

# SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

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

"Whether it be light in the sight of God to hear him unto you more than unto God, judge ye."

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**The South Western Baptist,**  
A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

**HENDERSON & BATTLE,**  
PROPRIETORS.

For the South Western Baptist.

"I want to go home!"

"I want to go home!" Oh! what a world of misery, of untold anguish, of earnest, heart-yearning affection is contained in those few words. There is a depth of meaning in them that those at home, surrounded by all its comforts and endearing scenes can never fathom; none but the cheerless wanderer in some foreign land. The unhappy captive languishing in a hostile prison, shut out from the blessed light of day, or the poor, sick soldier, slowly but surely breathing his life away in a hospital, far from friends and home amid strange and indifferent faces—with no kindred hand to smooth his pillow, no cheerful voice to encourage his drooping soul, no woman's smile to lighten the gloom of his heart, can appreciate their true significance.

"I want to go home," cried my poor brother, as he turned on his rough, hard couch and wistfully gazed through the eastern window in the direction of his far off home, and tears, bitter tears, welled up in his large blue eyes—eyes once sparkling with life, with joy and with hope, but now so sunken, so leaden, so dead. And who can tell the yearnings of his soul as he gazed; who the anguish that shook his poor emaciated body as he sobbed in the bitterness of grief? Far from his home, humble though it was, 'twas a peaceful, happy home to him. Far from his friends, those friends he loved so well, in the midst of strangers, surrounded by sickness and death, stretched prostrate on his rude couch by a wasting fever, breathing the death-laden breath of a hospital, no kindly word to cheer his sinking heart, but instead, the piteous moans of his fellow-sufferers, no fresh pure air to invigorate his lungs, no fragrant flower to shed its grateful influence around him, and to speak to him of home, and an instinctive consciousness whispering in his secret soul that he may never, never see that home again, all conspired to create an agony of mind that death—yes, even death itself could only relieve.

Only twelve months ago! Twelve months ago! Oh, what a change has been wrought, how many homes have been made desolate, how many hearts broken, how many hairs whitened, not with age, but with grief; and oh, bitterest thoughts of all, how many poor souls have been hurried into an age of eternity in that short space of time! Only twelve months ago my brother left home. In the fullness and vigor of youth, with life in all its promises of usefulness before him, with much to love and to love for, he cheerfully gave up all and hurried to meet the aggressive foe, who came to invade and despoil the peaceful homes of his native South.

In camp, as he was the favorite of all; his genial nature, his free, frank, and open heart, his gregarious, confiding disposition endeared him to his equals, his prompt and willing discharge of each and every duty imposed upon him, placed him high in the confidence and esteem of his superiors, while his probity of character and magnanimity of mind made him beloved by all who knew him. He endured the toils and privations of a winter campaign in Kentucky without a murmur—charging through the terrible storm of iron hail poured around him at Belmont; sitting around the smoky fires of camp or toiling like a slave in the trenches, he was every where and on all occasions the same; gentle and unassuming, yet firm and determined.

But alas! gentleness of disposition, goodness of heart, nor indeed perfection of human character, are no immunities against disease and death, indiscriminately they seize their prey—old and young, good and bad, high and low, like are subject to their ravages; no bodiness, no perfection can escape.

Poor Sam was marked as their victim, disease cast its fatal folds about him, and death stood eagerly watching its prey. Through the cruel obstinacy of the Regimental Surgeon he was sent to the hospital. We would have brought him home, but despite my earnest entreaties, and the gentle remonstrance of my brother, the Surgeon must use his authority. It would be unprofessional to send him home, he must go to hospital, and to a hospital he was

hurried like a sheep to the shambles—a lamb to the slaughter. Wretched Surgeon, I wonder if your conscience never reproaches you for the many, many victims you so unfeelingly sacrifice to the dignity of your profession? May God in his mercy forgive you.

At the hospital he languished; day by day he wasted away—patiently he submitted to the directions of his physician. Though he would turn with sickening loathing, from the coarse food, the only nourishment offered him, yet no murmur escaped his lips; here as elsewhere, he soon attracted friends, his patient, quiet submission, to his circumstances endeared him to many. The Surgeon of the post became interested in his condition and made an application for his discharge from service. For some trifling informality in the papers, or else through the egregious stupidity that reigns supreme at "Head Quarters," the application was returned, and thus week after week he languished. Slowly but surely passing away, and then pleasing memories of home and of absent friends began to crowd around; and oh, with what yearning of soul did he long for his home. Home, the only thought on his mind, the only sound on his lips—"Doctor, please carry me home," he would plead with the earnestness of a little child, and then would gaze for hours in the direction of home; "I want to go home," this was the burden of his thoughts, the sole hope of his life. "I want to go home," from morning till night, until the evening of the 4th day of August, instant, as the sun was setting in a halo splendor, his eyes closed on earth to open no more forever, and Christ more merciful than man took him home.

Yes, dear brother, thou art home at last; no more heart yearnings for home, no more patient, quiet suffering, none the less poignant because quiet; no more cruel indifference, no more anxious care for absent friends, no more toiling in the trenches, but there in a world of endless bliss, surrounded by angels in all the splendor of elysian glory thou hast found

"In the presence of Jesus a home."

BEN.  
Alpine, Ala., August 16, 1862

For the South Western Baptist.

**The Number Forty.**

After having noticed some of the places where the numbers 3, 7 and 12 appear in the scriptures, we now propose to notice the number 40.

The Lord said unto Noah, "For yet some days and I will cause it to rain upon the earth 40 days and 40 nights."

Isaac was 40 years old when he took Rebekah to wife.

Esaú was 40 at the time he married Judith.

The children of Israel ate manna in the wilderness 40 years, and for 40 years the Lord sustained them so that they lacked nothing; their clothing was not old and their feet swelled not. When Caleb was sent by Moses as a spy to visit and examine the Promised Land he was 40 years old, and after a tour of 40 days, he returned bringing back with him some of the richest products of the soil. The life of Moses is divided into three forties; the first 40 he was prince in Pharaoh's court; the 2nd 40 he was a shepherd in Median; the 3rd 40 he was king in Israel.—"So changeable is the life of men," first a prince, then a shepherd and then a king.

The land of promise had rest 40 years, from the death of Joshua. (At the end of 40 days after the ark rested upon the mountains of Ararat, Noah opened the window of the Ark.)

Twice Moses spent 40 days and 40 nights on Mt. Sinai in communion with God, during which time, he neither ate nor drank; his meat and his drink was to do the will of God.

The renowned champion, Goliath of Gath appeared before the Israel army 40 days; both morning and evening, challenging it to combat.

David reigned over Israel 40 years.

Solomon and several other kings reigned just 40 years.

Elijah on his way to Mt. Horeb was favored with the most remarkable displays of divine power and care in his behalf, being fed by ravens, then by an angel, and, to show that man lives not by bread alone,

God sustained him 40 days without food, continually traversing Sinai's desert without sleep or rest—for 40 days—a day for a year of Israel's wanderings—finally he rests in a cave, or rock, perhaps, the same cleft of rock that Moses was hid in when God's glory passed before him—but Elijah was called out of it to stand on the Mt. before the Lord—and then what an association of holy and religious thought must have burst upon his mind: the same Mt. upon which Moses had once stood he now stands; and the sublime scene he now witnessed must have filled his mind with holy awe, reminded him of the awfully sublime scene which Moses had witnessed there at the time the law was delivered to him in the midst of lightning, smoke and thunder.

It was foretold that Egypt should lie desolate 40 years.

Darius set on his kingdom 120, i. e. three times 40 princes.

When Christ had fasted 40 days and 40 nights, he was afterward an hungered. It was 40 days after Christ's resurrection before his ascension.

There is a tradition that our first parents were in Paradise 40 days.

We have passed through the Bible and noticed some of the many places where the numbers 3, 7, 12 and 40 occur, believing that there is yet much to be learned in reference to scriptural allusion and meaning.

It is to be remarked that the mystical numbers three and seven are not only favorite scriptural numbers, but they seem also, to be nature's favorite numbers. W. A. B.

Hav., Ala., Aug. 19th, 1862.

For the South Western Baptist  
Tip Top, Aug. 27th, 1862.

DEAR BRO. HENDERSON: Enclosed find four dollars and 50 cents which pass to my credit. It is good money here.

I am glad you have resumed your place as Editor of the Baptist. We cannot do without this paper. It is indispensable to a knowledge of our progress, and of our condition as a Denomination.

Recently I have attended several protracted meetings, all of which have been successful. I cannot go far from home; for my boys, who were old enough, volunteered to defend the country. My oldest son fell in the great struggle near Richmond. With two of my children with me, I am attending to my farm, and striving to sustain my family and the noble cause of our Republic, in which we are engaged.

