

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

S. HENDERSON, Editors.
A. J. BATTLE,

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

HENDERSON & BATTLE,
PROPRIETORS.

The efficient way to silence
for the Northern Abolitionists.

BRETHREN EDITORS: Both the religious and political world have been confounded by the abolition question, and doubly to confound both, the Lincoln dynasty have made direct war upon slave labor to benefit the white laborers of the North. This is however a mere resort to enlist the poorer classes to support a war with fighting power, which has for its ultimate design, the commercial bondage of the South, to gain all the profits of her great staples, cotton and tobacco. New York, Philadelphia and Boston for this bonus, supplies the monied facilities to prosecute this war upon our rights and property. They could in ten days end it by withholding their money prop.

The politicians of the North know that the negro race stand between the South and their commercial chains, and are willing to accomplish their utter ruin to gain the commercial triumph. They however, do not expect to bear before the civilized world the crime of exterminating by millions of human beings in this contest for commercial monopoly. No, no. But intend to execute them to serve war, that they may be exterminated by their owners, and then by raising a howl of cruelty, look for our degradation, while they may get credit for christian philanthropy, in attempt to free the negro race. To set their subject right, the world ought to be reminded, that slave labor is rewarded by our humane State laws, (which alone from the beginning controlled this subject) by insuring both protection from personal abuse, and bodily want through life and labor, as well as by attentive nursing and medical service in sickness, and decent burial after death. And even in the privations of this unnatural war, our benevolent and just laws, are not changed. They enjoy too, all the rights of conscience in the worship of God under protection of law regulation. They are provided with the gospel, and know nothing of the wants of the white poor in orphanage, widowhood, or decreed old ages, however great may become the owners tax. They have made rapid progress in christian character and attainments, and civilization. Now ask what do abolitionists propose? They may free them. Then let them place the negroes in a higher state of civilization, and christian enjoyments, or let them alone. If they will assume this responsibility, I propose that during the months of January and February we march the whole four millions a cross the boundary line, leaving them there, to the tender mercy of abolition philanthropy, never one of them, or a North, ever to cross over into the Confederate States. I would ask no easier way to take Washington, run Lincoln off, and stop this flow of blood and treasure. If an armistice is not proposed by the first of January next, let us try it. Lincoln says they are then freed by his proclamation. He surely ought to provide them houses, and every good they need. Will he? Can he do it? Let us back him down. Yours,

J. D. WILLIAMS.

QUESTIONS TO ELICIT ANSWERS.—
1. In how many generations could 600,000,000 souls be evangelized at the present rate of missionary labor and expenditure, and in the ratio of success granted for the last fifty years?

2. What advance should be at once made, or what rate of increase of labor, or ratio of success would be requisite to evangelize in one generation, 600,000,000 heathens to the degree that 100,000 in the Sandwich Islands have been evangelized within the period of a generation past?

3. Ought we to look for the conversion of the world, in any given period, independently of the corresponding efforts of the church?

4. How shall the needful efforts be at once secured?—Ambassador.

The War for Independence.

The London Times publishes the first letter from its Richmond correspondent, on the subject of the present struggle for independence.—We make some extracts:
THE UNITED AND DETERMINED FEELING AT THE SOUTH.

I have traveled far and wide through Virginia; I have conversed with men, women, striplings, and children, in that State, and in Maryland; I have seen men, formerly substantial and thriving, whose everything is devoured by the Federals; but never in one single instance have I heard a word of regret by reason of the war, a timid note sounded in regard to its issues, a sigh breathed over the departed Union, a ghost of a desire expressed in favor of compromise or reconstruction. On the contrary, one universal chorus echoes through the length and breadth of the land: "The net is broken, and we are delivered!" Mr. Everett and his votaries, who still believe in imprisoned loyalty as existing in the South, might as well search in the British Islands for a man who desired them to be annexed to France. So united, so homogeneous a community as the States of the Southern Confederacy finds no parallel in our annals. No war that England has waged for a hundred years has met with such cordial, unanimous undivided support.

The war against the French Republic had its Charles Fox; the war against Russia its Richard Cobden. There is no such character in the Southern States. The victory of the Federals in this exasperated struggle means, not the defeat of the Southern armies, not the possession of Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans, which would no more lead to a conclusion of the war than the seizure of the Isle of Man. A Federal victory means nothing on earth but the extermination and annihilation of every man, woman, and child in the Southern Confederacy. There is no passion, no frenzy, in the universal language. The intensity of the hate flushes the cheek and clinches the teeth, but finds little expression in the feeble words. If anything the exuberance of animosity is more perceptible in the flashing eyes and eager earnestness of the women, but the settled and unconquerable firmness of the men requires nothing to be added to it.

The possibility of Richmond's falling is calmly discussed, and preparations have long been made for such a contingency. Surprise is expressed that the Federals have not long ago possessed themselves of several other Southern cities as well as New Orleans. The possession of a capital city in these days of railroads is a very different thing from what it used to be in the days of Wagram and Jena. Great suffering might be inflicted on women and children if Mobile and Charleston fell—suffering which there is only too much reason to fear would be most acceptable to the Federals, judging from the record of their deeds during the last year and a half. But every considerable city in the South might be reduced to ashes without changing the mood or undermining the resolutions of the feeblest heart, if any feeble hearts there be in the Southern Confederacy.

HOW THEY BEAR THEIR LOSSES.

I am told by the highest authority that the official statement, comprising the most minute details of the Confederate loss at the battle of Antietam Creek, estimates the Confederate loss in killed, wounded, and missing, at 6,000 men. Another fact is noticable. A Federal loss of infinite magnitude would evoke no sign of sympathy, no moment of sadness, except so far as it was to defer the restoration of the Union. But the whole Confederacy bewails the 6,000 victims at Antietam Creek with brotherly affection and sympathy.

Nor is that appalling indifference which amazes and paralyzes the spectator in Washington and New York here. Scarcely a lady but wears mourning, proud to display that she has lost a relative fighting in a cause dearer to her than life; scarcely a

person but speaks sorrowfully and with affliction of a loss which seems to them appalling, though not much more than one-third of that inflicted upon their *poco curante* foe.

THE SOUTHERN ARMY.

Well may a nation be confident of winning its independence which can exhibit such spectacles as every day produces wherever a Southern army is in the field. There, in poverty, hunger, and dirt, shoeless, with shirts ragged and rent, often without hats, their feet bleeding as they drag their weary limbs through dust and briar, are serving in the ranks the gentlemen and *sangre azul* of the South. Many a man who, until the commencement of the war, had scarcely a thought beyond the *Cafe Foy* and the *Boulevards of Paris*, and to whose morning toilet every diversity of cosmetic was as necessary as water, has for months been marching under a musket, without one single change of raiment, feeding on green maize and raw pork, lying at night on the bare earth, with a single blanket between him and the canopy of heaven.

And these men many of them bearing some of England's most honored names, are descended from England's best families, are in the field, and have been so for nineteen months, fighting against mercenaries who have repudiated England, as though she were governed by a Negro, and have escaped from German penury and conscription. Whatever may have been the truth last winter, it is not pretended now that the Northern armies are not mainly composed of men of foreign birth! Where are the native Americans of weight and influence serving in the Northern armies? Why does not Wendell Phillips, take the field? Men older than he are serving by dozens in the Southern ranks. Where is Charles Sumner's musket? The Senate could spare Senator Baker, in no wise Mr. Sumner's inferior in intellect, and it were a noble answer to the South, which sneers at non-duellists for want of courage, to show how one of that class can comport himself upon the perilous edge of battle. It is but probable that with unopposed command of the sea and the great rivers during their autumn floods, the South may loose thousands more of her sons, in addition to that great sea of blood which has already been cheerfully poured out in her defense. But let her be without a single city or village, with nothing but her internal fastnesses and her immense area of territory, though every man in the North under fifty were to take the field, they would be inefficient ever to make such a nation as the South lie at the feet of her enemy.

Covetousness.

It is said to be an unreasonable desire after that which we have not, with a dissatisfaction with what we possess. It is a vice which marvelously prevails upon and insinuates into the hearts of men. There cannot be a more unreasonable sin than this. It is unjust. Only to covet is to wish to be unjust. It is cruel. The covetous must, necessarily, harden themselves against a thousand plaintive voices. It is ungrateful. Such forget their former obligations and their present supporters. It is foolish; it destroys our reputation, breaks our rest, and unfits us for the discharge of duty. It is a contempt of God himself, for he has said, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." It is declared by the apostle Paul to be idolatry. We read in the Scriptures of one who spoke unadvisedly with his lips, another curse and swore, a third was in passion, and a fourth committed adultery, but which of the saints ever lived in the habit of covetousness? Is it not marvelously strange, that there are to be found so many covetous people in the churches, who never have, nor ever will, do anything for the cause of Christ?

A church, in an adjoining State, recently excluded forty members for the sin of covetousness, and, as said, to be doing more for the cause of Christ than before. Would it not be advisable for churches, having covetous members, to do the same?—*Religious Herald.*

Fragments of an Antediluvian Diary.

Reflections of Methuselah in his Youth.

To day I am a hundred years old. How blissful are the feelings of boyhood! My senses are acute as the tree with the shrinking leaf. My blood bounds through my veins as the river pours through the valley, rejoicing in its strength. Life lies before me like another plain of Shinar—vast, unoccupied, inviting—I will fill it with achievements and pleasures! In about sixty years it will be time for me to think of marrying: my kinswoman Zillah will, by that time have emerged from girlhood; she already gives promise, I hear, of comeliness and discretion. Twenty years hence I will pay a visit to her father, that I may see how she grows: meanwhile I will build a city to receive her when she becomes my wife.

Reflections in Middle Age.

Nearly three centuries have passed since my marriage. Can it be? It seems but yesterday since I sported like a young antelope round my father's tent, or climbing the dark cedars, nestled like a bird among the thick boughs—and now I am a man in authority, as well as in the prime of life. I lead out my trained servants to the fight, and sit at the head of the council, beneath the very tree where, as an infant, my mother laid me to sleep. Jazel my youngest born, a lovely babe of thirty summers, is dead; but I have four goodly sons remaining. And my three daughters are fair as their mother, when I first met her in the Acacia grove, where now stands one of my city watch towers. They are the pride of the plain, no less for their acquirements than their beauty. No damsel carries the pitcher from the fountain with the grace of Adah, none can dry the summer fruit like Azubah, and none can fashion a robe of skins with the skill of Milcah. When their cousin Mahaleel has seen another half-century, he shall take the choice of the three.

Reflection in Old Age.

