

# SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

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

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The South Western Baptist,  
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HENDERSON & BATTLE,  
PROPRIETORS.

Army Correspondent of the Savannah Republican.  
Our Army, its Great Deeds, its  
Trials, its Sufferings, and its  
Perils in the Future.

No army on this continent has ever accomplished as much, or suffered as much, as the army of Northern Virginia within the last three months. At no period during the Revolutionary war—not even at Valley Forge—did our forefathers in arms encounter greater hardships, or endure them more uncomplainingly.

But great as have been the trials to which the army has been subjected, they are hardly worthy to be named in comparison with the sufferings in store for it this winter, unless the people of the Confederate States, everywhere, and in whatever circumstances, come to its immediate relief. The men must have clothing and shoes this winter. They must have something to cover themselves when sleeping, and to protect themselves from the driving sleet and snow storms when on duty. This must be done, though our friends at home should have to wear cotton and sit by the fire. The army in Virginia stands guard this day, as it will stand guard this winter, over every hearthstone throughout the South. The ragged sentinel who may pace his weary rounds this winter on the bleak spurs of the Blue Ridge, or along the frozen valleys of the Shenandoah and Rappahannock, will also be your sentinels, my friend, at home. It will be for you, and your household that he encounters the wrath of the tempest and the dangers of the night. He suffers and toils and fights for you, too, brave, true hearted women of the South. Will you not clothe his nakedness then? Will you not put shoes and stockings on his feet? Is it not enough that he has written down his patriotism in crimson characters along the battle road from the Rappahannock to the Potomac? And must his bleeding feet also impress their mark of fidelity upon the snows of the coming winter? I know what your answer will be. God has spoken through the women of the South, and they are his holy oracles in this day of trial and tribulation.

It is not necessary to counsel violent measures; but it is not expected that any person will be permitted to accumulate leather and cloth for purposes of speculation. The necessities of the army rise up like a mountain, and cannot, and will not be overlooked. It was hoped at one time, that we might obtain winter supplies in Maryland. This hope was born after the army left Richmond, and has now miserably perished. The Government is unable to furnish the supplies; for they are not to be had in the country. If it had exercised a little foresight last spring and summer, when vessels were running the blockade, with cargoes of calico, linen, and other articles of like importance, a partial supply at least of hats, blankets, shoes and woolen goods might have been obtained from England. But foresight is a quality of the mind that is seldom put in practice in these days.

But whatever may be done by the people, should be done immediately. Not one moment can be lost that will not be marked, as by the second hand of a watch, with the pangs of a suffering. Already the hills and valleys in this high latitude have been visited by frost, and the nights are uncomfortably to the man who sleeps upon the ground. Come up, then, men and women of the South, to this sacred duty. Let nothing stand between you and the performance of it. Neither pride, nor pleasure, nor personal ease and comfort, should withhold your hand from the holy work. The supply of leather and wool, we know is limited; but do what you can, and all you can, and as soon as you can. If you cannot send woolen socks, send half woolen or cotton socks; and so with under clothing, coats and pants. And if

blankets are not to be had, then substitute comforts made of dyed osenburghs stuffed with cotton. Anything that will keep off the cold will be acceptable. Even the speculator and extortioner might forego their gains for a season, and unite in this religious duty. If they neither clothe the naked, nor feed the hungry, who are fighting for their freedom, and for their homes and property, what right have they to expect anything but eternal damnation, both from God and man.

If the Army of Virginia could march through the South just as it is—ragged and almost barefooted and hatless—many of the men limping along and not quite well of their wounds or sickness, yet cheerful and not willing to abandon their places in the ranks—their clothes riddled with balls and their banners covered with the smoke and dust of battle, and shot into tatters, many of them inscribed with "Williamsburg," "Seven Pines," "Gaines' Mill," "Garnett's Farm," "Front Royal," "McDowell," "Cedar Run," and other victorious fields—if this army of veterans, thus clad and shod, with tattered uniforms and banners, could march from Richmond to the Mississippi, it would produce a sensation that has no parallel in history since Peter the Hermit led his swelling hosts across Europe to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.

## The Bible Clerks.

A young man joined two others as a clerk in the same establishment, and as room-mate, in a certain city. When the first Sunday morning came after he had entered his new situation, he thought of the old custom at home of reading a portion of Scripture as a preparation for the day, but he hesitated to take his Bible from his trunk because of the presence of the other clerks. Still he could not be easy. He went towards his trunk and then returned to his seat, till his uneasiness was noticed by one of his companions, who said, "What's the matter? You are as restless as a wethercock." He hesitated in answering, but conscience got the better of his pride, and he told the truth; and, as though the moral feeling of the young man was contagious, the other clerks exclaimed that they had each a Bible in their trunks, but had not taken it out for fear of each other—a fear of ridicule, the one from the other. The three Bibles were now taken out, and a portion was read in concert; the practice was continued, its influence was felt, and when the story got out and their habit was known, they went by the name of the Bible clerks.

And what were their characters? Did the influence of the Bible prevent the development of any of the true mercantile qualities? They were young men of integrity, of method, order, precision and dignity. By familiarity with the Bible they were in constant intercourse with the best models of character, and they proved that the Scriptures not only kindle lights of guidance when philosophy and reason fail, but they hold up and stimulate to the imitation of the highest order of manliness.