I am not discouraged, but I am pained at the condition of those who are subject to the depredations and insolence of our enemies.

How noble are our people; successfully struggling with a nation outnumbering us three to one, with an old established government, an army, a navy, and all the appliances of war. Surely God will favor our Confederacy, and bless a people who submit to privations, to the loss of dear ones, to all the horrors of war, for the sake of Liberty, of justice, and a beloved country.

Yours truly D. P. BESTOR.

(From the Religious Herald.)

**Conversions among the Soldiers.**

A few days since, a chaplain at Gordonsville said to Bro. J. C. Clifton, "One hundred of the men in my regiment have professed conversion since we have been in the service, and the greater number spoke of tracts as having been instrumental in leading them to Christ." Rev. W. L. Fitcher, our colporteur in Petersburg, writes that over one hundred have professed conversion in the hospitals of that city. A revival of religion is in progress among the soldiers in Lynchburg, and two were received into the Baptist church of that city on Friday evening on profession of faith in Christ. A pious man writes to us: "God is in the army. Many in my regiment have passed from death to life." These things being so, should not Christians at home be encouraged to redouble their efforts in this direction? Our fathers never enjoyed such facilities for doing good as are now presented us in the camps and hospitals, nor will those who come after, for centuries, see such an inviting field.

A. E. D.

**The Late Battle on the Rapidan—Details by an eye Witness—Plan of the Confederates.**

(Special Correspondence of the Chicago Times.)

WASHINGTON August 12.—The administration telegrams, respecting the battle of Culpeper on Saturday last, imply that it was a brilliant victory on the part of Gen. Banks, and that the rebels were defeated with great slaughter. Authentic accounts of the battle, however, have now been received here, from which it appears it was exactly the reverse, and that it is Jackson that has defeated Banks. Gen. Pope and Gen. Banks did not arrive on the field till nearly eight o'clock in the evening, at which time the battle was over. It was the same old story. With less troops than we have, the Confederates, by their superior generalship, succeeded in massing against our men troops in superior number at a given point, and overcame by superior numbers, our troops were compelled to fall back. The action was brought on by the Confederates, their apparent object being to drive back the Union troops from the neighborhood of the Rapidan, in which they succeeded.

I have seen an officer direct from the field, who described the action as being fierce and sanguinary beyond all former conflicts. Our men fought like veterans, but they had no chance against the great number of the enemy. The latter, too, were evidently goaded to fury against Pope's troops on account of Pope's recent orders, for they fought more like fiends than men, and their battle-cries were such expressions as "Down with the Pope!" "To hell with the robbers!" "Charge on the plunderers!" "No quarter to the men who make war on women!" etc.

The scene at night, when the Confederate artillery shelled our bivouacs, was terribly grand. The moon was full, and the night as light as day. The artillery was splendidly managed, every one of their shells bursting in the midst of our troops and wagon trains. The result was a perfect stampede.

The roads and fields were quickly filled with thousands of our soldiers and hundreds of wagons, huddled pell mell together, without any pretence to order. Our loss is fully 5,000, a large proportion of whom are officers. The worst of it is that among the officers killed and badly wounded are many of the best in the army whose loss to us it will be very difficult to replace.

The result of the late action shows the correctness of my views heretofore expressed in regard to Pope's attempt to reach Richmond by this route. It is impracticable, should never have been attempted and ought now to be abandoned, sooner or later. The means of defence possessed by the rebels on that route are such as will enable them to resist successfully and advance of a Union army three times as strong as Pope's. They have fortified Gordonsville Junction much stronger than Manassas was, and the Rapidan is a much better defensive line than Bull Run. I am satisfied that they have now got Gen. Pope and his army just where they want him. If he remains where he is, they will probably not attack him. In that case, their plans no doubt will be to march around his right flank by way of Stanton, Harrisburg and Luray, get in his rear at Warrenton, while they engage his attention (not with a shadow of force, but with a real force) in front on the Rapidan, and then hurl their main column upon Washington.

If they succeed in getting in Pope's rear, which they can do, as their force are three times as numerous as his, he will run some risk of being cut off between two fires. I repeat, the only way in which Pope's corps can be serviceable is by sending them, by way of Alexandria and Fort Monroe to join McClellan at Harrison's landing. Richmond can be approached by way of the Peninsula, but I doubt whether it can be reached by an army marching from the North.

You may talk of divine things as long as you please, but you must feel them; and if you feel them you will love and practice them: truth in the heart produces obedience.

A. E. D.

**Enquirer's Correspondence.**  
To the Editors of the Enquirer:

ORANGE C. H., Aug. 22, 1862.

Gentlemen—Supposing a brief narrative of the condition of affairs in our native section would afford you some interest, I herewith send you a statement of one case coming under my observation, which affords a fair illustration of hundreds that exist, showing the course pursued by the Vandal hordes of Lincoln.

On my return from a visit to the Stonewall Brigade, weary and hungry, I called at a fine mansion, three miles below Rapidan Station. It was a beautiful residence, surrounded by rich bottom lands and what gave evidence of once luxuriant fields of corn. But its present appearance indicated that the *Nero* Pope had visited that section.

Arriving at the house, an aged servant woman met me at the door, and on inquiry, informed me that Mrs. Robertson and her daughter, Mrs. Roney, widow ladies, were the sole white occupants of the house. Mrs. Robertson was prostrated, on a bed of grief, and her daughter had gone some miles to procure the family some food.

As soon as this Christian lady learned that a Confederate soldier was at the door, she arose from her bed, and with feeble steps, approached me. I asked her for a few mouthfuls of bread and meat. She said, "You shall have it, if it was the last in the house—God will provide for me." She added—"Pope's army, out of a large supply of bacon, have only left one small sholder and a jole, the balance was carried off. They also robbed me of all my poultry, hogs, corn and subsistence generally." I encouraged the old lady by saying that the tears of the widow and wails of the orphan would make giants of pigmies and heroes of cowards. That these wrongs would and must be avenged.

She then escorted me through her house, marked by the tracks of the despoilers. The once elegant rooms, furnished with good taste and at heavy expense, were one scene of destruction. A fine mahogany secretary was broken to pieces and the drawers carried into the yard and used as troughs in which to feed their horses. A mahogany side-board was smashed into splinters with an axe. Gilt china, dessert pans, ice cream stands, goblets and decanters of the best quality, were broken into fragments—almost literally ground to dust. Her wardrobe was destroyed and the contents stolen. The thieves carried off every vestige of clothing of these pious ladies, except what they were wearing, from the finest silk dresses down to night-gowns and caps and even their shoes and stockings. Rocking chairs were destroyed and tidies torn into shreds and strewn over the yard. Damask window curtains were converted into horse-covers. Bed-blankets, counterpanes, sheets, quilts, pillows and carpets were packed on horses and carried to Pope's camp. The family Bible, the most precious and sacred of all family relics and the religious books, whose perusal was so pleasant to these pious ladies, escaped not the ruthless hands of the brutes; they were all taken, and those they were not disposed to keep were torn to pieces and the leaves scattered over the premises. To add still more to their infamy, they even robbed this "mother in Israel" of her only spectacles, common steel-framed ones. Thus was this family reduced from affluence to want, and despoiled of all the necessities of life. It reminded me much of the description we read of plundering Arabs.

Mrs. Roney's guitar and accordeon were destroyed. The Piano, alone, was saved. From the latter one of the company made music, while the others danced upon the floors, and amused themselves by kicking the panels out of the doors. True to their instincts, these hell-hounds lapped up the currant jellies and jars of sweet meats. In the midst of these revelries, the ladies became alarmed for their personal safety, and Mrs. Roney, on banded knees implored the aid of Heaven, not knowing at what moment she and her aged mother might be slaughtered and the house burned over their heads. In the

midst of her supplication, a gentle breeze wafted into her lap that beautiful ballad "My Maryland." She clasped it to her bosom and exclaimed "Heaven has sent me this!" and arose and read a portion of those soul-stirring verses in the hearing of her tormentors. It was more than they could bear. It acted as a mirror to expose their hideous deformity. They grew pale and tremulous, and left the premises, we hope, never again to return.

Could those who have mothers, wives, sisters and daughter, see what I have seen, of the destruction and devastation of property, and heard what I have heard, of the insults, threats and indignities which our fair women have been exposed, it would require no "Conscription Act" to force every man, capable of bearing arms, to shoulder his musket and aid in expelling these Vandals hordes from our borders.

What a happy contest does the acts of these pious ladies present to those of some of the sterner sex. While some of the latter on approach of danger sell their property and flee to the interior of safety, they remained at home and met the danger. As the clouds lower and storm thickens, their faith increased. They were willing to share their last crumb of bread with a Confederate soldier while the male bipeds are to be found in the Southern Confederacy, who would extort from the famishing soldier his last dime for a crust of bread or drink of water.