My eight hundredth birth day!—And now I feel the approach of age and infirmity. My beard has become white as the blossoms of the almond tree. I am constrained to use a staff when I journey; the stars look less bright than formerly; the flowers smell less odoriferous; I have laid Zillah in the tomb of the rock; Milcah has gone to the dwelling of Mahaleel; my sons take my place at the council and in the field; all is changed.—The long future is become the short past. The earth is full of violence; the ancient and the honorable are sinking beneath the young and the vicious. The giants stalk through the length and the breadth of the land, where once dwelt a quiet people, all is changed. The beast of the field and monsters of the deep growl and press on us with unwonted fury; traditions, visions, and threatnings, are abroad. What fearful doom hangs over this fair world I know not; it is enough I am leaving it: yet another five or eight scores years and the table will be complete. But have I in very deed, trod this earth nearly a thousand years? It is false, I am yet a boy. I have had a dream—a long, long, busy dream—of buying and of selling; of marrying and giving in marriage; of building and planting; of feasting and warrings; of sorrows and rejoicings; of loving and hating; but it is false to call it a life. Go to—it has been a vision of the night—and now I am awake, I will forget it.—Lamech, my son, how long is it since we planted the garden of oaks beside the river? Was it not yesterday? "My father dost thou sport? Those oaks cast broad shadows when my sister carried me beneath them in her arms, and wove me chaplets of their leaves." "Thou art right my son—and I am old. Lead me to thy mother's tomb, and there leave me to meditate. What am I the better for my past being? Where will be its records when I am gone? They are yonder—on all sides. Will those massy towers fall? Will those golden plains become desolate? Will the children that call me father forget? The seers that utter dark sayings upon their harps, when they sing of

the future, they say our descendants shall be men of dwindling stature; that the years of their lives shall be contracted to the span of our boyhood. But what is that future to me? I have listened to the tales of Paradise, nay, in the blue distance I have seen the dark tops of its cedars. I have heard the solemn melodies of Jubal when he sat on the sea-shore, and the sound of the waves mingled with his harping. I have seen angels the visitants of men—I have seen an end to all perfection—what is the future to me?"

A Parable.

Benhadad, king of Syria, warred against Smaria, having gathered all his own hosts, and having with him also, two-and-thirty other kings, with horses and with chariots. He sent a message to the king of Israel, saying, "Thy silver and thy gold is mine; thy wives also, and thy children, even the goodliest are mine." He sent again, and claimed further, that he should "search the king's house and the houses of his servants, and whatsoever was pleasant in his eyes, the messengers should put it in their hands and take it away." When the king of Israel, encouraged by the elders and people, refused to submit to his haughty foe, Benhadad again sent word to him that, "the dust of his city could not suffice for handbills for all the people that were following him." In other words, his soldiers were so many that they could more than carry off all the sand of Samaria by lifting each one of them only a handful apiece. Israel's king made on that occasion this admirable answer, "Tell him, let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

In a subsequent battle "the children of Israel pitched before their enemies like two little flocks of kids, but the Syrians filled the country." "And there came a man of God and spake unto the king of Israel, and said, 'Thus saith the Lord, Because the Syrians have said, The Lord is god of the hills, but He is not god of the vallies, therefore will I deliver all this great multitude into thine hand, and ye shall know that I am the Lord.' And they pitched one over against the other for seven days.—And so it was that in the seventh day the battle was joined, and the children of Israel slew the Syrians, one hundred thousand footmen in one day. But the rest fled to Aphek, into the city; and there a wall fell upon twenty and seven thousand of the men that were left. Benhadad fled, and came into the city, into an inner chamber."

This parable we frame out of the inspired record, found in the twentieth chapter of the First Book of Kings. It will not be difficult for any intelligent reader to apply the parable. It is a poor reliance for an arrogant, boastful, usurping, unjust and perfidious power to trust in a large army and in terrible proclamations and threats. It is a dangerous thing when the cause in which such a power brings on a contest is based on the denial of the sovereignty of the Almighty; when haughty human reason has undertaken to limit His right to ordain what institutions seem to Him good, and to reveal in His word whatever truth He desires to make known.—*South. Pres.*

Preaching with or without notes

It is sometimes asked, in what form the minister of Christ can most successfully preach the truth to his fellow men? Shall he speak from written notes; or from memory; or relying on a previously arranged train of thought, shall he trust to the effort of the moment for words and figures, as the signs of his teeming thoughts? The more I think on such inquiries, the more I am inclined to conclude, that the true answer to them is, let everyone pursue the way of communicating and enforcing truth, which on a due consideration of his past habits, and present circumstances, he finds best suited to his own peculiarities of mind and manner. It is, I am inclined to think, wholly impracticable and undesirable, to make any general rule on such a subject, which

shall apply to all persons. Here, as in things more directly pertaining to Christian life and practice, there are differences of gifts, while there is the same spirit. Each one must try to be himself. And, to do so, each one must cherish and possess an absorbing love for the truth, which shall urge him on to tax, in the highest degree whatever of capacity he may possess. There are some, who like Chalmers, writing in thoughts that breathe and words that burn, can pour forth their spirits in behalf of Christ, better from the written pages, than in any other form. There are others, who like Hall, with different gifts and habits, cannot in this way, enforce truth so happily. And all of each class, will find it to be true, that the varying circumstances in which they may be placed, may render that form of speech expedient at one time, which might not be so at another.

Biblical Journal.

Sinful Sloth.

The question often arises in our mind, what can be done to induce the great body of our people to work for God? That a majority amongst us do nothing at all for the interests of religion is lamentably true. Such professors, it seems, think of being

Carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease."

No time is spent by them over the Sacred Volume; no prayer do they offer at the family altar; no sacrifice do they make of time, labor, or money; no sweet smelling savor of Christ is found about them. All is stupidity, slothfulness, death-like inaction.

Nor do the mischievous effects of their conduct terminate on these professors themselves. Their example has a pernicious upon the ungodly around them. They are stumbling blocks in the way of others. Like the spies who went before Israel into Canaan, they bear back an evil report of the land. Practically they say, the christian's faith does not give him the victory over the world.—Ask such a brother why he does not study his Bible? His reply will be, he has no time. Why he does not pray in his family? He feels himself too weak. Why he does not take a religious newspaper, and interest himself in the religious history of the day? O the times are too hard to allow him to pay for it!

Now the question is, how is this dreadful evil, which has hung for years with more than a mill-stone's weight upon our cause, to be taken out of the way? Yes, this is the question! If we are not greatly deceived it will require more faith, more prayer more untiring effort on the part of active christians to effect this object, than they have ever yet exercised.—Brethren, will you look at the work and address yourselves to its performance.

ANDREW FULLER.—"It is related of this worthy man, that, on a begging tour for the cause of missions, he called on a certain wealthy nobleman to whom he was unknown, but who had heard much of Fuller's talents and piety. After he had stated to him the object of his visit, his lordship observed that he thought he should make him no donation. Mr. Fuller was preparing to return, when the nobleman remarked that there was one man, to whom, if he could see him, he thought he would give something for the mission, and that man was Andrew Fuller. Mr. Fuller immediately replied, 'My name is Andrew Fuller.' On this the nobleman with some hesitation, gave him a guinea. Observing the indifference of the donor, Mr. Fuller, looking him in the face with much gravity, said, 'Does this donation, sir, come from your heart? If it does not, I wish not to receive it.' The nobleman was melted and overcome with his honest frankness, and taking from his purse ten guineas more, said, 'These, sir, these come from my heart.'"

SINCERE FRIENDSHIP.—Convey thy love to thy friend, as an arrow to the mark, to stick there, not as a ball against the wall, to rebound back to thee; that friendship will not continue to the end, that is begun for an end.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.: Thursday, Dec. 23, 1862.

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

A Trip to Richmond—Its Hospitals, Churches, &c.

We have just returned from a trip to the capital of the Southern Confederacy, whither we had been summoned to look after the condition of a sick son. Perhaps we could not furnish a better entertainment for our readers this week than a hasty account of matters and things in a city destined to live in imperishable history. The reader will suppose, if he can, that we have made our way through "Provost Marshals," rain, cold, and such crowds as were never before witnessed on our thoroughfares, and that on the morning of the fourth day, we are in the city. We shall therefore spare him the trouble of accompanying us through the terrible gauntlet.

In company with Captain P., whose genial company we shared during the perilous journey, we took quarters at the "Ballard House," where most Alabamians sojourn who visit Richmond, and where we found our old friend and brother, Major VanDever, of Montgomery, who is superintendent of the Alabama depot of clothing, in which capacity he is rendering a cheerful, willing and important service to the soldiers of our State which will be had in grateful remembrance by every citizen of the State. We observed that he had fewer packages on hand than either of other State depots we visited for the reason that by his untiring energy he ships them at once to their respective destinations. And then he is always on hand to render any outside service which any citizen of Alabama may ask.

HOSPITALS.

As a matter of course, there are still many sick and wounded soldiers in the several hospitals of the city, though fewer by far than have been for some time. As we could not visit them all, we selected such as contained soldiers from our own State; and we must say as a matter of justice to the citizens of Richmond that nothing is left undone that can add to the comfort and good cheer of the inmates. Perhaps no parlor in Alabama is kept cleaner than those hospitals. The fare is just as good as money can purchase, or kindness can suggest. The women who preside over them are as assiduous and kind in their attentions as mothers and sisters could be. Nor less attentive are the physicians to their duties. In a word, so far as our observation extended, the most captious fault-finder that ever wrote sensation articles for Bancroft, must be dumb upon this subject at least, if he will only visit the neat, commodious, and efficiently managed hospitals of Richmond.

CHURCHES.

We were gratified to learn, on arriving in the city, that the 1st and 3rd Baptist Churches, under the respective pastorship of Drs. Burrows and Jeter, were enjoying a precious revival season. The first Sabbath of our stay, we worshipped with the 1st Church, on the evening of which, brother Burrows baptized eight candidates, among which were two Alabama soldiers. The scene was a most impressive one. The meeting house is perhaps the largest one in the city, and it was filled well nigh to its last capacity. The Sunday evening following we understood there were fourteen baptized. There have been upwards of sixty added to this church within the last few weeks. There appeared to be no abatement of interest—rather an increase.

On the succeeding Sabbath, we attended the 2nd Baptist Church, of which Dr. SEELEY is pastor. It is a large, intelligent, influential body of Christians, who are behind no other church in works of faith and labors of love. Dr. S. shares the highest confidence of his church and congregation, and has been greatly blessed in his labors.

In the evening, by invitation we attended the 3rd church, and at the close of the service, witnessed the baptism of six candidates by the pastor Dr. Jeter. The congregation was just as large as the house could accommodate. The meeting was continued with fair prospects of adding to the church daily such as should be saved. We did not learn how many had been added to this church during the meeting. The Manchester Baptist Church, in the suburbs of the city, has also received recently about seventy additions by baptism.

It afforded us great pleasure to meet at this church our brethren A. E. Dickinson, Superintendent of Colportage, and JOSEPH WALKER, so well known in our State, both of whom are members of it. Bro. Dickinson is absorbed in his work, and almost constantly on the wing. A great work is going on in several departments of army colportage. Brother Walker is Chaplain of the

post at Richmond, and keeps up regular services at Camp Winder, besides attending the daily funerals of Confederate soldiers. God speed these brethren in their important labors.