A manufacturer and merchant related to us one day the history of two young men, who, in his establishment, became "free" at the same time, the one a "Bible clerk," and the other not so. They both married early after their "freedom," and the one valuing the Bible, valued its institutions, and thus honored the Sabbath and the sanctuary, and brought up his family in virtue and prosperity. The other "couldn't afford to pay church rates," his employer offered to furnish a pew, but he was too proud to accept the favor—spending the Sabbath here and there, he was known as no church-goer, and became an object for the vicious; and to nothing but his waste of the Sabbath could be traced the habits of expenditure and dissipation that ruined the man. "Now," said the employer, "the one lives in his own house, virtuous and happy; the other needs charity to keep him along."

Wicked hopes, like unskillful guides, mislead the unwary.

TUSKEGEE, ALA., THURSDAY, OCT. 16, 1862.

## Building on the Sand.

From a Letter of a Missionary in India to a young Sister.

Can you tell me the meaning of the last verse of Christ's sermon on the mount? What does building on the sand mean? Read it over again, and I will tell you.

In this country the rivers are mostly small streams, with beds nearly dry for eight months of the year, and then for four months, during the rainy season, they are very formidable streams—rapid, deep, and broad. The river running by Seroot, the Ghord river, is just such an one. Now it is shallow and about as wide as the Onion river at Montpelier; but if a shower should come up very heavy, and a great deal of rain fall, it will sometimes rise ten or twelve feet in a few hours, and then it can not be crossed, save by a boat. Here is the sand—the dry bed of an eastern river. Now the houses here are generally built of clay and unburnt brick. They are small, have no "upstairs," and are apt to wash down by the force of rain. What a fool, then, a man would be to go and build such a house on the sand in the bed of the river! It would be washed away in a moment should rains descend and floods come. Now the "floods come" here whenever the rain falls, in a different way from what they do in Vermont. The river rises very suddenly, and sweeps away all that is in its course. Two years ago I went to Ahmednugger for two days, and returned at evening. I had not supposed there would be much water in the river. But a sudden shower had come up at four o'clock, P. M., not where I was, but at this place; and when I came to the river's bank at nine o'clock, it was swollen very much, and the ferry boat was just going back for the last time.

During the dry seasons people raise a great many cucumbers, melons, &c., on the sand in the bed of the river, and they build their little sheds from which to watch the fields, to see that the birds do not eat the fruit, and that it is not stolen. These little huts often stand after all fruit is gathered and the field abandoned—till the "floods come" and sweep them away. This is the "lodge in the garden of cucumbers." Isa. i. 8. Two or three years since a sudden shower came up, very unusual in the midst of the dry season, while the fruit was all growing on the river sand. The floods came, and the poor man's fruit, his watch house and all were swept away. When the water again subsided no trace of gardens could be seen.

Would not that man be very foolish who should go and build a house on such sands?

## A Single Victory.

After his first victory, the godly Havelock wrote to his wife, "One of the prayers oft repeated throughout my life since my school days, has been answered, and I have lived to command in a successful action." But there is a victory of far greater moment, and conferring far greater glory, than ever warrior gained. It is that in which "we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." That he may gain this one victory is the daily prayer of the believer throughout life. All our spiritual discipline is for fitting us to triumph in this conflict. Amid the discouragements and chastisements of life, the heir of heaven is often inclined, through unbelief, to think his labors and sufferings will be lost. But if we reap not other reward from all these than the single victory over death, we receive more than a recompense for all we have endured. How much painful self-denial, and patient suffering, and submission to authority, and exposure to danger, rigid discipline, were necessary to fit Nelson for gaining such a victory as that of Trafalgar, and for preparing Wellington to triumph at Waterloo! Mankind seem to think it worth while to spend a lifetime of preparation in order to gain such a victory. It gives immortality of reputation; it confers the highest earthly glory. Now, while "they do this

to obtain a corruptible crown," should we hesitate to endure the same, or like hardships and dangers, to gain "an incorruptible" crown? Should it be thought strange that a life of discipline, suffering, and patience is necessary to fit the Christian for gaining such a victory as that which is achieved over the king of terrors through the Lord Jesus Christ? Surely all the preparation, and self-denial, and suffering, and discipline of a long life cannot be thrown away, when thereby we are fitted to come off more than conquerors over that enemy who treads every earthly victor in the dust; to triumph, through Jesus Christ, over the king of terrors, and receive, not a dim coronet to be placed on our tomb, but the deathless vigor of an eternal life, and a crown of righteousness and of glory that fadeth not away. Courage then, Christians, under all your trials, sickness, and sufferings; they are the discipline necessary to fit you for gaining that great victory which will secure for you eternal glory and an immortal crown.

## The Christian's Hope.

What a blessed thing is the Christian Hope. It sheds hope on every affliction, lightens every sorrow, and adds brightness to every joy. How many care worn weary ones would have sunk into the depths of despair, had it not been for this blessed hope which shone through every cloud, and whispered of a heaven of rest and peace beyond this vale of tears. When assailed by the malicious tongue of slander, pierced to the heart by unkindness, how soothingly does the thought come over the mind, "Our Saviour suffered all this and knows how to feel for us: for he was tempted in all points even as we are." O! yes, priceless beyond human estimation is the hope of the Christian which is founded on the Rock of Ages. Surely no one, who ever tasted the joy of such a hope, would ever desire to turn back to the pleasures of earth. True, darkness and doubts will oft times obscure the light, but it is only for a time, and such seasons of gloom only serve to draw us more strongly towards our dear Heavenly Father.