Truly your friend, &c.,  
A. M. M.

**The Resurrection of Christ.**

Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all was yet quite at the sepulchre; death held his sceptre over the son of God; still and silent the hours passed on; the guards stood by their posts, the rays of the mid-night moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears; the enemies of Christ exulted in their success, the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow; the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wonder at the depth of the ways of God.

At length the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended; the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the earth; his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was white as snow; he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre and sat upon it.

But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength? It is thy prince of Zion! Christian, it is your Lord. He hath trodden the wine press alone; hath stained his garments with blood; but now, as the first born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave; he returns with blessings from the world of spirits; he brings salvation to the sons of men.

Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious! It was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy; the father of mercies looked down from his throne in heavens; with complacency he beheld his world restored; he saw his work, that it was good.

Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him when the blessings of the eternal descended as the dew of heaven for the refreshing of the nations.—*Scotch Preacher.*

WRITTEN SERMONS.—"Writing," says Mr. W. E. Channing, "is one of the great means of giving precision, clearness, consistency and energy to thought. Every other sermon, I think, should be written, if circumstances allow it. But he who only preaches from notes, will never do justice to his own powers and feelings. The deepest fountains of eloquence within him will not be unsealed. He will never know the full power given him over his fellow creatures."



## The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.  
Thursday, Sept. 11, 1862AGENT.  
B. B. Davis, of the "Book Concern," Montgomery, Ala., is our authorized Agent, to receive subscriptions and dues for our paper.

## To our Patrons and Friends.

As the annual meetings of our several Associations are at hand, we wish to make an appeal to our brethren to represent our paper at these meetings. It is impossible for us to be present at more than one or two, owing to the troubles of our country as well as other obligations. You, dear brethren, are as much interested in keeping our paper up as we are. If we were to consult our personal interests, the paper would be suspended until the storm blew over; but we have already assured you, that with the blessing of God and the co-operation of his people, we shall continue to issue it in weal and in woe, in storm and sunshine, until, our independence is achieved, and peace shall bless our wide spread Confederacy. We cannot do without such a paper. It must be sustained at every hazard. The cause of Christ and of the country alike demand its continuance. For in such a crisis as this, we should prove recreant to the holiest behests that can command the services of every citizen of the Confederacy, if we did not devote a large portion of its columns to the interests of our bleeding country. Will not our friends represent us at these Associational meetings? Will they not urge our brethren to send on their subscriptions, and procure new subscribers? We have not yet raised the subscription price of the paper, notwithstanding the cost of the single article of paper is nearly triple what it was eighteen months ago, to say nothing of other materials. If our friends will do their duty now, we hope to continue it at present prices. Surely our appeal will not be in vain.

## Day of Prayer and Thanksgiving.

We publish in another column the Proclamation of the President of the Confederate States, appointing Thursday the 18th inst. as a day of prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God for the signal victories with which He has recently crowned our arms both in the East and West, and especially for the deliverance of our national capital from the impious tread of a merciless foe which so recently menaced it. Never had any people greater cause to exercise the profoundest gratitude to God for his wonderful deliverance than we. The Proclamation of our President strikes a chord that thrills every heart in the Confederacy. Let the gates of Zion be crowded on that day with joyful, cheerful, hopeful and spiritual worshippers. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."

## East Alabama Female College.

We are gratified to announce that this institution will open about the 1st of October under the Presidency of Prof. A. J. Battle late of the Central Female College, Tuskegee, Ala., assisted by an able corps of teachers. Its exercises were suspended last spring, on account of the resignation of President Perry, who desired to enter the military service, and who is now Major of the 44th Regiment of Alabama Volunteers. The Trustees design making ample preparations to accommodate any number of boarders that may attend at as reasonable rates as can be afforded. We are sure that this announcement is enough to secure a large attendance at the opening session.

## Judson Female Institute.

The Catalogue of this institution for the year ending June 28th, 1862, is before us. One hundred and seventy pupils were entered during the year, and nine graduated at the commencement in June last. This indicates a degree of prosperity quite remarkable, considering the condition of the country. By referring to our advertising columns, it will be seen that the institution will open this fall under the auspices of the same efficient Principal, Prof. N. K. Davis. The public may rest assured that no pains will be spared to make the "Judson" what it has ever been, one of the best Female Colleges of the country.

For the South Western Baptist.  
CLAYTON, Aug. 27th, 1862.  
Messrs. Editors: I closed to-night a meeting that has been continued three weeks. The Lord in his mercy has greatly blessed us here in Clayton. Twenty-three have been added to the church by baptism, and I have six yet to baptize. Total addition by letter and experience is 36. I have been assisted by Elder Geo. Y. Browne, (Principal of the "Female Institute," in Enfield, and pastor of that church, during Bro. Reeves absence in the war,) and Elder R. B. Brooks, of this Association. I trust that impressions have been made in this community that will bring forth fruit for a long time to come.

## The late Confederate Triumphs.

History scarcely records so rapid and uninterrupted a succession of triumphs, as have crowned the Southern arms for the past two months. Within this period, not less than twelve pitched battles have been fought, all of them most desperate and sanguinary, and, in all, signal success has blessed our cause. The thirtieth of August will be memorable in the annals of this eventful war. On that day, the Confederates under General E. Kirby Smith is said to have defeated and captured an army of 10,000 Federals under General Nelson, who came to relieve the beleaguered garrison at Cumberland Gap. On the same day, on the classic plains of Manassas, the combined forces of Pope and McClellan—the very flower of their grand army—were met by the Southern army of Virginia, under command of Generals Lee and Jackson, and a second time those old hills echoed the flying footsteps of a routed and dismayed foe. Well may the 30th of August be canonized and commemorated among the many sacred days of the Southern calendar.

It is useless to speculate upon the results of these two important victories. The developments will press upon us so rapidly, that an attempt to forecast them would seem to be a waste of time. The defeat of Nelson will, doubtless, ensure the surrender of the Federals at Cumberland Gap, and will probably enable our army to intercept the retreat of Buell, or to flank him, if he makes a stand. At any rate, the prospect for the speedy redemption of Tennessee and Kentucky is decidedly flattering.

The rout and demoralization of the remnant of the grand army of the Potomac, would naturally induce the belief that the North would be convinced of the impossibility of subjugating the South, and would turn to thoughts of peace. But we have seen so much of the folly of Northern fanaticism, that we have little hope of such a result, so long as they have an army in reserve. Their new levies have already begun to move towards the field. They will urge them forward, as rapidly as possible, and they indulge the hope, that, when their new army of 600,000 men shall have been organized and disciplined, they will sweep over the South like a mighty, resistless inundation. Besides the prospective additional to their land forces, they are busily occupied in strengthening their fleet, already numerous and powerful, with which they expect to operate successfully against all our sea-ports next winter. A fanaticism so stolid as theirs, backed by such powerful armies and fleets, will not readily yield, even under the pressure of their late disasters. Let us, then, not be deluded with the expectation of immediate peace; but let us redouble our efforts, give them no time to organize new armies, press upon them, right and left, rear and front, until they shall be left without a nucleus, around which their raw recruits may gather. Let us increase our forces by the most expeditious methods, let us fortify our coast and obstruct our rivers in the most effectual manner, and above all, let our people betake themselves to instant and increasing prayer, and He, who by his right hand and holy arm, hath gotten us the victory in the past, will continue to shield and guide our armies, until the enemy humbled and exhausted shall acknowledge our independence and sue for peace.

## A Puritan Trumpet.

It is universally admitted that every man's horn should be blown. If others are not kind enough to blow your horn, you must too it yourself. An obscure Godfish Puritan, from the regions of holy Massachusetts, has blown his horn loudly through the New York Tribune, from the dark coasts of York Carolina. He is missionary to a "colony" of negroes on St. Simon's Island, numbering about 200. Among the many pious deeds done by the Rev. Mr. French, and worthy to be trumpeted to the world, is that he is teaching "Skeule" for these "creatures of humanity."

But the great feat of our Godfish nasal twanging Puritan, is the baptism of a large batch of negro children, whom he describes thus:

The parentage of those children embraces the lowest type of the African and the highest type of Southern chivalry. These were sons and daughters of honorable senators, generals, commodores, merchant princes, and lordly planters.

It was worthy of being brained that Rev. Mr. French had attended to a matter that had been criminally neglected by all the persons of the Pedobaptist world. Baby baptizers generally attend to the children of distinguished parentage, but these descendants of "the highest type of Southern chivalry" had been overlooked by delinquent persons. We have often thought, if Infant Baptism was of any importance negro and mulatto children should have the benefit.

