

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

S. HENDERSON, } Editors.
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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The South Western Baptist,
RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

HENDERSON & BATTLE,
PROPRIETORS.
For the South Western Baptist.
Biographical.

MESSRS. EDITORS: While many brave soldiers, and amongst them pious Christians and affectionate sons, have fallen in the cruel war in which we are engaged, without any notice given of them in our periodicals, yet I believe that they should be noticed and also some of the circumstances connected with their life as soldiers and their death as Christians, that the world may know of what kind of material our army is composed. I have therefore concluded to send you some notice of Mr. Wm. J. DENNIS who was a private in the "Jeff Davis Artillery."

While my feelings would prompt me to say much of that lovely young man, I will forbear, and in connexion with the short obituary published in the Richmond papers by the good matron of the hospital where he died, I will send you an extract from a letter written by him to his brother, who was also a soldier, and also of one written to his mother after his death, by Mrs. Mayo, the lady above referred to, only adding that it was my pleasure to baptize him, and a more interesting subject I have never met with in the course of my ministry.

E. E. K****.

Nov. 1st, 1862.

Mr. J. W. Dennis, Dear Brother:

Being at home so near you and having so many good opportunities of writing to you, you have, perhaps, often asked yourself the question "why does not William write?" I will tell you: one reason is that mother keeps a regular correspondence with you, and another great reason is that when I did write I was truly solicitous to inform you that we are bound to each other in new ties of relationship, friendship and love—yes, what thrill of joy fills my soul to tell you that we can now recognize each other as brothers in Christ.

Dear brother, the subject of my soul's welfare, eternal welfare—has been under my serious consideration for several months, and day by day it grew more burdensome, until by earnest prayer to God all was well with me. Several difficult points presented themselves as to my fitness to unite with church. I sought information in regard to them and joined it. Being satisfied, I felt it my duty to be baptized, and especially before I returned. So on last Saturday I united with the "Ackerville church," and on Sunday was baptized in "White Oak creek."

Dear brother, I wish I could see you and talk with you on this subject, one that concerns us so much, even poor sinners everywhere. Believe me when I tell you that this matter has been "no child's play" with me.—I trust and pray that I consider it well ere I took the first step—that of uniting myself with the church, for I knew it was a life-time business. I live as it were just begun my battle in the matter of religion, and unless I persevere until the end in this good work, then it were better I had never begun. But O dear brother, rest assured that it is my firm resolve to "grow in grace" if humble prayer to my dear Saviour will avail any thing. And I shall not be selfish in the matter, but shall pray for all poor sinners everywhere, especially those I've influenced to do evil.—O what a grief to think that I've turned away from the path of rectitude, either by overt acts or secret influence, who, had it not been for these obstacles, might now have been a saint in Christ! Dear brother, in all your prayers remember me, and O remember those around you out of Christ—your messmates particularly, make them the subjects of earnest agonizing prayer. I have written to brother Sam. on this matter and requested him to give it serious reflection, for it would be worth his while—and to G. W. K**** also. I felt constrained to do it from a strong

sense of duty, and I shall continue to do it in any case where I think it will do any good. Dear brother I was truly sorry to hear of your indisposition—hope now you are much better. Tell "Willis" I have not forgotten him. The many acts of kindness you have done me shall never be forgotten, they have a place on the tablets of my heart.

Praying that God may strengthen and bless you and sanctify your affliction to your good. I remain as ever

Your affectionate brother,

W. J. DENNIS.

RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 9th, 1863.

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Yes, my dear sister He will; He has done right even in removing our dear boy from us. Our dear William breathed his last this morning at 8 o'clock. That your loss is great, (yes and mine too,) cannot be denied, but what is all compared with his gain. For days he seemed to be treading the confines of the dark valley, and its shadows were around him long before he entered its depths, and although those shadows lay so still and deep upon his path that he could scarce summon his consciousness to give an inarticulate utterance from his faltering lips, yet we doubt not that ere he passed through the valley, the light from beyond began to break upon his path and its silent depths were made vocal with the voice of welcome that ushered him to the rest that remaineth for the people of God. And it is sweet to remember that that upper house was peopled by many a dear one to him that was called before.—O could you have seen him and heard from his lips his dying testimony of the goodness, love and mercy of God; you would have rejoiced, and then to hear his constant earnest prayer while he was conscious for all his friends and especially his companions in arms. He was brought to Richmond on the 17th December, and carried to a public hospital, where he remained a week without my knowledge. I hunting and searching the city over all the time, till on Sunday 28th, I received a note from him telling me of his whereabouts, and without a moments delay I went to him, found him as comfortable as he could be at a public hospital, but extremely nervous. I washed his face, neck and hands, cleaned his mouth and made him as comfortable as I could there. He was delighted to see me, I plead with the surgeon to let me take him away with me, but he refused positively. I told William that I would see the Medical Director and thought I could get him the next day, this relieved him greatly. His Bible was lying on a table by him; he said "Mother I can't read myself, will you read a little and pray with me?"—Which I did, and left the next morning early, I went to Col. Watts—the Surgeon General, and Medical Director, and after going back and forth to the hospital, finally I got permission to take him. I immediately procured an ambulance and went for him. He was delighted but much exhausted when he arrived; he slept quietly that night, and for several days seemed to be getting better, but his nervous system was so completely unstrung that he could not rally. The day that he got here, as I sat by him he turned and fixed his eyes on me and said, "O mother this is the same spot in which I had such a struggle for peace, but I did not find it here; I might have done so but my faith was too weak, but the sweet peace I now enjoy, no tongue can tell, my soul is staid on Christ, and I know that my Redeemer liveth." Thus he continued to talk of Heaven and heavenly things until I told him that I thought he had talked enough, when he seemed calm and quiet till the next night, when he became very nervous and lost his consciousness in some degree but he knew every body. I staid with him till 10 o'clock that night—went home very anxious and distressed, was taken quite sick during the night and was confined to my bed a week—of course I did not see him again. Just before he died, after an earnest and fervent prayer for his fellow-soldiers

and all mankind, he exclaimed—"O Father, Father, you've come. I am ready to go with you."—"O Mother Farewell" and died. Now dear sister surely we ought to be willing to lay him in the grave without a murmur and say, "Not my will O Lord, but thine be done."

May the same gracious hand which has inflicted your wound and who alone is able to heal it, pour into your sad and sorrowing heart the oil of consolation, and grant you such supplies of grace and strength as may be needful for you, is the earnest prayer of

Your sympathizing sister,

CAROLINE E. MAYO.

(From the Baptist Record.)

MR. EDITOR:—I find the following description of the passes in Jordan—where the Israelites crossed into Canaan and where John baptized—in "Findlay's Vindication of the Scriptures against the carols and misrepresentations of M. De Voltaire." A book rare and valuable, written by a Presbyterian clergyman of Glasgow. Voltaire had intimated in his Philosophy of History, that he could not conceive why "God should suspend the course of this river, when it was not forty feet wide, and when it was so easy to ford it." I cannot see that this misrepresentation of infidelity is worse than the kindred cavil, those who argue that the Jordan was too shallow for immersing in. Certainly the answer to the infidel is a triumphant answer to the caviller against John's immersions. We commend the testimony of the favorable notice to our Old School Presbyterian friends, particularly as Mr. Findlay was a staunch Presbyterian, and as they have given to this subject a new discussion impulse.