How pleasant it is, when wearied with the cares and exertions of the day, to sit at its close and feel that each hour and day as it passes brings us nearer death, the happy release from all earthly trials. How sweet to feel that soon we shall have done with earth and its temptations, and have entered into the paradise of God. There we shall spend a blessed and endless eternity with our dear Redeemer and all the saints and holy ones in Heaven, where, freed from weakness of the body, we shall ever be singing praises to our God. Oh! joyful thought, happy reality. Who would barter such a hope as this for all that earth affords? Sinner be converted. Seek an interest in Christ, give him your heart, and all the joys of Heaven shall be thine. All things earthly are at best but fleeting shadows. There is nothing lasting here; and how miserable will be your fate, if you die while out of Christ.

Then be wise. Make the Christian's hope your own, and shouts of joy shall resound through the high arches of the court above, over your repentance. H. B. Jewett.

A CONSTANT MIRACLE.—The Bible itself is a standing and an astonishing miracle. Written, fragment by fragment, throughout the course of fifteen centuries, under different states of society and in different languages, by persons of the most opposite tempers, talents, and conditions, learned and unlearned, prince and peasant, bond and free; cast into every form of instructive composition and good writing, history, prophecy, poetry, allegory, emblematic representation, judicious interpretation, literal statement, precept, example, proverbs, disquisition, epistle, sermons, prayers, in short, all rational shapes of human discourse, and treating, moreover, on subjects not obvious, but most difficult—its authors are not found like other writers, contradicting one another upon the most ordinary matters of fact and opinion, but are at harmony upon the whole of their sublime and momentous scheme.—Professor MacLagan.

## National Hymns.

BY DR. WM. B. HARRILL.

God of Nations, unto Thee  
Our hearts in prayer ascend  
For our country—keep it free—  
Its boundaries all defend.  
May this happy Southern land  
Ever be Thy chief delight,  
And may Thy protecting hand  
Guide all its sons aright.

God of Nations, rule and reign  
In every home and heart;  
Let us never more again  
From Thy commands depart.  
Grant us that Peace which attends  
Tongues and peoples fearing Thee;  
Turn our enemies to friends,  
And give us liberty.

God of Nations, hear us now,  
And in our times of need,  
May we at Thy footstool bow,  
And all Thy mercies plead.  
Wisdom, Truth and Power are Thine,  
Love and Pity dwell with Thee;  
Oh! do Thou our hearts incline  
To own Thy sovereignty.

God of Nations, bare Thine arm,  
Come Thou to our relief;  
Shields us, Lord, from every harm,  
And help our unbelief;  
Show this people, daily, where  
All their strength and hope must be;  
God of Nations, spare, Oh! spare  
Our land, and keep it free!

Wilson, N. C., Sept. 1st, 1862.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and as they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday.—Will you thus live and die. O! man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year: you will never be forgotten. No; your name your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—[Dr. Chalmers.

THE RIGHT CARD.—"I stopped at a tent," says a chaplain, "where a set was gambling. On looking over their shoulders I discovered that the game was blocked. 'What shall I play?' exclaimed one of the excited party, holding two or three cards in his trembling hand. 'I'll play the card for you,' said I, mildly, and laid a Testament on the board. 'Do you agree to it?' The soldier sprang from his seat, and cried out with an oath, 'You may play it alone,' and left the company. The other three came to me afterwards, with an apology, and said they were 'resolved never to play again.'"

THE DULLNESS OF GREAT MEN.—Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher, La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; Buffon the great naturalist, were all singular deficient in the powers of conversation. Mar-montel the novelist, was so dull in society, that his friends said of him, after an interview, "I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him." As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist of France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, which while it sparkles dies; for Charles II. the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras," that he caused himself to be introduced as a private gentleman to Butler, its author a very dull companion; and was of opinion with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book.

Addison whose classic elegance has long been considered the model of style was shy and absent in society preserving even before a single strange, stiff and dignified silence. In conversation Dante was taciturn or satirical. Gray or Alfieri seldom talked or smiled.—Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation—not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him. Milton was unsocial and even irritable when much pressed by talk of others.

Only wise and good men can be friends; others are but companions.

## Unconscious Influence.

It is not what we intend to do that strikes the most it is what we are.

It is not beautiful words in the pulpit but the beating of an earnest heart, heard under the preacher's simplest words. Thus what a man is, rather than what a man says, tells.

Jesus made converts as much by what he was as by what he said. In the modern discovery of the daguerreotype, rays coming from an object, paint that object on the sensitive surface on which they touch.