In the following paragraph Mr. French trumpets the imposing scene to the world:

When the call for parents to bring forward their children for baptism was made, the number greatly surprised us. All were arranged in two rows, beginning at the steps of the house and extending down each side of the broad and beautiful walk leading to the front gate. On our right stood a father and mother with five children; then a mother with so many of her children as she could rescue from slavery; then, perhaps, a father, with the two or three children, and their grandmother, in the place of the poor mother, who had been sold. On the other side were children presented by relatives or strangers, the parents being sold or serving in the rebel army. As we passed through the solemn service of baptizing these children in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, from our inmost soul went up the prayer that not only might every one be a true soldier of the Cross, but also that every one might belong to the army of Freedom.

Bah! boo! Nevertheless there is something in this scene that commands our respect. It is an old fashioned baby baptism. Time was when large "rows" of parents would present themselves in Pedobaptist Churches on Sabbath days with their children, godfathers and godmothers, perhaps, and publicly have them "christened" (baptized they now call it.) But now you rarely see a baptism in Church. Is it done in private? Or is it neglected? It is said, Puritanism never changes, and so it would seem from the conduct of Rev. Mr. French, who has refreshed us with an old infant baptismal scene. We condemn the whole thing, but as Infant Baptism originated in Popery we insist that it should be attended to according to the pattern given by "his Holiness, Lord God the Pope," of which Godfish Puritan French is scrupulous in observing.

For the South Western Baptist.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Aug. 29, 1862.

DEAR BRO. HENDERSON: We have glorious news from Tenn. Buell is retreating upon Nashville, pursued by Bragg and Hardee, while Cheatham is menacing his flank. It is supposed that the Federals will not attempt to make a stand this side of Bowling Green, and perhaps not until they reach Muldrough's Hill, on Salt River, forty miles this side of Louisville. A concentrated movement which is being made upon Middle Tennessee will no doubt free that part of the State from Federal domination, and it is to be hoped forever. At Cumberland Gap a Federal force of ten thousand men are surrounded. A telegraphic communication, obtained by tapping the wires several days since, revealed their numbers, and the important fact that they had but three days rations. They are said to be now living on a biscuit a day to the man, and will soon be compelled by hunger to surrender. Then for Kentucky! The deliverer of Middle Tennessee and the army engaged in reducing Cumberland Gap will advance in concert to the Ohio, and emancipate Kentucky from the Federal yoke.

The events of the past three months are perhaps the most signally eventful that have occurred in the political history of mankind. Three months ago the tide of success which had borne onward the arms of the North had reached its flood, Missouri had been abandoned; and Arkansas was defended against an invading force only by State militia; New Orleans had fallen, and Mobile was threatened; our Western army had been borne backward from Corinth before the siege approaches of Halleck. On the coast the army of Virginia first abandoned the line of the Potomac to concentrate upon the seaboard, and then had been compelled to evacuate its fortified position at Yorktown, and fall back to defend the capital of the Confederacy. At one moment the capital of Virginia and the Confederacy seemed on the point of being abandoned. The jubilant North supposed that the fall of Richmond would involve the last hope of Virginia, to be followed by submission of North Carolina, and make the subjugation of the South only a question of time.

Events seemed tending toward a consummation that would crush the principles of constitutional liberty beneath the iron tread of military power, and subvert the principles of federate republicanism on which the political destinies of earth depend. Never—not even during the first war of Independence—have interests so vast been suspended in the scales of destiny. And now has the arm of an interposing Providence been more signally manifested in behalf of the cause of human advancement. At every point success has smiled upon our arms. The Arkansas militia has driven back the foe over her border. Missouri is up in arms. The gallant defense of Vicksburg has inscribed the stronghold of the Mississippi in the pantheon of history beside the deathless names of Salamis and Thermopylae. The scattered remains of the force that menaced us at Corinth are retreating before our concentrated advance. The

mountain tops of Tennessee and Kentucky are already lighted with the dawning rays of the coming deliverance. In the East we have become assailants. The army of McClellan has received a fatal rout, and the humbled remnant of that haughty force has been withdrawn from its position in Virginia to defend the Federal Capitol against the advance of the intrepid Jackson.

Success every where attends us.—We have passed the crisis, which it seems the destiny of every movement to undergo in which the destiny of mankind is involved. Providence seems jealously watchful to vindicate its own agency in human advancement. No revolution has ever occurred, involving principles essential to the devotion of man, which has not, at some period in its progress, been reduced to the verge of ruin, and then been rescued from peril by a series of events in which the hand of God is easily recognized. Some important revolutions pass through several such periods of crisis. In the beginning of our movement I anticipated reverses from the analogies of the past. Happily the crisis only served to rouse the stern heroism of Southern character, and develop a heroic resolve unsurpassed in human annals, whose memory will hereafter incite our posterity to noble deeds like the inspiration of Plataea and Marathon upon the Grecian mind.

And now that the tide of invasion is ebbing the policy we adopt will prove the most critical point in the war. It will determine whether we shall suffer a repetition of the disasters of last winter, or maintain a successful defence unbroken by reverse. We cannot afford to commit an error. It will require all our resources carefully husbanded and judiciously expended to maintain our position. A blunder involving reverse would be terrible at a time when all the reverses of the Confederacy have been brought into action. It becomes a matter of the first importance to decide how far we shall press our advantages. If gunboats could be prevented from ascending the Potomac the enemy might be driven from Washington and pursued across the Pennsylvania border. In the West the Northern army might be driven across the Ohio and the country of the enemy invaded. There has been a time, before the North was prepared, when a vigorous invasion might have terminated the war at a blow. But in the present stage of the conflict, it may well be doubted whether such a movement would not incur a risk vastly disproportionate to the advantage to be gained. No vital point could any where be reached, without exposing too long a line of communication to flank attack. We may make incursions. Louisville may be taken; Cincinnati may be bombarded; but the general character of the war must still be defensive. The only question is where is the best defensive line?

A good defensive line implies two things: 1st. A line which may be defended at all points by a force so posted as to be readily concentrated against an opposing force assailing any point in the line: 2nd. A line from which the offensive may be readily assumed against an opposing force advancing from any direction. On the eastern border, if Washington could be taken, that city would offer the best nucleus of a defensive line. The whole frontier might be readily defended from that point, and an active offensive might be promptly assumed against an assailing force. The line of the Susquehanna would answer both conditions well as against a land attack, but, while the enemy is master of the ocean, it is too far in advance of Richmond which might be suddenly removed from the seaboard. Manassas answers the first condition of a good defensive position, but with the fortified capital of the enemy in its front, no offensive movement could be made. On the East neither of the defensive lines that might be taken has any very decided superiority over the others.—But in the West the proper line is a matter of vital importance. In the West there is but one defensive line which combines the two essentials of a good position. A line on the Ohio has neither. We could not defend ourselves by taking the offensive across the river. And awaiting the attack of the enemy, our line would be indefensible. In the first place the enemy would have every advantage for concentrating his entire force upon our army in Kentucky. Moreover, while our main force was upon the Ohio river, the enemy, with his gun boats and forces transported by water, could break through our lines upon the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. While the rivers are low, we can occupy Kentucky and drive the enemy across the Ohio. But when the rivers are up, the line occupied by the lamented Johnson is the only one which presents all the conditions for a successful defense. Upon the Bowling-Green line our entire force might be readily concentrated upon any point assailed. And the entire line is in a

country which affords the best opportunity for concentrating an overwhelming force in an offensive movement against the enemy wherever he appeared. Had our forts upon the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers been judiciously located, and the line defended by a force at all adequate to the duty, it would have proved impregnable. Once retaken and fortified, our Western army would maintain it without difficulty against any force the North could bring. There is no other line in the West that can be held during high water. The secret of military success is ready concentration. Last winter our troops were scattered along the Atlantic and the Gulf, leaving our inadequate force for the defence of the Western border. The Federals concentrated their armies of Missouri and Kentucky against our line, and gained great advantages. Since the evacuation of Corinth they have in turn committed the error of dispersing their forces to hold their conquests; and their scattered divisions are now compelled to retreat before our concentrated numbers. Let us not repeat our error by occupying a line so extensive that it will be impossible to concentrate our force to repel attack. While the water is down we may drive the enemy across the Ohio. But meantime our original line should be fortified, and should be occupied during the winter and spring at the base for offensive and defensive operations—that is operations which protect our frontier by attacking in force any enemy who comes within striking distance. When the waters fall next summer an advance movement will occupy all the border States and conquer a peace with proper boundaries. PATRIOT.

