

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

S. HENDERSON, EDITOR.
A. J. BATTLE, EDITOR.

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

\$2 per Annum, Invariably in Advance.

VOL. 14—NO. 20

TUSKEGEE, ALA., THURSDAY, OCT. 9, 1862.

50 NOS. IN A VOLUME.

The South Western Baptist.
A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
HENDERSON & BATTLE,
PROPRIETORS.

For the South Western Baptist.
The Right Woman in the Right Place.

MESSESS EDITORS: It has been my happiness to see a number of letters from a lady, Mrs. C. E. Mays, connected with one of the Hospitals in the city of Richmond, all of them breathing a spirit of such deep and ardent devotion to the interests, temporal and spiritual, of our sick soldiers, as has filled me with gratitude to God that he has put it into the hearts of our ladies to devote their time and energies to this most worthy work. The last letter I have had the pleasure of reading from this lady, struck me so forcibly that I suggested to the brother to whose wife they were written, the propriety of furnishing a few extracts for publication, and at his request I copy them for your paper.

She seems to adopt every one of the sick: especially those under her own immediate charge; Speaking of them habitually as "my boys," or "my dear boys." In one place she thus writes: "I thank you for your kind remembrance of my boys in your prayers, and have faith to believe that our united prayers on their behalf will be answered in their salvation. Let us, then, persevere and constantly agonize for them, knowing that in due time we shall reap if we faint not. Let us then remember, 'Though sundered far by faith we meet—Around one common mercy seat.'"

Again she says: "I must trespass further upon your kindness by asking an interest in your prayers for me personally, that I may be faithful to all committed to my charge and to my God. You have no idea what a weight of responsibility I feel resting upon me, when I look at all these poor sick and suffering ones, and feel that possibly the blood of one may be required at my hands. I am sometimes to shrink from it, and the Tempter whispers, 'Let them alone,' then I hear another saying in whispers of love, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of my disciples ye did it unto me,' and I say, 'Get thee behind me Satan, and go on, every moment, seeking fresh supplies of grace and strength to enable me to know and do my whole duty.'"

In another place she says: "Our wounded who survive, are doing very well; quite a number have died and gone to judgment: Only think! gone to judgment! there to give an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be evil. Oh! tis sad to think that possibly some are shut up in everlasting burning. What a fearful account will Lincoln have to give in that great day when the blood of so many will be required at his hands. God grant him repentance and a new heart before it is too late."

Again she says: "I must tell you, if you will bear with me, of another case (she had mentioned an interesting and affecting case of a young man which I have omitted for fear of making this article too long.) A young man who came here two weeks ago in the last state of consumption. On my first interview with him he said he was not a sinner, but a Christian. I asked him on what he grounded his hope. He answered by saying that he had never done any one any harm and never cursed or swore. I told him this was good as far as it went, but, said I, have you ever been born again? He answered, 'No.' He said, 'I was baptized, but I never felt that I was a sinner, and I never felt that I was a Christian.' I pointed him to Jesus, the Savior of sinners, and he promised me that he would cry to God in earnest to have mercy on him. He asked me to pray with him, which he said he felt as he had never done. He had found the Lord and exhorted all around him not to put off repentance until they come to a Sick bed, reading these and many other sim-

lar remarks, I could not but feel deeply impressed with the sentiments above expressed that it certainly was the "right woman in the right place. Oh, what an unspeakable blessing have the females, the wives, the mothers, the sisters, and the daughters of the Confederate States been to us in this fearful struggle for liberty, civil and religious. Under God I feel that they have been to us the right hram of our power.

Yours truly,
C. F. STURGES.

For the South Western Baptist.
Singular Prophecy.

MESSESS EDITORS: As the whole Christian world just at this time is on tip-toe in regard to the fulfillment of prophecy, permit me, through the medium of your valuable paper, to give your readers a short account of a prophecy and its fulfillment, made three arse ago, as it were, by a babe and suckling.

Many of your readers doubtless well remember the remarkable Phenomenon which appeared in the heavens one night in the summer of 1859, called by astronomers the Aurora Borealis, and satisfactorily accounted for by the learned, but not to my mind. An old lady, acquaintance of my better half, who was generally regarded in the settlement as a half cracked old being, saw during the exhibition of that singular Phenomenon, three swords plainly defined in the elements. The first one came from the North, which was very soon met by one from the South, and after apparently clashing together for some considerable time, and much streaming of blood, (as she imagined) one arose in the East, advanced and seemed to join in the general melee, but very soon thereafter they all ceased and retired to their respective sections. She also saw a large cross, which she knew to be the cross of Christ, and plainly saw that the sword which hung nearest the cross was most successful. The next morning she made the following prediction: "That there would be war in less than three years, that there would be more blood shed, wailing and mourning in the world, than ever was known before from one war, and that three nations would become involved before it ended." Now you may call this superstition, or whatever you please, but where is the prophecy or prediction of any of the nobles of our land that has been half so nearly fulfilled as this. Even the great Mr. Yancy, of whom Alabama has reason to be proud, predicted that this would be a bloodless war on the part of the South, that England and France would fight our battles for our cotton, &c.,—but to my story. The two swords have met, the scene is before us, I need not recount them, they are familiar to all; besides the sufferings and woe, and the many thousands of lacerated and bleeding hearts in our own land. Look abroad if you please at the starving millions of Europe in consequence of this unholy war, it affects not only the two nations engaged, but almost the entire world.