It seems as if character radiated from the human countenance painted itself on the character of those it touches.—What a man thinks, the very looks of the countenance, the very thoughts that flash through the eye, the very feelings that play upon the lip, all are influencing others. And what a lesson is here for all teachers in schools, and parents acting in the presence of their children. The most susceptible creature upon earth are children; and I do not believe that we give them credit for the intensity of their sensitive and susceptible nature. A child looks in your face and distinguishes your meaning long before you have audibly expressed it. And very many parents look things, and say things, and when they think the child has detected what they did not mean the child to know, often in a very bungling way, as indeed all attempts at deception must be, they try to do away with the mischief they have done by suddenly turning a corner in the conversation, and launching on another subject. Do you think the child did not see that? He saw as clearly as you; and that act of yours has left upon that child a conviction of crookedness that may live in his memory, and fill up his character throughout the rest of his pilgrimage upon earth. To children we cannot be too direct, too straightforward; we cannot be too child like in our intercourse with them, yet we must not be childish. Daily life is more powerful than Sunday life. The face is a dial that cannot too purely, too truly reflected the innermost thoughts and imaginations of the heart. Be Christians, and your voluntary and involuntary influence will be Christian also. Be salt, and the savor will necessarily be good, be lights, and the influence that radiates from you will necessarily be light. What we want to be is not to look Christians, or to pretend Christians, or to profess Christians, but to be Christians. You need not then so carefully guard yourself, you need not be on the ceaseless watch what you do. Take an anagram; read it from the right or from the left, or from the top or from the bottom; it reads the same thing. Take a Christian look at him as one angel, or look at another angel, look at him in any light or in any direction, and he is a Christian still. The great secret of getting rid of a vast amount of trouble and inconvenience, is being a Christian; and when you are a Christian: your eye will be single, your body will be full of light, and all influences, sanctified and blessed by the Holy Spirit of God, will be sanctifying, and will bless all that are connected with you.

How responsible a thing is daily life! Cumming.

## The Excitement of the Times.

There is hope for the church of the South, in the commotions that shake the land. The wonderful quickening of the mind of the people by this era of revolution, may be largely turned, through her prompt and vigorous effort, into the channel of the true and right, as respects spiritual things. If she be herself aroused, vigilant, laborious, and surely the times in the midst of which we live are enough to awake her,—her voice cannot speak for God in vain, now when the ears of men are listening, in the night of war, to catch every sound, as they never listened before.

This train of thought was aptly put in a different connection, at the anniversary of the English Baptist Missionary Society, by Rev. Dr. Vaughan, editor of the *British Quarterly*, and a very eminent Congregationalist. With regard to the origin of the Society, seven years ago, he said: "Many things were born about that time. The first great French revolution was in its throes. One thing may be learned from the origin of the Society at such a period; namely—that the church of God has nothing to fear from excitement.—It has more to fear from apathy in the public mind." "Whenever society is awake, although a great portion may be awake for bad purposes, depend upon it, a large portion will be awake for something better. When God shook all nations in ancient times, it was that the desire of all nations might come; and so now, when he is shaking all nations, the lessons are mainly intended for the church.—*Religious Herald*.

\$2 per Annum, Invariably in Advance.

50 NOS. IN A VOLUME.



## The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.  
Thursday, Oct. 16, 1862.

## AGENT.

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.

## The Black Flag.

The recent fiendish proclamation of the Washington despot, intended as it evidently is to incite servile insurrection in the Southern States and thus consign our women and children to indiscriminate butchery, has evoked an earnest indignation throughout the Confederacy which looks strongly to the erection of the black flag. Not that any body supposes any mischief will be sustained beyond the Federal lines; but the document, however harmless in its effect, betrays a depth of depravity which finds no parallel in the history of the world since the dawn of Christianity. The spirit it embodies could not be more savage and cruel, if it had emanated from a conclave of demons in the bottomless pit. A nation of people who can calmly acquiesce in such a policy from their authorities, have reached the last degree of which depravity itself is capable.

But then, taking the strongest view of this subject we can, would we be justifiable in raising the black flag? We think not for many reasons. In the first place, it would be placing ourselves upon an equality with our enemies in the eyes of the civilized world. We have a clean record up to this time. Our prowess and magnanimity have already extorted from surrounding nations their highest admiration. Let us do nothing—nay, let us suffer any thing which it is in the power of our enemies to inflict, before we tarnish the lustre of a hard earned and enviable reputation. Ages cannot obliterate a blot upon a national escutcheon. We can conquer our independence without resorting to a policy from which every instinct of human nature recoils. If Satan himself is the commander-in-chief of that horde of murderers and thieves who are to be precipitated upon us, let us not invoke one of his foul imps to lead our forces; but relying upon the right arm of Him who can overmaster the diplomacy of earth and hell combined, and who can "strike through kings in the day of his wrath," let us simply do our duty, and we have nothing to fear. The whole policy of our enemies is based upon the idea that there is no God. They are relying simply upon brute force to execute their fell purposes. They calculate that superior numbers and equipments must prevail in the end. The conception of a superannated providence over the affairs of nations, never seems to have entered their heads. Let them go on in their blind and maddened fury. Their ruin is just as inevitable as that "justice and judgment are the habitation of God's throne."

We remark again that what is wrong in principle, cannot be right in policy.—That it is wrong in principle to show no quarter to a disabled foe is admitted by all. To sacrifice so plain a principle as this for any purpose whatever, is what no nation can do with impunity. We could seldom, if ever reach the guilty parties. The poor, misguided rabble they are pouring down on us are not the guilty parties in this crime. And is it not a fearful thing to consign all these wretches to an ignominious death on account of a crime which is merely attempted to be committed by a despot of whom they are the mere serfs?