## Revival News.

The Religious Herald, reports revivals in Virginia: Elder A. B. Smith, on the third Sunday in July, baptized 13 colored persons; Elder T. B. Reynolds was conducting a meeting at Thomas Chapel, 15 persons had professed conversion. In Lynchburg Rev. J. B. Clifton baptized 16 colored and Rev. H. M. Dowe 4 white persons; Rev. T. B. Gatewood baptized 25 persons.

The Mississippi Baptist reports a revival at Boonville, Hinds Co., 10 professed conversion.

Revivals in Georgia: Seven or Eight persons professed conversion at Rutledge Baptist Church, Morgan Co. Five conversions are reported at Brownwood Church, in same county. Thirty have been added to the Church in Macon, Ga., and the revival loses none of its interest; at Hebron, Pike Co., 20; at Griffin 5, three of whom were soldiers; at Neriah and white Grove, Coweta Co., 13; at Shikoh 5; at Benevolence, Crawford Co., 9, two of whom were soldiers wounded in the battles around Richmond; at antioch 14; 25 conversions reported in connection with the first Baptist Church in Atlanta; Antioch, Morgan Co., 17;

North Carolina: Rev. Jno. Blythe writes from the Gloucester Mission to the Biblical Recorder that he has baptized 8 or 10 persons within two weeks.

## Secular Intelligence.

RICHMOND, Sept. 6.—The House to-day debated the military bill. No action was taken. One hundred and sixty prisoners, including sixty-two commissioned officers, arrived this evening from Manassas.

General Lee, in a letter to the President, says:

"We paroled 7,000 prisoners on the field, captured about the same number of arms, and thirty pieces of artillery."

General Kearney was killed by the 49th Georgia regiment.

LETTER FROM CAPT. McELRATH.

We are permitted to make the following extract from a private letter from Capt. McElrath:

RICHMOND, Ky., Aug. 30, 1862. We have had to-day three different and hotly contested battles. The enemy's force reported at 14,000. They made the first stand at the foot of Big Hill—eight miles from Richmond and the last one at Richmond.

Our loss in killed is about 200, perhaps less, and as many wounded. That of the enemy killed and wounded, double ours, besides over 2000 prisoners. Capt. Scott is now—nine o'clock p. m.—in the rear, so that in the morning we shall capture the entire party.

Our men behaved most gallantly, charging the enemy at each stand they made, killing one General, four Colonels, two Lt. Colonels, and capturing large quantities of Commissary stores.

Col. Scott, who was pursuing, is just now in and says we have captured the entire army—more than 15,000 men.

It is glorious enough for one fight. No enemy now between this and Lexington. God be praised!

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS PLAINS.—The Charleston Courier, of Sept. 2d, says: "Private dispatches, we learn, mention that our army in full pursuit of the retreating host, who, it is thought, will not stop short of Washington."

RICHMOND, Sept. 2.—A communication from the President, transmitting copies of despatches from General Lee, was read in both Houses of Congress to-day. The President says, from these despatches, it will be seen that God has again extended his shield over our patriotic army, and has blessed the cause of the Confederacy with a signal victory on the field already immortal by the gallant achievements of our troops. Two much praise cannot be bestowed upon the skill and daring of the commanding General who conceived, or the valor and hardihood of the troops who executed the brilliant movement which result is now communicated.

RICHMOND, Sept. 2.—In the Senate the bill concerning Partisan Rangers was rejected after a lengthy debate. Yeas, 9; Nays, 12.

A resolution of thanks to commander Eben Farrel, and the officers and men under his command, for gallant and meritorious services at Fort Dry was adopted.

In the House a resolution for the appointment of three additional standing committees to relieve the pressure of business on the committee on military affairs, was adopted.

The House adjourned at an early hour to draw for seats in the Hall recently refitted for the accommodation of the House.

Health of Gen. J. E. Johnston.

The Richmond Examiner of Saturday says: We are glad to learn from a gentleman, just down from Amelia Springs, that General Johnston has entirely recovered from the effect of his wound received in the battle of Seven Pines, and that he will be down on next Monday.

country which affords the best opportunity for concentrating an overwhelming force in an offensive movement against the enemy wherever he appeared. Had our forts upon the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers been judiciously located, and the line defended by a force at all adequate to the duty, it would have proved impregnable. Once retaken and fortified, our Western army would maintain it without difficulty against any force the North could bring. There is no other line in the West that can be held during high water. The secret of military success is ready concentration. Last winter our troops were scattered along the Atlantic and the Gulf, leaving our inadequate force for the defence of the Western border. The Federals concentrated their armies of Missouri and Kentucky against our line, and gained great advantages. Since the evacuation of Corinth they have in turn committed the error of dispersing their forces to hold their conquests; and their scattered divisions are now compelled to retreat before our concentrated numbers. Let us not repeat our error by occupying a line so extensive that it will be impossible to concentrate our force to repel attack. While the water is down we may drive the enemy across the Ohio. But meantime our original line should be fortified, and should be occupied during the winter and spring at the base for offensive and defensive operations—that is operations which protect our frontier by attacking in force any enemy who comes within striking distance. When the waters fall next summer an advance movement will occupy all the border States and conquer a peace with proper boundaries. PATRIOT.

COUNTERFEIT CONFEDERATE NOTES.—As thousands of these notes are in circulation, and few know how to distinguish the genuine from the spurious, the *Republican* is doing the public a service by giving the following tests, which have been kindly furnished it by a bank officer of Savannah.

\$100.—The sailor in the left hand, and leans upon an anchor; diagonally across the vignette from left to right, in the genuine there is a hair line very distinct, as if the stone from which the impression was taken had been broken or cracked. In the counterfeit there is no such hair or hair line. In the center vignette, right side, near the Cotton press, is a male—in the genuine it is very indistinctly executed, and the male looks as if he was walking from you, presenting only a full view in the counterfeit it is much plainer, and the male presents almost a broadside view.

\$50.—In the genuine on the left, hand the sailor that is leaning forward, is partly bald—in the counterfeit a more full head of hair, have seen none signed, except on the left. A. C. Riggs, letter A small, letter D to the right of the A.

Full Particulars of the Capture of Stevenson.

Below will be found the very interesting report of Adj. John L. Chandler, 32d regiment Alabama volunteers, who has again placed us under obligations by furnishing it so promptly. It is a most clear and well written report, and needs no apology from fatigue and exhaustion.

HEADQUARTERS FORCES AT STEVENSON, August 31st, 1862.

MR. ALEXANDER GRAY, AGT., &c.  
SIR: The 32d Alabama regiment, receiving marching orders at 3 o'clock p. m., on the 29th inst., to cross the Tennessee, "take hold and possess the camp at Battle Creek which was shelled on the 27th, and evacuated on the 28th by the Federals. Our regiment having arrived safely at 8 o'clock p. m., in company with a small detachment, of the 41st Ala., and 25th Tenn. regiments, were immediately assigned to their respective positions, and means instituted for a vigorous defence. From the natural advantages of its commanding position together with the scientific proportions of the entrenchments, this bastion held its ground, its close by a strong loop hole stockade, with fine flank defences, traverses, abatis and rifle pits, could easily have been held against the assault of the enemy.

The following morning, at two o'clock 31st August, the command took up its line of march for Stevenson, the 25th Tennessee, Major Huges commanding, in the advance, followed by Capt. Freeman's battery of four pieces; the 32d Ala., Capt. Dure's battery of two pieces, the rear being brought up by the 41st Alabama regiment. We arrived within two miles of Stevenson at 8 o'clock, a. m., when the column halted. Lt. Col. Maury with Capt. Freeman's battery escorted by Capt. Rice and his company of cavalry, immediately made a reconnaissance for the purpose of selecting suitable positions for the batteries. On their return, their objects having been satisfactorily attained the command, joined by Maj. Gunter with his company of Partisan Rangers, marched forward. The enemy cognizant of our approach commenced throwing shells from their batteries, but with no effect. Having gained a commanding view of the town, Capt. Freeman with his battery, supported by the 32d Ala., at once took position and opened a rapid and hot fire upon the town, while the fire of the enemy was drawn by Capt. Rice's cavalry. Here lively skirmishing ensued in which four of the horses were killed and three wounded. Capt. Dure's battery, planted on the right and supported by the 41st Ala., opened a galling and vigorous fire upon the foe. The cavalry and 32d Tennessee regiment were thrown out to prevent our left flank being turned. The attack commenced at 1 o'clock and continued until 4 p. m., when all the batteries of the enemy were silenced. The enemy then commenced their evacuation when the whole line of our forces advanced into the town, the 32d Alabama leading the column. The enemy left in double quick time and their rear guard was attacked vigorously by Capt. Rice and his gallant little band, which lost in the action one horse. The following is a list of our casualties.