Then that cross seen by the good old lady, how singularly true is the prediction that, when, as a nation of Christians, we have clung to it, our armies have been most successful is a fact, patent to all Christian observers. On the other hand when we have become flushed by a few victories, we have I fear neglected our closets, neglected the prayer meetings, put our dependence in our soldiers and the skill and management of our great generals, then it is that our armies have suffered defeat. Peter like, we have taken our eyes off the cross, looked at ourselves and began to sink. O! that Christians throughout our beloved South would remember that to obtain the blessing, we must seek it. God is a jealous God, and will be sought unto for his blessings: Ministers urge this fact upon your hearers, Editors urge it upon your readers. Do not our recent victories call for one general outburst of thanks-giving from every truly Southern heart. Then let us bring all the tithes into the store house of the Lord and see if he will not pour us out a blessing that we

shall not be able to contain it."

We have now seen, as I think, that three of the predictions of the old prophets have been fulfilled to the letter. And now for the last prediction, the third sword, which is yet to be fulfilled. How it will come, when, and from what nation, I will not pretend to say, but that it will come, your humble servant as firmly believes as that the others have come.

Even now methinks I can see a glimmering of the harbinger of that sword, but as every observant of passing events, has, perhaps, an opinion of their own in regard to foreign intervention, we will leave them for the present in the undisturbed possession of that opinion, with the simple admonition, that we should place our entire confidence, for deliverance from our enemies, and ultimate success for independence, not upon foreign intervention, but in the supreme Ruler of the universe and our own strong arm.

And now gentle reader when you see these things, the third sword, know that the end of this unholy war is nigh, even at your doors. BUTLER.

Concern for Others.

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvass shelter on a deck almost level with the sea suggested the idea that there might be life on board. With all his faults, no man is more alive to humanity than the rough and hardy mariner; and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men through the swell of a roaring sea; they reach it; they shout; and now a strange object rolls out of that canvass screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat, it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather around it; it shows signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves, and then mutters—mutter in a deep, sepulchral voice—"There is another man." Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another. O! learn that blessed lesson. Be daily practising it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends, in this wreck of a world which is drifting down to ruin, there lives an unconquered one, there is "another man"; let us go to that man, and plead for Christ; go to Christ and plead for that man, the cry, "Lord save me, I perish!" changed into one as welcome to a Saviour's ear, "Lord, save them, they perish!" —Dr. Cuthrie.

Don't be Hasty.

1. Because you will be likely to treat quite lightly two very good friends of yours, Reason and Conscience, who will not have a chance to speak.
2. Because you will have to travel over the same ground in company with one Sober Second Thought, who will be more likely to have with him a whip of scorpions than a bunch of flowers.
3. Because the words or actions involved in it are more likely than otherwise to be misunderstood, and therefore to be severely judged.
4. Because this is one way to please and give great advantage to a great enemy of yours, and powerful enough to be called, "the Prince of this World," and who has caught more people than can be counted in this way.
5. Because in so doing are you likely to be a fellow-traveler in such company as follows: "He that is hasty with his feet sinneth." "He that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly." "Seest thou a man hasty in words? there is more hope of a fool than of him." "The thoughts of every one that is hasty tend only to want."
6. Because such a fire may be kindled that it cannot be put out even by all the water a whole engine company can throw, with Second Thought for their captain. —Ecang.

"Blessed is the Man that Endureth Temptation."

A few evenings since, as a gentleman, residing in this city, was about entering a woodshed attached to his residence, his attention was arrested by the sound of a noise within. He paused, and looking through the half open door, beheld, standing before his wood-pile, a poor, thinly clad woman, whom he recognized as one who at various times had been temporarily employed about the house. One of her arms was filled with wood taken from the pile, and in her hand she had another stick, as if undecided whether to place it with the others, or throw it upon the floor. As she stood thus hesitating, the feelings which agitated her bosom found utterance in words. She spoke aloud to herself:

"I know it is wrong," said she, "to take this wood. O, what shall I do! Must I go home to our cold rooms to-night, and see the children shivering and freezing, without one chip to make a fire! It is wicked for me to steal it, but—my baby! The family are rich, and will never miss this armful; but then they have always been kind to me. No I cannot, will not rob them."

Here the poor woman threw down the wood; but she turned not away from the spot—standing there, as if yet irresolute whether or not to yield to temptation. Finally, the thoughts of the comfort which so slight a theft would ensure to her family, decided her mind, and again she commenced picking up the sticks, still talking to herself, and endeavoring to excuse the deed. "They will never miss it," she said: "It can do no harm to them, and oh, how much good it will do my poor children! Nobody sees me, and it will never be found out. Yes, nobody sees! break his commandment? Shall I steal for me, nobody,—but God! Shall I dare to do the first time in my life? No, no, it is too wicked; I cannot do it." Here her feelings overpowered her, and she burst into an agony of tears, throwing down the wood again.

But she still hesitated. The thoughts of the loved little ones suffering through the long hours of that arctic night, still held possession of her breast and once more she began to gather up the wood. The tempter had prevailed again for the moment over the monitions of the pure spirit, which strove to restrain her from the contemplated sin. "I must I must," she cried: "I do it to save their lives. God forgive me, I know it is wrong. But—but—this wood would keep them warm and comfortable. I have no money to buy, and I must take this. The family that I rob are rich; and I am poor. They have enough to eat, and clothes and fuel to keep themselves warm. And I am without money, food or wood." But then to take it would be stealing—stealing—stealing; and I will not become a thief!

