

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

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

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

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HENDERSON & BATTLE,
PROPRIETORS.
For the South Western Baptist
Army Missions.

REPORT OF REV. WM. HOWARD FOR
DECEMBER, 1862.

To the Board of Domestic Missions, S. B. C.
Marion, Ala.

DEAR BRETHREN: My appointment
as your Missionary reached me Dec.
4, and being prepared I started at
once to the army of the Mississippi.

FIELD OF LABOR.

At Marion, Meridian, Enterprise
and Quitman, on the M. & O. R. R.
I found Hospitals, containing nearly
three thousand sick soldiers. At
three of these points there is not a
single minister, and at the fourth no
attention whatever given to the spir-
itual interests of our brave men.—
This, together with the pressing
entreaties of the men, and the cour-
tesy of the Medical officers, deter-
mined me to labor at these points at
least for the present. They also
possessed other advantages, as easi-
ness of access, constant changes,
convalescents returning to duty and
other patients taking their places,
and an order read from Headquarters
which induced the belief that the en-
tire sick of this Army would be
transferred to these and adjacent
points. At Marion there is a con-
stant passing and repassing of bodies
of troops which camp sometimes for
several days, thus affording opportu-
nities for good to be met with at
few other points. Add all this,
the predisposition of men, when sick
or convalescent, to listen to religious
truth, the absence of all the "hump
and circumstance of war" which pro-
duces so much excitement in Camp,
and the utter religious destitution of
the field, and I think the Board will
concur in the belief that it has claims
second to no other. Another weighty
reason might be urged, viz: the
gloomy and desponding spirit of men
who have been separated for months
from loved ones, and are now pro-
trated by sickness with no friend
near, no comforts such as they need,
and to add to the cheerlessness of
the Hospital, their suffering frequently
aggravated by the haughtiness and
unkindness of officials. If the bless-
ings of our holy religion are needed
and appreciated anywhere, it is among
our sick soldiers in the various
Hospitals of our country. Other
fields of labor may be more attrac-
tive, but none give such promise of
usefulness.

LABOR PERFORMED.

No. Sermons preached, 21: Ad-
dresses, 8: Prayer meetings, 14: Re-
ligious conversations, 142: Con-
versions, 2: Pages and Tracts distrib-
uted, 4,100: Bibles and Testaments
distributed, 18: Backsliders reclaim-
ed, 3: Funeral services conducted,
11.

My plan has been to preach in the
wards alternately in the morning,
and at some central point for conva-
lescents, at night. At the prayer
meetings my object has been to call
out professors of religion, and they
have proved unusually interesting
and profitable. Wherever practica-
ble I have united prayer and reading
of God's Word with conversation,
and have found this to be effective of
great good, both to professors of re-
ligion and others. You cannot con-
ceive of the rapturous joy with which
a Baptist Deacon from Missouri,
(who has lost all his property in this
strife, and who has not heard from
wife or little ones for many a weary
month,) grasped my hand, and as the
tears coursed down his sun-burnt
face, thanked me for my coming and
talking to him about the comforts of
that religion which is more than an
equivalent for all earthly losses.

Of the two conversions, one is a
young man of fine promise, belong-
ing to the 6th Missouri regiment, a
son of Baptist parents. After preach-
ing he came forward and begged that
Christians would pray for him. He
had been a wild, disobedient boy but
since his connection with the army
had become desperate in wickedness.

Now, however, the spirit of God
brought before his mind in vivid
colors his awful guilt, he gave him-
self up for lost, there was no mercy
for him who had neglected so long
the calls of mercy. In a few days,
the despair was gone, and he was
enabled to lean upon the sinner's
Savior. Oh will it not rejoice his
poor mother's heart and be a source
of undying joy to his father when
they shall learn that the dead's alive
and the lost is found. The other
was a middle-aged man named Car-
rol from Ark. His wife was a Bap-
tist. When I saw him it was evident
that he must die. He lived about a
week and gave every evidence that
he had experienced a gracious change.
"Write to my wife," said he, "and
tell her that I have found Jesus a
precious Savior. Yes a precious Savi-
or. Tell her I shall meet her in
heaven." His death was triumphant
and made a marked impression upon
all the inmates of his Ward.

One of the Backsliders was an
O. S. Presbyterian, an Elder for sev-
eral years, but who in an evil mo-
ment yielded to temptation, declined
step by step, until at length he threw
off all the restraints of religion. In
the retreat from Corinth he was
stricken by disease, and I found him
at Enterprise slowly recovering.—
The sight of one eye gone entirely,
and the vision of the other very dim,
his form emaciated by disease, and
his face wan and pale, he was the
picture of distress. His wife, a
pious woman, after reaching many
hospitals, was now with him, and with
all the tenderness of woman, doing
all in her power to comfort him. I
approached his bed and spoke to him
of Jesus who openeth the eyes of
the blind, and healeth all manner of
diseases. "Oh sir," said he, "I once
thought that Jesus was mine, but I
have trampled his mercy under my
feet, and now I am lost, lost forever."
I did all in my power to remove his
despair but without success. Visit-
ing him every day, on the fourth day
I read the 51st Psalm. As I proceed-
ed, I noticed his lips began to quiver,
and there was a shaking of his whole
frame, until at length he began to
repeat after me the pretential con-
fessions of that beautiful Psalm.—
We then knelt in prayer, his wife and
the whole Ward joining. It was one
of those times when the heart is too
full for utterance. Sobs coming up
from anguished souls were all that
could be heard. At length the
light began to dawn upon his burdened
spirit, and the joys of God's salva-
tion were restored to his erring ser-
vant. When we rose from prayer
the scene was inexpressibly touching.
With one hand in mine and the other
in his wife's he re-dedicated himself
to God. Oh the gratitude of that
poor wife, and the thanksgivings of
that poor man, it were enough in
itself to compensate the Missionary
for all his toils and labors.

There are instances of the blessing
of God upon Missionary labor among
our sick soldiers. It has been my
privilege to close the eye of many
a poor boy whose mother is far away;
to counsel and advise many a young
man released from the restraints of
home; to comfort the dying Chris-
tian, and to point the poor, sick sol-
dier who seems to have no one to
care for him to the Lamb of God
who taketh away the sin of the
world. Who would grow weary in
such glorious work as this? Who
among the fathers and mothers in
Alabama and Georgia and the Caro-
lina's and Mississippi will withhold
their aid? Not one who has a child
in their country's service—not one
who possesses the spirit of Christ.

Yours fraternally,

WM. HOWARD.

P. S.—Bro. Howard is sustained
by contributions from the Cahaba
Baptist Association, Ala., and it will
be gratifying to those who have so
liberally contributed for his support
to see the results of his labors. Indeed
all true Christians and patriots will
join in this sentiment. We owe
much to our self-sacrificing soldiers.
I trust the friends of army Missions
will not abate their zeal in this work,
but continue to forward their dona-
tions.

M. T. SUMNER.
Cor. Sec.

For the South Western Baptist.
Action of the Domestic Mission Board.
S. B. Con. in reference to the resolu-
tions of the Alabama Baptist Asso-
ciation, passed at their meeting in
Greenville, 1862.

Resolutions of the Association.

"Resolved, That it is the sense of
this body, that the Domestic Mission
Board of the Southern Baptist Con-
vention, should immediately enter
upon the work of Army Colportage
upon the plan adopted by the Col-
portage Association of Virginia.

Resolved, That we will as a body
and individually co-operate with
them to the best of our ability.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of
this entire body that the work of
Colportage is a legitimate work for
the above named Board, and also,
that the Southern Baptist Con-
vention will satisfy any step taken by
the Board, having for its object the
spread of the gospel and the conver-
sion of souls."

The committee previously appoint-
ed by the Board to consider the
above resolutions, made their report
on the 12th inst., which was unani-
mously adopted as follows:

Your committee appointed to re-
port on the Resolutions sent to the
Board by the Association would offer
the following:

We most heartily approve of the
spirit manifested by the Alabama
Association and our heart is with
them in desiring all to be done that
can be done in the great work of
Army Colportage. The Missionaries
of this Board have co-operated with
the Colportage Association in Vir-
ginia, in distributing books and
tracts in the Army wherever they
have labored, and will continue to
do so. Our co-operation with the
Virginia Association has been marked
with perfect harmony and great suc-
cess. The Colportage Association
contemplates all the armies of the
Confederacy as the fields of its op-
eration, and is making a judicious use
of all the means furnished it to send
the written word of life to our sol-
diers.