Private B. Shirley, Co. I, 41st Alabama regiment, slightly wounded in the neck.

Private F. M. Hartson, Co. D, 25th Tenn. regiment, wounded in the arm.

Private Wm. Conly, Co. K, 25th Tenn. regiment, wounded in the arm.

Language is inadequate to depict the events of the day. Where there was a much valor and heroism displayed it is difficult to discriminate and award each his need a praise. Col. Talbird and McKinstry of the arrival on the ground, having found that the plans and dispositions of the attack had already been made by Lt. Col. Maury, they generously declined to assume command of the forces. An impartial eye can portray the military skill and general displayed by our gallant commander, Col. Maury, in the harmony, rapidity and totality of the maneuvers of his forces. Like a white plume of Navarre, he was seen every where, inspiring his men in hopeful tones of victory.

Capt. Freeman won the plaudits of all, by the skillful manner in which he handled his battery, and received from the enemy compliments of shell, which however, did not injure his boys. Capt. Dure, and his fine battery was the most timely assistance—great precision of accuracy of firing won for him an enviable position in the contest, and distinguished him as a most capable and energetic officer. Maj. Gunter, and his little band of Partisan Rangers were of valuable assistance in skirmishing.

The officers and men of the 25th Tenn., 32d Ala. 41st Ala. Regiments, acted bravely, and related each other in striking examples of patriotism and bravery. History alone can chronicle their brave deeds. Last, but not least, Capt. Rice and his little band of cavalry—like a stream gliding stealthily though the quiet—was suddenly surprised the enemy's pickets, and again, on their evacuation, like some main torrent, he rushed headlong, with impetuous force, cutting up their rear guard.

Maj. Gordon, Capt. Lewis and Sublt. Lieut. Andrews, aids, rendered valuable assistance in hearing despatches—and behaved very much gallantly. Thus, after a well-contested Stevenson has fallen into our hands with a good deal of property. But the enemy force, so largely superior in numbers to our own, destroyed a large amount of stores before we had an opportunity of capturing and saving them.

Immediately upon taking possession of the place a stirring address was issued by Col. Maury to the troops, congratulating them upon the success of the victory. The effect was exhilarating and inspired our brave men with the determination to follow up our recent victories, or sacrifice our lives upon the altar of our country. Very respectfully,

JOHN L. CHANDLER, Adj. 32d Ala. Vols.

THE FORM OF OATH ADMINISTERED TO NEGRO CONTRABANDS.—The following is a form of oath usually administered to contrabands that come within the Yankee lines at Fort Pickens:

"You, Cleco, do solemnly swear, you will bear true allegiance to the United States; you will take good care of the horses of the mules, and if any of them get away, you will alter them no matter how dark it is, and you will also black boots to the best of your knowledge and belief. So help you God, McDowell."

The gravity of both parties while it is administered, is said to be edifying.







The Family Circle.

The Righteous Never Forsaken.  
Hoot away despair!  
Never yield to sorrow—  
The blackest sky may wear  
A sunny face to-morrow.

It was Saturday night, and the widow of the pine cottage sat by her blazing faggots with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring, by listening to the artlessness of their juvenile prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter; she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amidst the bending pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

The last herring smoked upon the hearth before her; it was the only article of food she possessed; and no wonder her forlorn desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He whose promise is to the widow and the orphan can not forget his word. Many years before her eldest son had left his forest home to try his fortune on the billowy wave—of him she had heard no note or tidings; and in later times Providence had deprived her of the companion and staff of her worldly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of the pine cottage; but as she bent over the fire and took up the last scanty remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind—  
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace.  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.

The smoked herring was scarce laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door and loud barking of a dog attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveller, in tattered garments and apparently in indifferent health, entered and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food. Said he, "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew, as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and share of all she had, she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said he, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

The traveler drew near the board; but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven with astonishment. "And is this all your store?" said he; "and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? Then never saw I charity before! But madam," he continued, do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?" "Ah," said the poor widow, and the tear-drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy a darling son somewhere, on the face of the wide world, unless heaven has taken him away, and I only act towards you as I would that others should act towards him. God who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel; and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and should have provided for him a home even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away?"  
The widow ended, and the stranger,

springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms. "God indeed has provided just such a home for your wandering son, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress. My mother! O my mother!"

It was her long-lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise, that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, indeed beautiful in the valley and the widow lived long with her beautiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty and in the delightful employments of virtue; and at this day, the passer-by is pointed to a luxuriant willow that spreads its branches broad and green above her grave, while he listens to the recital of this simple and homely but not altogether worthless tale.

**Singing in Trouble**  
These men were caught in the street, and thrown into prison, with manacles on their wrists and ankles. They sat there, and talked till about midnight, when they thought they would have a meeting together. It was perfectly dark; and they could not lift their hands, nor walk. There they sat flat on the stones, chained hand and foot.

They thought the would try a hymn; and as they sang, it became a golden key that unlocked their wristlets; that unlocked their fetters; that unlocked everything that confined them. They sang out their manacles, and sang open the door, and sang themselves out of prison, and went on their way rejoicing. Not only that—the jailer and all his family were converted to boot. What a hymn that was! And what is it that made it so powerful? Ah! it was the holy faith of God in those noble hearts. That it was which brought emancipation to the prisoner, and salvation to the prison-keeper.

Now, that you have tried troubles, let me ask you to try a few hymns. Does your house seem gloomy? Then sing in it. Is there any room in your house where, like a foolish man, you got up walked all night because you could not sleep? Sing there. The spirit of care, the spirit of anxiety, the spirit of trouble, cannot stand singing. Sing all the devils out of that room. Is there any place where your burdens are heavy? Sing a hymn in that place. Hymns are levers that will roll off a burden as big as a mountain. Sing on your way rejoicing. Sing every time that you find yourself care ridden or troubled-cantered.

As when men are traveling and become thirsty, they say, "I shall see a rift presently in some rock, where I can scoop up enough water to relieve my want," so in the darkest hour and in the most troublous times, you will find places enough for a hymn to trickle out. Sing yourself out of anxiety and trouble into peace and happiness, as Paul and Silas sung themselves out of prison and captivity into liberty and joy.

**A Good Father.**  
One evening, as the wind was raging and howling with terrible force, shaking the house, and making timid people tremble for fear of fire or other accidents that might befall them, a number of grown persons were complaining of the wakeful and restless nights they had endured during recent winter storms. A little boy who had listened unalarmed, with a sweet beaming trust in his face, said in his turn, "I sleep so well and sound, because I've got such a good father. I know he would not let anything happen to me. If the house should catch on fire, he would take me right up in his arms, and run down stairs with me, and I'd be safe."

This went to my heart, rebuked the fears of those who tremble and toss upon restless pillows, when He who holds the wind in His fist is his Father and friend. The remark of that dear boy has taught me a lesson which I hope to remember. When I go to his bedside, after he has been for hours and see his ruddy cheeks and clustering ringlets, and watch his peaceful, innocent expression, and listen to his gentle breathings, knowing, as well as I do, that he is a timid child, often flying with fear from trifling causes of alarm, then I feel how deep and pervading must be his trust in a fathers loving heart and strong arms to cause such dreamless slumbers amid howling winds and storms. Cannot the experienced Christian learn a lesson from a babe's lips? Ought we not to rest peacefully amid causes of alarm, because we "have got such a good father?"

**Piety in a wife.**  
"That's it, that's it: that's first rate—If I am wild myself, I intend having a pious wife. That's the very first qualification." So spake a wild and thoughtless, though talented and amiable young man. A few of us having met by chance with a friend, on new year's eve, agreed to amuse ourselves for a short time (doubtless we might have been better employed) with the "Book of Fate," as it is called. Various characters, dispositions, qualities, &c., being written down and numbered, each person chooses a number, when the quality attached to it is read out to him. The number which this young man had chosen for the quality of his partner, was piety, which called forth the remark above stated. It struck me as something very strange; and as an opinion, either not generally entertained, or not generally known. This induced me to mention his remark in the presence of another young gentleman, equally regardless of personal religion. He replied that he was not aware that it was avowed openly, but he believed it to be generally entertained by all honorable young men.

And is this the case? and do young ladies know it? Are they aware that when they are exerting all their ingenuity in preparing to shine as the most brilliant stars at the fashionable ball or masquerade, that their more lowly minded friend, who perhaps at that moment is, with a broken heart, before the mercy seat pleading for the salvation of some poor, helpless sinner,—that she, who has received the "blessing of those who were ready to perish," holds a more exalted seat, in the affections even of those who are utterly regardless of religion as it respects themselves?