So saying she flung down her load for the third time, and turning hurriedly away, as if she dared not trust herself to look at it again, fled from the building, and plunged into the cold icy air of the street. It is unnecessary to add that the gentleman who, unobserved, had witnessed the conflict between good and evil in her breast, and the triumph of the former, hastened to relieve her necessities. Her little ones were not allowed to suffer from cold. Her baby did not perish, and she had occasion to bless the hour in which she resisted so fearful an incentive to crime.

This little incident is illustrative of the temptations which beset the path of the poor. It shows how much more difficult it is for a poor man to be upright, in the common acceptance of the term, than for the rich man. Are there not many wealthy and respected men in our community, who if placed by reverse fortune in the position of the poor woman, could not have resisted the temptation to steal the armful of wood rather than subject to the stern realities of cold and suffering a young and tender family? The honest poor man deserves more credit for his integrity than the honest millionaire who is not called upon to resist

temptations. If the poor man's feelings gain for a moment the mastery, and silence the voice of conscience, and if, during that moment of sore temptation, he takes a loaf of bread or an armful of wood belonging to another, he becomes a thief.—If he is discovered, and man is not charitable, he becomes [an outcast and a criminal. God pity him! then! —Portfolio.

A Blessed Promise.

"Fear not thou: for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee, I will help thee: yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." What a beautiful specimen of sacred rhetoric! What a powerful specimen of sacred eloquence! I have often used it at the bedside of the dying. It is equally in place in the assemblies of the living. Behold—thou timid one—the Divine gradation! Men tell thee to fear: but I say—Fear thou not! Dost thou ask me why? For I am with thee! But men repeat their caution, and urge thee to be dismayed! Still heed them not! For I say unto thee be not dismayed! Dost thou ask me who I am? that I give thee such counsel? For I am thy God? Does this announcement overcome thee? And art thou unable to inquire further? Then listen: be comforted, and reassured. Thou art weak: but—I will strengthen thee! True, with all the strength I can impart to such a nature as thine, thou wilt yet need help. What then? Yea—I will help thee! True, with all the help I can render to such a nature, in such a condition as thine, thou wilt still be liable to be cast down. Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness! My right hand is the symbol of omnipotence; and my righteousness is unimpeachable and eternal. The power that sustains the universe, is pledged to support thee; and the righteousness that governs the universe, has sealed the pledge!

All Work not Worship.

Some who see in our times the need and force of activity, but who exaggerate its importance, have said most strangely, "Work is work," as if all action were alike honorably and holy, and as if God asked no other homage from his creatures than their intense exertions, no matter what the motive that actuated, or the service that enlisted these their efforts. Were this so, it would seem that the world had been hitherto greatly mistaken, and the Bible and Sabbath would be shown to be, each of them, a grand impertinence in requiring worship of far other kind.—But look at the consequence of this strange gospel of work. If all labor have thus its necessary, and inseparable sanctity, and this be the only true religion, the press that in earlier years labelled Washington, and that in our times prints so much of falsehood, corruption, and blasphemy, is worshipping thereby, quite as much when repeating Voltaire and Paine, as if it were stamping Bibles. Then Guy Fawkes, storing busily his powder in underground vaults for the murderous extermination of an entire senate; and a Brinvilliers, sedulously concocting poisons for the removal of her unconscious friends and kindred from the path of her envy, her revenge of her covetousness, the pirate, who sharpens his boarding pike for the crew of the peaceful merchantman desecrated on the horizon; the persecutor, twirling with patient energy the thumb-screw to overcome the bigoted constancy of some poor Bible-thumping Covenanters and the inquisitor, straining with his utmost strength, and to its uttermost tensions, the rack that fails to subdue the obstinacy of his heretic victim; the crowd who flung stones on the dying, praying protomartyr Stephen, till perchance they saw his brains gushing forth on the ground; and the soldiers who buffeted and scourged your Redeemer—are to be regarded, one and all, as godly personages, worshipping fervently and acceptably while so laboriously working. Face the just conclusions of this bold axiom as it may bear on your own personal interests, and the counterfeiter who has been at such pains closely to imitate your signature and the dexterous burglar who is getting his tools ready for the door of your warehouse; and the dishonest clerk,

so assiduous in fitting false keys to your safe, and in adjusting false entries on your ledger, are each and all very pious because very busy men. All work worship! If it be so, you have no right to confine the advantage and glory of the principle to your own race, and to this pretty globe. That ancient and dexterous Worker, of sleepless energy, of such iron, unrelenting diligence, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour, is by this rule but an untiring worshiper, and his restless circuit of temptation, desolating, and perdition, is but one long and far drawn pilgrimage of devotedest adoration—an orbit of rapt piety revolving near the throne. Not so; God forbid! If all toil to devotion, hell and heaven have but one litany between them.—Dr. Williams.

What is it to Die?

"How hard it is to die!" remarked a friend to an expiring believer. "O no, no!" he replied; "easy dying, blessed dying, glorious dying!" Looking up at the clock, he said, "I have experienced more happiness in dying, two hours this day, than in my whole life. It is worth a whole life to have such an end as this. O, I never thought that such a poor worm as I could come to such a glorious death!"

Chrysostom, when banished, said to a friend, "You now begin to lament my banishment, but I have done so for a long time; for since I knew that heaven is my country, I have esteemed the whole earth a place of exile. Constantinople, whence I am expelled, is as far from Paradise as the desert, whether they send me."

A few moments before he expired, Edmund Augé said to a friend, "Do you see that blessed assembly who await my arrival? Do you hear that sweet music with which those holy men invite me, that I may henceforth be a partaker of their happiness? How delightful is it to be in the society of blessed spirits! Let us go. We must go. O, death! where is thy sting?"