"Why does he (M. Voltaire) call the river, at the place of passage, 'only forty feet wide' To pass the more general accounts of ancient writers, Adamo, an author of the seventeenth century, says, 'It was the breadth of a horse's cast from asling.' Mandrol, who travelled into the East in the year 1687, and is in universal credit makes its breadth in the neighborhood of Jerico, from which it was almost eight miles distant, about sixty feet or twenty yards, while at the same time, he describes its rapidity so great that none could swim against it.

Dr. Shaw again in later times gives it thirty yards in breadth and remarks its depth to be three feet at the very brink. While Pocock satisfies himself with calling its breadth much the same with that of the Thames at Windsor."

"If we read of the passages of Jordan towards Moab, Judges iii 28, and of the passages of Jordan where the Gileadites stopped the Ephraimites, Judges xii 5, how does it appear that they were not ferrying places? Is it not even more likely that they were, when we consider the testimonies of travellers about the depth of the river, and its dimensions from side to side.—So the learned Roland under God them He says—'It is probable that it was the custom in ancient times to pass the Jordan at different places in boats, and there are some indications of this in the sacred books, as in Judges iii. 28.' In the same manner also, Dr. Lightfoot explained what we read about David and his company's passing over Jordan in the neighborhood of Jerico. 'This,' Jerico which we often read of in Scripture, yet it seems rather to have been by boat than by bridge.' As indeed we are expressly told, ver. 18—there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household, and to do what he thought good. And in confirmations to this we may remark, that the place where John baptized, is supposed to be named Bethabara—the house of passage—because there persons are commonly carried in a vessel over the Jordan John i. 28."

From the Christian Observer.

Lessons of Camp-Life.

Some time since a terrible storm swept over the encampment where we had rested for a few months. The great pines around us were bent, and groaned as they stood up against the strong blasts of the dark night.—Here we had fixed around us comforts which are not frequently allowed the soldier. We had almost forgotten the hardships and dangers which the soldiers is heir to, as day after day passed away without the forced march, or noise, confusion and death of battle. Our "bunks" were comforta-

ble and we slept at night as sweetly as we ever did under the homestead roof. On the night to which I have referred we were thus slumbering until we were aroused from our dreams by the noise of rain and howling of wind. There was confusion worse confounded. The canvass flutters and flaps around us—the cordage gives way, and rushing affrighted from our cots, we cling to the tent pole that we may steady our frail dwelling already trembling under the terrible storm.

Thus is it in the Christian pilgrimage! We forget that we are strangers sojourning in tents, settle ourselves down in some sweet place by the wayside, and even though we remain in tents, so establish ourselves with worldly comforts can no longer be said to accustom ourselves to hardships as good soldiers. But God will not suffer us long thus to pass the days and nights of our pilgrimage.—By some act of providence he shakes the flimsy material of our worldly tabernacle; snaps the cords of affection and promise in the dark night of his visitation, loosens in their foundation the rocks not "higher than we," yet under which we have endeavored to shelter ourselves, until, in consciousness of our weakness and danger in the darkness of the hour of storm, we rush from our slumbers, cling to the frame-work of our building, look up through the gloom and darkness of the night and raise to Him the cry for help.

The morning which arose upon that night of storm and fear was calm and peaceful—so is the day-dawn upon the Christian night of gloom and trial. Let our lives declare plainly that we are strangers and pilgrims here—that we seek a country.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

From the Religious Herald.

To the Soldiers out of Christ.

If these lines should, perchance, fall into the hands of any soldier who has no interest in Christ, to such a one we desire to address a few words of affectionate warning.

You have an immortal soul—one that is destined to survive this frail bodily tenement. On all terrestrial things is written, "passing away." But the soul is of superior origin, and is destined to live forever in a world of happiness or woe. Solemn thought! one which comes home with power to every reflecting mind. Experience teaches that life is uncertain; that sooner or later all must die, and lie down in the cold ground. Our bodies return to dust, but what becomes of the deathless spirit? There are only two places to contain the race of Adam—heaven and hell.—Stop and think; reflect seriously. Why are you averse to reflecting on that subject which concerns you most? Where are your steps tending? Have you made your peace with God, and secured your title to heaven? If not, you are in the broad road to ruin, and, unless arrested by the grace of God, will ere long be in the regions of black despair.—Awful truth! You are on the brink of destruction, and nothing but the brittle thread of life keeps you out. What security have you for your life? It is passing strange that you can be so light-hearted and contented when eternal death stares you in the face.

Who can conceive what is implied in the expression, eternal death? What intellect can grasp the thought! Banished from God, happiness and heaven, the soul of the sinner is consigned to the regions of black despair, without one ray of hope throughout eternity. You are living under the wrath of a holy God, who cannot regard sin with any degree of allowance; and it is only through sovereign mercy that you are not this day suffering the miseries of the lost, in that world where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

God created man holy, and consequently, happy. But sin entered the world, and with it death and all our woes. Man transgressed the law of his Maker, and fell from his first estate. The justice of a holy and offended God saith, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." But when there was no eye to pity or arm to save, the blessed Jesus offered himself a

ransom for sinners, satisfied the demands of the law, and provided a way by which man can be restored to favor with God. He has prepared many mansions for His redeemed followers. He now invites you to come to Him and live. With outstretched arms He entreats you to come. Behold His hand pierced for you, the agonies which He endured for you. The sun refused to look on the scene, and abashed, hid his face. Wilt thou, oh man, spurn the offer of salvation obtained at such a price? Shall Jesus die in vain, so far as your salvation is concerned? He complains that you will not come unto Him, that you might have life. Why will you die, since Jesus has died to save you?

Perhaps you have a pious mother. How her heart yearns over her irreligious child! Behold her, as on benedicted knees she pleads your cause before the throne of grace. Let your prayers ascend with hers for your soul's salvation. Gladden her heart by turning now to the Saviour. I beg that you will attend to this matter. Life and death are set before you. A free salvation is offered to you in the gospel. Let not the god of this world blind you, and make you the wilful agent of your own destruction. In view of all the terrors which are the portion of the lost soul throughout eternity, let me beseech you to attend to your soul's salvation: Come to Jesus now.—"Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." There is no need that you should be lost. God desires not the death of the sinner, but would have him turn unto Him and live.—But he deals with you as a rational creature. He offers you salvation, but He does not force you to accept it. He "will by no means spare the guilty." There is only one means of salvation. There is but one name given under heaven by which you can be saved. If you are saved at all, it must be in His own appointed way. Out of Christ, God is a consuming fire, but in Jesus there is mercy and plenteous redemption for all who would be saved. Come, then, close in with the offers of salvation without delay. "Whoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

NATURE JUSTIFIES ITS AUTHOR.—We find that objects in many respects the most repulsive, and seemingly useless to the uninformed mind, are put here for some purpose of utility and to perform their respective parts in the economy of life.

If we view ourselves and those things which immediately surround us, we are "lost in wonder, love and praise." Who but God could do these things?

Things here which we look upon unfavorably are often salutary in their effects. Who fully knows the value of health until he becomes sick? Who properly enjoys rest but he who resigns his limbs to sweet repose, with a good conscience, after useful toil? Who generally best enjoys and most usefully employs riches?—He whom the Lord has given knowledge in His chastenings. The bright beams of the sun cheer us most after dreary weather, and joy is sweet to us after sorrow.