To adopt the recommendation fur-
ther than we are doing would, in our
opinion involve a change of policy
of a doubtful propriety. Our Mis-
sionaries combined the work of col-
portage as auxiliary to their labors
in word and doctrine. Rev. Wm.
Howard, one of our Missionaries,
during the month of December, be-
sides preaching 21 sermons, making
8 addresses and conducting 11 fune-
ral services, distributed 18 Bibles and
Testaments, 4,100 pages of tracts,
held 14 Prayer meetings, and 142
religious conversations. Contribu-
tions to us for colportage are expend-
ed in the purchase of Testaments
and tracts from the various Colpor-
tage Societies of the Confederate
States. In this way we are actively
co-operating with the Colporteur
Society of Virginia and other kin-
dred bodies.

In view of these facts your com-
mittee think it best for this Board
not to make any separate appoint-
ments for colportage work.

Respectfully submitted,
S. R. FREEMAN,
E. A. BLUNT,
WM. H. MCINTOSH, Com't.
M. T. SUMNER.

For the South Western Baptist.

PORT HUDSON, LA.)
January 12th 1863.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I shall pen you
a few lines this evening which per-
haps may give you some information.
The army at Port Hudson are in fine
health and buoyant in spirit; well
equipped and ready for the invading
foe, at any moment. All are san-
guine success, if the yankees are dis-
posed to try their hands in an engage-
ment with the ragamuffins as they are
termed.

It is surprising how the dirty
ragged and half fed rebels can fight.
That is, it seems surprising to the
enlightened and well fed and clothed
Yankee. We are expecting an en-
gagement every day. The Yanks are
in force at Baton Rouge eighteen
miles below this point. The gun-
boat Essex came up yesterday even-
ing within sight of our batteries,
but soon returned down the river.
The fortifications are very strong here

The natural defences are as good as
at Vicksburg.

My Regt 1st A. C. under the com-
mand and instruction of its gallant
Col. has prospered, and its members
are proud of their position. They are
anxious for an opportunity of going
laurels, such honors. as the gallant
old 2d. 3d, 4th, 6th, and others. We
receive plenty of food and clothing,
are in comfortable winter quarters,
and expectantly looking for an
opportunity of avenging the wrongs
received at the hands of the Yankees
at Camps Butler and Douglass &c.,
K.

The Ceaseless Inspection.

God beholds us from day to day, at
every moment, in every scene, with
every principle and feeling.

The sun, which has been called an
image of its Author, though bright
and bathing us in glory, has an ap-
pointed hour to set, and even at its
noon-tide height is often wrapped in
clouds that intercept its rays. But
the piercing eye of God beams always
full upon us. It is not a mere oc-
casional glance, which the awful
Ruler of the universe casts on us from
His lofty throne. The inspection of
His works is not composed of suc-
cessive views, in which the attention
must be withdrawn from one object
to direct it toward another. But
His instant, expansive vision rests at
once on "heaven's heights, earth's
circles, hell's profoundest shade."—
He takes as perfect cognizance of a
single order of intelligence as if it
were itself the universe. Nor is each
individual of the order less constan-
tly detained within the sphere of
His distinct and sleepless notice,
because around it there are myriad
hosts equal with it in their title to
the Divine regard. Reader, God
behold you as passing
moment as if you were the only being
in existence save Himself, and to
His mind there were no other com-
panion! no object of enquiry but
your character and history!

This truth may be deduced, not
from His natural perfections alone,
but also from His moral perfections.
He has more affection and solicitude
for one soul—the lowest, the darkest,
the foulest the least mindful of Him,
than the most diligent for Satan—than for
the entire material creation. Of this
what other confirmation need we,
than that soul's capacity for knowl-
edge, virtue and happiness? There-
fore, while He conducts suns in their
flight and presides over systems in
their revolutions, (to speak after the
manner of men) He must bend toward
it a more careful eye. Indeed, it
indispensably requires His supervision
Not one of all the worlds which
garnish the nightly canopy—nay, no
grain or atom of their huge masses—
can ever know the rebellion of which
Will is capable, the disorder to which
Understanding and Affection are
liable. Nothing else can be cursed
with sin.

This doctrine has effected so legi-
ble and so deep an impression on
human reason, even when prejudiced
by our offences against their Great
Avenger, that neither superstition nor
scepticism has ever wholly succeeded
to erase or blot it over. It was con-
fessed by ancient heathen philosophy.
"Nothing is hid from God," declared
Seneca, "since he is intimate to our
minds and mingles himself with our
very thoughts." "When Thales was
asked if some of the actions of men
are not unknown to God, he answered
"Not even their thoughts." We recog-
nize it, also, in the popular mythol-
ogy of boastful, blinded Greece and
Rome. What is but the profound
and infinite knowledge of God, with
a garment of distortion around it
indeed, but still a garment beneath
which it does not altogether lose its
identity or impressiveness,—what is
it but that knowledge which is brou-
ght to view in the persuasion that
particular deities devoted their espec-
ial undivided notice to every scene of
human residence, every article of
human life, every member of the
human body and every faculty of the
human mind? So obvious is it to
man, after all the misdirection of his
religious tendencies, after the perva-
sion of faith into credulity and its

recoil into scepticism, after the
adulteration of truth with falsehoods
monstrous and incredible,—so obvious
is it to man that all things must lie
"naked and open" before glorious
Divinity!

It is no less philosophical than
devout, therefore, to enquire with
Job, "Doth not He count all my
steps?"—and to affirm with Hanani,
"The eyes of the Lord run to and fro
throughout the whole earth," or with
Solomon, "The ways of man are before
the eyes of the Lord, and He pon-
dereth all his goings." Happy they,
and only they, who practically impute
to God, as David did, a knowledge
which searches us; which ascertains
our down-sitting and our up-rising;
which is acquainted with all our
ways; to which every word in our
tongue is familiar; and which under-
stands our thoughts afar off!

Hugh Miller's Grandmother.

The following very beautiful ac-
count in Hugh Miller's "School and
Schoolmasters," of the death of his
grandmother, will not be without in-
terest and profit: "Both my grand-
father and grandmother had come of
long-lived races, and death did not
often knock at the family door. But
the time when the latter 'should
cross the river,' though she was some
six or eight years younger than her
husband, came first; and so, accord-
ing to Bunyan, she called for her chil-
dren, and told them that her hour
had come. She was a quiet, retired
woman; and though intimately ac-
quainted with her Bible, not in the
least fitted to make a professor of
theology. She could live her relig-
ion better than she could talk it.—
But she now earnestly recommended
to her family, the great interest once
more; and as its various members
one of her daughters to read to her,
in their hearing, the eighth chapter of
Romans, which declares, 'That there
is now no condemnation to them
which are in Christ Jesus, who walk
not after the flesh, but after the Spir-
it.' She repeated, in a sinking voice,
the concluding verses, 'For I am
persuaded that neither death, nor
life, nor angels, &c., shall be able to
separate us from the love of God,
which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'
And resting in confidence on the hope
which the passage so powerfully ex-
presses, she slept her last sleep in
simple trust that all would be well
with her in the morning of the gen-
eral awakening."

Very beautifully does Mr. Miller
describe this scene, and very touch-
ingly does it declare to us how that
simple faith in the promises which
Christ makes His people, will take
away the sting from death, and give
us peace at the last hour. O that all
of us could possess this simple, child-
like faith in the promises and provi-
dence of Christ. Then all would be
well with us, both here and here
after.

WORLDLINESS.—Worldliness is one
of the greatest dangers that beset
man's soul. It is no wonder that we
find our Lord speaking about it. It
is an insidious, specious, plausible
enemy. It seems so innocent to pay
close attention to our business! It
seems so harmless to seek our hap-
piness in this world, so long as we
keep clear of open sins! Yet here is
a rock on which many make shipwreck
to all eternity. "They lay up treasure
on earth," and forget to "lay up
treasure in heaven."

May we all remember this!—
Where are our hearts? What do
we love best? Are our chief affec-
tions on things on earth, or things
in heaven? Life or death depend on
the answer we can give to these
questions. If our treasure is earthly
our hearts will be earthly also.—
Where your treasure is there will
your heart be.