What is it to die? To believers, it is to drop the body of this death, and put on a joyous immortality; to pass from darkness to everlasting sunlight; to cease dreaming and commence a waking existence; yes, to awake in the likeness of God—satisfied, fully and forever satisfied.

What is it to die? To feel the last pang, to shed the last tear, to raise the shield of faith against Satan's last dart! It is to go home to God; to open the eyes on the enthroned Mediator; to close the ears upon all discords, all sounds of woe, all the falsehoods, the maledictions, the blasphemies of earth, and open them to the harmonies of heaven.

What is it to die? It is to stop surviving, to cease grieving the Spirit and grieving the Saviour, to close up the inconsistencies of terrestrial profession and commence a forever blameless life in bliss.

What is it to die? To lean on the Almighty for a few steps down a narrow valley; to step out of Jordan on the borders of the better land; to pass up to the New Jerusalem; to enter by one of those gates of pearl into the city; to have ten thousand angels come and utter their cordial welcome; to see—O, let me die the death of the righteous! to see the Saviour smile benignantly, and to hear him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" That is to die.—The Better Land.

All good to the Christian.

Every positive good belongs to the Christian. The gifts of God strewed so thickly around us are to be used. The Christian has a higher enjoyment of these things indeed than others, because he mingles thankfulness with them as gifts of God. He has a higher enjoyment of nature, as the work of God. He makes nature the symbol and song, the expression of higher, more joyful emotions, than the mere man of the world knows. While others appreciate the poetry of the common sentiment of life he rises to that which came from prophets and holy men, and expresses the deepest religious emotions of the soul. He has a purer and better enjoyment of social life than others have. Then he throws over all the hues of immortality. To him the landscape scene stands dressed in living green. The Christian heart is like a lake in the midst of mountains. Every pleasant image of earth and all the broad expanse of heaven, lie mirrored in its sleeping depths. The present and the temporal not only are there, but the eternal; and the light from heaven bathes all the scene. There are joys in the Christian's heart deeper than any reflections, though they be mountain peaks of earthly delights.—The Pacific.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.:
Thursday, Oct. 9, 1862.

AGENTS.

B. B. Davis, of the "Book Emporium," Montgomery, Ala., is our authorized Agent, to receive subscriptions and dues for our paper.

Accounts sent by Mail.

In view of the high rates of Postage, the expensiveness of paper &c., and the low rate of our subscription price, we have decided to add the charge for postage to all accounts sent from this office by mail.

Alabama Baptist Convention.

In the absence of the President, Dr. Talbird, it becomes my duty to announce that the next session of this body will be held with the Selma Baptist Church, beginning on Friday the 7th of November, 1862. It was appointed to be held with the Tuskegeese Church, but owing to the inconvenience of reaching that point, together with the present condition of the country, the Board of Directors, at the instance of many brethren, and with the mutual consent of the Tuskegeese and Selma churches, recently adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the place of holding the next session of the Alabama Baptist State Convention be and is hereby changed from Tuskegeese to Selma."

A. B. GOODRICH, Sec'y.

As I have not a minute of the last session at hand, I cannot state who are to preach the regular Convention sermons.

SAM'L HENDERSON
1st V. Pres't.

Another Proclamation from King Abraham.

The Washington despot has at last developed the true policy of his party. He has issued a proclamation declaring all the slaves of the "rebel States" free on the 1st day of January next. It is true it has produced a little rustling among his subjects; but this is only momentary. They will all swallow it, and any thing else which can emanate from that source. Well, this is just what his Generals and "Military Governors" have been doing from the start; and the proclamation can do nothing more. It will be executed just within the lines of his army—no where else. It has not produced a rifle upon the wave in the "rebel States." Its only effect will be to unite Kentucky and Missouri under "the stars and bars."

Abraham is great on proclamations. His distinct historical sobriquet will doubtless be "the man of proclamations." But somehow or other, his proclamations always act upon the principle of *inertia*. A somewhat eccentric minister once undertook to explain the short sighted policy of the devil in some recent development, in which he said that the prince of darkness sometimes turned the wrong end of the gun to his shoulder when he fired. We are strongly inclined to the opinion that Abraham the 1st has perpetrated a similar folly in most of his proclamations. At all events, we think he will find that the Southern people, like lady Huntingdon we believe it was, born were before nerves become fashionable. They have been listening to his bogus thunder long enough to bear the last explosion with some degree of composure.

Acknowledgments.

We are again indebted to Rev. W. Jacob Parker for eight more new subscribers, and the subscription money for two others—all of which has been duly received.

We also tender our acknowledgments to the Rev. E. W. Henderson, C. C. Smith and L. B. Brown of this State, and brother E. E. Haralson, of Miss., for valuable services rendered, both in the collection of former dues, and in forwarding many new subscribers. We would inform bro. L. B. Brown that we never received any letter, to the best of our recollection, from the brother to whom he refers, and hence are not censurable for not answering it.—We assure that brother that due attention is paid to all communications addressed to the office.

The Confederate Baptist.

The first member of this paper has just been received, the Prospectus of which we published a few weeks since. It is a neatly printed sheet, of medium size, and edited with distinguished ability by Dr. J. L. Reynolds and the Rev. J. M. C. Breaker. It is issued from Columbia, S. C. We hail its advent at this time as an able conditor in the great work of sustaining and promoting the cause of the Redeemer and the cause of our bleeding and struggling country through the fiery ordeal. Next week we shall present some extracts from its editorial columns, which strike as us possessing singular and peculiar merit. Both of its editors are known as writers of the first ability. Surely the Baptist of South Carolina, nay, the Baptists of the Confederate States, will not allow a paper of such promise to fail.