J. P.

OBEEDIENCE ENLIGHTENS THE EYES.—Never was there a truer or more beautiful saying—as every Christian experience will testify—than that of our Saviour: "If any man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine." Obedience opens the heart to the great teacher, the Holy Spirit, and gives us a practical insight into former mysteries. Not only so, but we become keenly appreciative of the beauty and harmony of all God's plans, in nature as well as in grace. None can have so high an appreciation of the noble relations of this life, and of God's educational discipline to fit us for those relations, as the obedient working Christian.

A NATION OF WARRIORS.—Says the Alabama Methodist Episcopal Conference: "All our young men have gone to the war because they are strong. Some of our old men have gone because they are *wise*."

Come to God and be Reconciled.

The Bible says, "God is angry with the wicked every day. He hateth all workers of iniquity." And has not God much cause to be angry with the sinner? He gave and preserves your life and faculties, and bestows all your comforts. Yet you forget him. He has told you his commands; and these are intended to do you good, yet you do not regard them. You do not reverence God, but live almost as if there was no such Being. What an ungrateful son would you be, if thus you treated your parents—if you avoided their company, disliked to think of them, and disregarded their wishes! Hear, then, what God says, "Hear, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." He is full of love to you as a tender Father; but by your sins you have grieved him. Besides, he is your Creator, King, and righteous Judge, and must and will punish all sinners. He must act to those who rebel not as a kind parent, but as an angry monarch. It is your fault, however, that he is angry. You make him so. Your sins separate between you and God. As long as you live with without repenting of sin his anger must be ever hot against you, sinner, and you cannot escape or hide from him. Wherever you are, he is there, and he is angry. He "compasses your path and your lying down," and he is angry. It depends on him whether or not you draw your very next breath and he is angry. O sinner, better for all the world to be angry with thee than God. What an awful life is yours! The "wrath of God abideth on you." How dreadful to feel when going to bed, "God is angry"—to awake and know "God is angry"—wherever you go, and whatever you do, "God is angry." And oh, to die knowing that "God is angry," and to stand before his judgment seat, and see that he is angry. Sinner, he is angry only while you make him so; he is willing to be your friend; he sent his Son with this message, "Be ye reconciled to God." If you will give your heart to that Messenger and trust in him, all this anger will cease. O then, come to Jesus. Be no longer God's foe, but accept the offer to be his friend. But beware of rejecting Jesus; for he says, "He that believeth not," that is, does not come to "the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

SO CHRIST INTERPOSED FOR US.—On the 10th of June, 1770, the town of Portau-Prince, in Hayti, was utterly overthrown by a dreadful earthquake. From one of the falling houses the inmates had fled, except a negro woman, the nurse of her master's infant child. She would not desert her charge, though her walls were even then giving way. Rushing to its bedside she stretched forth her arms to enfold it. The building rocked to its foundation; the roof fell in. Did it crush the hapless pair? The heavy fragments fell indeed upon the woman but the infant escaped unharmed; for its noble protectress extended her bending form across the body, and at the sacrifice of her own life, preserved her charge from destruction.

FORTY-FIFTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.—We see in the Columbus (Ga) Sun the casualties in the 45th Regiment Alabama Volunteers, in the action before Murfreesboro, Tenn. December 30 and 31, Col James G. Gilchrist, commanding This Regiment was at the taking of two batteries, and was the first to plant the Confederate colors on a battery of six of the finest pieces in the Yankee army. It behaved most gallantly.—Col. Gilchrist is a native of North Carolina, and a graduate of the South Carolina College.—Exchange.

PUNCTUALITY.—A country pastor writes to the Christian Index that the church has been punctual in paying his salary. Are there no churches that need to emulate this example?

ORDINATION.—William Singleton was ordained to the Christian ministry, Jan. 17, at the First Baptist church, Augusta, Ga.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.:
Thursday, Feb'y 26, 1863.AGENT.
B. B. DAVIS, of the "Book Emporium," Montgomery, Ala., is our authorized Agent, to receive subscriptions and dues for our paper.

Notice the Red Cross (X) Mark.

Those whose terms of subscription are about to expire, will find on the margin of the paper a red cross mark. We adopt this plan to save the expense of writing and forwarding accounts.—We will give some two or three weeks notice in this way, so that subscriptions can be renewed. Look out for the Red Cross Mark.

The "Great West"—Mr. Vallandigham's Recent Speech.

It is sometimes as unwise, to take counsel of our hopes as to take counsel of our fears. It will ever be a matter no less of gratitude to God than of patriotic pride that the series of disasters of last year which commenced with the fall of Roanoke Island in North Carolina, and which ended in the capture of New Orleans, our great Southern emporium, only served to arouse us to that measure of our manhood adequate to our dangers. With an effective force in the field in the proportion of scarcely one-fourth to that of the enemy, and without arms for our fresh levies, posterity will be hard to believe that there was the calm and steady purpose, and the lofty resolve, to confront these dangers, and within less than a year, roll back the tide of success, and wrench from the most formidable foe of modern days a series of victories which has no parallel in history. In the line of conduct we have been pursuing, God has most signally crowned us with success.

What, then, is our danger at this crisis? We answer that we are in the same danger now of taking counsel of our hopes, that we were one year ago of taking counsel of our fears. Our enemy beaten at every point, and with his immense armies demoralized, would doubtless now change his tactics, and come to us with smiles and caresses instead of threats and menaces. It is the last resort of a discomfited and wily foe, who would seek to accomplish by policy what he has failed to achieve by arms. Like his efforts at Vicksburg to dig a channel around that queen city of the South, rather than meet us in an open and manly contest, he would now accomplish by negotiation what two years of the most cruel and bloody war has failed to do. We warn our people against this bewitching policy. It is another "wooden horse," which, if we yield to it, will prove as disastrous to us, as it did to the duped and credulous Trojans.

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." Let us be on our guard against an enemy, particularly when he proffers kindness.

The fortunes of war are likely to develop a new aspect to the question involved, which will test the patriotism of our people and the integrity of our officials. The great speech of Mr. Vallandigham, in the Federal Congress, while it denounces the administration in terms of just severity for its numerous usurpations of authority, nevertheless looks to a re-construction of the effete union as a measure essential to the peace of the country. He affirms in so many words that the West at least cannot be divorced from the South—that but one flag can float over the Mississippi valley—and that whatever becomes of New England, they are, in the nature of things, with us one and inseparable, now and forever.

Now, this all sounds very nice, and serves to turn a very pretty paragraph of his speech. But the eloquent speaker has read history to little purpose, and studied human nature to less, if he has yet to learn that war creates nationalities, both in antipathies and interests, more marked and indelible than rivers, mountains and oceans. In one portion of his speech, he speaks of the wrongs perpetrated upon the Northern people, by their own government, which time will only serve to burn deeper and deeper into the popular heart. Does he suppose that the ten thousands times more gracious wrongs which the South has suffered, are to be mollified by a clever stroke of rhetoric? Will time do nothing to burn a sense of these wrongs more deeply into Southern hearts? Every anniversary of every battle—every burned and pillaged town and farm house—every home made desolate by this iniquitous war—conspire to forbid any association with a people capable of such outrages, and induce us to hold them as we do the balance of mankind, "enemies in war, in peace friends."

If the "great West" has any desire to form a Union with the South, why has she supplied with princely munificence, men and money to subjugate, nay, to exterminate us? Why does she keep them in the field? It is a stubborn fact, that the Western portion of the abolition army has over-

run and desolated more of our country; has robbed, murdered, and imprisoned more of our people; has manifested, if possible, a more profound hatred of the South, than the Eastern portion.—Can all this be forgotten?