There is something indescribably lovely in a devotedly pious young lady; something that reminds the soul at once, of those bright angelic spirits which surround the throne of God. That calm serenity and composure—those eyes which beam with looks of holy tenderness and compassion for immortal souls; even the men of the world too well know their true interest to disregard these things. And the remark which another votary of the world made, speaking of the daughters of pleasure, "ah, those girls will do well enough for amusement, but give me a pious wife," is full of truth; and conveys a sentiment which should, as it is no less exalted than true, be engraven as with the point of a diamond, upon every female heart. If there is any difference who should be pious, it should certainly be females; they who hold the destinies of the earth, in its most emphatic sense, should be guided with "wisdom from on high." Ardent piety gives an accomplishment to the most faultless form, which can be furnished from no other source.

It makes a kinder and more affectionate sister; a more devoted and sincere friend; and is everything for a wife. And whilst the brilliant enameling of the coquette may dazzle the beholder for a moment, piety alone can bear the troubles and disappointments of "real life."

**GIVING.**—"I think I am rich enough," said Pope, after his writings became productive, "to give away one hundred pounds a year. I would not crawl on the earth without doing a little good. I will enjoy the pleasure of giving what I leave to give by doing it while I am alive, and seeing others enjoy it. I should be ashamed to have enough for a monument if there was a friend in want above ground."

**How Hopeless!**—"I cannot pray but I sin; I cannot give alms, or receive sacrament, but I sin." Nay, I cannot confess my sins, but my confessions are still aggravations of them. My repentance needs to be repented of; my tears want washing; and the very washing of my tears has need to be washed again in the blood of my Redeemer."—Bishop Beveridge.

**PRIVILEGE OF THE RICH.**—The greatest and most amiable privilege which the enjoy over the poor, is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

**MISSIONARIES TO THE ARMY.**—The Domestic Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention has eight missionaries to the army. Sixteen conversions have been reported as the result of their labors thus far.

A sound head, a simple heart, and a spirit dependent on Christ, will suffice to conduct us in every variety of circumstances.—Cicero.

The Sabbath School.

QUESTIONS FOR OUR SOLEMN CONSIDERATION.

1. Does not the sabbath school improve the personal character, promote general morality, save taxes, preserve peace in a community, and thus deserve the approbation of every good citizen and philanthropist?
2. Is not the labor of Sabbath school instruction such as every Christian pledges himself to engage in by his earliest and warmest vows of consecration to his Redeemer?
3. What is the reflex operation of Sabbath school instruction upon the personal piety of the teachers?
4. Is there Scriptural warrant for, and Scriptural encouragement in, the labor of the Sabbath school? What promises in the Word of God directly encourage Sabbath school teachers to hope for the conversion of their scholars?
5. Do the statistics of the church in this State prove the success of Sabbath schools as an instrumentality from God in the conversion of sinners and the increase of church members?
6. What natural relation is there between Sabbath school instruction and the labors of the Christian ministry?
7. What is the effect of Sabbath school enterprise upon the relations of denominations to each other? Do they promote Christian union?
8. What is the relation of the Sabbath school to family religion?

**THE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST.**—The true knowledge of Christ is an excellent knowledge. The Apostle Paul, who had received "abundance of revelations, and whose judgment in this matter was formed under the special tuition of the Holy Spirit, declares it to be the most excellent knowledge. He says, "Yea, doubtless, I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." When he wrote these words, he would rather have known Christ than to have been rich, or honored, or learned or beloved, or "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," rather than to have had anything or to have been anything which men naturally esteem. Like Mary, he would rather sit at Jesus' feet, and look up at Jesus' face, and learn of Him who is meek and lowly of heart,—he would rather have had "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,"—than to have had any other teacher or any other object of admiration, or the light of any other glory in the universe. "Yea doubtless," even the splendors of the golden city are nothing to him; and the glories of archangels, nothing; and the fellowship and melody of his fellow-martyrs, nothing; and his own crown of glory, nothing; and thrones, and dominions, and principalities and powers, nothing, except as "Christ is all and in all."—Upon every face and diadem; upon every precious stone; upon every mansion, and arbor, and fountain in the new Jerusalem there is some testimony of Jesus. All things there are bright and beautiful only because "the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." And thus the knowledge of Christ is the charm of heaven; the key of its beauties; the secret of its holiness, of its harmony, its fellowship, of its happiness.—*Lessons at the Cross.*

**Anecdote**  
A poor Indian, relates the late Dr. Spencer of Brooklyn, of whom I once had some knowledge, who had been a very wicked man, but who had become pious, was desirous to give some account of his conversion—to tell how it was that he had been led to his hope in Christ. He described it in this way, taking his figures from his way of life as he had been accustomed to chase the deer and the bear, over mountains and morasses:—"I was in the mud," said he; "I tried to get out; and I could not. I tried the harder; and the harder I tried, the faster I sunk. I found I must put forth all my strength; but I went down deeper, and deeper, and deeper. I found I was going all over in the mire; I gave the death-yell, and found myself in the arms of Jesus Christ." Admirable picture of the fruitlessness of all our efforts to save ourselves! How slow we are in learning that all human expedients to extricate ourselves are utterly vain! but no sooner is this discovery made, than the arms of Jesus are open to receive us.

There is but one step out of self into Christ. As soon as, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" bursts from the convicted and anguished soul, and the eye of faith is fixed upon Christ, the cry of deepest distress is immediately changed into "Thanks be unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord!" (Rom. vii.)

DR. LITTLE'S VERMIFUGE.

In LARGE BOTTLES and Vials.  
Nothing else is required to relieve children of worms; and besides being one of the cheapest and best Vermifuges ever offered to the public, its frequent use in families will save much trouble and expense, as well as the lives of many children—eight out of every ten cases generally require it.

**A CARD.**  
DR. J. B. BORMAN having extensively used LITTLE'S VERMIFUGE, takes pleasure in saying it is the most valuable remedy for children's WORMS he ever knew. A dollar bottle is quite sufficient for 25 cases.  
BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 3, 1860.

**LITTLE'S ANODYNE COUGH DROPS.**  
A certain cure for Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, and all Croup, Whooping Cough, etc., among children.

This is a pleasant medicine to take, producing immediate relief, and in nine out of ten cases a prompt cure. It cures the most distressing Coughs, whooping Coughs and Irritation of the Lungs of any remedy known, often stopping the most violent in a few hours, or at most in a day or two. Many cases thought to be decidedly consumptive, have been promptly cured by using a few bottles. As anodyne expectorant, without sedative or bowels, it stands paramount to all cough mixtures.

**LITTLE'S FRENCH MIXTURE.**  
This is prepared from a French Recipe (in the form of No. 1 and 2; the first for the acute, and No. 2 for the chronic stage), and from its unexampled success is likely to supersede every other remedy for the cure of diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Gonorrhea, Rheumatism, and Leucorrhoea or Fluor Albus affections. This extensive compound combines properties totally different in base and character from any thing to be found in the United States Pharmacopoeia, and in point of safety and efficacy is unrivalled in America.

**LITTLE'S RINGWORM & TETTER OINTMENT.**  
FOR THE SKIN.  
Hundreds of cases of Chronic Tetter, Scald Head, and disease of the skin generally, have been cured by this remedy; and since the introduction of the No. 2 preparation (being stronger) scarcely a case has been found that it will not effectually eradicate in a short time. For the cure of Cancerous Sores and Ulcers it is applied in the form of plaster, and is almost infallible.

In more than two hundred places in Georgia, and in the Southern States, they are to be had; and as they are sent about who are consulting their remedies, by pointing off their own or something else, by using the name or initials of the proprietor, it is requested that the patient be careful of the day, let all be cautioned to look well for the signature of the Proprietor, thus—

*Wm. J. Little*  
and also his name blown into the glass of each bottle.  
All orders and letters to be addressed to

**LITTLE & BRO.,**  
Wholesale Druggists, Macon, Ga.  
Solely by Dr. J. S. THOMAS and C. FORTY, Tuskegee, HUNTER and WILLIAMS, LE GRAND, ROBERTS & HALL, Montgomery; FLEMING and CARTER, J. A. WHITEHEAD & Co., Columbus, Ga.; and Merchants and Druggists generally. May 10, 1860. 2-ly

**NOTICE.**  
LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of L. ANSELM TATUM, deceased, having been granted to me by the Probate Court of Macon county, all persons having claims against said estate, must present them within the time required by law, or they will be barred.  
JULY 24, 1862. MENEFEE TATUM, Admr.

**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.  
JULY 24, 1862. O. R. O'NEAL, Admr.

**NOTICE.**  
LETTERS of Administration on the estate of L. TERESA NOLLS, deceased, having been granted to me by the Probate Court of Macon county, on the 14th day of July 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.  
JULY 24, 1862. HOWELL HODGES, Admr.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**  
LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of ROBERT WOOD, having been granted to the undersigned on the 14th day of June 1862, by the Probate Court of Macon County, all persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them within the time prescribed by law.  
AUGUST 7, 1862. JOSEPH R. WOOD, Administrator.