Operations of Gen. Bragg's Army.

The most that has been accomplished by the army under Gen. Bragg up to this date, so far as we can learn, has been achieved by strategy. By a bold flank movement, Bragg has succeeded in relieving North Alabama, the larger portion of Tennessee and Kentucky, and if accounts from the latter States are to be credited, his effective force has been increased at least one-third, besides the most ample provisions for the army. No movement of this war has secured any thing like such results. In addition to this, he has gained one victory at Mumfordsville, Ky., and taken in all something like eight or nine thousand Federal prisoners. If this is not enough to stamp him one of the first Generals of the age, we know not what could. All this has been accomplished with a loss of less than four or five hundred, if we except some of his sick that were captured at Glasgow, Ky.

That he is equal to the task of effecting the entire release of Tennessee and Kentucky, and ultimately of Missouri, we do verily believe. His powers of combination, strategy, and invincible courage, qualify him to accomplish any thing that falls to the lot of human agency. In the discipline of the army which he found in a state of almost hopeless disorganization, he has had to resort to some severe and perhaps questionable measures. But he has patiently pursued his policy, without pausing to answer the many unkind criticisms he has provoked, until he has to-day the best disciplined and the most effective army that were ever marshalled on this continent. We have watched his movements with intense solicitude, and have read every thing *pro* and *con* which has appeared in the public prints in regard to his character as a man and his movements as a general, and this is our conclusion, that a general more eminently fitted for the place could not have been selected from the whole Southern Confederacy. And without pretending to be a prophet or the son of a prophet, thus much we are willing to place upon record, that in our opinion when this war ends should General Bragg serve it, no general in the service will come out of it with a cleaner and a more brilliant record.

Battles of Boonsboro and Sharpsburg, Md.

[Letters from those who participated in these bloody battles will no doubt be read with deep interest by all. On this account, we take the liberty of publishing the following from a dear son, a member of the old 12th Ala. Reg. belonging to General D. H. Hill's Division. Though not intended for publication, we trust its contents will not be uninteresting.—S. H.]

BIVOUAC CAMP NEAR MARTINSBURG, VA., Sept. 21st, 1862.

DEAR FATHER: To-day, (Sunday), is the first time since I wrote to you from Frederick city, Md., under date of Sept. 7th, I have had an opportunity of writing. I am well at present, and thank my God unhurt in the recent battles.—You have doubtless heard from the papers all the particulars of the Maryland campaign. I will, however, give you an account of the part acted by our Brigade, [Rhodes].

We left Frederick city about the 10th or 11th of Sept., and marched to Boonsboro, in Washington county, I think. We remained there, or a part of our Division, and some other troops, some three or four days, in order to hold the Gap of the mountain, situated half way between Boonsboro' and Middletown, to prevent McClellan from reinforcing the [Federal] troops at Harpers Ferry, while Jackson reduced that place.—Though our left flank was turned, and our wounded and some few small arms were left in the hands of the enemy, on account of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, we still accomplished our object, and Harpers Ferry was taken.

I will, however, speak more minutely of the part taken by our Regiment.—We left our camp back of Boonsboro' early Sunday morning, and marched up to the Gap, and were placed in line of battle, but changed our position several times before the battle commenced, which was about 4 o'clock Sunday evening. I was detailed to go out skirmishing. I went a hundred yards or so in front of the line to watch the movements of the Yankees, who were in fair view in the plain below. Their skirmishers advanced on us, and sent us a volley, which we returned. We fired several volleys into them, and they into us. I do not know whether I hit any body; but I took as deliberate aim as if I had been shooting at squirrels, and that with a minnie musket at very good range.

Finding the battle about to become general, and seeing that nearly all the rest of our skirmishers had gone back, I thought it best to return to the Regiment; but on going back, I found it had changed its position, and I had some difficulty in finding it, which I

did not do until the battle had waxed hot. I got with the 3rd Ala. Regiment, and fired a few rounds, when I saw Lieut. Fletcher of our company, and went with him to hunt the Regiment, which I found just as the enemy were advancing on their position, which was the left of the Brigade. We were behind a pile of rocks, and had a splendid chance at them, and we piled them by scores, but were outflanked, and about to be surrounded, and had to retreat. Lieut. Park is missing, supposed to be killed, so is Dan. Oswald—A. A. way and Kesferson supposed to be prisoners—Azariah Howard and Patterson wounded.

That night we left the Gap and marched about Sharpsburg, which we reached about sunrise next morning, and rested during most of the day.—About 2 o'clock, P. M., we marched out into a field in front of the village and formed in line of battle, and remained there that evening and all next day, they meanwhile shelling us and we them.

The next night (Tuesday), I was on guard, and remained there until morning, when I was relieved. About an hour by sun, the battle commenced on our left. After fighting had been going on an hour or so, we were ordered to change our position so as to support our left, which was badly up. We took position in an old road deeply worn, thus making a tolerable breast-work. When the enemy advanced against us, we waited until they got in forty yards of us, when we poured such a deadly volley into them, that they fell back in disorder. We afterwards charged them, but our right wing did not sustain us, and we fell back.—In that charge, we saw the effect of our first volley, and we think that our Regiment killed and wounded more in that single volley than they did of us all day together.

For some cause, we were ordered to fall back, and we formed again behind a stone fence, and advanced again on the enemy in another position; but they were too strong for us, and we fell back again. Later in the day in the evening, another column advanced on us, but we cut it all to pieces. I had my Bible in my right breast pocket, and a ball struck it and bounced back. It would have made a severe wound, but for the Bible.