We admire the speech of Mr. Vallandigham in many respects; but it is our deliberate conviction that it is calculated to do us more harm than the whole Western army. It is being circulated by tens of thousands in the South—Already no inconsiderable portion of our people, and some of our newspapers are beginning to talk glibly of the rich "dower" which this "Western bride" will bring to the Confederacy.—Do they forget that this wonderful "bride" brings with her rich "dower" the very question which has driven us into this fearful revolution? Would they plant the ively at the root of the tree of liberty, which in a single generation, would enfold its noble branches, and crush out its life?

Suppose the Western States were received into our Confederacy, what could keep out the Middle States?—And if they were received, what could protect us from New England?

But we forbear. "The Lord reigns," and will doubtless work out his own great purposes in this revolution. We only say, let not our anxiety for peace lead us to forget the great principle of homogeneity which gave birth to this struggle.

To the Friends of Soldiers.

Persons who wish to send copies of the S. W. Baptist to the Hospitals in Virginia are hereby informed that by sending them to any of the following persons, they will be judiciously disposed of and placed in the hands of the Alabama soldiers: Rev. James B. Taylor, D.D., Richmond, Va.; Rev. T. Hume, Petersburg, Va.; Rev. W. F. Broadbent, D.D., Charlottesville, Va.; Rev. G. B. Taylor, Staunton, Va.; Rev. J. L. Johnson, Lynchburg, Va.; Rev. C. C. Chaplin, Danville, Va. These brethren are laboring in the hospitals of their cities, and are very anxious to be supplied with religious papers.

A. E. DICKINSON, Supt., &c.

GEN. PRICE.—This distinguished officer arrived in Montgomery on the 17th, on his way to his command in the West. He was given a public entertainment at the Exchange Hotel. It is gratifying to know that he has at last been assigned to a command where his genius will not be cramped by supercilious superiors in rank.

Papers for the Army.

We have still on hand some funds contributed to send the South Western Baptist to the army. If our friends will only inform us to whose care, and to what point to direct them, we shall feel greatly obliged, and shall promptly respond.

SIGNS OF PEACE.—The present great influx of troops to our armies. This is the most cheering sign upon our whole political horizon. Let it go on, and it will soon expand the cloud in the West, which is now "as a man's hand," to such dimensions as will gladden every man's heart.

The Christian reader will find an excellent article on this subject from the pen of bro. John Talbert.

Planting Cotton.

Let it be borne in mind that for every pound of seed cotton raised this year over and above twenty-five hundred to the hand, a tax of ten cents will be levied according to a late law passed by our Legislature. Raise corn, hogs, cattle, horses, mules, &c. No tax is to be laid upon these.

THE CHILD'S PRIMER.—By Rev. Thomas Rambaut, L.L.D. Atlanta, Geo.: Franklin Steam Printing House. J. J. Toon & Co. Publishers.

We are indebted to the Publishers for a copy of the above Primer. It is precisely adapted to the wants of our country. Dr. Rambaut has been engaged for many years in teaching, and we know no man better qualified to bring out a series of school books than he.—It is elegantly printed, and we doubt not will have an extensive circulation. The same Publishers have also in press, from the same author "The New Elementary Spelling Book, interspersed with Reading Lessons."

"Price as low as the times will admit."

For the South Western Baptist.

Ordination of Joseph S. Yarbrough.

At the Baptist church of Christ in Troy, Pike Co., Ala., of which he is a member, bro. J. S. Yarbrough after examination, the previous day was on the 15th day of February, publicly "set apart to the work of the ministry," by the imposition of hands, in the following order: Sermon by Elder Matthew Bishop; examination of the church by J. T. S. Park; examination of the candidate by A. N. Worthy; ordaining prayer by J. T. S. Park; charge by A. N. Worthy; presentation of the

Bible by Matthew Bishop; right hand of fellowship by the presbytery, followed by the church.

Bro. Yarbrough is a young man of promising gifts and fine prospect of usefulness in the field whence his ordination was called for.

ONE OF THE PRESBYTERY.
Christian Index please copy.

For the South Western Baptist.

PORT HUDSON, LA., Feb. 6th, 1863.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In my last I mentioned the rumor, that a Yankee gunboat had run by Vicksburg. Such has been the case. A Yankee gunboat, supposed to be the Carondelet, has passed, and has captured two of our transports. Our supplies from the Red River have been cut off. There has a detail been made from all the regiments for some secret expedition, supposed to be an attack upon the gunboat.

All is quiet now. The enemy seems less inclined to attack than ever. Munitions are said to be rife in the Yankee army at Baton Rouge. This is a fast age. Gunboats are captured by transports and cavalry. I shall not be surprised to hear of the gunboat below Vicksburg being captured in a few days.

P. S.—The river is rising very fast. We are having very cold weather, with a bountiful supply of rain.

K.

For the South Western Baptist.

The Demand for Religious Papers among the Soldiers.

RICHMOND, VA., FEB. 12, 1863.

Bro. HENDERSON: For some weeks there has been an average of one request a day from chaplains and others for papers for the soldiers. Today a Methodist Chaplain called to say that there was the most anxious solicitude among his men for reading of this kind, that over one hundred of his regiment had professed conversion since entering the service—and that he wanted Baptist papers for a large proportion of his men were of that persuasion. Yesterday the Presbyterian pastor at Gordonsville made in the most urgent manner the same request for the hospital of his place.

For several days past I have been in the valley of Virginia visiting the hospitals. At every point the cry was papers! papers! Send us tracts, send us Testaments and be sure to put in some religious papers for us to read.—A Presbyterian clergyman said to me, "An unknown friend sends me a package of the Christian Index every week. I wish that he could know how much they are read and how much good they seem to be effecting in my hospital." At Staunton on Sunday after preaching to a crowded room of soldiers, Rev. G. B. Taylor, the Post chaplain, placed on the table a large bundle of papers saying, "I have religious papers here published in Virginia, N. and S. Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, each man is entitled to one." Such was the rush that hardly had the words escaped the chaplain's lips ere the table was deprived of its treasure and these dear afflicted men were returning to their rooms feeling doubly comforted for having gone up to the house of the Lord.

A. E. D.

For the South Western Baptist.

New and Valuable Publications.

We are now issuing some very valuable tracts from the perusal of which it is hoped much good may be effected. Hon. M. J. Welborn of Columbus, Ga., has furnished us with two excellent MSS tracts, and Hon. J. L. M. Curry of Ala., with one; Rev. Jno. A. Broadbent, D.D., Greenville, S. C., Rev. B. Manly, Jr. D.D., Rev. J. B. Jeter, D.D., Rev. G. B. Taylor and other brethren have also recently favored us with excellent tracts. Besides, Rev. S. Henderson of Ala., Rev. S. Boykin of Ga., Rev. A. J. Huntington of Ga., and Rev. J. P. Boyce of S. C. have promised soon to forward MSS.

I should like to receive contributions of this character from every one competent to the task. A little more than a year ago a Baptist pastor in Virginia was for some months hindered from ministering to his church by the extreme illness of his wife. While watching around her sick bed he felt his heart burning, with desires for the conversion of our brave boys, and wrote an appeal which has gone through five editions—over one hundred and fifty thousand copies have been published, and such is the urgent demand for it that we are about to bring out another edition of 50,000. Probably a thousand souls have been converted by the blessing of God upon this little messenger of life and peace. "A Mother's Parting Words to Her Soldier Boy" is still bearing fruit to the glory of God.

A. E. D.

For the South Western Baptist.