EDITORIAL CALLS.

As a matter of course, we called upon our brethren SANDS and SHAVER, of the *Religious Herald*, by whom we were most cordially received, and with whom we enjoyed a most pleasant interview. Brother SANDS is perhaps the oldest editor in the Confederacy; and yet he is ever at his post, laboring with a zeal worthy of the great cause to which he has devoted the energies of a long and useful life. It is, well, however, in the "sear and yellow leaf of age," that he has an associate at his side so eminently calculated to make the *Herald* every thing that a religious newspaper should be. Brother SHAVER combines, in singular harmony, many of the most important qualities, we will not say of a *successful*, but of a *good*, editor. To say that he wields the pen of a ready writer is saying but little for one whose editorials are polished after the Addisonian model. Profoundly versed in ecclesiastical history, he is never at a loss for facts illustrative of the sound and conservative sentiments we always find in his editorial columns.

We were glad to learn that the churches in the city had just inaugurated a plan to raise twenty-five hundred dollars to send a thousand copies of the *Herald* to the soldiers. Yielding to the necessities of the times, they issue but half a sheet, as do also all the other publishers in the city, except the "Illustrated News."

We made also a "pop call" upon the editor of the *Richmond Enquirer*, to present him our compliments for the eminently conservative course of his journal. The kindly greeting we received was such as is always accorded to strangers from citizens of the Old Dominion. No newspaper in the Confederacy has done more to sustain the "good old cause" than the *Enquirer*. It ought to have half a million of subscribers.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

Early on Sunday morning, we found the citizens of Richmond all aglow with excitement over a dispatch from Genl. LEE to the effect that a great battle had been fought in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, and that the enemy had been repulsed at every point. From every church in the city that holy Sabbath day, there went up the solemn response to the sentiment with which the dispatch closed, "Thanks be to God!" But little could be learned as to particulars beyond the arrivals of the dead and wounded which were brought down to the city. The fall of Genl. CORB of Georgia, and Genl. GREGG of South Carolina, created a profound impression upon the city. These gallant men have left few equals in the Confederate army. That the enemy were badly worsted cannot admit of a doubt, for they fought to great disadvantage in regard to position, and were terribly slaughtered. Their loss is variously estimated at from six to twenty thousand. Citizens of Fredericksburg put down their loss at ten thousand, while the prisoners we captured affirm that it will fall but little below twenty thousand. Be this as it may, they retreated back across the Rappahannock, as only Yankees can retreat, burning up immense quantities of stores, and leaving the old city of Fredericksburg riddled of every thing that could tempt the cupidity of thieves and murderers. Thus has General LEE "changed the base" of another abolition general, and sent him in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors, among whom he can at least find the balm of sympathy. McClellan lost his head for not advancing—Burnside lost his base for advancing;—and they are now doubtless in a condition to meet and shed far more copious tears than when they parted on the Potomac. Our own loss in the battle of Fredericksburg is less than eighteen hundred killed, wounded and missing.

The Cause, the good old Cause.

If any of our people, who are peculiarly affected with weak nerves, and are disposed to despond, will only take the trouble to visit any section of the Confederacy which is really menaced by the invading foe, and mingle with the people, or with the soldiers, he will be effectually cured. It is a most singular fact, that the only desponding people in our country are those who are most remote from danger, and who reside in sections where it is least probable that the enemy will ever come. As we approach our lines of defence, a most manifest change in the spirit of our people is observed. They are hopeful, buoyant, cheerful and confident. Never were we so impressed with this as in our recent trip to Richmond. Whatever may be the ground of this confidence, it is there in a measure which no earthly power can shake. Neither man, woman nor child is to be found in the capital of the Confederacy who indulges the least fear as to the

result. Almost within sound of the booming cannon, our churches are experiencing a most remarkable refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Intelligent gentlemen from the army informed us, that our soldiers were well clad, well shod, and in better health and fighting trim than they had ever been since the war began. The impression is universal that under the guidance of our unequalled Generals, and with the favor of God, defeat is impossible. Again we say to our friends, cast your care upon God, your fears to the winds, and cease to torment yourselves with gloomy apprehensions as to the future. What is there in the past that can awaken any serious fears? It were a sin to distrust that God who has thus far led us through this struggle—it is doing our soldiers a grievous wrong to doubt their invincible courage.

According to our custom, no paper will be issued next week.

For the South Western Baptist.

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 10th, 1862.

Eds. S. W. Baptist, Tuskegee, Ala., Sirs: In the absence of Mrs. Judge Hopkins, permit me to acknowledge through your paper, the receipt of \$86 50 from Cary Baptist Association for the benefit of the Alabama hospitals in Richmond, forwarded by L. A. Gibson Clerk of the Association. On behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers I desire to thank the donors for this manifestation of sympathy with their sufferings.

Hospitals sufficient to accommodate about eight hundred men, will be set apart, hereafter, for the use of Alabamians, in addition to those at present in operation. By this arrangement the people at home will have it in their power to reach all their sick or wounded friends and relatives; which has not been the case heretofore. It will also afford a larger field for, and require increased exertions, on the part of those enlisted in the noble and Christian task of ministering to the sufferings and wants of our disabled soldiers.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

C. J. CLARK.

Chf Surgeon Ala. Hospitals.

For the South Western Baptist.

MOBILE, ALA., Dec. 13, 1862.

I have been in this city for several days visiting the soldiers in and around here, distributing Bibles and religious books and tracts, and preaching for them, and they seem glad to read any thing that I have to give them, and they are looking well, and seem ready for any duty. I visited the hospitals here and gave the sick some Bibles and tracts, and talked with them on the subject of religion, and prayed for them. Since I have been here I have seen quite a number of exchanged prisoners who looked very ragged and dirty, and many of them were in bad health. I gave them tracts and talked with them about the Savior of sinners. I felt very sorry for them, and I did all I could to relieve their wants, they told me the Yankees took every thing they had from them, even to a pocket knife. Any person who wishes to do good to men, if he will go into our cities or along our railroads can find many objects of charity.

Yours in Christ,

S. A. CREATH.

For the South Western Baptist.

Revivals of Religion—War News—Feeling of Solemnity—Our Generals—Baptists in the Army, &c.

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 2, 1862.

DEAR BRO. HENDERSON: You will be glad to learn that the work of the Lord is being revived in this city. Protracted meetings have been in progress in three of the Baptist churches for several weeks. Dr. Burrows has baptized some thirty-five into the fellowship of the 1st church. Dr. Jeter of Grace St. Baptist church baptized three last Sunday, and forty have made the good profession in the Manchester church. The three meetings are going on with increasing interest. The Lord be praised for what is now being felt of His presence here.

Revivals are spreading in the camps and hospitals. On the cars a few days since I heard a soldier telling of Jackson's Army, "It is like one great Methodist camp meeting—they build log fires, sing, pray and preach, and when they ask for the mourners they come in hundreds some falling on the ground crying for mercy." Gen. (Stonewall) Jackson remarked to an officer, "I believe as truly as I do in anything that if I die heaven will be my home. Thank God that matter is settled and I have nothing to fear of Yankee bullets."

Baptists are numerous in the army. Probably one half of all the religious soldiers are Baptists. We have our full proportion of chaplains. We have two Baptist chaplains in this city, three in Petersburg, one in Farmville, one in Lynchburg, one in Charlottesville and one in Staunton. These all are post chaplains, while we have a fair proportion of those in the field. So far as I have seen our chaplains are pious,

devoted and successful preachers of the Gospel. This is true of the chaplains of all denominations in this State.

All is quiet here. Never was there a greater feeling of solemnity as to this city. If McClellan with his army failed so signally to take Richmond, we don't see how Burnside can do it. What is specially encouraging is the fine condition of our army. It was never half so well prepared to strike heavy blows as at present. The last move of Gen. Lee by which he reached Fredericksburg before Burnside could possess himself of it is spoken of as the finest specimen of strategy the war had produced. He managed to get Burnside's secrets and thus perfectly to confound him. The Lord be praised for Lee, and Johnston, and Jackson, and Longstreet, and Price, and the Hills, and Beauregard, and all the other sagacious leaders of the Confederate Army.

For the South Western Baptist.

A Word in behalf of the Chaplains—News from the Army—A good Move, &c.

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 12, 1862.

It is a little remarkable that in this State there are twelve Baptist Post chaplains—at nearly every hospital our denomination is represented. We have quite a number attached to regiments in the field. As a general thing our chaplains are earnest, noble, gifted men. The following are some of the Baptist chaplains in Virginia: Rev. Jas. B. Taylor, D.D., Rev. Joseph Walker, Rev. Geo. B. Taylor, Rev. Thos. Home. Being personally acquainted with some twenty-five Baptist chaplains I can confidently claim for them that they are as good and true men as any we have. I believe the same to be true of the chaplains connected with other denominations. Rev. Drs. M. D. Hoge, McCabe and Granberry are as talented and devoted as any ministers in the Presbyterian, Episcopal and Methodist connections, and yet they are government chaplains. If one chaplain in twenty is a black sheep all are denounced by some persons. Instead of complaining let us thank God that we have so many valuable chaplains.

Revivals are still in progress in the camps and hospitals. The work is spreading and the angels are rejoicing over penitent soldiers.

The several Baptist pastors of this city are making an effort to secure one thousand copies of the *Religious Herald* (our Baptist organ) for the hospitals. They have found that the soldiers delight in such reading and they hope this will do good to the soldiers and at the same time aid in sustaining their State paper. It would be well for the Baptist of each State in the Confederacy to raise a large sum to be similarly appropriated. Our religious papers were never more needed than at present.

For the South Western Baptist.

A cheap means of doing Good.

Our tracts are published at the small cost of fifteen pages for one cent. We bought \$7,000 worth of paper before the speculators had raised the price so much so that every hundred dollars given to this object publishes one hundred and fifty thousand pages. This is as cheap as the American Tract Society ever published though it had nearly a million dollars endowment. Thank God though the prices of every thing else are fabulous the bread of eternal life is as cheap as ever. The blockade and the speculators and our enemies have not hindered us from offering it to all freely, "without money and without price."

Much can be saved to this work if those who feel interested in it will give of their own accord and not force us to employ an agent to visit them. If it is enclosed to bro. S. Henderson in a letter it will be converted into reading matter without having to make a deduction for agents' traveling expences, salary, &c. Agents are good but it is better to do without them just as it is better to have to call in physician. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

A. E. D.

For the South Western Baptist.

Army Colportage.