A man is neither good, nor wise,
nor rich, at once; but by softly creep-
ing up the hill, he every day betters
his prospect, till at last he gains the
top. Here he learns a virtue, and
there he overcomes a vice. I will
every day labor to do something
which may improve me; though it
be not much, it will be the surer
done. If I can keep vice under, and
win upon that which is good, I may
come to be better in time.—Foltham.

MY FATHER.—In a storm at sea
when the danger pressed, and the
deep seemed ready to devour the
voyagers, one man stood composed
and cheerful amidst the agitated
throng. They asked him eagerly
why he feared not—was he an experi-
enced seaman, and did he see reason to
expect that the ship would ride the
tempest through? No; he was not
an expert sailer, but he was a trustful
Christian. He was not sure that
the ship would swim; but he knew
that its sinking could do no harm to
him. His answer was, "Though I
sink to-day, I shall only drop gently
into the hollow of my Father's hand,
for He holds all these waters there!"
The story of that disciple's faith
triumphing in a stormy sea presents
a pleasant picture to those who read
it on the solid land; but if they in-
safety are strangers to his faith, they
will not in trouble partake of his
consolation. The idea is beautiful;
but a human soul, in its extremity,
cannot play with a beautiful idea.—
If the heart do not feel the truth firm
to lean upon, the eye will not long be
satisfied with its symmetry to look
at. Strangers may speak of Provi-
dence; but only the children love it.
If they would tell the truth, those
who are alienated from God in their
hearts, do not like to be so complete-
ly in His power. It is when I am
satisfied with His mercy, that I rejoice
to lie in His hand.—Arnold.

THE BELIEVER LONGING.—What
has been your most ardent desire,
since first you learned to love, confide,
rejoice, and glory in Christ? Has
it not been for more of Christ? More
of Christ's love, of Christ's spirit,
of Christ's image? Is it not then
enough to make death wear in your
eyes the smiling aspect of a welcome
friend, when you reflect that the
mortality which hides from your
views the Saviour that you love, you
shall see that Saviour face to face,
unveiled in all His glory? You shall
have Christ Himself in all His fulness
as your own forever—you shall hear
His voice—you shall bask in the sun-
shine of His smile—you shall dwell
in His immediate presence—you shall
be perfectly like Him, and uninter-
ruptedly with Him forever—never,
never more to grieve, doubt, distrust,
or displease Him for one moment,
throughout eternity! Again, I ask,
will not an eternity with Christ be
indeed a blissful eternity? And
when you look on death as the portal
of such an eternity, are you not ready
with St. Paul to exclaim: "I have a
desire to depart and be with Christ!"
and with St. John, on hearing, at the
close of the apocalyptic vision, the
Saviour's voice, declaring, "Behold, I
come quickly!" in a transport of holy
joy to cry out, "Even so come Lord
Jesus!"

A TEST FOR EXTORTIONERS.—Who
are extortioners? This has been a
question difficult to answer. The
proper test has been at last discover-
ed. One of Georgia's brightest
jewels, who has sealed his devotion to
his country by his blood, said in a
private conversation: "The man who
is richer at the end of this war than he
was at the beginning, is an extortioner."
This is the true test. Every true
patriot will give his time, talents and
money to the cause of Southern inde-
pendence. This is no time for mak-
ing money; especially when it is made
by speculating upon necessities of the
people; and that is the only manner
in which it can be done now.—Athens
Watchman.

IF AND ITS PROGENY.—If every
man was honest, we need not lock
our doors. If everybody would just
mind his own business, there would
be a great deal more business done.
If we would only talk less of other
people, other people would see fewer
numb skulls. If you charge your
servants with lying, they will soon
become liars, if they are not so already.
If students would read less and
think more, there would be a larger
number of great men in every com-
munity. If girls now-a-days did not
become women at thirteen, men would
have better wives.

There's nothing agrees worse than
a proud mind and a beggar's purse.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.
Thursday, Jan'y 23, 1863.

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

The Rev. N. D. Renfro.

The sketch we published last week in regard to this excellent young soldier and minister, has doubtless been read with deep interest by all our readers. It comes from the pen, nay, from the heart, of a surviving brother, who has said no more than was justly due to the memory of one who combined so transcendently the modest piety, cultivated talents, and the ardent patriotism, of a model Southern soldier.

We have known him for years, and can testify to his great worth and promise. In this connection, we beg to suggest to brother Dickenson, our Superintendent of Colportage, the propriety of issuing, in a small tract, the article of brother Renfro and such portions of the sketch from the "Religious Herald," written by the "Presbyterian elder," as would contribute to its interest. If bro. D. accedes to this suggestion, we will throw the articles in suitable form for that purpose. It is not meet that such young men should die in vain. Let his noble example be held up for the imitation of the thousands of our young men who are now periling their lives for their country.

A Genial and Contented Soldier.

We hear much of the hardships of the soldier—and he has his hardships. But then we often forget that God has endowed the human mind with a strange elasticity which enables it to bend to the pressure of circumstances. And then there is in all the pursuits and events of life a kind of compensatory process going on—a kind of "balance sheet" between privations and enjoyments—which deprives the darker shades of human life of half their gloom. Read the following extract of a private letter from a soldier who has never been out of the service one day since June, 1861, belonging to the 10th Regiment of Alabama volunteers. It is addressed to a female friend of our town:—

"I'll tell you of my battles, marches, &c., when we meet. I have seen some pretty hard times, and will no doubt see more. But what of that? They will be the merriest of the future—and fret at hardships, whether in battle, on the march, or picketing, and yet when it is over, how quickly it is all forgotten, and how they will joke and laugh over the adventures of the past. . . . I hear that our clothing has come. Hope so, for I am nearly bare-footed."

This soldier has been in every important battle in Virginia and Maryland beginning with Williamsburg and ending with Fredericksburg.

The Crowning Act of Infamy.

From aught that appears to the contrary, Mr. Lincoln never offered but one prayer to Almighty God. That prayer he appends to his last proclamation. With a malice which has no parallel in history, he deliberately signs a document, which it is designed shall have the effect of drenching the whole South in blood; and then has the affrontery to turn his eyes to heaven, and invokes the favor of Almighty God upon it!! True the document is harmless, and we can well afford to treat it with contempt; but then it does not abate the infamy of the heart that conceived it. Think of a creature who has the form of a man, deliberately publishing to the civilized world an edict the effect of which would be, if it could be executed, the extermination of millions of helpless women and children, to say nothing of the utter desolation of eleven States by fire and sword; and then invoking the favor of God upon it!! Did such a prayer ever before shock the ears of the Most High? But we remember the declaration of holy writ. "The prayers of the wicked are an abomination to God."

Selma Alabama.

Some person sent us by Mail in a letter dated 19th January, 1863, from Selma, four dollars and five cents in Shinn Plasters to be credited to his account, the letter having no signature, we are at a loss to know who to credit. The individual who sent the money will please give us the information necessary to insure a credit.

Mr. SMITH HOWARD.—We are pained to learn that our countryman, Smith Howard, who was wounded at the Murfreesboro' fight has since died of his wounds. Mr. Howard was one of the respectable citizens of this county, and is truly a loss to church and State. He leaves an interesting family behind to mourn a loss that earth can never restore.

Recruit the Army! Recruit the Army!!

Let this be the cry of every man and of every woman in the South. Independence is now within our grasp.—The present campaign is to decide whether we are to be freemen at once, or whether we shall have an interminable war. Our enemies have come with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other! They have come to incite a servile insurrection amongst us, which is designed by them to exterminate the white race of the Confederate States. They have doomed the decrepit, our aged fathers, our women and children to the assassin's knife; our cities, towns, and dwellings to the incendiary's torch, and our whole country to one wide waste of desolation! They have lost all hope of reconstructing that Union, which is but the symbol of the most hateful despotism that now curses the earth. The sun of heaven never shown upon such a spectacle of guilt and shame as that fanatical government now presents. Men of the South! Shall they succeed? Shall a brutalized and an infuriated soldiery revel in this ruin they have plotted against us? God forbid! Buckle on the armor, and, putting your trust in that mighty Arm that wrought deliverance for Jacob, meet this insulting foe at the threshold, and fight for your wives, your children, your fathers and mothers, your country and your rights! One more successful campaign, such as our noble soldiers have just bequeathed to our glorious history, and our independence is achieved, and an honorable peace is secured. Let every one do his and her duty now, and ere summer shall set in, the end will substantially have been reached. And above all, let prayer without ceasing be made unto God, that He would go forth with our hosts to battle—"then shall the strong man be as a tow, and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them."