**NOTICE.**  
I need, having been granted to the undersigned on the 14th day of July 1862, by the Judge of the Probate Court of Russell county, on the estate of SHERIDAN G. HOPKINS, 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.  
JULY 24, 1862-6w MARY E. HOPKINS, Administratrix.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**  
LETTERS testamentary upon the estate of WILLIAM GOODSON, were granted to the undersigned by the Probate Court of Macon County, on the 12th day of August, 1862. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them within the time allowed by law, or that the same will be barred.  
AUG. 12, 1862. 2m A. H. ROWELL, Executor.

**Notice to Creditors.**  
LETTERS of Administration on the estate of THOMAS E. THOMAS, were granted to the undersigned by the Honorable Probate Court of Macon county, on the 14th day of August, 1862. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them within the time prescribed by law or they will be barred.  
AUGUST 14, 1862. 2m MARIA L. THOMAS, Administratrix.

**Notice to Creditors.**  
THE undersigned was appointed Administrator of the estate of DANIEL STURGE, on the 11th day of August 1862, by the Judge of Probate of Russell county. All persons having claims against said estate will present them within the time prescribed by law or they will be barred.  
AUGUST 14, 1862. 2m JOHN W. GRIGGS, Administrator.

**Notice to Creditors.**  
LETTERS of Administration having been granted to the undersigned by the Probate Court of Macon county, Ala., on the 14th day of August 1862, upon the estate of CHARLES HUGELY, late of said county deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them within the time prescribed by law or they will be barred.  
AUGUST 14, 1862. 2m MARGARET HUGELY, Adm'r.

**FOR THE PUBLIC.**  
THIS will notify all concerned, that while I am absent in the Army, that my brother, T. J. RUSSELL, is my legally authorized Agent to transact all business as though I were present. Those having business with me are referred to him.  
JULY 23, 1862. JAMES M. RUSSELL.

HOWARD COLLEGE.

Faculty for the Year 1861-2.

REV. H. TALBIRD, D.D., President and Professor of Moral Science.  
A. B. GOODHUE, A.M., Professor of Mathematics and Nat. Philosophy.  
D. G. SHERMAN, A.M., Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature.  
REV. T. W. TOBEY, A.M., Professor of Intellectual Philosophy.

Professor of Chemistry and Natural History, THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.  
REV. H. TALBIRD, D.D., Prof. of Pastoral Theology & Ecclesial History.  
REV. T. W. TOBEY, A.M., Brown Professor of Systematic Theology.

**THE NEXT SESSION.**  
The next session will open on Tuesday the first day of October, 1861.

In order to meet the exigencies of the time young men and ladies will be admitted to session to pursue an irregular Course of Study, or a Course preparatory to a regular Course, provided the applicant has sufficient maturity and attainments to do so with profit to himself. Daily instruction in Military Tactics, by Drill and Lectures will also be furnished. The present elevated standard in the regular Classical and Scientific Courses will be maintained.

**EXPENSES.**  
Tuition, per term, of 4 1/2 months, in advance ..... \$20 00  
Incidentals ..... 2 00  
Room and Servant ..... 10 00  
Coal, per month, ..... 50 00 to 1 00  
Board, per month, ..... \$12 00 to 14 00  
Washing ..... 1 00

I. W. GARROTT, President Board Trustees.  
J. B. LOVELACE, Secretary.  
Marion, Aug. 29, 1861. 3m

HOWARD COLLEGE.

DEAR SIR:—Your attention is respectfully invited to the following resolution passed by the Board of Trustees of Howard College at their annual meeting, viz:

"Resolved, That the Treasurer of Howard College be authorized to receive the Coupon Bonds of the Confederate States in payment of the Principal of all Subscriptions or Debts due to the Endowment Fund of this College, and that he be instructed, by circular letter and advertisement, to notify the Debtors to the College of this resolution of the Board."

In accordance with my instruction, in the above resolution, I address you this Circular, in the hope that you may find it convenient at an early date to liquidate your indebtedness to the Howard College. Any communication addressed to me at this place will receive attention.

Respectfully yours,  
D. R. LIDE, Treas. H. Col.  
Marion, Ala., Sept. 20, 1861.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

ON Monday 6th January 1862, J. E. PANT will open a School for Boys, in Tuskegee. Only a limited number of pupils can be received, as there will be no Assistant. The Scholastic Year will be divided into three Sessions of Thirteen weeks. Tuition will be at the following rates per Session.

First or Lowest Class ..... \$10 00  
Mental Arithmetic, Primary Geography with Spelling, Reading and Writing ..... 12 00  
Geography, Grammar, (English) Written Arithmetic, Elementary Algebra, Latin commencing at 14 00  
Latin Classics, Algebra, Geometry, History, with any of the above studies ..... 15 00  
Higher Mathematics, Physical Sciences, Latin, Greek or French ..... 20 00

Parents and Guardians will confer a favor by making application for admission into the School previous to the commencement of the Session.  
Tuskegee, Ala., Dec. 26, 1861. 1f

Enfauila Female Institute.

REV. GEORGE Y. BROWNE, A.M., for 12 years President of Georgia Female College, having removed to Enfaula, Ala., will open a private Seminary for Young Ladies under the above name.

Near twenty years of experience in the School room, and the good measure of success that has attended his efforts, enable him to offer to the public whatever of advantage such experience may give.  
The Spring Term commences on the first Monday in January and ends on the first Thursday in July.  
The Course of Study is so extensive that graduates of colleges may here pursue additional studies with advantage. The expenses are not materially different from those customary in other schools of high order.  
Further information may be obtained by addressing  
GEORGE Y. BROWNE, Principal, Enfaula, Ala. Jan. 9, 1862.

Medical College of Georgia, AT AUGUSTA.

THE Thirtieth Session of this Institution will open on Monday, the 4th November next.  
Anatomy, H. F. GARVIN, M.D.  
Surgery, A. D. WOOD, M.D.  
Chemistry, JOSEPH JONES, M.D.  
Medical Botany and Therapeutics, I. F. GARVIN, M.D.  
Medicines and Practice, L. D. FORT, M.D.  
Physiology, H. V. M. MILLER, M.D.  
Obstetrics, J. A. EYE, M.D.  
Adjunct Professor of Obstetrics, M.D. W. H. DOUGLASS, M.D., Clinical Lecturer at City Hospital.

S. B. EDMONDS, M.D., Prospective to Professor of Anatomy.  
E. W. D. FORD, M.D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.  
Lectures, (full course) \$105.  
Matriculation Fee, \$5.  
The College building has been thoroughly renovated, and many additions made to former facilities for instruction.  
I. F. GARVIN, Dean.  
September 10, 1861. 6m

NO TASTE OF MEDICINE!

Children dying right and left!  
Mothers not more infants kill!  
Know that worms more infants kill!  
Than any other cause of death!  
But the Vermifuge will save  
Your pale darlings from the grave.

MOTHER, MAKE YOUR CHOICE.—Shall the Child die, or the Worms? Remember, a few doses of Bryan's Tasteless Vermifuge will destroy any number of worms, and bring them away without pain. Price 25 cents. (Genuine) Noted Proprietor, 15 Beekman Street, New York.  
Solely by JOHN W. GRIGGS, Tuskegee, Ala. July 26, 1860. 1y

MACON HOUSE, SEBIMA, ALA.

(Heretofore known as Stone's Hotel.)  
THE PROPRIETOR of this justly popular and well-known Hotel takes great pleasure in inviting the attention of the traveling public to the same. He has newly fitted and furnished it, and feels well assured that those who favor him with their patronage, will find the comfort and convenience usually met with at first-class Hotels.  
J. E. J. MACON, Proprietor.  
Nov. 17, 1860.

NEW BOOKS.

EL FUREIDIS, by the author of The Lamp-lighter. My Thirty Years' Out of the Senses, by Major Jack Downing.  
The Marble Faun, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Rutledge, a novel of deep interest.  
Tales of Married Life, by T. S. Arthur.  
The Halls of Good Society, a hand-book for ladies.  
The Private Correspondence of Alexander Von Humboldt. The Mill on the Floss, by the author of Adam Bede.  
A Life for a Life, by the author of John Halifax.  
Art Recollections.  
Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, by E. G. Parker. Tinsley Hall, by Theo. Hood.  
Mary Barton, by the authoress of The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. And many other books, just received and for sale by  
S. H. DAY, Montgomery. No. 20 Market-st. July 3, 1860.