Rev. H. C. Hornady, editor *Banner & Baptist*, Atlanta, Ga: "There have been a considerable number of conversions in the hospitals, and I have conversed with several who are anxiously enquiring what they must do to be saved. Some who have died, before their departure gave cheering evidence of a change of heart and of meekness for heaven. Never have I seen a field which more fully answers to the Savior's description, 'The fields are white unto the harvest,' than that presented in the hospital."

Rev. M. P. Anderson: "I formed the acquaintance of a noble young man, the nephew of a most useful Baptist minister. Found him interested in reference to his soul, and endeavored to explain to him the gospel. He urged me to come to see him again, as

he was quite sick. When I went again and found him sinking, on being asked how he was, he replied, 'I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him.' At my next visit, found him unable to speak out of a whisper. I stooped down to his ear and enquired how it was with him. He replied, 'I had rather depart and be with Christ, which is far better,' and in this delightful frame of mind he passed to his heavenly home."

Rev. A. L. Strough, chaplain 37th N. C. regiment: "In our retreat from Newbern, N. C. when overpowered by the superior force of the enemy, we lost nearly all the Testaments, &c. we had, and have not since been able to secure anything to read except fifteen small volumes presented to us by Kingston Baptist church. Our regiment is now in four different directions, hence the chaplain cannot be with them all. Before we left N. C., there were one hundred and thirty-seven in the regiment penitently enquiring after the Savior. What can your Board do for us?"

Rev. Wm. Huff, agent and colporteur of the Board in Western Virginia and Tennessee: "I supplied with Testaments and tracts the hospitals in Abingdon. The soldiers seemed very glad to have the word of the Lord. Some told me that in their retreat from Fort Donelson, they had lost the Testaments which had been given to them by pious ones at home. One said to me, 'Are those Testaments you have there?' and on being answered in the affirmative, he immediately took out his saying, 'I have for a long time very much desired to secure a Testament, and I thank you for bringing it to me.' How delightful to carry the word of God to our brave boys, suffering in hospitals, far from home and friends."

Rev. W. G. Margrave: "Besides laboring here and there in the camps and hospitals, I have paid special attention to the sick in Lewisburg. Just before I left home, I visited a sick soldier and read to him the 14th chapter of the gospel by John. He said, 'I have but one more step to take, and I shall be over the Jordan of death, and soon in perfect peace he passed away. I commit all into the hands of my Father in heaven, and go forth to tell of Jesus' dying love. We must all return to God and restore that of which we are robbing Him, if we would be blessed. Say to our Congress, restore to God his Sabbath, by stopping the transportation and opening of the mails on the day of the Lord.'

Rev. Jas. B. Averitt, chaplain of Ashby's cavalry: "You must allow me to say to you, that every Christian in the army, whose attention has been drawn to the efforts of your Board to supply our spiritual wants, feels his heart flow out in love and gratitude to you. In behalf of my men I thank you for furnishing them such abundant and most valuable reading matter. That God may reward you and those who co-operate with you in this sublime work, is the prayer of many Confederate soldiers." Rev. Mr. Averitt is an Episcopal clergyman from Georgia, who has very kindly aided us, and that in many ways, for which we feel grateful.

A. E. DICKINSON.

God our Strength.

"There is no rock like our God.—Talk no more so exceeding proudly; let not arrogancy come out of your mouth, for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed.—The bows of the mighty men are broken, and they that stumble are girded with strength. The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up: The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich: He bringeth low and lifteth up. He raiseth the poor out of the dust, to set them among princes; for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's and He hath set the world upon them. He will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall sit in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail. The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken in pieces; out of heaven shall he thunder upon them."

Are not the Yankees the "adversaries of the Lord?" Do they not despise his ordinances, and set his commandments and statutes at naught? Do they not worship Mammon, and do sacrifice to Moloch? Do they not trample under foot the constitution of the United States, while hypocritically affecting to pour out their blood in its defense? Are they not the very traitors that they falsely charge us to be? Discouraged and disappointed, the demon of revenge has taken his seat in their heart by the side of Covetousness and Hate—a trio of horrid monsters—blinding and maddening them for destruction. "Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat."

"Oursed be he that cometh not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." But "we have done iniquity," and God may chasten us yet more "with the rod of men, and the stripes of the children of men." Let us, as a people, confess and forsake our sins, and turn unto the Lord, and His mercy shall not depart from us.

A Scene after the Battle.

A writer in the "American Messenger" gives the following account of a death-bed scene after the battle of Shiloh, in April last:

It was a calm, mild night in April, and the moon shone peacefully on the western rivers and woods. Strange sights the stars looked down upon that night: the sky was blue and still, the forest-trees in full leaf in the beauty of spring; but the green earth was crimsoned with blood, blackened with the bodies of the dead, and for miles around desolation and horror covered the land. There, at Pittsburg Landing, the fierce battle had raged. There was busy work, as the labors of thousands of hands raised upon the trampled sod more than four thousand graves; and there was yet busy work to search woods and fields, and find the suffering and the wounded. A steamboat with its band of willing helpers lay by the shore almost ready to start, crowded with its precious burden, when the command came to prepare for fifty more. Hastily the guards of the boat were arranged with beds, and tarpaulins spread around to screen from the dew and chilly air of night.

In a deep ravine, fifty living men had been found who for three days had lain some in delirium, some in a sleep of exhaustion, all in hunger and thirst, those who were conscious having given up all hope of being found, and almost envying the quiet rest of the dead around them.

It was the second night after the boat had started for one of our western cities. Among these last fifty men were two lieutenants, both of whom the surgeons pronounced fatally wounded.

It was evident to the kind ladies who sat by Lieut. M., that he could scarcely live throughout the night. He talked of his home, of his childhood, and of his mother. "I have been a Universalist," said he; but in terror, he added, "I feel God's wrath upon me now; it is burning me; throw me from this bed; Oh my tortures of soul and body. Can it help my wretched soul that I have died for my country?" Then he began to rave of the wicked men who forced this war upon the land, and pronounced the most fearful curses upon their heads. The lady who watched by him said, "Lieut. M., your soul will soon be in the presence of your God; do not go with oaths upon your lips." With a look of despair he turned his face from her, and gave one piercing sigh. Tenderly she talked of Jesus and the thief upon the cross; there was no reply. She looked again, but the cursing lips were fixed in the last bitter expression of woe, and the offers of mercy had fallen upon the ear of death.

Poor man! So deluded as to imagine he was dying for his country when he was thus suffering to gratify the lust of power and of wealth in a fanatical party which had violated the cardinal principles of the Constitution of his country, and waged this war to perpetuate their usurpations. In his ravings, he, perhaps, little thought that he was imprecating curses on the heads of Lincoln, Seward and other leaders, in whose service he sacrificed his life. Poor man! His faith in Universalism could give him no peace in the hour of death.

The writer contrasts this sad scene with the death of another lieutenant, who was mortally wounded in the same battle.

"Oh, my sufferings," he said; "but my Saviour suffered far more for me.—Oh that God would send to every soul the joy and bliss he has granted to me." Again and again he begged those around him to love his precious Saviour and commend them all to God.

While his face was pale from loss of blood, it was serene and smiling, his eyes beaming with love and peace.—The deck of that floating hospital was indeed the gate of heaven. At last he spoke clearer and louder: "The grave is conquered: thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Christian soldier had fought the good fight of faith, and with his whole armor on, had gone to the great Captain of our salvation to receive his glorious crown.

Answer honestly to your own heart like which of the two lieutenants do you wish to die?

Activity in Duty.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."—John ix: 4.

How constant and unremitting was Jesus in the service of heavenly Father! "He rose a great while before day," and when His secret communion was over His public work began. It mattered not to Him where He was, whether on the bosom of the deep, or a mountain slope, in the desert, or at the well-side, the "gracious words" ever proceeded out of His mouth. We find, on one touching occasion, exhausted nature sinking, after a day of unremitting duty

The Family Circle.

There is a Savior.
"He shall send them a Savior, and a great one, and he shall deliver them." Isaiah. xix: 20.

Soldier, here is good news for thee. Good news from heaven. There is a Savior.

God has become man, that he may be the Saviour of his sinful creatures. He came into our world. He took our place. He became a sacrifice for our sins. He wrought a work, he offered a sacrifice on the ground of which you may be saved.

No matter who you are, or what you are, Jesus can save you. There are no limits to the merits of his blood. There are no exceptions in his invitations. He has love enough to save. He has mercy enough to deliver you from all your sins, and to justify you completely and eternally in the sight of God.

He has power enough to subdue your iniquities, to conquer your foes, and to render you more than a conqueror. Jesus is just suited to you, and you are just suited to Jesus. He can save you and render you eternally happy; and you can glorify His grace and praise His most blessed name forever.

Jesus can get honor by saving you, and you can get an eternal salvation from Jesus. He sought the office of Saviour, and he obtained it. He was named Jesus, because He came to save, and He has earned the name.

Remember you need not perish, for there is a Savior; you will not perish, either because Jesus was unable or unwilling to save you. He can save you without effort, he will save you with joy, if you will go to Him.

He is God, and can save; He is God-man, and will save. He says, "Look unto me, and be saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else. I, even I am the Lord, and besides me there is no Saviour."

Call His name Jesus, for he shall save His people from their sins."—Mat. 1: 21.

The Right and the Wrong way of Doing Right.

"I'm thankful to see you minding your books so, Johnny," said a poor anxious mother to a stubbed, bright-looking boy who shared the small table and dim lamp with her. Johnny used to like to be off evenings; now he stayed at home and studied, or tried to study. "Because we've got the right master now," said he; "he knows the right way of doing right; that's what some folks don't. The master before he didn't."

"Right way of doing right," said his mother; "I didn't know there was a wrong way of doing right; right is right." Johnny looked into the flame puzzled. "Yes," he said at last, "there is, mother, a wrong way of doing right. I see it as plain as can be." "Tell me," said his mother. Johnny looked as if he did not quite want to tell that was in his mind, but presently he did. "Mr. Jones, our last master," he went on to say, "thrashed me for being idle, and dodging my lessons and playing truant; and he ought to have thrashed me, I deserved it, and no mistake; but he did as if he didn't care. I always said to myself thrash away old fellow. He did it as if he was angry, that made me angry. I used to get so mad with him. I felt his smarting on my back, but it was only skin deep. I didn't feel any sore or sorry place here," said Johnny, putting his hand on his heart.

"Then Mr. Jones went and Mr. Day came. The boys say in his eye they'd like him. Well, I was at my old tricks again, and after a while he had to thrash me. I wouldn't take another for any thing. He felt so sorry that what should I do but feel sorry too. I felt awfully. I said to myself, 'What a rascal you are to hurt Mr. Day's feelings so,' and, mother, I try to be a good boy in school now. I try hard real hard. Don't you see, mother Mr. Day does right the right way?"

His mother did indeed, and she said sorrowfully, "Yes, Johnny, I do"—sorrowfully, for she began to be afraid lest she too had not always done right the right way. A great many may feel afraid so likewise.

