Eng.	14 50 2 50
Mrs. L. A. McDonald	14 32 1 00
Mrs. U. A. Murphy	14 50 2 00

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration with the will annexed, having been granted to the undersigned on the 18th day of July 1862, by the Judge of the Probate Court of Russell county, on the estate of SYRILLO C. HOGANS, late of said county deceased. All persons having claims against said estate will present them within the time prescribed by law or they will be barred.

MARY E. HOPKINS,
July 24, 1862—Adm'r.

Commissioner's Court.

Editors South Western Baptist:

Gentlemen—Allow me, through your columns, to suggest the names of

ALBERT ROWELL, of Nottulunga;
JESSE THOMPSON, of Cross Keys;
M. B. BREEDLOVE, of Warrior Stand;
JOHN SWANSON, of Tuskegee.

as suitable gentlemen to be voted for at the ensuing election in August, for the office of County Commissioners for Macon County.

LA PLACE.

MONTGOMERY DEPOT, O. S. A.,
July 11, 1862.

MECHANICS WANTED.

GUNSMITHS, Wheel-Wright, Turners and Blacksmiths are wanted to work in the Government Workshop attached to this Post. Competent men in these branches will receive permanent employment and liberal wages.

CHAS. G. WAGNER,
July 24, 1862. 1m Capt. Com'd'g.

SCHEDULE

Tuskegee Rail Road.

FIRST TRAIN leaves the Depot in Tuskegee at 9.15 a. m., connecting with a Train for West Point and Columbus.

Second Train leaves at 11.15 a. m., connecting with a Train for Montgomery.

Third Train leaves at 5 o'clock p. m., connecting with a Train for West Point.

N. B.—No Train on this Rail Road connects with one passing Ocheba at 3.27 a. m., for Montgomery.

G. W. STEVENS,
July 24, 1862. Superintendent.

The State of Alabama—Macon County.

PROBATE COURT—SPECIAL TERM—JULY 1862.

THIS day came MARTHA C. MEELING, and filed her application, and therewith an instrument in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of John H. Meeling, deceased, and setting forth in said application that the non-resident heirs of said deceased are Georgia Porten, wife of Thomas Porten, Alice Johnson, wife of John Johnson, who reside in Macon county, Georgia, and Angeline Meeling, wife of John Meeling, who resides in the State of South Carolina, and praying for an order to admit said instrument to Probate and Record as the last will and testament of said deceased.

It is ordered that said application be set for hearing on the 19th day of August 1862; Notice is therefore hereby given to the above named parties to be and appear at a Special Term of the Probate Court of said county, to be held on the said 19th day of August 1862, and show cause why said application should not be granted.

WM. K. HARRIS,
July 24, 1862. Judge of Probate.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of ANSLUM TATUM, deceased, having been granted to me by the Probate Judge of Macon county, all persons having claims against said estate, must present them within the time required by law, or they will be barred.

MENEFFEE TATUM, Adm'r.
July 24, 1862.

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of an order granted to me by the Probate Judge of Macon county, I will sell to the highest bidder at Warrior Stand on the 15th day of August next, the following property belonging to the estate of Anslum Tatum deceased, to-wit: A lot of Drugs and Medicines, Household Furniture, Corn and Fodder, Books and other minor articles.

Terms of sale—A credit until the 1st of January next. Note and approved security required.

MENEFFEE TATUM, Adm'r.
July 24, 1862.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration was this day granted to the undersigned by the Judge of the Probate Court of Russell county, (14th July 1862), on the estate of WILLIAM W. HARRIS, late of said county deceased. All persons having claims against said estate will present them within the time prescribed by law or they will be barred.

O. R. O'NEAL, Adm'r.
July 24, 1862.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of TERESA NOLDS, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned on the 9th day of July A. D. 1862, by the Honorable George H. Waddell, Judge of the Probate Court for Russell county, notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present them within the time allowed by law or they will be barred.

HOWELL HODGES, Adm'r.
July 24, 1862.

THE BLOCKADE IS BROKEN UP!!

M. P. L. BARRY, late conducting miller at the Falls 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 of Wheat and Corn in the best possible manner. Farmers may rely in sending to these Mills their Wheat and Corn and getting in return Flour and Meal in quantity and quality, as I give all my attention to the grinding myself.

P. L. BARRY,<