We were in line of battle all next day, but there was no fighting. You know the general details and results of the battle better than I do. That night we crossed the Potomac.

Thus have I recently been in two hot battles, and I thank God, and want you to thank Him for me—I am unhurt. Casualties in our company (Macon Confederates) in the Wednesday's (Sharpsburg) battles: Killed—Lieut. Fletcher and Corp. Nuckolls. Wounded—Corp. Wilkerson, Privates Nobles, Manning and Eason.

I wish I could give you my full experience in the recent fights and marches; but there is so much of it, I can't put it all in a letter.

Your affectionate son

FULLER.

We are placed in receipt of a box expressed to us by Prof. W. S. Barton, of Montgomery, containing sundry specimens of "Improved non-corrosive Confederate Writing Fluid," which we are now using, and can testify that it is a most excellent article. For sale by him at the "Teacher's Exchange, Montgomery, Ala." He also sends us some very superior envelopes which he is manufacturing, and which he keeps on hand for sale at the same place. Success to his enterprise.

For the South Western Baptist.

BURNETT COOK, CORNECUT CO., ALA.,
Sept. 26th, 1862.

MESSES, EDITORS: Yesterday I closed a meeting of eight days, with the Arkadelphia Baptist Church. The meeting was one of much interest. It has pleased God to visit this church again, with the outpouring of His Holy Spirit. Many have been shown the error of their way, and some have turned there from and found favor with God in the pardon of their sins. The church was greatly revived; and many left inquiring the way to Christ. Six were added to the church during the meeting; and thank God, among the number was one of my own dear children, a daughter; the first of my children that I have had the pleasure to baptize. The Lord has been good to me; he has given me four children as alive from the dead: bless his holy name.

I pray God that the influence of the meeting may not soon pass away, but that it may be long felt, and that ere long many others may be brought into the fold of Christ.

I had no minister to assist me in the meeting. I tried to preach day and night, and when I closed the meeting I felt that I was almost worn down; yet with the great interest manifested, I would have continued the meeting at least until Sabbath next, but for the Association, which is to convene tomorrow. I now start to the Bethlehem Association. I have baptized if I mistake not just 70 persons this year.—Trusting that God may continue to abide with us, I remain

Yours in Christian bonds,
—Geo. L. Lee.

For the South Western Baptist.

JACKSON, Sept. 26th, 1862.

REV. S. HENDERSON—DEAR BRO.: On reaching this place I accidentally, or providentially, got hold of the *South Western Baptist*; I snatched it eagerly, and read it with greediness. The first paper of any kind from Tuskegeese I had seen since 31st July—when the 2nd and last letter from my wife was handed me.

After suffering much on the trip from Island 10 to Columbus, Ohio, we reached that place Sunday 13th April, and that night were marched into the prison of Camp Chase, about 4 miles from the city. The act of going into prison is one of the most unpleasant a man can be forced to perform; to say good bye to the world and all in it you love, for an indefinite length of time—to be seized and searched by half dozen shoulder-strapped, light-fingered, fool-mothed Turnkeys, who claimed to be U. S. Officers—then thrust through a narrow door as a felon, is one of the transitions of life peculiarly unpleasant.

The only comfort was, the thought that there was better company inside than out. I will not attempt to describe this prison now. Suffice it to say, that after staying here until the 1st of May we gladly accepted the invitation to spend some time with Maj. Pierson on Johnson Island in Lake Erie. This gentleman is a real Yankee—that is to say, utterly and entirely without conscience where money or honor is at stake—as vile a coward as ever commanded a prison guard, and as hypocritical as a man can be who has spent a life in perfecting himself in this ancient art. There we got along pretty well however, because we were healthy, and had at hand within ourselves many means of diversion, amusement, study, and usefulness. Of course we had many dark hours. Our country and its cause—our wives and children—our poverty and destitution, all pressed heavily upon us. And we were shot by the sentinels without any provocation, and had no means of redress or defense. About 1200 were at this prison—all officers with few exceptions. We had in this number men of all trades and professions. Tailors, Shoe Makers, Carpenters, Dentists, Doctors, Lawyers, Teachers, Preachers, &c. &c. Every Sabbath we had preaching morning and evening, the brethren taking it in alphabetical order, to conduct the services. And I believe the Word preached accomplished much good.

The darkest time we had was just before the Richmond Battles were fought. The successes of the Federal arms had made them very sanguine and boastful, and to us they were very insulting. After New Orleans and Fort Pillow had fallen, the army with drawn from the Potomac, the Yankees entered Ala., Gen. Beauregard evacuated Corinth; they thought Richmond was almost in their hands. In fact it was once so reported, and there was great firing of guns and rejoicing all through Yankeeedom. We had hoped, believed we would conquer in the end, but these reverses caused a gloom over us in spite of this faith and hope. When the news of the first battle reached us, the faith of the prisoners interpreted the report correctly, and there was the wildest excitement of joy I ever have seen, or ever expect to see. Men laughed and shouted until the guard became alarmed, and some of the sentry in fright actually left their posts.

We have known since then that we would be exchanged.

The privates at other prisons suffered more than we, though much better fed. After they would die, the Surgeon of the post would take their bodies as subjects to instruct Medical students in anatomy and surgery. Men have told me they with their own eyes have seen these villains cut open the bowels, take out the brains, cut off the under jaw; and take out the hearts of the dead prisoners. This is the way a Christian nation treats prisoners of war. They cheat and abuse the living, and cut up the dead.