One day two little girls got into a violent quarrel. Mary snatched Jane's doll, and Jane struck Mary in the face. Their mother parted them, and tried to settle it. She told Mary to ask Jane's forgiveness, and to kiss and make up, and be loving little sisters. They did as their mother bid them, but they did it pouting. The spirit

of penitence and forgiveness does not speak with pouting lips or walk with unwilling feet; and these were the feet with which Mary and Jane went towards each other. So there was no true making up and the consequence was as soon as their mother's back was turned, the old dispute revived, and they began to quarrel as bad as before. You see they did right the wrong way."

One day there was a loud outcry under our window. We looked out to see what the matter was. A little girl was sprawling on the pavement. "You ran against me and pushed me down, you Sarah Barnes, you!" belated the child angrily; "I'll tell your mother and you'll get a licking." Sarah Barnes stopped and went back. She was evidently going somewhere in a hurry, and had not minded where she went. "I didn't mean to," said Sarah; "I am very sorry," and she began to lift the little girl up. "You sha'n't touch me!" cried the child. "Lizzie, dear, I didn't mean to," said Sarah Barnes sweetly, "and it was naughty in me not minding. I'm real sorry. Do let me brush the dust off your dress." Her voice was so kind, there was no resisting her; so the little girl consented to be helped up and have the dirt shaken off. "Shan't I lead you home Lizzie?" said Sarah. "No, thank you replied the little girl, quite comforted, 'I'm not hurt a bit.' Sarah then kissed her, and the little girl kissed Sarah back, and each went on their way cheerily as before. Sarah Barnes, you see, had the right way of doing right.

There are a good many parts to right doing. It is like a machine; the wheels sometimes grate on each other, and do not run smooth. They need oiling. What shall we oil them with? The oil of love. That makes the right way of doing right.

THE IDLE BOY BECOMES A MAN.—Yes, I am a man; and woe is me for having been such a little fellow when I was a boy! I hated my book, and took more pains to forget my lessons than ever I did to learn them. What a dunce I was, even over my spelling! Always at the bottom of my class, cried over—the emblem of duncehood. "Do, Charls, learn your lessons," said my father, "or you will be fit for nothing when a man." "Do, dear Charles, give your mind to books or I shall be ashamed of owning you for my boy," said my poor mother. But no; I must give my mind to whipping the tops and eating cakes, and a fine scholar they made me! Now there was Fred Jones, he liked play well enough, but he liked reading better; and he learned more out of school hours than I did in them. Fred Jones is now, like myself a man, but made friends among the wise, the honorable, and the learned; I cannot be admitted to their acquaintance. He can interest a whole company with useful information; I am obliged to be silent, or talk about the weather or my neighbors. I can make out a bill of parcels, but I blunder over a letter to a friend. I see my error now, but it is too late I have no time to read, for I must work for my daily bread; and if I had time I could not turn my reading to profit.

Behold the bitter fruits of idleness in childhood.—Miss Jernsburg.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR SOUL.—One evening in early summer, two young friends were returning from a walk. One of them was a sincere and earnest Christian, the other thoughtless and unconcerned. As they drew near home, the young Christian felt that he could not leave his irreligious companion without speaking one word for his Saviour. He could not tell how it might be received, for apparently his friend was gay and careless, and he felt for a moment a reluctance to speak upon a subject which might be unwelcome to him. But the thought of that friend's precious soul passing on to an eternity of endless joy or sorrow—the thought of his duty to his Saviour, who had commissioned him to call just such wanderers to him, decided him. The struggle was over, and taking his friend by the hand he said tenderly, "Take care of your soul." The Spirit of God sent home this simple message to that young man's heart; it kept ringing in his ears, "Take care of your soul," and he found no peace, till he found it in committing his perishing soul to the hands of an Almighty Redeemer.

Let me repeat the message to you, "Take care of your soul." If you are out of Christ, if you have never come to him a poor, sin-ridden, heart-broken penitent, and looked to him alone by faith to save you, you need to do it now. "The redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever."—TAKE CARE OF YOUR SOUL.

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All is Bright in Heaven.

What a happy thought this is! You my dear little friends may feel that all is equally as bright on earth. So at present, it may seem; for your young hearts have perhaps never known a sorrow; but think you life will always be so joyous? No, no, as years increase, so will pleasures give place to the cares, and troubles which flesh is heir to. We may often wonder why it is, that a loving Father, will so make sadness possess our hearts. It is because he knows so well, that if our lives here, are spent in happiness, we shall wish no other home; and he would have us seek a place in that mansion, which has so long been prepared for the truly good. Having felt the darkness of earth, we can better appreciate the joys, and brightness of Heaven.

"Mortal joys how soon they fade;
How swift their present away!"

Then let our present enjoyments be such as may more brightly beam for us, in that Land, where all "that is beautiful melts not away." Pleasures here, however gay, cannot last. Too sadly are we forced to acknowledge, that the happy days of summer, must ere long be changed to dreary winter.

May God help you all to prepare your hearts while on earth, that you may look hopefully forward to a time, when you shall indeed know, that "all is bright in heaven!" Here, is often heard the tolling bell, calling us to witness the closing of the cold damp earth over the features of some dearly loved one; but in Heaven, no such funeral knell bids us repair to these melancholy graves. 'Tis one scene of parting here; but there will be a happy meeting fondly loved ones in Heaven. If you would have a home in that bright world, you must "walk in the light." You must love God and keep his commandments, you must govern all bad passions, feelings, and desires. But of yourselves you are not able to do these things; so Jesus says, "Ask and it shall be given." Then again, speaking by his servants, he says, "I love them that love me, and them that seek me early shall find me." You must pray God to give you a clean heart, a loving, and forgiving spirit; must ask him to make your heart his dwelling place, that he may keep it from all wickedness. These prayers being granted, you, my dear little friends, will be fitted for the companionship of angels, and the likeness of God, where all is bright in Heaven.

The Little Child's Petition.

A petition in the prayer of a very little child affected me deeply the other day. It was all his own, and lisped in a tone that seemed to come from the very bottom of his heart. "O, heavenly Father, please not let the cow hook me, nor the horse kick me; and not let me run in the street, when my mother tells me not to." Here is the feeling of helplessness.—Straying from his mother's side, and begirt with dangers even at his own door, how weak is the little one.—Who shall protect and defend him from harm. Tempted to disobey and forget, and to do those things which he ought not to do, where shall he get strength to do right? The child, even the little child, feels the need of help from one greater than even father or mother; for no mother's eye can follow him every way, and no father's hand can be always near to befriend and save.

And this feeling of helplessness may lead him to look beyond father or mother, brother or sister, master or mistress, to a greater than they all. If we have help at all, we must have the help of One who sees us always, who rules everywhere, who in his strength and greatness condescends to help us. This Almighty being is God, the God of the Bible, who has sent his dear Son to teach us to say, "Our Father," and to pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" and more than all, has graciously added, for the sake of those who might still think that children had no understanding of these things, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.—A little boy after saying nightly the prayers which had been taught him, was quite tenacious of what he called prayer his own way. He had a large number of brothers, and sisters, whose needs and peculiarities he sometimes made the subject of his petitions. On one occasion, at commencing this exercise, he was overcome with sleep. Wrestling with his stupor, he said: "Oh, Lord bless Elizabeth, and make her better than she is."

His head fell back on his pillow, but soon rousing, he murmured drowsily, "Bless Henry too."—It was in vain; the tongue refused its office—so he added, indistinctly: "Oh Lord I can't; there are two many of em," and he sank into the deep slumber of childhood.

At another time while conducting this exercise in a somewhat more wakeful manner, he said: "Lord please to bless Father and give him a new heart. Be so kind as to bless Mary, my little sister, and give her a new heart. Oh, Lord, bless mother—but you need not give her a new heart, for she could not have any better one than she's got; and I don't see how she'd go to work to be any better woman than she is now."

The Watchword.

In one of the great rock galleries of Gibraltar two British soldiers had mounted guard, one at each end of the vast tunnel. One was a believing man, whose soul had found rest upon the Rock of Ages, the other was seeking rest but had not found it. It was midnight, and these soldiers were going their rounds, the one meditating on the which had brought peace to his soul, the other darkly brooding over his own disquietudes and doubts. Suddenly an officer passes, challenges the former, and demands the watchword. "The precious blood of Christ" called out the startled veteran, forgetting for a moment the password of the night, and uttering unconsciously the thought which was at that moment filling his soul. Next moment he corrected himself, and the officer no doubt amazed, passed on.

But the words he spoke had rung through the gallery, and entered the ears of his fellow-soldier at the other end like a message from heaven. It seemed as if an angel had spoken, or rather as if God himself had proclaimed the good news in that still hour. "The precious blood of Christ."—Yes; that was peace! His troubled soul at rest. That midnight voice had spoken the good news to him, and God had carried home the message. "The precious blood of Christ," strange but blessed watchword, never to be forgotten! For many a day and year, it would be the rejoicing of his heart.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS OF THE IBO PEOPLE. AFRICA.—Infanticide of a peculiar nature likewise prevails among them. Twins are never allowed to live. As soon as they are born, they are put into two earthen pots, and exposed to the beasts of the forest, and the unfortunate mother ever afterwards endures endures great trouble and hardships. A small tent is built for her in the forest in which she is obliged to dwell and undergo many ceremonies for her purification.—She is separated from all society for a considerable time; her conjugal alliance with her husband is forever dissolved; and she is never again permitted to sit down with other women in the same market or in the same house.—To give birth to twins is, therefore, considered to be the greatest misfortune that can befall a woman of the Ibo nation. If any person wished to annoy an Ibo woman, he lifts up two fingers, and says, "You gave birth to twins," which is sure to make her mad. If a child should happen to cut his top teeth first, the poor infant is likewise killed; it is considered to indicate that the child, were it allowed to live would become a very bad person. To say to any person, "You cut your top teeth first," is, therefore, as much as to say, "Nothing good can be expected from you; you are born to do evil; it is impossible for you to act otherwise."—Miss Rogers.

SUBSTITUTE FOR COPPERAS.—The following articles, in the proportion named, are recommended on good authority as a most excellent substitute for copperas, when the articles are used in setting colors or for dyeing copperas color:

Half pint of vinegar, half pint of molasses, three gallons of water. Put the whole into an iron pot with nails, or rusty iron, and let it stand for twenty days.

Copperas is a dollar and two dollars per pound, and we see no use of paying it when the above substitute is cheaper and answers every purpose.

AN AMERICAN BENEFACITOR IN LONDON.—Mr. George Peabody, formerly a business man in Baltimore, now a Banker in London, has recently appropriated SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS to ameliorate the condition and increase the comforts of the industrious poor in London. This fund he suggested, should be applied in the construction of dwellings for them as will combine healthfulness and comfort with social enjoyment and economy.