C. G. Beverly

Died of Billous Fever at Chattanooga Hospital, December 27th, 1862. He was born, January 12th, 1844, in Macon county, Ala. He professed faith in Christ in his 18th year, and was bap-

tized into the fellowship of Bethel Baptist Church, of Randolph county, Ala., by his father, Rev. J. C. Beverly. His walk was orderly, his conversation chaste—calm, serious and dignified in his deportment, though young he was an example of piety to all.

He was a member of Captain T. Wood's company, 30th Regiment Alabama volunteers. A friend wrote to his parents, "Champion is no more; he is no doubt in heaven, around the Mediatorial throne, singing praises to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world."

The sunny South has lost another brave soldier; his merry tones will no more salute the ears of his messmates, and his brother who now sits alone by the camp fire at the midnight hour.

Well do we remember when he bade adieu to father, mother, brothers and sisters, turning slowly away without a tear upon his manly, rosy cheeks, to make a sacrifice of his precious life for his home, and for his beloved country. Far away from home he died, with no father to hear his dying words; no mother to administer to his wants; no sister to impress a farewell kiss upon that fair and youthful brow. He was buried by strangers.

The war may go on; frightening scenes may appear, he needs it not, in the cold grave there is no disturbance.

FANNIE.

Baptist Banner, copy.

For the South Western Baptist.

Signs of Peace.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I have ventured to suggest a few thoughts relative to the future, not based upon a professed revelation from God, but from past experience and present indications. I think we may confidently hope for a cessation of hostilities early in the spring. I will assign my reasons for so thinking. In the first place, I think that the providences of God will use some means to check this bloody war, in as much as we have been already sorely scourged, and in the exercise of his sovereignty he will draw it to a close. In the next place, I think the people both North and South are now prepared to offer up to God in earnest, the breathings of their hearts for peace. I do not mean by this to say that everybody is prepared to do so, but I mean to say that a large portion of the weight of our people can unite and pray God to interpose and give us an honorable peace according to his will and wisdom. We do not expect a Church of God to receive a blessing unless the Lord first prepares them for the reception of the blessing; yet, we have never known every member of any Church to be in readiness for the blessing when it comes. We always have some dead weight to carry; so we have many amongst us now who give no evidence of being humbled before God; but we believe that the praying portion of our people are getting ripe for the reception of a blessing of peace; that the effusion of blood may be stopped; and I think we could appreciate it as a token of God's providential care over us.—Twelve or eighteen months since we could not have placed a proper estimate upon such a boon; I think we can now, which inspires the hope that the end is near. The North, with the exception of the Abolition fanatics, who are lost to reason and given over to delusion, are earnestly desiring some terms of peace. Another reason why we may hope for an early peace, is the growing discontent amongst themselves and the restless condition of Europe. I believe that God is using Lincoln as an instrument to bring about this result; he was the cause of this bloody war being forced upon us, which has brought desolation, suffering and death to our doors, and he will be instrumental in stopping this unholy crusade by his wonderful proclamation, and other things which are in keeping with it. We should look to God alone to deliver us from our enemies, with strict attention to the duties we owe to our country, and find it in our hearts to forgive them, and leave vengeance with the Lord, to whom it belongs.—There would be many rejoicing hearts to know that the war would stop, when the suffering soldiers would return to their homes and the distressed families who have been deprived of all their supplies and homes, could be better provided for, and our commercial interests better regulated. We have good reason to hope that God has a blessing in store for us after we shall pass through this bloody struggle.

But we have one more enemy to meet first: drunkenness has been suppressed by the high price of liquor, and by military and civil authorities; when these restraints are removed we may expect a flood of dissipation and drunkenness to deluge our country, but will be of short duration; God will follow these reverses with a special visit from his holy presence. Our Zion is clad in mourning, the ministers of the gospel are fast wearing out and dying up, and no young ministers rising up as witnesses to the truth. Our prayers should go up to the Lord to send more laborers into his vineyard; and when all these results are developed we may confidently hope to realize peace and quietude, and expect God to send us a gracious reign of grace and converting power and raise up an additional supply of able ministers of the New Testament, and we be humbled before God and rightly appreciate all such tokens of His mercy.

JOHN TALBERT.

McKinley, Marengo Co., Ala.

[From the Religious Herald.]

The Dying Christian Soldier.

Not long since it was my privilege to stand by the bed side of one of the heroes who are daily offering themselves as sacrifices upon the altar of their country. He was an officer of the gallant 56th Virginia, with which he had been at Donelson, had borne his part in the hardships and glories of that memorable place, had been in the battles around Richmond, had been wounded in the battle of Sharpsburg, and now had come home—to die.

As I entered his room he raised his emaciated hand and kindly welcomed me; spoke to me of his sufferings, and conversed with so much cheerfulness that I could not help expressing the hope that he might yet weather the storm.

I was particularly struck with his eye. There was a brightness and fire about it I had never before noticed; but its lustre was of heaven, not of earth; it was soon to close on earthly things, and to gaze on the "King in His beauty."

He told me he had no fears of death, his trust had been firmly fixed in Christ for seventeen years, and for him the last enemy had no terrors. He requested me to read the 51st Psalm, and pray with him. Jesus, who has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," fulfilled His promise, for as I rose from my knees and wiped away the blinding tears from my eyes, my full heart said, "Surely this is no other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven."

This interview has taught me a lesson of humility which I shall not soon forget; for as I gazed upon the thin, emaciated form confined to one position, the humble soldier's cot on which he lay, I thought "Jesus, the King of kings, dwells here, and I had rather be this poor soldier than to be the tenant of a palace."

I bade him "good-bye," and promised to call soon and see him again, but death came sooner than I expected, for when I heard from him again he had fallen asleep in Jesus; earth bore another grave, but heaven had won a sweeter strain of praise to Him who doeth all things well.

Oh, blessed Jesus! oh, thou divine Redeemer! when we see our friends treading the verge of Jordan free from fear because *Thou art with them*, we would raise our hearts and our voices in adoration, and praise, and thankfulness to Thee.

"Who captive leads captivity,
And takes the sting from death."

TYLER GLENN.

From the Religious Herald.

Religious News from the Army.

Rev. Wm. Fisher, chaplain, writes: "We are now having a revival in my regiment. Twenty-five have professed conversion, of whom seventeen have been baptized."

Rev. N. B. Cobb, superintendent of colportage in N. C.: "Thank God we now have a permanent system of colportage, thoroughly organized and promising much good. We have 13 colporters under appointment, and funds sufficient to sustain several more. For your past kindness I shall ever feel under great obligations, and it will always give me great pleasure to continue that co-operation with you which has hitherto resulted, I trust, in much good to the cause of Christ."

Rev. W. L. Fitcher, Petersburg: "I have for two weeks been laboring among the Confederate forces on Blackwater. I left among them six thousand pages of tracts. There is great destitution of religious reading among Gen. Pryor's command. I wish to visit and supply the army near Weldon, N. C., and then return to Blackwater."

Rev. W. Huff: "Since I came to Georgia I have secured for the Board \$2425.25. Rev. H. C. Hornady, of Atlanta, your depository agent at Atlanta, has rendered me much service. He is a good and efficient brother. The churches of Georgia are increasing the salaries of their pastors to \$2,000, and some to \$2,500. There are 3,000 sick in the hospitals at Chattanooga, and seventeen other hospitals in course of erection. What a field for faithful colporters!"

A. E. D.

Almost Home.