Thirteen of my men died, though I think none were mutilated after death. H. A. Atkins, Sergt. W. Barksdale, J. R. Bulger, C. Lizenbee, A. Skipper, S. T. Oliver, J. Stogner, Sergt. J. H. Beasley, L. Kirby (killed by poison), A. Smith, J. J. Farmer, P. A. J. Consins, R. J. Welch; J. Sharp was left at Madison and is supposed to be alive.

On 1st of Sept. we left Sandusky, came to Indianapolis in comfortable cars. From that place to Cairo in Hog Cars. This was good riding!—From Cairo to Vicksburg on Steamboats crowded to the very utmost. It is awful to think of the way we were treated, and I wonder all are not sick. Getting to Dixie made us all feel thankful.

After all is now over, on thinking of it, I find I have learned many new valuable lessons which could have been learned no where else as well. My hearts desire and prayer now is to see my family and friends. In a week or two I hope to realize this wish. Till then good bye. Your brother is well.

Yours &c. J. W. RUSH.

For the South Western Baptist.

In Memoriam.

Died in Tuskegeese on Saturday the 20th of September, 1862, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. H. Reid.—What an eloquent commentary on the brevity of life and certainty of death! But a few short weeks have winged their flight, since I was with us, rejoicing in her glad, young beauty.—Now the solemn sound of the slow tolling bell, comes quivering on the breeze; and falls upon the ear in melancholy cadence. As the "last roses of summer" are sighing away their perfumed breath, and its balmy air is giving place to wintry gales, while the heavens are weeping raining tears, her pure spirit, soft and gentle as the zephyrs of spring, winged its way to brighter regions, where there is an eternal summer. There seraph voices, in concord with golden harps, swell the lofty diapason which makes Heaven's arches echo with the angelic strain. Crowned with a diadem such as earthly monarch never wore, lone dwells forever in the dazzling presence of Him "who doeth all things well."—Far from the strife of earth, and the troubles which even loving hearts can not ward off, she spends a blissful eternity in the Paradise above. Farewell dear friend! Though gone, thou art not forgotten. Memory still swings her jewelled censer. And though thy loved voice no longer rings in joyous carol through the halls of mirth.—Though we miss thy fairy footstep, and loving presence, there is still a place in the secret chambers of the soul, where will be forever enshrined thine image. The spot where thou repositest will to us be a Mecca where mourning hearts will make daily pilgrimages and the blossoms of spring will shed their fragrance around thy tomb.

"Tis a long, tis a last, tis a beautiful rest,
Then all sorrow has passed, from the brow
and the breast;
And the lone spirit, truly and wisely may
carve,
The sleep that is dreamless—The sleep of
the grave."
E. P. R.

For the South Western Baptist.

The Tuskegeese Light Infantry.

List of killed and wounded in Tuskegeese Light Infantry in the battle of Boonsboro, Md., Sunday Sept. 14th, '62.

Killed—W. J. Needham. Wounded: Sergt. James M. Tate, slightly in hand; privates R. M. Jones, in foot, badly, J. W. Summerville, side, not dangerously. Missing: Thos. L. Turk, E. A. Wimberly, Wm. Swearingen, B. F. Wright—supposed to have been taken prisoners. Went into action with 27 men.

In fight at Sharpsburg, Md., Sept. 17th, 1862.
Killed none. Wounded: Ed. Varner, slightly; Alex. Ellis, slightly. Missing: none. Went into action with 12 men.
John J. Howlan,
Jun. 2d Lieut. Comd'g Comp. C.
3d Reg't Ala. Vols.

For the South Western Baptist.

Domestic Mission, Mission to the Soldiers and Tract Distribution.

Reports from the 21st May to the 29th Sept. 1862.

ALABAMA.—May 21.—Rec'd of members of Big Spring Church, per J. M. Scott, \$11; Tuskegeese Baptist Chh, per J. L. S. Foster, \$105 85; Elam chh, Montgomery county, per Rev. A. T. M. Handey, \$5; per M. T. Sumner, from J. J. Cloud, \$27; Carrollville chh, \$16 75; Rev. S. A. Creath \$5; Rev. J. J. Cloud \$6; Carrollville Bap. chh, per D. R. Lide, \$23 40; Rev. J. H. Foster, per Rev. W. H. McIntosh, subscription to Rev. R. Holman's salary \$30; J. Sherman \$5; Mrs. M. A. Tarrant \$5; Miss Julia Tarrant \$2; Miss M. Tarrant \$1; Miss R. Tarrant \$1; Rev. T. Sumner \$10; per Rev. M. T. Sumner from C. E. James, Selma \$15; Talladega Bap. chh, \$167 50; Montgomery Bap. chh, per B. B. Davis, Treas'r, \$20; A. Friend \$5; per Rev. Mr. Williams \$106 75; E. A. Blunt, subscription to Rev. R. Holman's salary \$20; Rev. R. Holman, money returned for Soldiers Miss'n \$145; T. P. Miller p'd Rev. S. Lindsey \$166; from female members of Cobachatchie chh, per Rev. A. T. M. Handey, \$10; Rev. J. P. B. Mays, \$17; Tuskegeese Bap. chh, per Rev. M. T. Sumner, \$32 55; T. P. Miller, \$20; T. P. Miller paid G. F. Williams \$128 40; Coosa River Assn. per A. Williams, Treas'r, per W. N. Ward, \$326 85. Total \$1637 15

MISSISSIPPI.—Rec'd of Dr. E. F. Williams, per Rev. M. T. Sumner, at different times, \$37 94; Dr. E. F. Williams per Rev. M. T. Sumner, \$8 12. Total 46 06