DR. LITTLE'S VERMIFUGE.

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

A CARD.
DR. J. B. GOODMAN having extensively used LITTLE'S VERMIFUGE, takes pleasure in saying it is the most valuable remedy to cure children of WORMS ever known. A dollar bottle is quite sufficient for 25 cases.

LITTLE'S ANODYNE COUGH DROPS.
A certain cure for Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pain in the Breast; also Croup, Whooping Cough, &c., &c.

This is a pleasant medicine to take, producing immediate relief, and in nine out of ten cases a prompt cure. It exercises the most controlling influence over Coughs and Irritation of the Lungs of any remedy known, often stopping the most violent in a few hours, or at most in a day or two. Many cases of Croup, whooping Cough, and other pulmonary affections, have been promptly cured by using a few bottles. As anodyne is prominently without astringent the bowels, it stands paramount to all other mixtures.

LITTLE'S FRENCH MIXTURE.
This is prepared from a French Recipe (in the form of No. 1 and 2; the first for the acute, and No. 2 for the chronic stage), and from its unexampled success is likely to supersede every other remedy for the cure of diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Gonorrhea, Eucorrhoea, and Leucorrhoea, or Fluor Albus affections. This extensive compound combines properties totally different in taste and character from any thing to be found in the United States Pharmacopoeia; and in point of safety and efficiency is not rivalled in America.

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

It is worth two hundred places in Georgia, and in the Southern States, they are to be had; and as the scabs about which are counterfeiting his remedies, by palming off their own or something else, by using the same or similar name for no patient is wanted or secured, and the patients of the day let all be cautioned to look well for the signature of the Proprietor, thus:—

Wm. G. Little
and also his name blown into the glass of each bottle.

LITTLE & BRO.,
Wholesale Druggists, Macon, Ga.
Solely by Dr. J. S. THOMAS and C. FOWLER, Tuskegee, HITCHCOCK & WILLIAMS, La Grange, Florence & Hall, Mont gomery, FLEMING & CAMPBELL, J. A. WATKINS & CO., Columbus, Ga.; and Merchants and Druggists generally May 10, 1860.

Business Cards.

N. GACHET,
Attorney at Law,
TUSKEGEE, ALA.
Office at the old stand east of Brewer's (now Kelly's) Hotel.
July 24, 1862.

N. S. GRABHAM, R. A. MAYES, W. H. ABERCROMBIE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Tuskegee, Macon County, Alabama.
Will practice in the Courts of Macon, and the surrounding Counties; in the Supreme Court of Alabama, and in the United States District Court, at Montgomery.
Office up stairs in Echols' new building.
December 15, 1859.

JOHN D. CUNNINGHAM,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
Will practice in the Courts of Macon, Russell, and Tallapoosa counties.
Particular attention paid to collecting and securing claims.
Office over the Post Office.
TUSKEGEE, ALA., February 6, 1862.

W. P. CHILTON, JR.,
W. P. CHILTON, JR.,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
—AND—
Solicitor in Chancery,
MONTGOMERY, ALA.
Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery and the surrounding counties; in the Supreme Court of the State, and the Confederate States District Court for the Middle District of Alabama.
Office on Market St., in Masonic Building.

G. W. JONES, L. STRANGE, JAMES ARMSTRONG,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
Tuskegee, Ala., Jan. 19, 1860.

SMITH & POU,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TUSKEGEE, ALA.
Practice in Macon and adjoining Counties.
Office up stairs in Echols' new building.
RHYTHON B. SMITH, ED. W. FOU
May 17, 1860.

FERRELL & MCKINNE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Tuskegee, Ala.
April 19, 1860.

J. H. CADDENHEAD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Loachapoka, Macon County, Ala.,
Will practice in Counties of Macon, Montgomery, Tallapoosa, Chambers, and Russell.
June 12, 1861.

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

SCHEDULE
OF
Tuskegee Rail Road.
FIRST TRAIN leaves the Depot in Tuskegee at 9.15 a. m., connecting with a Train for West Point and Columbia.
Second Train leaves at 11.15 a. m., connecting with a Train for Montgomery.
Third Train leaves at 5 o'clock p. m., connecting with a Train for West Point.
A. B.—No Train on this Rail Road connects with one passing Cheshaw at 3.27 a. m., for Montgomery.
G. W. SILVENS,
Superintendent.
July 24, 1862.

HOWARD COLLEGE.

Faculty for the Year 1861-2.
REV. H. TALBIRD, D.D., President and Professor of Moral Science.
A. B. GOODHUE, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Nat. Philosophy.
D. G. SHERMAN, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature.
REV. T. W. TOBEY, A. M., Professor of Intellectual Philosophy.
Professor of Chemistry and Natural History.
THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.
REV. H. TALBIRD, D.D., Prof. of Pastoral Theology & Ecclesiastical History.
REV. T. W. TOBEY, A. M., Brown Professor of Systematic Theology.

THE NEXT SESSION.
The next session will open on Tuesday the first day of October, 1861.
In order to meet the exigencies of the times, young men and ladies will be admitted next session to pursue an irregular Course of Study, a Course preparatory to a regular Course, provided the applicant has sufficient maturity of mind to enable him to do so with profit to himself. Daily instruction in Military Tactics, by Dr. and Lectures will also be furnished. The present elevated standard in the regular Classical and Scientific Courses will be maintained.

EXPENSES.
Tuition, per term, of 45 months, in advance \$25 00
Incidentals 5 00
Room and Board 5 00
Coal 5 00
Board, per month, \$12 00 to 15 00
Washing 1 00
L. W. GARROTT,
President Board of Trustees.
J. B. LOVELACK, Secretary.
Marion, Aug. 29, 1861.

HOWARD COLLEGE.

DEAR SIR:—Your attention is respectfully invited to the following resolution passed by the Board of Trustees of Howard College at this annual meeting, viz:—
"Resolved, That the Treasurer of Howard College be authorized to receive the Coupon Bonds of the Confederate States in payment of the Principal of all Subscriptions or Debts due to the Endowment Fund of the College, and that he be instructed, by circular letter and advertisement, to notify the Debtors to the College of this resolution of the Board."
In accordance with my instruction, in the above resolution, I address you this Circular, in the hope that you may find it convenient and early date to liquidate your indebtedness to the Howard College. Any communication addressed to me at this place will receive attention.
Respectfully yours,
D. R. LIDE, Treas. H. Col.
Marion, Ala., Sept. 26, 1861.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

ON Monday 6th January 1862, JAMES F. PARK will re-open a School for Boys, in Tuskegee. The limited number of pupils can be received, as there will be no Assistant. The Scholastic Year will be divided into three Sessions of Thirteen weeks. Tuition will be at the following rates per Session:
First or Lowest Class \$10 00
Mental Arithmetic, Primary Geography with Spelling, Reading, and Writing 2 00
Geography, Grammar, (English) Written Arithmetic, Mental Arithmetic, Algebra, Latin common 14 00
Latin Classics, Algebra, Geometry, History, and any of the above studies 16 00
High Scholastic, Physical Sciences, Latin, Greek or French 20 00
Parents and Guardians will confer a favor by making application for admission into the School previous to the commencement of the Session.
Tuskegee, Ala., Dec. 26, 1861.

Medical College of Georgia, AT AUGUSTA.

THE thirtieth Session of this Institution will open on Monday, the 4th November next.
Anatomy, M. F. CAMPBELL, M. D.
Surgery, L. A. DAVIS, M. D.
Chemistry, JOSEPH JONES, M. D.
Medical Jurisprudence and Therapeutics, L. E. GARDIN, M. D.
Institutes and Practice, L. D. FORD, M. D.
Physiology, W. H. WATKINS, M. D.
Obstetrics, J. A. EVES, M. D.
Adjunct Professor of Obstetrics, ROBERT CAMPBELL, M. D.
W. H. DODD, M. D., Clinical Lecturer at City Hospital.
S. B. SIMMONS, M. D., Professor to Professor Anatomy.
B. W. FOSTER, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.
Lectures, (full course) \$100.
Matriculation Fee, \$5.
The College has been thoroughly renovated, and many additions made to further facilities for instruction.
September 19, 1861.

IMPROVED NON-CORROSIVE CONFEDERATE WRITING FLUID

Manufactured Wholesale & Retail, BY
W. S. BARTON,
TEACHER'S EXCHANGE,
MONTGOMERY, ALA.
Sept. 11, 1862.

ALABAMA MARBLE WORKS,

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

NIX, YOUNG & NIX,

(SUCCESSORS TO R. W. HITCHCOCK.)
MONUMENTS, MANTLES, TOMBS, Railings, GRAVE STONES, Furniture Work, and Tablets. GRATES, &c.
All Work Warranted to give Satisfaction.
Feb'y 22, 1861.

NO TASTE OF MEDICINE! BRYAN'S TASTELESS VERMIFUGE.

Children dying right and left! Mothers and fathers weeping! Know that worms are killing their children! That each other mortal ill! But the Vermifuge will save Your pale children from the grave.
MOTHER, MAKE YOUR CHOICE.—Shall the Child die, or the Worms? Remember, a few doses of Bryan's Tasteless Vermifuge will destroy every number of worms, and bring them away without pain. Price 25 cents. GARNER KOD, Proprietor, 15 Beekman Street, New York.
Sold by
July 26, 1860 C. TWILAR, Tuskegee, Ala.

NEW BOOKS.

THE FURENS, by the author of The Lamp-lighter. My Thirty Years Out of the Senate, by Major John Downing.
The Noble Family of National Illustrations. A novel of deep interest. Tales of Married Life, by T. S. Arthur. The History of Good Society, a hand book for Ladies. The Private Correspondence of Alexander Pope Hamilton. The Mill on the Floss, by the author of Adam Bede. A Life for a Life, by the author of John Halifax. Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, by Edw. G. Parker. Tynney Hall, by T. Hood. Mary Grayson, by the author of Green Treenan. And many other new books, just received and for sale by
July 5, 1860. B. B. DAVIS, Montgomery. No. 20 Market st.

The Family Circle.

The Open Reward of Secret Prayer.

Much might be said upon the benefits of secret prayer. But we shall confine ourselves in the present article to the manner in which God openly rewards secret prayer.

1. The reward of secret prayer is seen in the fruits as the graces secured by it.

The performance of this duty helps to a consistent, holy, happy work. The light of that Christian who prays in his closet shines. His humble, holy walk will be seen. His influence will be felt. He will be saved from many of the inconsistencies which spoil Christian character and influence. His piety will be constant, vigorous and bright. The church and the world will feel that he is a holy man, that he walks with God. Thus God openly rewards those who pray in secret, by giving them an acknowledged and an established character of piety; by making them the medium through which the truths, and power of religion, shine out most brilliantly and convincingly to the glory of God and the praise of his grace and Christ Jesus.