But what shall we do? Why let the simple principle of retaliation be resorted to. We will always have in our possession a sufficient number of Federal officers, who are, at least in part, the guilty parties on whom to visit adequate punishment.—Each State has its penalties for murder, theft, robbery, &c. Wherever such crimes are committed by our enemies, let a victim be selected to expiate the offense—suffering just that penalty which is exacted of one of its own citizens. This will commend itself to all nations—nay, it will stop the mouths of our enemies, since it will only be dealing with them as we do with our own criminals.

At the last session of the Tuskegee Association the Report on preachers for the next annual session before the Association was either not handed me or has been misplaced, so that it can not appear in the Minutes of this year. Will some member of the Committee send me the names of the ministers, and their alternates, who were appointed to preach those sermons? If they will do so they shall be published in this paper. The Minutes are published, and will soon reach their destination.

H. B. TALLAFERRO.

## Revivals.

We continue to be cheered with revival news from various churches, from many of which accounts have not as yet been received. We hope our brethren will continue to inform us of the gracious work. God's work moves on in spite of "wars and rumors of wars." Surely this is a source of unmingled joy to every Christian. We love to chronicle the triumphs of "the Lord's host," for these are bloodless victories. No mangled corpses, no desolate homes, no bleeding hearts, are made by the conquests of Messiah. Where his banner waves, the shouts of joy are unmingled with the shrieks of the dying. He invites us to the feast of life, not to the feast of death. Let the people of God, the soldiers of the cross, be encouraged to "fight the good fight of faith," for over their victories heaven and earth alike rejoice. The weapons of their warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds. "No battle of the warrior, with garments rolled in blood," marks their footsteps. Let the admonition of the Apostle cheer and comfort us in the midst of these trying times: "Wherefore we, receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear." Whatever may be the fate of other kingdoms and nations, this one is to break in pieces all other kingdoms, and stand forever. Service rendered in this glorious cause "will be had in everlasting remembrance."

## Battle at Corinth.

We suppose, from the best we can learn that we have suffered a reverse at Corinth. The enemy were there in heavier force than was anticipated, and our army, after taking the place, had to evacuate it. The loss is said to be heavy on both sides.

May it not be well for our authorities to consider the propriety of acting upon the policy of Genl. Washington in the revolutionary war—avoid so much fighting, and depend more upon retreating and maneuvering than we have done? The superior numbers of our enemies must lay this necessity upon us first or last. We have no men to lose. The weaker party ought never to fight, as a general rule, unless there is a reasonable certainty of success. We gained our first independence more by retreating and maneuvering than by fighting. A victory at two heavy cost, may prove a disaster. It is plain that the question now is one of endurance. We can conquer our independence by this purely defensive policy beyond all question. But if we continue to fight the enemy on all occasions, and with every odds against us, is there not danger that by sheer exhaustion such advantages will be gained over us as will protract the struggle indefinitely?

## The Challenge.

Dr. Abraham Lincoln in his emancipation proclamation has challenged, boldly all opposition in his wide spread dominions, and by another proclamation he has threatened with the Bastille all who lift their little finger against his strong arm. Now is the time for Democrats and Conservatives at the North to show their mettle. In years past, we read and heard much of the "unterrified Democracy." North and South. There is now at the South no party, Whig nor Democrat, but at the North the Democratic party is still in existence. Elections come off in next month in nearly all the Northern States, and we shall see if there is any meaning in the phrase, "Unterrified Democracy." King Abe's bull is intended to terrify them, as he saw some effort on their part to reorganize their party and gain the ascendancy in his kingdom. Will the "Unterrified Democracy" be terrified by the fierce bellowing of Abe's bull? Stand up, ye "unterrified," if there was ever any meaning in the term! T.

## L.L.D.

When the degree of L.L.D. was conferred upon Lincoln and McClellan, every paper announced the auspicious event. But when Gen. H. W. Halleck was called to Washington, to be Abe's "Military adviser," and was made a L.L.D. the wonderful fact was almost unnoticed. Why? To dab these three big letters on a man is either to prop him up because of past failures, or a public announcement of a coming fall. In either case let Halleck have the benefit of public notoriety. T.

Elder P. STOUT gladdened our hearts by his efficient services at the Central Association, for which he has our thanks.

Dr E. J. Hayes, of Columbia, Alabama, obtained at the Judson Association twenty-one new subscribers.—Thanks to such an active agent. Within a short time he has sent us over forty new subscribers.

For the South Western Baptist.

Oct. 5th, 1862.

DEAR BRETHREN: God, in his condescending love, has visited us at Good Hope. And we are ready to call upon all that is within us to bless his holy name. Our meeting commenced on Thanksgiving day, and continued 12 days, during which time 19 were received into the fellowship of the church. And since the conclusion of the meeting we have heard of the conversion of several others that we expect to join us soon.

J. J. CLOUD.

For the South Western Baptist.

BRO. HENDERSON: As bro. McIntosh left with you the amount of pledges unpaid, taken at our last association to be collected and forwarded, I send you \$3 dollars contributed by the Greenwood church for Army Missions. Besides 12 dollar pledges not yet collected.

W. E. LLOYD.

For the South Western Baptist.