SOUTH CAROLINA.—July 23.—Rec'd of Charleston Assn., per Thos. P. Smith Treas'r of Gen'l Committee, \$66; Bap. State Convention's \$369 30; Moriah Association \$9; Salem Association, \$14 30; Baptist State Convention, per C. H. Judson, Treas'r, \$50 41; Saluda Assn. per Rev. W. H. McIntosh, \$119 55; Tiger River Assn. \$178 53; Broad River Assn. \$225 03; Limestone Springs Fem. High School \$73 80. 1106 04

NORTH CAROLINA.—Sept. 9.—Rec'd of Beulah Assn. per Rev. M. T. Sumner, \$502; First River Assn. \$300; Mrs. Thos. Miller, \$5; "A. Friend," \$3; Tar River Assn. \$224; Western North Carolina Convention \$244 35. Total 1378 35

GEORGIA.—Aug. 2.—Rec'd of M. J. Welborn per Rev. M. T. Sumner, \$5; Mrs. Cornelia Preston \$5; Flint River Assn. per J. Q. A. Alford, \$18; A. M. Walker, per Rev. J. H. DeVotis \$20; M. J. Welborn, per M. T. Sumner, \$50; Mrs. G. H. Wimberly, \$10. Total 108 00

Grand total, \$4275 60
W. H. HENDERSON, Treas'r.
Indian Mission Report next week.

What shall we now Pray for.

We certainly do have abundant reason to believe that God hears prayer. He has heard the prayers of praying people on behalf of our country, and has turned our mourning and distress into joy and triumph. The foe is now only driven back in all parts of our invaded country, but our armies now stand ready to enter, or perhaps have already entered his territory. And now what shall we ask of the Lord?

Do we want the territory, the spoils, the liberties of the blood of our cruel enemies? We want none of them.—The family that of all our families has had to sacrifice most in this dreadful war does not seek any of the terrible satisfaction of revenge. Our whole people we are sure will say with one voice, we do not wish a war of invasion against the North, that we may despoil them of any rights of theirs, or even get revenge for what they have inflicted upon us. The fiercest soldier in our ranks, we firmly believe, has no wish to subjugate our now trembling and agitated foes. What we want even at this day of our apparently triumphant success is simply to be separated for ever politically from the North. We only want a safe and honorable peace, with the full position guaranteed to us of every inch of our Southern soil.

Let our people then who believe in praying now put up their petitions to God would now, even now, when events are in our favor, stay the bloody tide of war and give us the blessings of peace. May the infatuated North have its eyes opened to its folly and wickedness, and a sense of justice be shed abroad amongst them. And may we be kept in this our day of victories upon victories from self-confidence and vain-glory and not swerve from the lines in which we have thus far been endeavoring to walk. What ever sacrifices in our country's cause may yet be demanded of us, let us cheerfully continue to make them; but let our prayer to God be that these days of warfare may shortly close, and the halcyon days of peace return to gladden our hearts.—*South. Pres.*

Religion and good Manners.

The meek and benevolent spirit of our religion has had a powerful influence in sweetening and refining all the comforts of human society, and conversation among the rest. That human society, and kind affection, when of good breeding always assumes the outward form, Christianity establishes in the heart as a permanent principle and indispensable obligation. That generous love of human kind which prompts the Christian to watch for the good of others, and embraces every opportunity of prompting not only their welfare, but their virtue, taking care never to offend, and avoiding even the appearance of evil—would not the man of taste acknowledge it to be the very perfection and heroism of good behavior? Must not the affecting view which true religion exhibits, of all mankind bearing one to another the relation of brethren, impart kindness and activity to those tender sympathies of our social nature, whereby the language of good breeding is so remarkably expressive.

Christianity commands not the suppression only, but the extinction of every indelicate thought, arrogant emotion, and malevolent purpose; would conversation stand in need of any further refinement, were this law as punctually fulfilled as it is earnestly recommended? What is more efficacious than habitual good humor in rendering the intercourse of society agreeable, and in keeping at a distance all intemperate passion, and all harshness of sentiment or language!

In a word, true Christianity alone, and at once, transforms a barbarian into a man; a brutal, selfish, and melancholy savage into a kind, a generous, and cheerful associate.—*Dr. Baile.*

Secular Intelligence.

CHATTANOOGA, Oct. 4. Hon. Thomas A. R. Nelson has come in a long address to the people of East Tennessee, commencing the recent proclamation of Lincoln, and declaring it the most outrageous act of usurpation ever contemplated in Europe or America. He says I shall feel it my duty to encourage the most persevering and determined resistance against the tyranny and usurpation of the Federal administration, who have taken our hopes, and are seeking to destroy the vestige of freedom among us. Let every man who is able to fight buckle on his armor, without waiting for the slow process of a description, at once volunteer to aid in the struggle against the usurper. God will not permit a man of government which heretofore has critically pretended to wage war for the constitution, but now throws off the mask, and acts in defiance. The address will have effect in East Tennessee. Mr. Nelson's raise a regiment.

MOBILE, Oct. 4. A special dispatch to the *Advertiser* and *Register* from Tupelo, the 4th says the Yankees Kosuth and Rieni have gone into the town at Corinth. Bartan's cavalry occupied the town yesterday. Gen. Price sent a fatigue party of 4,000 men yesterday from Kosuth north to up the track.

RICHMOND, Oct. 4. An official dispatch from Gen. Van D. dated headquarters, P. M. of the 3d, near Corinth, says we have driven the enemy from our position, and are within three quarters of