The News.

Our news column this week is rather meagre. Things remain quiet "along the lines." Forest and Wheeler continue to make the circuit of Rosecrans's army, capturing prisoners, waggons, commissary stores, transports, &c. There appears to be some prospect of a fight at Fredericksburg again. The lull may be but as the sickly calm before the storm. Meanwhile a manifest change is taking place in the popular sentiment in the North. As most produce a change in this contest in a short time, unless some decided success shall be achieved by the abolition army. There are indications of such a serious outbreak in Illinois and New Jersey as will soon transfer the contest from Southern soil to their own hearthstones. The Northern people are just discovering what has been as patent to us as a sun beam from the beginning of this struggle, that the advent of abolition rule was the death knell of liberty. That deluded and fanatical people have a dark and forbidding future before them.

We have yielded pretty much all our space this week to communications, and such other matter as will be interesting to our readers, so as to secure space next week for the President's message. Hence the paucity of editorial matter.

We thank brother R. P. Stallworth for his large list of subscribers.

Also, Mrs. C. R. Hill, of Beech Grove, Tenn., has our thanks for efficient services.

The President's Message shall appear next week. It is lengthy, but every reader will be thankful for its publication.

We call attention to an advertisement of the sale of furniture on next Saturday, at the Tuskegee Female College.

IDOLATRY DECLINING.—A Madras paper notes it as a sign of the times, that a minority of the council which regulates the affairs of the well known pagoda at Trivalore, in Tanjore, decided not to move the great car on the occasion of the annual festival! The majority prevailed; but for six weeks the great car has stood, after being decorated as usual, ready for the procession. The musicians, priests and vestals are in attendance; but no one comes to lend a hand to move the large fabric. The time for the festival has passed; but efforts are still being made to induce the villagers to come in and do something for the honor of the old faith.—In Serampore, the crowds who flocked to the famous Juggernaut cars, have been much diminished of late. The same is true of the Pooree Juggernaut, and of festivals in India which are not associated with markets like the meals on the Ganges.

Prosperous providences are for the most part a dangerous state to the soul. The moon never suffers an eclipse but at the full.

For the South Western Baptist.

Dec. 12th, 1861.
DEAR C.: I thank you for your little book, and am very glad you lent it to me. After what I have told you, you will probably see that it reminded me very forcibly of my own late experience; though I have not the presumption to think it an entirely analogous case. I fear I never suffered so deeply as the author describes himself to have done—never felt such keen anguish on account of my sins—never struggled so earnestly for light—never so yearned for holiness; for my natural impatience made me cast the whole subject from me when it became too painful to be endured. And though I often suffered terribly, yet this was never a very protracted struggle, for I was always too ready to give it up as hopeless. Still, you may imagine, I was never very happy, and in my gayest moments there was a secret bitterness in my heart that turned all my pleasures into gall. I can truly sympathize with the author when he says, "I cannot pray in what I consider prayer; I cannot repeat in what I regard to be repentance; I cannot believe in the Scriptural sense of that term; I cannot love God with my whole heart, as He should be loved by a rational being; I cannot feel, nor do anything that a Christian ought to do, to glorify God." (P. 65.) When, at last, this great darkness was dispelled, I did not find myself in the ecstasy which he describes; but, doubtless, inasmuch as my sorrow was less acute, my joy was also less exquisite. Still there stole into my heart a great peace and content—a feeling of infinite rest—and I well remember the occasion. It was while I was listening to a sermon from the words, "I will bring the blind," &c. (Is. 42:16.) I felt then that I had indeed been blind, not before to behold and acknowledge my Saviour's wonderful mercy towards me. I felt all that day again like the author. I prayed God to take me away to Him while my love was yet fresh and ardent; for I dreaded again to fall into a state of coldness and indifference. And, again and again, the words of that beautiful hymn occurred to me, "I am weary of straying—O, how would I rest in the far distant land of the pure and the blest. I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love; O when shall I rest in thy presence above!" Since that time there have been many hours of doubt and darkness, many times when I have exclaimed, "after all, I am not a Christian," many errors and misapprehensions, (some of which you have read,) but still when I do apply the test and call upon the heart-searching God, I can still cry, sincerely I think, "Lord Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love thee!" Too often I feel "my love is weak and faint;" still I cannot, I dare not, give up this hope, and I know and feel that my only safety is at His feet. I am ignorant and weak as a child—I cannot take one step without His aid. When I tried it, I wandered so far away that the journey back has been long and painful. O, pray for me that now that I have found Him again, I may ever cling close to Him and never resign my hold on Him, for one moment!

Do you remember some verses you once repeated, when preaching in our church, commencing (I think) "Cling close to the Holy One?" If, some leisure time, you would copy them off for me, I would be very much obliged. The late sad events in our family have drawn me closer to the Saviour's feet. I have learned the meaning of the Saviour's exhortation to "become as little children;" and wonder no longer that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Such trust, such unquestioning faith in God as Jesus exhibited, will, I hope, always be a lesson to me. Then, besides, I learned what consolation the promises of the Bible can afford in such an hour.

One thing more: the words "when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren," have many times lately occurred to me, and I have been wondering whether I was really as willing to work for Christ, as I said I was. I complained that I did not know what He would have me do; and now I much fear that, if I knew, I would not be ready to do it. I don't know what it is—I hope not false shame, but something has held me back a thousand times when I might have spoken for Jesus. Twice I remember being appealed to for counsel and direction on this subject, and instead of saying, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," I actually waived the subject, and refused to speak! Would you, can you believe it? And though, in bitter repentance, I have prayed for those persons ever since, how can I hope for an answer to my prayers—I, who "quenched the smoking flax?" One of them is far away on a distant battle field, and daily I fear to hear that he has been summoned into the presence of his Judge. Do you wonder that after this I dare not trust myself—dare not believe that I am willing to do ought to help the cause of Christ?

Another thing I would like to ask you: and that is, why, when my stated hours for prayer arrive, my mind wanders to other subjects, my heart becomes cold as a stone, my prayers are lifeless and heartless, and I offer only lip service? Now, when you tell me of Jesus' dying love, my heart glows within me; and at other times, during the week, when I remember Him, my prayers ascend continually and His name is sweet to my ear; but when I come to pray I become dull and insensible. Surely, something is very wrong about it, and yet I vainly struggle—vainly pray that I may learn to pray aright. Won't you pray for me, that this may cease to be so?

Your friend,
A.
I have written to E., to-night, and have tried to help him; but am much afraid that I did not know how to go about it aright. At any rate, I can try to pray for him.

Dec. 17, 1861.
DEAR A.—With this, I send you a copy of the lines you ask for in your note of the 12th.

I, too, read "Grace Magnified" with much of the interest that would attach to a record of my own experience; for I found many things in it to remind me forcibly of my own exercises of mind. But, like you, I may say that they did not result in such an ecstasy as the author describes—my sorrow for sin being less acute, my joy was also less thrilling. "Great peace and content—a feeling of infinite rest"—would better have described my state of mind. It appeared to me as if Jesus had come to me and spoken as He did to His disciples in the storm in which He slept, and said "Peace, be still!" and my agitated, unquiet heart had dissolved into blessed repose.

I do not wonder that you have since been troubled sometimes with darkness and difficulties. I do not know that it is a very common thing in the experience of God's children in similar circumstances. The author of "Grace Magnified," you remember, notes the return of that horrid darkness, even after his deliverance. In his case, however, it was soon dissipated by looking to Jesus as "ever living to make intercession for us. God 'teacheth us to profit'—when He begins a work, He carries it on. We would often be content with the knowledge we have at first gained; but He would make us know more of His fullness—and, to do so, He often reads us into great straits, where is horrible darkness—"Thou shalt remember all the way" &c. Deut. 8:2-5. Read that whole passage; indeed, the whole chapter is pertinent.

After God has brought "the wind by a way they knew not," He often leads them "in paths they have not known;" nothing like it was ever known in their experience before. But He never forsakes. We must follow Him, clinging to Jesus; all will be right in the end. I know it requires great trust to be able to realize that we are in the "right way," at such times. But that is God's method of teaching us to trust. "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." Ps. 56:3. I know that you are "weary of straying"—take heed that you be sure to follow wherever Jesus leads. He never leads to sin; but He does, sometimes, to Gethsemane—to Pilate's hall (where we may be tempted to betray Him—to the cross. See Mark 8:34-36 and 10:35-40.