## Indian Missions.

Reports from the 7th June to the 29th Sept. 1862.

GEORGIA.—June 7.—Harmony Baptist Church per P. E. Love, \$20; Central association per J. W. Fears, Treasr. \$115 75; Thos Green \$5; Mrs. J. A. N. \$1 50 Friendship association per S. W. Durham, Treasr. \$100. Friendship association per S. W. Durham, Treasr. \$100; W. J. Wellborn, \$5; Mrs. Cornelia Preston, \$5; Flint River association, per J. I. A. Alford, Treasr. \$72. Total, \$224 25

ALABAMA.—June 25.—Rec'd of Bethlehem association, per Rev. W. S. Morrow, \$41 50; Tuscaloosa Baptist church, \$40; Coosa River association, per A. Williams, Treasr., by W. N. Wyatt, \$175. Total, \$256 40

SOUTH CAROLINA.—July 23.—Rec'd of Thos. P. Smith, Treasr., Genl. committee of Charleston association, \$155 50; Moriah association per A. T. Leatta, \$5 50; per W. H. McIntosh, from B. D. Dean, \$5; Miss. W. J. Barnore, 1; Teger River association, per Rev. W. H. McIntosh, \$18 92. "A Friend" \$2 50. Total, \$188 42

FLORIDA.—Rec'd of J. L. Taylor, \$5 00 NORTH CAROLINA.—Mrs. Thos. Miller, \$5 60 Grand Total \$679 07 W. HORNBUCKLE, Treasr.

## The Prison Opened.

The Rev. Dr. W. F. Broadus, of Fredericksburg, Va., addressed a letter to his Association, a few weeks since, in which, with characteristic humor, he excused himself from attendance at the meeting for the purpose of preaching one of the stated sermons, upon the ground that he was a guest of Abraham Lincoln, in the old capital building in Washington, proposing, at the same time, an exchange with any brother who might desire it. His brethren, aware that "the triumphing of the wicked is short," resolved to await his release, and re-appointed him from for the next year. We are happy to learn that their confidence has not been misplaced. Dr. B. has been restored to liberty.

Why was this Minister of the Gospel dragged from his flock and his home, and incarcerated in a Federal prison? The pretence of the Federal authorities is, that he is an other person were held "as hostages for the Yankee citizens of Fredericksburg." It is a mere pretence, disingenuous and mean. Were Dr. Howell and Rev. Mr. Ford seized as hostages? The truth is that these ministers incurred the displeasure of the enemy by praying for the Confederate States. This was the extent of their offence. As such, their imprisonment was a gross violation of religious liberty, an invasion of those rights of conscience which the monarchies of Europe, and even the despotisms of the East are accustomed to respect. Northern missionaries, in France and Germany, in India and China, may pray for the United States in their public services, without the slightest apprehension of the charge of treason. But a citizen of the Confederate States is forbidden, in his own country, and in the midst of his own flock, to obey the injunctions of the Scriptures by prayer for "the powers that be." It will, of course, be urged that the government of the United States does not recognize the existence of the Confederate States. This, however, is no concern of the Southern minister. A citizen of Virginia owes his allegiance to the State in which he resides, and to such general government as the State may direct him to support. Were we opposed (as we are not) to the present position of our own State, we should still hold that the obligation to obey her commands was paramount to that of all other civil rulers. The conscientious Christian citizen has no alternative but submission or expatriation.—He can absolve himself from allegiance only by changing his country. To interdict to Christian ministers the privilege of prayer for their country, is a gross infraction of the fundamental principles of freedom. No wonder that our brave and true-hearted brethren went to prison rather than violate their consciences and renounce their Christian liberty.

Who thinks to deceive God, has already deceived himself.

## The Gospel Lamp.

The thinking Christian does not have to live very long in this world to find that there are a multitude of questions, that despite his most earnest investigation, are involved in mystery. With all the light that the Bible sheds upon his pathway, there are still a thousand things concerning his own being and destiny, which are shrouded in darkness. Like the traveler at midnight, carefully picking his way over a dangerous road by the rays of the lantern that he swings by his side, the Christian is in a little circle of light, enough for the next step. But all things grow shadowy in the distance. Around him, on every side, the great black curtain of night drops its impenetrable veil.—He must patiently wait for the resurrection. It is a certain that will never be lifted until the darkness of this life gives place to the clear, calm sunshine of the heavenly host.

One great error, of which too many of us are guilty, is, instead of walking by the light we have, we are continually straining our vision for light that we have not. Instead of watchfully minding each separate step and the immediate pathway we are treading, our eyes, like the fool's, "are at the ends of the earth." We are straining our vision into the darkness beyond, trying vainly to see what is invisible; and, perhaps, disputing with others as foolish as ourselves, about the substance of things that are buried in darkness, of which the keenest vision can detect only the most vague and shadowy outlines. It is not surprising, therefore, that we stumble in the narrow way, and that God sometimes suffers the pain of a wounded spirit to remind us of the danger of the road we are treading, and the necessity for constant watchfulness and care.