This is one of the most joyous expressions in the English language.—The heart of the long-absent husband, father, or son, not only homeward bound, but almost arrived, thrills with rapturous joy as he is on the point of receiving the embraces and greetings of the dear ones at home. So it is with the aged Christian as, in the far advance of his pilgrimage, he feels that he approaches the boundary line, and will soon cross over to the land of promise. Many of his best friends had crossed over before him, and they have long been beckoning him upward and onward. They await his arrival with the joyful welcome of holy ones. And as tokens multiply on either hand that the land of Beulah is near, he feels that he is almost home. The ripe fruit of a long Christian life is about to be gathered into the heavenly garner. Few sights on earth are more pleasing than aged, faithful Christians, strong in the Lord, almost home. We have some such among us, revered and beloved, whose faces we love to see in the sanctuary and whose prayers bring down blessings upon our heads. They speak of many friends, most of whom have preceded them, but the reunion will soon come. Blessings be upon the fathers and mothers in Zion; and may their mantles fall on us.

Duty and Principles more Valuable than Life.

Many noble sentiments have been recorded by sacred and profane history but none exceed in sublimity that contained in the profession of Paul, Acts 20: 24—"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy." Man's selfish, groveling nature prompts him to seek present gratification and present safety, at whatever cost; but God designs to teach that he should aspire after a higher and nobler nature; and to show that great principles pertaining to truth and duty are more important than all things else, not even excepting life itself.—Nor has he enforced this by precepts alone. He sent his Son from heaven, in part, as a celestial model, to show the superiority of principle to life; and all along through the centuries, by his grace, he has caused to rise up above the level of common humanity, noble characters, who were ready to seal with their blood their devotion to truth and duty. Nor are the grovelling herd themselves destitute of the incentives to emulate this nobility; for we are all endowed with the ability; to admire and applaud these characteristics.

Among all these noble human examples, Paul stands without a peer. God had, in the beginning, said that he would show him what great things he should suffer for his name, and in the progress of his experience he developed to him painfully the details of those sufferings: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one."

From the Christian Observer.

"Give me Jesus."

Not very long ago, in a quiet country neighborhood, late at night, a great noise was heard as of some persons engaged in a deadly struggle. Some ladies heard it, and were much alarmed and one of them, who had a little daughter about five years old, whom she loved dearly, said to one of her sisters, "Give me Mattie," resolving that, if any danger should threaten, that she would save her child. There was something affecting in this display of maternal love, and, indeed, it seems natural, in time of danger, to save that which is dearest to us.

What is it that most engrosses our thoughts when any evil is threatening us? Is not that which is dearest to us? The wife clings to her husband, the mother to her child, the miser to his gold, the patriot to his country, and the Christian, with his eyes raised heavenward to "his house and portion fair," exclaims, "Give me Jesus."

But, unlike the mother, who clings to her child, that she may protect it, the Christian clings to Christ for shelter and protection, for to him he is as "rivers of water in dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." And he is able to give a reason for the hope that is in him that he will be safe with Jesus. He knows that his deliverer is strong; for "He rules among the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth;" He speaks and it is done; He commands and it stands fast.

The Christian knows that while He is strong, that He is tender and sympathetic; He has said, "Like as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." The believer also knows that He is wise and will effect best end by the best means; for, though he is himself blind and cannot see the way by which he is led, yet his guide knows every part of his journey, and will lead his steps aright.

And when that cold hand, which tears the mother from the child, the miser from his gold, is laid on him, though flesh and heart may fail, and recoil, and shrink back from the cold waves of Jordan, the everlasting arms are thrown around him, and, without a fear or doubt, he breathes out his life, exclaiming, as by faith he sees the distant hills of Canaan—

"There is my house and portion fair,
My measure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

MCKENBURG, VA. TYLER GLENN.

THE TWO SERVICES.—I know, with Newton, what the world can do, and what it cannot do, said Hedley Vicars, a pious English officer, who perished in the war of the Crimea. "It cannot give or take away the peace of God in the soul. It cannot soothe the wounded conscience, or enable us to meet death with comfort. I have tried both services. For twenty-four years I lived under the yoke of sin. The retrospect of my past life is now miserable to me; yet, before I was taught by the Spirit of God, I thought and called it a life of pleasure. The very name, when applied to sin, now make my heart sick.—Even then I could never enjoy reviewing the occupations of a single day; and think upon my conscience was quite a torture. No, no. Better experience has taught me that there is no peace for the wicked! Blessed be God, now I am pardoned and reconciled through the death of his Son. How happy is the Christian's life when he has this assurance!"

AT AUCTION IN TUSKEGEE.

STOLEN!

On the night of the 9th inst., from the subscriber, a BUGGY-top to fit blue lining—Wm. Edwards making. A liberal reward will be paid for its delivery.

R. F. LIGON.
Feb. 12, 1863.

BRILLIANT LIGHT.

MESSEURS, BARTLETT & ABERCROMBIE have just received a new supply of excellent

TEREBENE,

which burns in ordinary Kerosene Lamps, making a light equal if not superior to the best Kerosene.

LAMPS for the same may be had at the Drug Store of
BARTLETT & ABERCROMBIE.
Jan. 9, 1863. Jan 20

\$600 REWARD!

Will be paid by the undersigned for the delivery of
A. G. Thurmond, at any place in the Confederate States who was about 25 years old, at Union Springs, Alabama, on Friday Feb. 23d inst.

The person so wanted is five feet nine inches high, rather slim and quite erect, has light hair, beard of grey, sharp features, and a pleasant countenance and good address. Thurmond is a gambler, and bears a military coat, exhibits a discharge from military service (2nd Fed. Inf. Co.) and lost hands and fifty (\$50) deep, fitted up for a Grocery Store.

Terms made known on the day of sale.
Feb. 5, 1863. H. A. HOWARD.

THE BLOCKADE IS BROKEN UP!!

MR P. L. BARRY, late conducting miller at the Palace Mills, Columbus, Ga., has now leased the **Tuskegee Steam Flour Mills**, formerly owned by John E. Dawson, and has altered the entire Machinery for the manufacture of Wheat and Corn in the best possible manner. Farmers may rely in sending their wheat to Wm. H. West, to get it milled and return Flour and Meal in quantity and quality. I give all my attention to the grinding myself.

P. L. BARRY.
Tuskegee, Ala., June 30, 1862.

VALUABLE COW PROPOSAL FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a three-story Brick Building, situated in one of the most prominent places in town for business.

The building is well arranged for a Drug Store, and suitable for running the whole length of the building.

Also, a desirable Dwelling, containing Eight Rooms, and all the necessary Outbuildings; also, about twenty-five acres of land attached to the lot, upon which is wood enough to supply a family for years.

JOHN N. BURBO.
Tuskegee, Ala.
Nov. 20, 1862.

Executor's Sale.

BY virtue of an order granted to the undersigned Executor on the estate of Reuben Segrest deceased, I will proceed to sell on the premises the following described real estate, to wit: To wit, Tract No. 35 of W. N. & K. of Section 19, in Township 17, Range 23; and Tract No. 36 of Section 24, Townships 17, Range 22. Said estate to take place on the third Monday in February, being the 18th day.

TERMS.—The sale will be on a credit until the first of January next, at not more and approved security, bearing interest from date.

Feb'y 5, 1863. \$4-84 J. J. PATTON,
Executor.

The State of Alabama—Macon County.

PROBATE COURT—SPECIAL TERM—2d OF FEBRUARY 1863.