"Jesus, I my Cross have taken
All to leave, and follow thee."

You ask why it is that, when your "stated hours for prayer arrived, your mind is filled with other subjects, your heart becomes cold as a stone, your prayers are lifeless and heartless, and you offer only lip-service." Perhaps I cannot tell you, altogether; I only know that to be a frequent experience of many of God's children. I know that it often seems as if when I retire for prayer, it is the signal for all the vanities of the world to come crowding into my mind so as to choke all utterance, even of heart words, I have not. I know one who can correct these things I read, "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth (literally, helpeth against) our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered." Rom. 8:26-28. One unuttered groan unuttered, because unutterable—tells more to our Heavenly Father than many loud cries; even as the moan of a poor, sick child attracts the mother's attention more than the cries of a well one. "Can a mother forget?" See Is. 49:15. I think there are a great many Christians who suffer much and long, because they do not believe in the Holy Ghost. He fills Christ's place on earth—"another comforter" when we pray, we must pray in the Holy Ghost. Jude 20. Whatever comes, let us not cease to try to pray. The Lord can "hear the desire of the humble," Ps. 104:17 and 38:9.

And you think that I can never believe that you refused to speak for Christ to one, too, who appealed to you for counsel; I know it was very wrong and deeply to be deplored as you say you have deplored it—but why should I not believe it? Ah, A—, you are not the first nor the only person that ever did that same thing I may the Lord not lay this sin to our charge!—a kind of denial of our Lord, worse, perhaps, than Peter's; for he denied in the midst of cruel and powerful foes—we, to those who "would see Jesus." May God forgive us! Why do you say,—"though, in bitter repentance, I have prayed for those persons ever since, how can I hope for an answer to my prayers, I, who quenched the smoking flax?" Why shut yourself up in sorrow, when God has forgiven your sin? why quench your own prayer by doubting the efficacy of Christ's prevailing blood and intercession? "Fear not, only believe." There is, in this, an indication of the same legal spirit that has already cost you so much grief.—Let not this sorrow have the power to work death. It ought to work repentance. The "sorrow of the world" leads either to an utter disregard of our actions and their consequences, or to despair—dark and sullen,—and so the end is death: "godly sorrow," on the other hand, leads to a viewing of our sin as God, as Jesus, views it; but it also points to pardon and a new life of hopefulness. "These things I write unto you that ye sin not," &c. 1 Jno. 2:1.

I have no idea who the friend is, to whom you refer as being on a distant battle-field. Why may you not write to him and endeavour yet to direct his mind to the Redeemer? But, at all events, do not let the consciousness of past sin shut up your prayers, so long as there is a throne of grace to which you are invited to come boldly, and a Saviour upon who ever liveth to make intercession for you.

You can never know whether you are really willing to work for Christ, by simply questioning your heart. Do something, do everything, for His sake—out of love to Him. Let daily, domestic duty be thus consecrated.—It is not by doing this or that particular thing, that we serve Christ, so much as by doing all in the name of Christ. A cup of cold water is a trifle, in itself, a kind word, a gentle expression of sympathy; a diligent, devoted spirit may cost but little—but if the water is given in the name of Christ, out of love to Him, it is the kind and gentle word of sympathy is so spoken that His blessing is asked upon it; if our diligence in daily toil be with a heart constantly trying to please the Lord Jesus,—we are serving Him as really, perhaps as efficiently, as if we were preaching Him among the heathen. I never forget you in prayer.

As ever, C.
Jan. 1st, 1862.

DEAR C.: I thank you for the words of "Clinging to Jesus." I trust I may soon learn to cling to Him. One thing you say strikes me very much. It is with reference to believing in the Holy Ghost. I am afraid, when I think of it, that I do not; that is that my ideas on this subject are so obscure that I hardly know what I believe. I never questioned anything that was said, but on this subject, but I simply passed it by, and in prayer have thought only of God the Father and God the Son. I trust God will enlighten me here.

With reference to my friend on a distant battle-field, I don't think I could ever approach him on this subject, unless he himself led in some way to it, for when he spoke to me I had some reason to fear that he wanted to "prove me with hard questions." I may have wronged him; but I thought his was less a desire to be taught than a wish to draw me into an argument, in which he was pretty certain to be triumphant; for I could only believe, and could not explain my belief. I repeat, I may have done him injustice, and I have never failed to pray for him since he left, though I fear I have hardly expected an answer. With respect to my other friend, the case was different. He was indeed an earnest inquirer.—Still, I never knew exactly how to reply to his questions, and so I remained silent. Afterwards, when he went away and I never expected to see him again, I bitterly repented of the injury I had done him and tried to repair it by writing to him. This much I accomplished, he promised to read the "Bible every day. Then I felt satisfied to leave him in the hands of God who alone is able to make us wise unto salvation. Still, I feel and have felt all along, that this does not absolve me from the guilt of having "denied the Lord." But I do not now mourn hopelessly, when I remember "if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the Righteous." Your friend,
A.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing, we have just heard that P— is considered dying. I leave at once on this sad journey.

Jan. 8th, 1862.

DEAR A.—I am indeed sorry for the circumstances that caused you to leave home, but hope you will find P— better than you feared. As your movements are uncertain,—to me, at least,—I do not know that this will reach you; but I thought I would make the experiment. Sad as your journey necessarily is, you must know that the thoughts and prayers of some are following you; committing you all to the care of Him that keepeth Israel, who neither slumbers nor sleeps. He "worketh all things after the counsel of His own will;" and "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Think not that God intends evil by causing your family so often lately to pass under the rod and making dark, heavy clouds gather above you. Try, cheerfully to wait on Him, and all will be well. He will give honey in the wilderness and springs in the desert; the pillar of fire and of cloud will not be taken away, nor the manna for daily need be removed, till you have passed the narrow stream that separates from the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Never fear, therefore; never lose courage nor hope.

As to those friends before whom you feel that you have denied your Lord, it seems to me that it, indeed, one of the intended simply to prove you with hard questions, silence was the best answer that could have been given. To have said anything would have been to "cast pearls before swine." There is a time to keep silence as well as a time to speak. As to the other—as to both indeed—consider what the Lord Jesus says—He who knows what reception prayers meet with on high—"Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mark 11:24. To expect nothing, is to take away the life of prayer.

May you yet experience "the power of the Holy Ghost;" and may God direct you into the knowledge of Him and enlighten you more and more! As ever, yours,
C.

For the South Western Baptist.

JEFFERSON, January 19 1862.
MESSRS. EDITORS: I have just returned from Vicksburg, whither I went on Thursday after the 3d days battle at that place, in which the invaders were signally defeated. Notwithstanding their great superiority of numbers—their loss in killed wounded and prisoners amounting to 2,000, while our entire loss did not exceed 120. The enemy's transports left the Yazoo, on Sunday morning 4th inst, in great haste, and they were evidently greatly alarmed, from the fact that they left quantities of pork and crackers in burlap, on the river bank, neither taking time to destroy or embark them on their boats. Though no satisfactory solution of the panic had transpired up to the date of my leaving Vicksburg on the 10th inst. Our troops are well clad and shod, and in high spirits and confident of their ability to repulse any force that may be massed against the hill city.

On my way home, I spent two days with bro. William Howard (the army missionary) at Meridian, Mississippi—and with him visited the Baptist church Hospital, where he preached a very appropriate and feeling sermon to the sick soldiers as they lay in their bunks. The meeting was one of deep interest, nearly every man evincing much feeling; and I sincerely hope and believe that the few days spent at Meridian by bro. H., (whom I think admirably qualified for this peculiar field of labor) in preaching to and conversing with the sick will be blessed to the salvation of some precious souls.

Will not all the friends of Zion come up to the aid of our Domestic Board, in its commendable work of sending the devoted and pious missionaries to our Hospitals, and Regiments in the field, to preach the "glorious gospel of the blessed God."

And dear brethren of Alabama: you could visit the sick in our hospitals, and see the tear of penitence trickle down the care worn face of the hardy soldier as the earnest minister discourses of the love of God to fallen man as set forth in the death of Jesus, I am sure your sympathies would be shaped into substantial aid in this noble work.

Fraternally.