Every one who visits that celebrated natural curiosity of Kentucky, the Mammoth Cave, receives on entering a small lamp, which he is instructed to carry with him. He is told to be very careful of his light, to mind his footsteps, and, above all, to keep close to the guide. If he strictly obeys these injunctions he is safe. Up and down, through all the dark and winding passages of that subterranean labyrinth, he may pass with security and comparative ease. It is true, that his lamp is a little thing. It lights up a circle of only a few feet around him. There are gloomy caverns that open their black mouths on every side around him. All his little taper tells is, that they are there. But it is enough to keep his feet from destruction. If he heeds its radiance and minds his footsteps, and keeps close to the guide, he may walk safely beside the dizziest caverns and deepest pitfalls of the route.

This world is such a dark and perilous mortal pilgrimage. Christ came to us and offers us the gospel lamp.—If we reject it, we are inevitably lost. If we accept it, he bids us to keep it trimmed and burning. He promises himself to lead us through the labyrinth of life, if we will only submit to him and mind our footsteps, and keep close to our guide. He does not tell us that our lamp shall light up all the dark cavern that yawn around us. He only promises deliverance from the perils of the journey. Christian, be careful of that gospel lamp—mind your footsteps, and keep close to the guide!—*Chronicle.*

## Guides.

"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."—Matt. v. 41.

In the East, as is well known, much of the traveling is performed by night and one journeying along a road with which he is unacquainted is in the habit of procuring a guide at each village through which he may pass, to show him the way to the next. In Central India this duty devolves. By the Hindoo law, on an outcast race. A person would expect that these would be glad to undertake the office, for which they are paid by every honest traveler; but in many cases love of ease is preferred to love of moment, and the guide when applied to makes every excuse he can think of for not moving from his cot. "There is a tiger abroad to-night," he says, sometime with truth, but in too many cases with no more real foundation than when the sloopard described by Solomon forbodes evil in the almost identical words. "There is a lion in the way; I shall be slain in the streets." Instances are not wanting in which the guide, after accompanying the traveler a few hundred feet on his way, has suddenly disappeared, and run at full speed back to the village. Need it be said that a guide imbued with the spirit of the gospel would act differently? Legally, if we may call it so, compelled to show a traveler on to the next village, he would, if no new guide were readily procurable, himself go forward another mile to the next halting place, as we have occasionally found even heathens of a more than ordinarily obliging character cheerfully do. His motive would

not be far to seek. If the advent of Jesus was designed to bring "good will to men," then one who made the great Messiah in all things his model would strive to show kindly feeling, and be accommodated to all with whom he might in Providence be brought in contact. It would be on this account that, "compelled to go a mile" with a traveler, he would "go with him twain."

## Gems from Pascal.

BORN 1623, DIED 1661.

1. It were to be wished that the enemies of religion would at least learn what it is before they oppose it.

2. Nothing betrays so much weakness of understanding, as not to perceive the misery of man without God. Nothing is a surer token of extreme baseness of spirit, than not to wish for the reality of eternal promises.—No man is so truly a coward, as he who acts bravely against heaven.

3. Under the Jewish economy, truth appeared only in figure; in heaven it is without veil; in the Church it is veiled, but discerned by its correspondence to the figure. As the figure was first built upon truth, so the truth is now distinguishable by the figure.

4. When the scriptures speak of the Messiah as great and glorious, it is evident they refer to his judging the world, and not to his redeeming it.

5. How delightful it is to behold, with the eye of faith, Darius, Cyrus, Alexander, the Romans, Pompey and Herod all conspiring without knowing it, to promote the glory of the gospel.

6. He is the true God to us men; that is, to miserable and sinful creatures; He is the centre of all, and the object of all. He who knows not him, knows nothing, either in the order of the world, or in himself. For not only do we know nothing of God but by Jesus Christ, but we know nothing of ourselves, also, but by Jesus Christ alone.

7. A little thing comforts us, because a little thing afflicts us.

8. Many err the more dangerously, because they take a truth as the foundation of their error. This mistake lies, not in the believing a falsehood, but in regarding one truth to the exclusion of another.

9. I see no greater difficulty in believing the resurrection of the dead, or the conception of the Virgin, than the creation of the world. Is it less easy to reproduce a human body than it was to produce at first?

10. The history of the church ought, in propriety, to be called the history of truth.

11. If our condition were really happy, we should have no occasion to divert ourselves from thinking of it.

12. O Lord, open my heart; enter into this rebellious place, that my sins have possessed. They hold it in subjection; do thou enter, as into the strong man's house; but first bind the strong and powerful enemy, who is the tyrant over it, and take to thyself the treasures which are there. Lord, take my affections, which the world has robbed thee of; spoil thou the world of this treasure; or rather resume it to thyself, for to thee it belongs; it is a tribute I owe thee, for thine own image is stamped upon it.

## Death of Rev. W. B. Johnson, D. D.

We learn that this venerable and eminent servant of God died at 5 P. M. last Thursday, the 2d inst., at the residence of his son-in-law, Col. G. F. Townes in Greenville. He was out, and apparently in his usual health, the day before. We have learned nothing more as to the particulars of his sickness and death. He was, we think, at least eighty years of age. Few men were as widely known in the denomination as Dr. Johnson, and none held in higher veneration and esteem. The remarkable clearness and acuteness of his intellect, and the equally imposing dignity and gracefulness of his manners, drew to him in a marked degree the attention of his brethren, and gave him always a special prominence among them. He was the first President of the Baptist Triennial Convention, and long continued to hold this office. The same position he held in the Southern Baptist Convention, and in the Baptist State Convention of South Carolina, until declining health and strength made it necessary for him to retire from such active and laborious duties. He, however, continued to attend, and take part in the meetings of his brethren, as his health and strength would permit.