THIS day came H. H. Grimes, Executor of the will of Betsey M. Adams deceased, and filed his account current and vouchers, evidences of and statement for a final settlement. Whereupon the Court ordered and getting him in March 1863, be appointed a day for making said settlement; at which time if they are present in interest can appear and contest the same as they may see fit.

WM. K. HARRIS,
Judge of Probate.
Feb. 5, 1863. \$4-Paid \$4

Notice to Creditors.

CREDITORS of Administration on the estate of Martin G. Jackson deceased, was granted to the undersigned by the Probate Court of Macon county on the 24th day of January 1863: Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present the same within the time prescribed or by law or the same will be barred.

JAMES G. BASKINS,
Administrator.
Jan. 29, 1863. Ev-Paid \$5.00

Administrator's Notice.

I hereby give notice, that on the 17th day of January 1863, the Letters of Administration were granted to me by the Probate Court of Macon County, on the estate of James B. Nickols deceased. And all persons indebted to said estate will make payment to me, and all who have claims against said estate will present them to me within the time prescribed by law, or they will be forever barred.

FRANCIS M. NICKOLS,
Administrator.
Jan. 22, 1863. Ev-Paid \$3.50

Administrator's Notice.

I hereby give notice, that on the 17th day of January 1863, the Letters of Administration were granted to me by the Probate Court of Macon County, on the estate of James B. Nickols, late of said county deceased, and assigned to me, and all who have claims against said estate will present them to me within the time prescribed by law, or they will be forever barred.

FRANCIS M. NICKOLS,
Administrator.
Jan. 22, 1863. Ev-Paid \$3.50

NOTICE.

The undersigned was appointed Administrator on the estate of Aaron Davis, deceased, on the 7th of this month. He has taken the oath of office, and he calls on all persons having claims against said estate to present the same within the time prescribed by law, or they will be forever barred.

N. S. RAYMOND,
Administrator.
Jan. 15, 1863. Ev-Paid \$3.50

Broke Jail,

ON the night of the 20th of December 1862; escaped from the jail of Macon county by breaking the bars of the door, and escaping through the wall. He is colored, about six feet one or two inches high, thin build, fair complexion, dark eyes, and was put in jail for assault with intent to kill Kelly. A Reward will be paid for his apprehension.

THOMAS L. MOGOWEN
Sheriff.
Dec. 20, 1862.

RUSSELL'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice to Creditors.

The State of Alabama—Russell County.

All persons having demands against the estate of Andrew J. Russell, late of said county deceased, are hereby notified to present them properly attested to me within the time prescribed by law, or they will be forever barred. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment.

MARY A. RUTTEN,
Administratrix.
Feb. 12, 1863. Ev-Paid \$5.00

NOTICE.

CREDITORS of Administration having been granted to the undersigned by the Probate Court of Russell county, by the Judge of the Probate Court of Russell county, on the

said estate will present them within the time pre-
scribed by law or they will be barred.

Feb'y 6, 1863. Geo-Paid \$5 00

W. A. J. WHITE,
OSWELL ALL-BRIGHT
Administrators.

Executor's Notice.

BY virtue of an order granted the undersigned on the
8th of November 1862, by the Honorable Probate
Court of Russell county, for the approving and settling
the estate of Thomas Nelson deceased; Notice is
hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to come
forward and make payment; and those who have claims
against said estate to bring them in within the time law-
fully prescribed.

THOS. H. GARDNER,
Feb'y 6, 1863. Geo-43 50

Executor.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of William
Conway deceased, having been granted to the under-
signed by the Probate Court of Russell county, on the
12th instant; Notice is hereby given to all persons
having claims against said estate, to present them
within the time prescribed by law or they will be
barred.

IRVIN BWAY,
Jan. 20, 1863. Geo-45 50

Administrator.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of Mary Fe-
liza, late of Russell county deceased, having been
granted to the undersigned by the Probate Court of Rus-
sell county on the 12th instant; Notice is hereby given
to all persons having claims against said estate to present
them within the time prescribed by law or they will be
barred.

JOHN NOBLES,
Jan. 22, 1863. Geo-43 50

Administrator.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of William
C. Rogers deceased, having been granted to the under-
signed by the Probate Court of Russell county, on the
24 instant; Notice is hereby given to all persons having
claims against said estate to present them within the time
prescribed by law or they will be barred.

JOHN NOBLES,
Jan. 22, 1863. (4-43 50)

Administrator.

Poetry.

For the South Western Baptist.

Cling to Jesus.

Cling to the Mighty One,
Cling, in thy grief;
Cling to the Holy One,
He gives relief.

Cling to the Gracious One,
Cling, in thy pain;
Cling to the Faithful One,
He will sustain.

Cling to the Living One,
Cling, in thy woe;
Cling to the Living One,
Through all below.

Cling to the Parloring One,
He speaks peace;
Cling to the Healing One,
Anguish shall cease.

Cling to the Bleeding One,
Cling to His side;
Cling to the Risen One,
He will abide.

Cling to the Coming One,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the Reigning One,
Joy lights thine eyes.

The Family Circle.

From the Child's Index.

Nellie Lester.

BY MRS. L. N. BOYKIN.

The fate of this interesting girl was a sad one, for her early death was one of those melancholy incidents of Yankee brutality that will blacken the pages of the future histories of this war. She was the petted child of wealthy parents, who lived in the environs of Newbern, a town which, by referring to your map, you will see is on the coast of North Carolina.

Nellie had a wise good mother, who, besides giving her daughter a polite education, taught her the more substantial accomplishments of sewing, cooking, and house keeping generally. So it was no unusual thing to see Nellie, with a troop of little negroes admiringly following her, bustling about the yard and kitchen, feeding the chickens or looking after the meals, as busy a body as if she had been the matron of the establishment. Being an only child her parents, her books, piano, her canary, her pet chickens and devoted servants who delighted to attend to her every call, were all she held most dear on earth. As I have said, Nellie lived near the city of Newbern North Carolina, which town, if you remember the Yankees surprised and occupied last summer, before anybody could leave the place. Suddenly the streets were filled with insolent Yankee soldiers, and terrors and amusements were depicted in every face. Mrs. Lester was particularly alarmed as her husband was an influential citizen, and had spoken boldly in defence of the Southern cause. So, with ill-concealed coolness she sat, with her terrified daughter Nellie, clinging to her, and awaited unknown consequences. Very soon a squad of soldiers rushed into the house and seizing the father, hurried him off to the town jail, and there imprisoned him.

Nellie in child like simplicity, begged them with tears in her eyes, not to take away her father but they heeded not.

After awhile, other soldiers came, and, after talking impudently to the weeping mother and child, and mocking their grief, they went through the elegantly furnished rooms and plundered them of every thing valuable. They offered Mrs. Lester and Nellie one room and there made them stay, and appropriated all the rest of the house to their own use. Nellie never left her mother's side, so frightened was she at the wicked Yankees. She wondered who would feed her little chickens, and she wondered if her canary was not dead, she could not hear him sing; and most of all did she wonder if her dear father was not cold or sick, shut up in the dark jail. She begged her mother to leave such a wicked place; but they could not obtain a passport to leave, and so remained, miserably subjected to the insults of the brutal soldiers, until the summer wore away.