W. JACOB PARKER.

For the South Western Baptist.

BREKID CORN, January 17, 1862.
MESSRS. EDITORS: Below you will find a copy of a letter, that was addressed to bro. Robert Ivey, in regard to the death of his son Joshua Ivey:

CHAPPEL HOSPITAL, CLINTON MISS.,
Nov. 27, 1862.

MR. R. IVEY, DEAR SIR: Through the request of your deceased son Joshua, I write you a few lines. My being a member of his denomination, I take it upon myself to write; he requested of us that we should let you know how and where he died. He was taken a prisoner, and paroled, and sent to this place

sick; he reached here 18th Nov., and died 25th Nov. He had Typhoid fever and Chronic diarrhoea. I am the Ward master here, and can testify that all attention was paid to him. I waited on him like a brother, and did all I could to save him, for he was a good boy, and I loved him much, but it was the Lord's will to call him to rest. — Joshua requested me to say to you, — that he was perfectly willing to die, he said that he did not dread death, that he felt assured that he would go to heaven. I must say that I believe he was a good Christian; he said "that he knew he would die, but would go to rest." I never saw any one more willing to depart this life. I now feel that he is happy. He sung and prayed just before he died. He said "that he had been a member of the Baptist church for five years." We were strangers, but brothers in fellowship. You all have my warmest sympathies. It is sad news I know to hear of his death, as glorious news to know he died in Jesus. What is death to a Christian? *Happiness* I would not call him back if I could, but will strive to meet him in heaven where parting will be known no more. He wished to see you all; and said you must all strive to meet him in heaven.

Grieve not for him, for he is forever at rest. He was decently buried. — You can come after him if you wish; his money and clothes you can get by coming after him. He belonged to Co. B. 3d Ala. Cavalry. I assure you that I was a friend to him and would have done any thing for him, but he is gone to rest. I shall strive to meet him there; I loved him because he was such a good Christian. I love all God's children. I wish you could have been here before he died to hear him sing and pray. If you come after him I will tell you all he said. I live in Kentucky, but now Ward master at this Hospital. I would like to hear from you all, and any information that you wish in regard to Joshua, I will give as far as I know.

Direct your letters to M. W. Wisdom, Ward Master, Chappel Hospital, Clinton, Hindes Co., Mississippi.

I am respectfully yours,
M. W. Wisdom.

Our Children.

When we see the monks of the thirteenth century assembling an army of children, for the recovery of "the holy land" from the misrule of the "infidel," and appealing for the inspiration of their enterprise, to the words of the Psalmist, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou perfectest praise." — what shall we say? — We cannot say that these words had not a meaning and a power for that time, such they have a meaning and a power for all things. We must say that the error of the movement consisted in what children were incited to perform as a work of the Lord, not in the belief that there is a work of the Lord which children may perform for this precious truth.

But is it not more important to enquire whether we have read this truth aright? Do we properly realize that Jesus, as the Captain of their salvation, has a present, urgent claim on our children? Have we felt, as we should feel, that even in the tenderness of their early years, it becomes them to cast in his army of "the called and chosen, and faithful"? Is it a matter of anxiety with us that they should be converted now, with the paucity of spiritual warfare — a matter of grief that they are not? Oh, do we yearn, and pray, and labor, that they may be numbered with the "little ones" out of whose mouth God perfects His praise, as the God who from all stages of life gathers most from the first, infirmest stages? If these things are not so, then is our error as great and as obvious as the error of the monks — Who shall say whether we or they will incur the severest condemnation at the bar of final judgment?

"See that ye hasten the matter." When Joshua was minded to repair the house of the Lord, and sent forth the priests and Levites to gather money of all Israel for that purpose, his injunction was, "See that ye hasten the matter." These words are worthy to be always sounding in the ear of the Christian, as a laborer in the cause of Christ.

The impatience of the work to which we are called, cries, "See that ye hasten the matter." It is such work as the Master did, while on the earth — such as He would do, were He to return. It is work that certainly bears fruit — fruit enduring not for a season only, but throughout eternity. It is work that blesses earth, augments the hosts of heaven, and rescues souls from sinking into hell. Surely, every day of the postponement of such work might well excite lamentation. Surely here, as Wesley said, (though not in this connection) "It is a great thing to seize and improve the very Now."

Our liability to lose the spirit of labor, cries, "See that ye hasten the matter." God gives the grace that prompts to Christian industry; but if it "rusts in unused," He will withdraw it. Satan dreads us most as workers, and therefore most entices us to sloth. Hence an eminent divine once wrote to a believing friend: "You must give place, not for a day, to inactivity. *Nothing is more apt to grow upon the soul; the less you speak or act for God, the less you may.*" And shall we by inactivity put our fervency of spirit in hazard, or run the risk of condemning ourselves to drag out a life of uselessness?

The approach of death, cries, "See that ye hasten the matter." Those whom we may benefit are around us to day; "tomorrow's sun may shine upon their grave." Then, nothing but the angelic trumpet can wake the ears, to which we may now speak the words of eternal life; and the eyes before which we may now place the record of saving truth, shall be quenched and rayless in the night that cannot break away until the morning of the resurrection. Oh, solemn call to "redeem the time," to "lay up every opportunity" — for the work of winning souls to Christ!

The hastening of the sinner in impatience, cries, "See that ye hasten the matter." While he walks the way of evil, passion gathers strength, and conscience loses it. He gets away farther and farther from the cross, and that surpassing spectacle of love and sorrow touches him less. The vows he made in times past, he learns to forget. Where whispers once startled him, he comes to sleep unmoved by the thunderbolt of providential awakening. Beyond all question, if it has been truly said, "Idleness is equivalent to strength," this may be said, with tenfold truth in reference to a work of which the difficulties multiply at so alarming a rate. Shall we not feel as though what we do at once is all that can be done by us?

The dignity of the Ministry — When the celebrated George Herbert informed a court friend of his resolution to enter into holy orders, he endeavored to dissuade him from it, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind. To whom Herbert replied, "It hath been formerly judged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth. And though the iniquities of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible yet I will labor to make it honorable, by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them, knowing that I can never do too much for Him that hath done so much for me, as to make me a Christian. And I will labor to be like my Saviour, by making himself lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus."

Ask Your Bible — A pious father, the evening before his departure, desired all his children to come into his chamber and placing them around his dying bed; thus addressed them: "You all know that I am soon going to be transplanted out of this world into a better. I hope I shall then be permitted to watch over you, and I trust you are walking the same road, and will soon follow me. You all know the road; great pains have been taken to show it to you. Where is it to be found? The children all instantly replied, "In the Bible." The dying parent proceeded: "Keep hold of that chain; it will never mislead you. When you are in doubt whether this or that be right, ask your Bible; for if your Saviour would have done so."

and five men who were picked up by the steamer Brooklyn. The Hatteras was an iron-clad carrying three 32 pounders. The Brooklyn pursued the Alabama, but could not catch her.

Richmond, Jan. 21. Two hundred Yankees attacked a scouting party of Confederates near Windsor, on the Black River, yesterday, and were repulsed, and driven into Suffolk.

The Baltimore American of the 19th, says that reliable information has been received from scouts, that efforts are being made by the rebels to cut Hancock's army off from supplies, and then crush it. Hancock will not move until Longstreet until certain expeditions effect the destruction of a railroad, and capture Fort.

Petersburg, Jan. 21. Advice from Norfolk of the 18th, report that a serious row occurred on the 17th amongst the soldiers and negroes at the fortifications below the city. It was finally quelled by two regiments from the city.

A dispatch from Old Point announces the arrival of a few transports with troops. Their destination is believed to be Newport News and Yorktown.

Corcoran's brigade is believed to be in the vicinity of Windsor, on the Norfolk railroad.

Three prominent Union citizens were assassinated on the night of the 17th.

Charleston, Jan. 22. Another steamer, with very valuable cargo, has arrived safely at a Confederate port.

Gen. Cooper has received the following official dispatch from Gen. Bragg:

Tellahomra, Feb. 21. To Gen. S. Cooper: — After the capture of the transports and gunboat, our cavalry made a dash for the large fleet of transports just below Harpers choice. They threw overboard their cargoes of subsistence, ordnance and quartermaster's stores in immense quantity and escaped by a hasty retreat.