2. God will reward openly those who pray in secret, by making them in a high degree useful.

They are prepared to exert an influence by the conviction produced in the minds of others, of the reality and sincerity of their piety. They have a spirit of prayer and zeal by the grace impart to them in the closet. Where they go a holy influence is felt, and the minds of Christians are stirred to renewed diligence and prayer. These praying men and women are the pillars of the church. God bless their labors in the edification and comfort of his people, and in the salvation of souls. Where there is a church of such Christians, their influence will be mighty. The cause of God will be promoted and great good accomplished through their instrumentality.

3. God will openly reward those who perform this duty at the day of judgment and in the world of retribution.

At that day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, it will be seen what effects have been produced by such prayer on individuals, families, churches, and the world. Those who have been faithful in this duty will doubtless have brought forth hundreds, saved in answer to those prayers offered when no eye of God could see them. These souls shall shine like gems in the crown of their rejoicing forever and ever. These Aaron and Hurs, these praying Hannahs shall shine like the stars forever in the kingdom of God. The whole universe shall see the wonderful effects which have followed their prayers, and all holy beings shall witness their elevation on account of them in the glories of heaven.

Sunday School and the Times.

It will be found, perhaps, in all our Churches, now, that our Sabbath Schools are not as flourishing as formerly. And there is some danger that as pastors and friends of this most important institution, we will rest easy, under this decline.

But friends let us think for a moment, surely there never was a time when our children and young people more needed the Sabbath School than now. See how many disregard the Sabbath, our baptized children will imitate them if we do not contract their bad example.

Listen how the foul mouth swearer takes the name of God in vain. Let us be up and doing with sweet speeches and songs to fill our children's ears and hearts lest they fall into this disgusting and sinful habit.

We have more to do now to keep up the Sabbath schools than formerly. Our dear young men who used to give much interest to the school, are gone into the army. We miss them—the children miss them. But shall we therefore cease our efforts? No, no! By the very love we have for those young men, let us keep our Sunday Schools. What will they say, if while they are off guarding our rights we at home lose that which is both to them and to us, infinitely more important?

Let us keep vigilant guards at home. Come, young ladies, do not fail to be at Sunday School because your brother is far away and can not go with you. You will miss a chord in the music because his voice is away, but do not therefore be absent. No, do not be selfish. There are scores of little birds like voices to be trained to Sabbath songs. Come, let us unite

charm the ear of erring ones when our tongues are dumb in death.

How sweet the thought, that through these infant hearts we can still woo and win the world to Christ and His cross, long after we have passed away. Brethren let us tuck this harp of many strings and after ages shall come to listen to it sweet vibrations. S.

Leaves and Children.

It was only a few short months ago, say the laves, that we were fresh and green and swinging from the topmost boughs as merry as leaves could be; the gentle breeze fanned us and the warm summer and spring showers infused new life into us; and the pretty birds, with their sweet swelling song, built their tiny nests amongst us. Oh! how happy we were.

But now we are about to change our pretty dress. Yes, autumn with chilling winds is approaching. Soon will we leave the parent stem, and as the birds have flown away, and all the earth seems about to change its dress, so soon all that is bright and beautiful, will be among the dead.

Little children, should learn of us this lesson; that life must soon pass away, that all the lovely things they now enjoy, with their dear parents and friends, will soon be gone forever. Learn not to love earth or earth's fairest things; but seek earnestly the kingdom of God in the forgiveness of your sins; seek to have Christ as your friend, strive to lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. This you can do by faith, by love and fervent prayer, and then, when the chilling winds of death are approaching you, and you are about to bid adieu to parents, friends and this beautiful earth, you can feel that you have a home in heaven.—Teacher.

The Power of One Good Boy.

'When I took the school,' said a gentleman, speaking of a certain school he once taught, 'I soon saw there was one good boy in it. I saw it in his face. I saw it by many unmistakable marks. If I stepped out and came suddenly back, that boy was always studying just as if I had been there, while a general buzz, and the pish looks of the rest showed that there was mischief in the wind. I learned he was a religious boy, and a member of the Church. Come that would, he would be for the right. There were two other boys who wanted to behave well, but were sometimes led astray. These two began to look up to Alfred, and I saw were much strengthened by his example. Alfred was as lovely in disposition as firm in principle. These three boys began to create a sort of public opinion on the side of good order and the master. One boy and then another gradually sided with them. The foolish pranks of idle and wicked boys began to lose their popularity. They did not win the laugh which they used to. A general obedience and attention to study prevailed. At last the public opinion of the school was fairly revolutionized; from being a school of ill name, it became 'one of the best behaved schools any where about, and it was that boy Alfred who had the largest share in making the change. Only four or five boys held out, and these were finally expelled.' 'Yes,' says the teacher, 'it is in the power of one right-minded, right-hearted boy to do that.' 'He stuck to his principles like a man, and they stuck to him, and made a strong and splendid fellow of him.'

A Sailor Boy's Prayer.

At one time it was feared that the Cordella was on her last voyage. We were but a few days out from the harbor when a severe storm of five days' continuance overtook us. I must tell you of an act performed by a sailor boy at the height of the storm. He was literally a boy, and far better fitted for thumping a spelling book, than furling a sail in the storm. The ship was rolling fearfully, some of the rigging got entangled at the main mast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and put it right. I was standing near the mate, and heard him order the boy to do it. He lifted his cap, and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling sea, and at the steady, determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence, then rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the fore-castle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes when he returned, laid his hands upon the ratlines, and went up with a will.

My eyes followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remembered with the mate for sending him aloft.

"I did it," replied the mate, "to save life; we've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel; he's more careful; he'll come down safe, I hope."

Again I looked, till tears dimmed my eyes and I compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes he came down, and walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the the course of the day I took occasion to speak to him why he hesitated when order to go aloft.

"I went, sir," said the boy, "to pray."

"Do you pray?"

"Yes, sir; I thought that I might not come down alive, and I went to commit myself to God."

"Where did you learn to pray?"

"At home my mother wanted me to go to Sunday school, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me, and so I do."

"What was that you had in your pocket?"

"My Testament which my mother gave me. I thought that if I did perish I would have the Word of God close to my heart."

How the Garden of Salt Lake City are irrigated.

Everybody that has heard anything of Salt Lake City has heard of its living waters by the footpaths on every street. To make this available for irrigation then has been considerable work.

The City is supplied with water from City Creek, directly north of the city, entering it about the centre. Red Butte, Emigrating and Kan-yon creeks are to the east, and streams westward. The creeks are so controlled as to conduct the water into the twenty wards comprising the city, in a manner to equalize it as nearly as possible. There are generally nine blocks in a ward. At the corner of each is a large water gate, through which all the water flows, and then it branches off to the several blocks, each block containing ten acres. For the proper distribution of the water there is a chief water-master or commissioner. There is a deputy on each block. As water becomes scarce in summer there has necessarily to be a nice distribution of the precious fluid, and the masters on assuming office have to take oath to faithfully give to each portion of land its proper quantum.

To each lot of one and a quarter acres three hours per week of the stream is generally allowed. That may be at tended to at once, or divided to twice a week, according to the notions prevalent in the respective wards. In event of a block numerously occupied, their respective inhabitant receive notices of the time when and how long the water may be used. "Brother A You can have the water thirty-five minutes to day, commencing at twenty minutes to twelve, noon." The water master thus divides his block, "times it," and night and day, the whole summer, some one or other is engaged watering with the streams.

Before all was decided it is presumable that the Saints had their local bickerings; now "the think goes like clockwork." For keeping the water ditches in proper order there is a tax on all city property of one mill per dollar this year, which amounts to \$1,163 23. In this manner the chief city of Zion has blessings beyond the distillations from above, and is measurably protected from the dreadful drought that consumes the labors of the toiling poor, without the burthen of heavy taxation.

A Sad Spectacle.

Happening in at the Confederate Court room a day or two since, we were one of the few witness of a scene which we hope never to have repeated in our experience. A mall boy, of some thirteen or fourteen summers, from the up-country, was arraigned at the bar just ordered to stand up and hear read an indictment against him for the crime of robbing the mail. The poor fellow seemed utterly overcome by the disgrace which his early departure from the path of rectitude had brought upon him and the very respectable family of which he is a member. He buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud as the Confederate Attorney read over the various counts reciting his crimes, and in conclusion, when asked whether "guilty or not guilty," a new cord in his heart seemed to snap as he half uttered the confession, "Guilty," and sat completely stunned and motionless.

in the court room at the time, officers included, and the all-pervading silence added to the painful solemnity of the scene. It was, indeed, a sad spectacle, and there were but a few, if any dry eyes among those who witnessed it. All felt that the unhappy youth had been sufficiently punished for his crime; yet the law must be enforced, and Justice Harden sentenced him to the shortest term of imprisonment, two years, in the penitentiary.

We commend this case as a warning to youth. This little boy, as we learn, was fired with a desire to go to the wars and fight for his country. His parents refused, and being without the means of fighting himself out and defraying expenses to the army, under the advice of an older, and no doubt far worse head, he resorted to pilfering the letters in the post office, of which his father was master. The loss was discovered and complained of, a trap was set, and the unwary youth fell into it, and from thence into prison.

Let our young friends read this brief history, and learn the danger of giving way to temptation in early life—that the path of virtue is the only safe one, and that a dishonest act should not be committed even with a worthy intent. Be sure "your sins will find you out." And again, it teaches the importance of obedience to parents, who know far better than you what is right and proper, and whose counsel can seldom be violated with impunity. Had this little boy honored his father and mother, as he was bound in duty to do, he would have been free and happy as your yourselves. Lay these lessons to heart, and you will be an honor to your families and country; disregard them, and the sad fate of this unfortunate boy may be yours.—Savannah Republican, Nov. 28.

Preserving Meat.

The high price and extreme scarcity of salt renders this preservation of meat a matter of uncommon interest to many of our readers. We have been asked by several to express an opinion as to the propriety of putting fresh meat, still warm from the animal heat, into boiling hot brine, in which to remain a short time, and is then hung up in a smoke-house to dry and cure. Is this hasty and scant salting sufficient? Some say that it is; but we doubt, and dare not recommend the new practice. It resorted to, the bone ought to be removed from all joints before they are put into the hot brine, and no piece should be very thick so that the salt cannot reach its center. In saving either bacon or beef with little salt, every thing depends on rapid drying. Perfectly dry meat never taints, nor spoils, even if not a particle of salt has been applied to it. In South America, on the vast pampas, a great deal of beef is cut into thin slices, and dried in the sun without any salt; and in this dry state it is preserved indefinitely as food for man. We have killed fat cattle and hogs in August and other hot months, and saved the meat successfully by cutting into thin pieces and drying it on sticks over coals, something like a barbecue, only the fire is not hot enough to cook the flesh. It is rubbed in a little dry salt. All meat contains more or less water when the animal is slaughtered; and one of the chemical effects of pure salt is to extract a considerable part of this water. In one hundred parts of the lean meat in a hog, sheep, or beef, there are seventy-five parts of pure water. Keeping this important fact in mind the reader will see the propriety of drying meat promptly and thoroughly, in case one has little or no salt for preserving it in the common way.