As one of the founders, and the first pastor of the Baptist church in Columbia, the announcement of his death, at its last church meeting was received with profound emotion, and was immediately followed by the appointment of a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of this church at the death of our venerable brother. The pastor was also requested to prepare and deliver a sermon commemorative of his life and services.

Not having at this time the materials for the preparation of an extended and suitable notice, it is hoped that such a notice will be prepared and furnished for our columns by some member of the family. He was truly a great and good man—"a master in Israel." B.

(From the Marion Commonwealth.)

## James C. Sumner.

The following beautiful touching letter, giving an account of the illness and death of this young soldier, has been handed to us for publication. It shows that death has no terrors for the christian soldier:

CHARLESTON, TENN.,

Aug. 27th 1862.

Mrs. Sumner—

DEAR LADY: At the request of my mother I take my pen to tell you how the Death Angel shadowed our home with his dark wing.

The 41st Ala. Regt. came here some thing near three or four weeks ago. I am happy to say they met with friends at every point as soon as they landed. Quite a number in the regiment were sick, and the number daily increased.—Some eight in number were brought to my father's house, among them your son! My mother visited them regularly three or four times a day, and when your son first saw my mother, she said to her, "you must be my mother, and she told him that she would, and he seemed to love her so much after that and would often have her called 'back to his side, before she could get down the steps from first leaving him. He was impressed from the first that his illness would be unto death, and the persuasions of his friends, together with the influence of my mother, could not in the least change his mind regarding that. One evening he grew so happy. The river of love in his heart for God overflowed, and his lips gave utterance to only the most beautiful and purest of words. He said he would die, but death for him, had no sting. He had her to get the Bible and open at the 23d Psalm and he repeated every word after my mother as she read it. Then he asked her to read the 14th chapter of St. John, she told him she would, but he must not talk any more otherwise he would exhaust himself.—He promised her he would not, and she read it to him. He would occasionally stop her to make some comments upon verses he particularly liked and tell her what a comfort they had been to him. He asked her if she thought it possible that any one could be so near, and so sure of death, and yet feel so little fear. The only thing he said that at all troubled him was that he knew how much father, mother, sisters and brothers had loved him, and they would grieve as 'Tell them' he said, 'Mrs. Barrett, that they must not grieve so much for me. It will only be a little while—until we meet in Heaven. I go but a short time before them to the Mansion not made with hands. I have a sister,' he went on to say, 'who was the instrument through God in bringing me to Christ. How I love that sister no one can tell—no one can express—I love her better than any one on earth.' Ah! true sister, it is not a good thought to your heart that when you, too, shall have crossed the mystic river and entered the pearly gate, that Jesus shall say, as he places the starry crown upon your brow and points to the brightest star, 'Thy brother's soul, my child.' It seems to me I would willingly suffer ever anguished earth can inflict, to only know I had won a single soul to Heaven. He said 'there are some of my father's household who have not known Christ, tell them to meet me in Heaven—I long to meet them there—to know them in the home beyond the sick; and again, he said 'tell the Pastor of my church I want him, the first Sabbath after he hears that I am dead, to tell to all from the pulpit, how I died, and that old Sabbath school friends are not forgotten' and tell them to live closer to Christ. He said 'tell my Pastor that death had no shadow of a fear for me. I felt I was going straight home.' all the evening long he talked in the same beautiful way. The last two or three days before he died he was delirious almost all the time, and often called the names of Sabbath school teacher and home loved ones. He knew my mother the evening before he died, for she placed some soup to his lips, and said drink some of this Jimmie, and he looked up in her face and smiled, then she said do you know me? and he replied 'yes; you are Dr. Barrett.' His mind was not perfectly clear, else he would not have replied so, yet still it shows he knew her. Believe me, dear lady, we did all in our power to alleviate his sufferings, I would not have you to think he suffered for attention. We of our little village have too many dear ones far from home to close our hearts against stranger soldiers, especially, when we find them kind, and noble and good. His fellow-soldiers were to give him all through the days and nights, and I have seen many tears coursing down bronzed cheeks, and filling eyes that looked unto weeping as they watched his suffering and listened to his incoherent words. He died at 5 o'clock in the morning, while the holy stars were shining, his soul took the 'one step into the darkness—then God's eternal day.'

Dear lady: may God—He who was the "pillar of cloud" by day and "pillar of fire" by night to wandering Israel—be ever to you and family a guide and protector. In every time of weakness, as the "shadow" of a great rock in a weary land. In every time of trouble, may Jesus be your friend.

"Mother of an angel" may God bless you ever and forever.

Your stranger friend,  
MARY L. BARRETT.

(From the Marion Commonwealth.)

Ms. Editors: Will you allow me a place in your paper to offer so humble tribute to the memory of one of our noble young citizens, who has recently fallen a victim to disease, in the service of the Southern Confederacy—JAMES C. SUMNER died on the 25th August, at Charleston, Tenn., in the 22d year of his age. He was a native of Virginia and a graduate of Richmond College.

A young man of amiable disposition, exemplary life, and cultivated intellect