Our troops, in the midst of snow and ice, crossed to the North side of the Cumberland by swimming their horses through angry torrents which were much swollen by recent rains, routed the guard, captured and destroyed an immense collection of subsistence just landed for transportation to Nashville by wagons.

(Signed) B. BRAGG.

Richmond, Jan. 21. — The Indianapolis correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial says Indiana is ripe for revolution within her borders.

A plot of the democrat leaders to seize the State Arsenal has been defeated by the vigilance of Gov. Morton and a few others.

Vallandigham, in the House of Representatives, on the 14th inst., advocated amnesty. The Herald's correspondent says his speech was listened to with the closest attention.

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THE STATE OF ALABAMA—Macon County.

Probate Court, Special Term, 22nd day of January, 1863.

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Secular Intelligence.

PELHAM, Jan. 22. Lieut. Col. Hatchinson, with 100 of Morgan's cavalry made a dash yesterday upon the enemy's camp at Murretsboro', and captured, and brought off safely, 150 prisoners and thirty wagons.

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The Family Circle.

A Beautiful Little Story.

A few years since, in coming down the North river, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths. Some pulling off their boots and coats, laid themselves down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much like home as possible, threw off more of their clothing—each one as their comfort or apprehension of danger dictated.

I had noticed on the deck a fine looking boy, about six years of age, following around a man, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German, a man of medium height and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an affectionate expression and countenance, and from under his German cap fell chestnut hair, in thick clustering curls.

After walking about in the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped in a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparation for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head, to protect his curls, which looked as if the sunlight from his happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting place, but instead of this quietly kneeling down upon the floor put his little hands together so beautifully, child like, and simple, resting his arms on the lower berth, against which he knelt to begin his prayer.

The father sat down by his side and waited his conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. There were men around it—Christian men, retiring to rest without prayers; or if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steam boat cabin and before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask His protecting love.

This was the training of some mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on those sunny locks as she had taught him to lipse his prayer?

A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng. He alone of this worldly multitude, draws nigh to heaven. I think that parental love that taught him to whisper his evening prayer, whether dead or living, whether far off or nigh. I could scarce refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child, in the crowded tumult of a steamboat's cabin, bending in devotion before his Maker.

But a little while before, I saw a crowd of admiring listeners gathering about a company of Italian singers in the upper saloon, a mother and her two sons, with voice and harp and violin, but no one cared for the child at prayer.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotion, he arose and kissed the father most affectionately, who put him into his berth to rest for the night. I felt strong desire to speak to them, deferred it till morning. When morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again; but if I ever meet the boy in his happy youth, I'll thank him for the influence of that night's devotion and bless the name of the mother that taught him.

Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression upon my mind. I went to my room and thanked God that I had witnessed it, and for its influence on my heart. Who prays on a steamboat? Who teach their children to pray even at home?

Table Talk at Breakfast.

On a very cold, wintry morning, the boys, who had come to keep New Years with their uncle, came down to breakfast, the moment the bell rang. The winds howled over the fields, murmured through the limbs of the bare trees, and where they could, whistle through the key-hole. Every few moments a heavy gust could beat against the old house, but it stood firm.

"Boys," said the uncle, when all were seated at the table "what were

you disputing about so early this morning! Perhaps I can help one or both of you."

"Why," said John, about twelve years of age, "we were wondering why God is so often called Providence." Why should he have such a name? I said it was because he provides things, and James says that can't be the reason, because he also guards us, and yet we don't call him "Guardence!"

"You have both studied Latin?"

"A little, uncle."

"What does *pro video* mean?"

"It means to see before, does it not?"

"Yes. Now tell me how long it has taken to get this breakfast ready?"

"How long? Why, sir, it may be an hour."

"Why, it has taken thousands of years to get this breakfast for your eating!"

"Oh uncle how can that be?"

"Let us see. What fish is that before you?"

"Salmon, sir."

"Very well. He probably was hatched upon some river in Greenland, several years ago, and has been kept to grow, till he was a large fish. But it took years and years for the trees to grow, out of which the vessel was built that went to Greenland after him. That tea, which your aunt is pouring out, most likely grew at the foot of the hills in China, hundreds of miles from the ship that brought it here. That coffee many years ago, for I have had it in my keeping ten years, grew in Java; a long while ago that mutton chop grew in Canada and the sheep were driven to us here. That salt was made from the waters of the ocean at one of the West India islands. The wheat that our bread was made of grew in Missouri. That butter was made in Vermont. That sugar, in your coffee was made in the island of Cuba. That pepper, which I sprinkle on meat, grew in Ceylon. Those cups were made in France. That tin coffee pot had to be dug out of the mines in England. That cream is the grass and hay out of our fields, turned into milk. Now, don't you see, my boys how much time and care, and labor, and seeing before, (*pro video*) it has cost, to get one comfortable breakfast ready for my hungry nephews? God does all this; he foresees, provides it all, brings all these things together, at the right time and the right place, and thus he is called Providence, or the Foreseer."

"But uncle, you said it had taken thousands of years to get this breakfast ready. We can't see that?"

"What was our breakfast cooked with?"

"Cooked with! Why, with the fire, sir!"

"Yes, and what was the fire made of?"

"Made of coal!"

"To be sure. And that coal was made under the ground thousands of years ago; provided for this very purpose. And thus God goes before years and ages before we are born; foresees what we shall need, and gets it already. This is providing—foreseeing. And thus he is called Providence, or the Foreseer. Do you now understand it?"

"Thank you, uncle, its all plain now!"

Rudeness.

Children who search the Scriptures are not ignorant that in them is found a command to "be courteous." Yet, though this command comes from the holy book, some disregard it. Even those who shudder at the thought of breaking the commands, "Thou shalt not kill," and "thou shalt not steal," still are not afraid to disobey God, indulging in rudeness. What is the reason of this? Alas! it is possible that we fear God less than man? Do we keep the Divine law because we are afraid of a human penalty? Those who kill are in danger of death; those who steal are in danger of prison; but people can be uncivil without danger of either. So they break one of God's commands, forgetting the judgment to come.

"Would you say that it was wicked to be uncourteous?" Yes; if it is wicked to break any command of the Holy Bible, it is wicked to break the command, "Be courteous."—There are persons who seem to fear God, little children who think that they are decently good, and yet they do not mind injuring the feelings of others. They never smooth the rough corners in their words and manners. They say, "I am very frank. People must take me as I am. I always speak out just what I think."

But to such persons I would say, frankness—true, open-hearted, Chris-

tian frankness—is not at all opposed to courtesy. You may tell people very serious, yes, even disagreeable truths, without wounding them in the least; and as for compelling people "to take us as we are," it is not fair.

There was once a very good man who said that he became all things to all men—that he adapted himself to their tastes and peculiarities—not sinfully, of course, but courteously; that by his Christian affability and self-forgetfulness, he might win them to embrace the truth. People are not always out just what they think.—Thoughts often need a strict examination, that we may know whether they are worthy to be spoken out; and all who feel in their hearts a desire to speak the blunt words of a hasty, uncharitable thought, should beware, for it is self—unkind, consequential self—that wants to speak. Stop its mouth, hear what charity has to say.

A Nest of Young Birds.

Extract of a letter from the late Hon. William Wirt to his daughter, eight years old.

Suppose there was a nest full of beautiful young birds, so young that they could not fly and help themselves and they were opening their little mouths and crying for something to eat and drink, and their parents would not bring them anything, but were to let them cry on from morning till night, till they starved and died; would not they be very wicked parents?

Now your mind is this nest full of beautiful singing birds, much more beautiful and melodious than any Canary birds, in the world, and there sit Fancy, and Reason, and Memory, and Judgment—all with their little heads thrust forward out of the nest, and crying as hard as they can for something to eat and drink. Will you not love your father and mother forty to feed them with books and learning, the only kind of meat and drink they love, and without these sweet little in a years few songsters must hang their heads and die! Nay, will you not do your best to help your father and mother to feed them, that they may grow up, get a full suit of fine glossy feathers, and cheer the house with their songs?