Where impure sea salt, or impure salt from inland wells or springs is used for salting meat, early drying and smoking will be the best remedy. Some salt has such an attraction for moisture as to be worse than none. Every one should watch closely his recently salted meat, and keep it in a place as cool and dark as possible.—When hogs or cattle are killed, extra pains ought to be taken to remove all blood, both by skillful bleeding and dressing.—S. F. and Fireside.

THE SABBATH IN GERMANY.—It appears by late intelligence from Germany that Christian Churches in that country are making efforts to rescue the Sabbath from desecration. They seem to feel the importance of following it as a sacred day, in order to have a Sabbath. They are also making efforts to supply the people with religious literature.

DR. LITTLE'S VERMIFUGE.

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

A CARD. DR. J. H. GORMAN having extensively used LITTLE'S VERMIFUGE, takes pleasure in saying it is the most valuable remedy to cure children of WORMS he ever knew. A dollar bottle is quite sufficient for 25 cases. TUSKEGEE, Ga., Feb. 3, 1860.

LITTLE'S ANODYNE COUGH DROPS.

A certain cure for Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, and all other Affections of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchitis. This is a pleasant medicine to take, producing immediate relief, and in case of a severe cold, it cures the most obstinate Coughs, and relieves the Lungs of any remedy known, often stopping the most violent in a few hours, or at most in a day or two. Many cases thought to be decidedly consumptive, have been promptly cured by using a few bottles. As anodyne expectorant, without irritating the bowels, it stands paramount to all cough mixtures.

LITTLE'S FRENCH MIXTURE.

This is prepared from a French Recipe (in the former No. 1, and No. 2, for the acute and chronic stages, and from its unexcelled success in curing the most violent in a few hours, or at most in a day or two. Many cases thought to be decidedly consumptive, have been promptly cured by using a few bottles. As anodyne expectorant, without irritating the bowels, it stands paramount to all cough mixtures.

LITTLE'S RINGWORM & TETTER OINTMENT.

Handsome cases of Chronic Tetter, Scald Head, and diseases of the skin generally, have been cured by this remedy; and since its introduction the cure of Ringworm, Tetters, and other skin diseases has been found to be so rapid and so certain, that it is now considered a certain cure in a short time. For the cure of Cancerous Sores and Ulcers it is applied in the form of plaster, and is almost infallible.

And now the same is known in the glass of each bottle. All orders and letters to be addressed to LITTLE & BRO., Wholesale Druggists, Macon, Ga.

Sold by Dr. J. S. THOMAS and C. FOWLER, Tuskegee; HITCHINGS & WILLIAMS, LA GRANGE, BLOUNT & HAIR, MONTGOMERY; PIERCE & CARTER, J. A. WHITEHEAD & CO., COLUMBIA, Ga.; and Merchants and Druggists generally. May 10, 1860. 2-ly

Business Cards.

N. GACHET, Attorney at Law, TUSKEGEE, ALA. Office at the old stand east of Brewer's (now Kelly's) Hotel. July 24, 1862. 1y

G. H. GARMAN, M. D., MAYER, W. H. ABERCROMBIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TUSKEGEE, MACON COUNTY, ALABAMA. Will practice in the Courts of Macon, Russell, and the surrounding Counties; in the Supreme Court of Alabama, and in the Federal District Court at Montgomery. Office up-stairs in Echols' new building. December 16, 1860. 32-37

JOHN D. CUNNINGHAM, Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Will practice in the Courts of Macon, Russell and Tallapoosa counties. Particular attention paid to collecting and securing claims. Office over the Post Office. TUSKEGEE, ALA., February 6, 1862.

W. P. CHILTON, W. P. CHILTON, JR., W. P. CHILTON & SON, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, MONTGOMERY, ALA. Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery and the surrounding counties; in the Supreme Court of Alabama, and in the Confederate States District Court for the Middle District of Alabama. Office on Market St., in Masonic Building.

G. W. GUNN, J. S. FRANKLIN, JAMES ARMSTRONG, GUNN, STRANGE & ARMSTRONG, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, TUSKEGEE, ALA. Will practice in the Courts of Macon, Russell, Chambers and Tallapoosa Counties; in the Supreme Court of Alabama, and in the Confederate States District Court at Montgomery. Prompt and careful attention will be given to all business entrusted to them. Brick Office next the Presbyterian Church. TUSKEGEE, ALA., Jan. 10, 1860. 37

SMITH & POU, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TUSKEGEE, ALA. Practice in Macon and adjoining Counties. Office up-stairs in Echols' new building. TUSKEGEE, ALA., Jan. 10, 1860. 37

FERRELL & MCKINNE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TUSKEGEE, ALA. April 19, 1860. 1y

J. H. CADDENHEAD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Loachapoka, Macon County, Ala., Will practice in Counties of Macon, Montgomery, Tallapoosa, Chambers, and Russell. June 13, 1861.

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

SCHEDULE OF Tuskegee Rail Road. FIRST TRAIN leaves the Depot in Tuskegee at 9.15 a. m., connecting with a Train for West Point and Columbus. Second Train leaves at 11.15 a. m., connecting with a Train for Montgomery. Third Train leaves at 2 o'clock p. m., connecting with a Train for West Point. Fourth Train leaves at 4 o'clock p. m., connecting with a Train for West Point. Fifth Train leaves at 6 o'clock p. m., connecting with a Train for West Point. Sixth Train leaves at 8 o'clock p. m., connecting with a Train for West Point.

HOWARD COLLEGE.

Faculty for the Year 1861-2.

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

Professor of Chemistry and Natural History.

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

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

THE NEXT SESSION.

The next session will open on Tuesday the first day of October, 1861. In order to meet the exigencies of the times young men and ladies will be admitted next session to pursue a regular Course of Study, or a Course preparatory to a regular Course, provided the applicant has sufficient maturity and attainments to do so with profit to himself. Daily instruction in Military Tactics, by Drill and Lectures will also be furnished. The present elevated standard in the regular Classical and Scientific Courses will be maintained.

EXPENSES.

Tuition, per term, of 4½ months, in advance.....\$25 00 Incidentals.....2 00 Room and Board.....8 00 Coal.....1 00 Board, per month.....\$12 00 to 14 00 Washing.....1 50 L. W. GARROTT, President Board Trustees. J. B. LOVELESS, Secretary. Marion, Aug. 29, 1861. 3m

HOWARD COLLEGE.

DEAR SIR:—Your attention is respectfully invited to the following resolution passed by the Board of Trustees of Howard College at their annual meeting, viz: "Resolved, That the Treasurer of Howard College be authorized to receive the Coupon Bonds of the Confederate States in payment of the Principal of all Subscriptions or Debts due to the Endowment Fund of the College, and that he be instructed, by circular letter and advertisement, to notify the Debtors to the College of this resolution of the Board."

In accordance with my instruction, in the above resolution, I address you this Circular, in the hope that you may find it convenient at an early date to liquidate your indebtedness to the Howard College. Any communication addressed to me at this place will receive attention. Respectfully yours, D. R. LIDE, Treas. H. Col. Marion, Ala., Sept. 26, 1861.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

ON Monday 6th January 1862, JAMES F. PARK will re-open School for Boys, in Tuskegee. Only a limited number of pupils can be received, as there will be no Assistant. The Scholastic Year will be divided into three Sessions of thirteen weeks. Tuition will be at the following rates per Session: First or Lowest Class.....\$10 00 Mental Arithmetic, Elementary Geography, Spelling, Reading and Writing.....12 00 Geography, Grammar, (English) Written Arithmetic, Mental Arithmetic, Algebra, Latin composition.....14 00 Latin Classics, Algebra, Geometry, History, with any of the above studies.....18 00 Higher Mathematics, Physical Science, Latin, Greek or French.....20 00 Parents and Guardians will confer a favor by making application for admission into the School previous to the commencement of the Session. Tuskegee, Ala., Dec. 26, 1861. 4f

Medical College of Georgia, AT AUGUSTA.

THE Thirtieth Session of this Institution will open on Monday, the 4th November next. Anatomy, H. F. CAMPBELL, M. D. Surgery, L. A. DUNCAN, M. D. Chemistry, J. J. JONES, M. D. Materia Medica and Therapeutics, L. P. CARTER, M. D. Institutes and Practise, J. J. JONES, M. D. Physiology, H. V. M. HIGGINS, M. D. Obstetrics, J. A. EVIE, M. D. Adjunct Professor of Anatomy, BENNETT CAMPBELL, M. D. W. H. DUNCAN, M. D., Clinical Lecturer at City Hospital. S. B. BRIDGES, M. D., Professor in Professor Anatomy. W. D. FORD, M. D., (Institution of Anatomy). Lectures, (full course) \$100. Matriculation Fee, \$5. The College building has been thoroughly renovated, and many additions made to former facilities for instruction. T. P. GARY, Dean. September 18, 1861. 2m

IMPROVED NON-CORROSIVE, CONFEDERATE WRITING FLUID

Manufactured Wholesale & Retail, BY W. S. BARTON, TEACHER'S EXCHANGE, MONTGOMERY, ALA. Sept. 11, 1862. 34

ALABAMA MARBLE WORKS, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

NIX, YOUNG & NIX, (SUCCESSORS TO H. W. HITCHCOCK) MONUMENTS, MANTLES, TOMBS, Railings, GRAVE STONES, Furniture Work, and Tablets. All Work Warranted to give Satisfaction. Feb'y 22, 1861.

NO TASTE OF MEDICINE! BRYAN'S TASTELESS VERMIFUGE.

Children dying right and left! Mothers not yet bereft! Know that worms mean infant kill! Thus each other mortal kill! But the Vermifuge will save! Your pale darlings from the grave. MOTHER, MARK YOUR CHILD—Shall the CHILD die, or the WORMS? Remember, a few doses of Bryan's Tasteless Vermifuge will destroy any number of worms, and bring them away without pain. Price 25 cents. Green Glass Bottle, 150 Beekman Street, New York. Sold by C. FOWLER, Tuskegee, Ala. July 26, 1860. 35

NEW BOOKS.

THE FURETIER, by the author of The Lampbrush. My Thirty Years Out of the Senate, by Major Jack Downing. The Marble Faun, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Knickerbocker's History of New York. School and Married Life, by T. S. Arthur. The History of Good Society, a Last Word on the Subject. The Private Correspondence of Alexander von Humboldt. The Will in the Flow, by the author of Adam Bede. A Little Book of Life, by the author of John Halifax. Art Recollections. Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, by E. C. Foster. Reminiscences of John Jay, by E. C. Foster. Reminiscences of John Jay, by E. C. Foster.