And moreover, would it not be very wrong to feed some of them only, and let the rest starve? You are very fond, when you get a new story-book, of running through it as fast as you can just for the sake of knowing what happened to this one; in doing this you are only feeding one of the four birds I have mentioned—that is, *Fancy*, which to be sure, is the loudest singer among them, and will please you most while you are young. But, while you are thus feeding and stuffing *Fancy*, Reason, Memory and Judgment are starving; and yet, by and by, you will think their notes much softer and sweeter than those of *Fancy*, also not so loud and varied. Therefore you ought to feed those other birds too: they eat a great deal slower than *Fancy*; they require the grains to be pounded in a mortar before they can get any food from them. That is, when you read a pretty story, you must not gallop over it as fast as you can, just to learn what happened; but you must stop now and then and consider why one of the persons you are reading of is so much beloved, and another so much hated. This sort of consideration pounds the grain in a mortar, and feeds Reason and Judgment.—Then you must determine that you will not forget that story, but that you will try to remember every part of it, that you may shape your own conduct by it—doing those good actions which the story has told you will make people love you, and avoiding those evil ones which you find will make them hate you. This is feeding Memory and Judgment both at once. Memory too, is remarkably fond of a *tit-bit* of Latin grammar; and though the food is hard to come at, yet the sweet little bird must not starve. The rest of them could do nothing without her; for, if she was to die, they would never sing again—at least not sweetly.

Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM WIRT.

A LOVELY SPIRIT.—"I wish every day was Sunday," said a dear little girl to her mother. Her mother asked why.

"Because I love so to go to the Sabbath School," was the answer.

Yes this little girl loved her teacher and her lessons, and she loved to study her lessons, and she treasured up what she heard and read, and tried to be a great deal better for it. What a lovely spirit is this, and what a privilege and delight would Sabbath school teachers feel it to be, to teach such children.

Music.

Music is the the soprano, the feminine principle, the heart of the universe; because it is the voice of love—because it is the highest type and aggregate expression of passionate attraction, therefore it pervades all space, and transcends all being like a divine influx, what tone is to the word, what expression is to form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head, what intention is to argument, what insight is to policy, what religion is to philosophy, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man is music to the universe.—Flexible, graceful and free it pervades all things, and is limited to none. It is not poetry; but the soul of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is in numbers, like harmonious proportion in cast iron, it is not painting; but it shines through colors and gives them their tone; it is not dancing but it makes all graceful motion; it is not architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice and stand in "petrified music." In the words of Bellini, "Every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art; so in music, too the soul of love, which also answer not for its workings, for it is the contact of divine with human."—Mrs. Child.

The Swearer's Daughter.

The Rev. Mr. Solomon Carpenter held a religious meeting in Sussex county, Mass., at the house of a man who was awfully addicted to swearing, and the minister took occasion to reprove this and other vices.—A little girl belonging to the family withdrew, and placed herself behind the door, and began to weep very bitterly. Her father particularly asked her the cause of this, and she told him she was afraid he would go to hell on account of his swearing. He at length promised her that if she would refrain from weeping he would never swear any more. The child was now quiet, and in an ecstasy of joy afterwards told her mother of the promise she had obtained from her father. The unexpected reproof of the father had thus received from his daughter was lastingly impressed on his mind; he became an humble penitent, and lived to be a shining light in the Christian community with which he was afterwards connected.

POUTING JEANNIE.—Jeannie and John were brother and sister. Jeannie had a temper which was apt to fire up like a lucifer match when things didn't please her. At such times she pouted her lips until they looked like they had been stung by a wasp. One day John did something she did not like. Out flashed the angry fires from her large black eyes, as she pouted her lips until they looked twice their proper size. Her brother who was full of good nature, laughed and said, "Look out, Jeannie, or I'll take a seat up there on your lip!" This funny remark fell like sunshine on Jeannie's heart, and changed her pouts into a smile at once. With a sly glance at her brother, she replied; "Then I'll laugh and you will fall off." Thus Jeannie's soft answer turned Jeannie's wrath into good humor.—Had he pouted and spoken back, both of them would have been made unhappy. I hope the boys will all speak kindly when their sisters pout, and I hope, too, that all the girls will leave off pouting.

THE POWER OF GOD.—Circumstances which appear small to the eyes of men, are often made, by the power of Christ, effectual to open the eyes of unbelievers. A few years ago an infidel saw a child reading the Bible, and said, in a scornful tone: "You cannot comprehend that book; why do you read it?" The child replied: "I delight in it, and therefore I try to understand it." This simple answer struck the infidel so powerfully, that he was led to reflect seriously on the cause of his unbelief and to pray to God for his Holy Spirit, until his heart was changed.

FORGIVENESS.—At a Sunday School examination the teacher asked a boy whether, after he had been standing and repeating, he could forgive those who had wronged him. "Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example who has insulted or struck you?" "Y-e-s, sir," replied the lad, very slowly. "I—think—I—could," but he added in a much more rigid manner, "if he was bigger than I."

You may go to heaven without riches, prosperity, or health; but you cannot go there without Christ, faith, and holiness.

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. 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, 1880.

LITTLE'S ANODYNE COUGH DROPS.

A certain cure for Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pain in the Throat, whooping Cough, etc., amongst Children.

This is a pleasant medicine to take, producing immediate relief, and in nine out of ten cases a prompt cure. It cures the most 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 thought to be decidedly consumptive, have been promptly cured by using a few bottles. Its anodyne properties, without straining the bowels, is a standard remedy to all cough mixtures.

LITTLE'S FRENCH MIXTURE.

This is prepared from a French Recipe (in the form of No. 1 and 2; the first for the acute, and No. 2 for the chronic stage), and from its unexampled success is likely to supersede every other remedy for the cure of diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Gonorrhea, Bismarck, and Leucorrhea, or Fluor Albida, etc. 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 efficacy is unrivaled in America.

LITTLE'S RINGWORM & TETTER OINTMENT.

FOR THE SKIN.

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

In more than two hundred places in Georgia, and in the Southern States, they are to be had; and as there are some who are counterfeiting his name, by using the same or similar names (for no patent is wanted or secured) and the above patent 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.
All orders and letters to be addressed to

LITTLE & BRO.,

Wholesale Druggists, Macon, Ga.

Sold by Dr. J. S. Thomas and C. Fowler, Tuskegee; H. W. Williams, Le Grange, Blount Co.; J. W. Williams, Columbus, Ga.; and Merchants and Druggists generally. May 10, 1880.

Business Cards.

N. GACHET,

Attorney at Law.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.

Office at the old stand east of Brewer's (now Kelly's) Hotel.

July 24, 1882.

17

N. S. GRHAM, R. L. NAYES, R. R. 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 open at night in School's new building.

December 10, 1880.

22-17

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, 1882.

W. P. CHILTON, JR.

W. P. CHILTON, JR.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

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. GUNN, L. STRANGE, JAMES ARMSTRONG

GUNN, STRANGE & ARMSTRONG,

Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery.

Will practice in the Courts of Macon, Russell, Chambers and Tallapoosa Counties; in the Supreme Court of Alabama, and in the United States District Court at Montgomery.

Particular attention will be given to all business entrusted to them.

Office next the Presbyterian Church.

Tuskegee, Ala., Jan. 10, 1880.

17

SMITH & POU,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.

Practice in Macon and adjoining Counties.

Office open at night in School's new brick building.

BYRON B. SMITH, ED. W. POU.

May 17, 1880.

17

FERRELL & MCKINNE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Tuskegee, Ala.

April 10, 1880.

17

J. H. CADDENHEAD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Loachapoka, Macon County, Ala.

Will practice in Counties of Macon, Montgomery, Tallapoosa, Chambers, and Russell.

June 15, 1881.

17

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, 1882.

17

SCHEDULE

Tuskegee Rail Road.

FIRST TRAIN leaves the Depot in Tuskegee at 9:15 a. m., connecting with a Train for West Point and Columbus.

Second Train leaves at 11:15 a. m., connecting with a Train for Montgomery.

Third Train leaves at 6 o'clock p. m., connecting with a Train for West Point.

N. B.—No Train on this Rail Road connects with one passing Chocoma at 3:27 a. m., for Montgomery.

G. W. STEVENS, Superintendent.

July 24, 1882.

17

HOWARD COLLEGE.

Faculty for the Year 1881-2.

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, 1882.

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, 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 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 4½ months, in advance..... \$25.00

Incidentals..... 2.00

Room and Servant..... 9.00

Coal..... 50.00 to 80.00

Board, per month..... \$12.00 to 14.00

Washing..... 1.50

I. W. GARROTT,

President Board Trustees.

J. B. LOVELESS, Secretary.

Marion, Ala., Aug. 29, 1881.

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 enclose 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