Finally, after many applications, Mrs. Lester obtained permission to go to her friends, in the interior of the State. She was prohibited from carrying any clothing or other valuables and was furnished a common cart to ride in. To persons reared in luxury and affluence, this was a hardship; but anything was preferable to the odious sight of the Yankee soldiers. So, one cold snowy morning in November, they started on their melancholy journey. Nellie's heart was almost broken at leaving her dear and now desolate home, and at seeing her mother's tears. And her sobs became louder as she saw the grim walls of the prison receding from her straining eyes. She called passionately to her father. But, alas he did not even know whether his dear Nellie was living or not.

A wearisome journey they had, and the cold was so excessive that Mrs. Lester feared her delicate flower would wither before her eyes. Her tiny hands benumbed and stiff with cold, and all Mrs. Lester's attempts to chafe and warm them were in vain.

Late that night they reached the door of their relations, and all that sympathy and tender care could devise for their comfort, was done. But, alas, the exposure was too much for little Nellie. The next morning found her tossing with burning fever and a sore throat, and so she continued for many days. Nothing relieved her, and, in the delirium she would cry out,

"Oh the horrid Yankees! Take me from them!"

The distressed mother watched by her suffering child, but she saw but too plainly that the icy finger of death was freezing the warm life-blood of her darling, and that she would soon be childless.

And so it was.

In the gray dawn of a bleak November morning, her angelic spirit mounted to the skies and her body now colder than it was the day she was driven from her home by the Yankees, was buried under the snow, there to remain until called forth to be warmed in the bosom of the Father.

Alas, poor mother! Where are now her loved ones? Her husband in a desolate prison and her Nellie fast asleep and buried from her sight! Will not those Northern enemies have a dreadful account to pay, in the final reckoning?

The Farmer's Parrot, or Keep out of bad Company.

One beautiful spring a farmer, after working busily for several weeks, succeeded in planting one of his largest fields in corn. But the neighboring crows not having the fear of law in their hearts, and being anything but tee-totalers, found their way to the farmer's corn-field and departed, frequently, corned. The farmer, not being willing, that the germs of a future crop should be destroyed by either fair or foul means, determined to drive the bold marauders to their nests. Accordingly, he loaded up his trusty gun, with the intention of giving them upon their next visit a warm reception.

Now the farmer had a parrot, as talkative and mischievous as those birds usually are, and being very tame, it was allowed its freedom, to come and go at pleasure. Strolling around some time after the farmer's declaration of war against birds in general, and crows in particular, whom should it see but a number of those bold black robbers, engaged industriously in the farmer-like occupation of raising corn. "Pretty Poll" being a lover of company, without much caring whether good or bad, hopped over all obstructions, and was soon engaged with them, in what I suppose was quite an interesting conversation on the many advantages of a country over a city life. Their friendly talk might have been quite prolonged, had not a passing wind wafted it to the ears of the farmer, who was leisurely smoking his calumet by the cozy fireside.

Up started he, breaking, in his hurry, the "pipe of peace"—a bad omen for the crows—and with his gun he sallied forth. Reaching his corn field at length, he saw at a glance (though he overlooked the parrot) the state of affairs. Leveling his gun he fired, and with the report, was heard the death scream of three crows, and an agonizing shriek from poor Poll.

As the farmer advanced to see what execution he had made, the un wounded crows arose in the air, loudly pleading their cause as they departed. On looking among the murdered crows great was his surprise to see stretched upon the ground his mischievous parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled, and a broken leg.

"You foolish bird," cried the farmer, "this comes of keeping bad company."

The parrot did not reply—probably because it did not know exactly what to say; but it looked very solemn, which answered just as well. On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, exclaimed—

"What did it, papa—what hurt our pretty Poll?"

"Bad company—bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice.

"Ay that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children, and beware of bad company."

With the words the farmer turned around and with the aid of his wife, bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever. But it never forgot its adventure in the corn-field, and when ever the farmer's children engaged in a play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with its cry "bad company—bad company."

The Saviour You Need.

[Extract from Rev. F. E. Goulding's Letter to the sick in the Hospital.]

If you sincerely desire to come, let no discouraging suggestion from the enemy of souls prevail to keep you away. The language in which Jesus couches his invitation covers even your case, separate as it may seem to be. He says, (Mat. 9: 13) "I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." If you are a sinner, then he came to call you. He says again, (Mat. 18: 11) "The Son of Man is come to save that which is lost." Do you count yourself among "the lost?" then you are of the kind He came to save. Again he proclaims, (Heb. 7: 26) that "He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him." Are you one of the "uttermost?" Jesus says He is able to save you. "Able" say you,—"but is He willing?" Notice one word more, (John 6: 37) "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." This meets every objection that can be offered by a coming sinner.

No one can say he dare not come to Christ because he is too old, too daring, too hardened, too far gone in sin, too great a sinner in any respect, for the promise is still, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Only see to it that you come in the spirit suitable to your circumstances and to His character.

Did you ever think what peculiar advantages you enjoy, during these sick days in a hospital, and especially those sick Sabbath days, for seeking and securing the salvation of your soul?

You have nothing to do but to attend to this great matter of which we speak. Now, friend, I put to your conscience the question, when can you expect, if you live to the age of Methuselah, a time more favorable for attending to this great business than now? If your conscience answers "never," it only agrees with what the Lord himself has declared (2 Cor. 6: 2) "Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation."

Then seek God now. Begin this day to be a praying man. Offer yourself, heart and soul, to the service of Jesus, your rightful King. And if you sincerely desire to come to Him, and yet feel discouraged on account of your unworthiness, let me urge you to ponder, and to make your own the spirit of the following gospel hymn:

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God I come! I come!

Christian Devotion.

Wherever the vital and unadulterated spirit of Christian devotion prevails, its immediate objects will be to adore the perfections of God; to entertain with reverence and complacency the various intimations of his pleasure, especially those contained in holy writ; to acknowledge our absolute dependence on and infinite obligations to him; to confess and lament the disorders of our nature, and the transgressions of our lives; to implore his grace and mercy through Jesus Christ; to intercede for our brethren of mankind; to pray for the propagation and establishment of truth, righteousness, and peace on earth; in fine, to long for a more entire conformity to the will of God, and to breathe after the everlasting enjoyment of his friendship. The effects of such a spirit habitually cherished, and feelingly expressed before him, must surely be important and happy. Among these may be reckoned a profound humility in the sight of God; a high veneration for his presence and attributes, and ardent zeal for his worship and honor, a constant imitation of our Saviour's divine example, a diffusive charity for men of all denominations, a generous and unwearied self-denial, a total resignation to Providence, and increasing esteem for the gospel, with clearer and firmer hopes of that immortal life which it has brought to light.

Those that know what it is to be alone with God in holy exercises, are acquainted with better delights than ever Moses tasted in the court of Pharaoh.—Henry.

Honor Thy Father and Mother.

How beautiful was the filial love of the great Washington when he was a boy! He was about to go to sea as a midshipman; every thing was arranged—the vessel lay just opposite his father's house—the boat had come to the shore to take him off to the ship, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes; however, he said nothing to her; but he knew that she would be distressed if he went, and would perhaps never be happy again. And he just turned round to the servant and said: "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back; I will never go away and break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision and said to him:

"George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe He will bless you." And we know how God honored George Washington! He became President of the United States, leaving to posterity a name unexcelled for patriotism, virtue, humanity and benevolence.

What a rare and beautiful instance of affection was that which Archbishop Tillotson displayed when his father, a plain countryman, approached the house where his son lived, and inquired for John Tillotson, and whether or not he was at home!

The servant indignant at what he thought was insolence, repulsed him from the door.

But Tillotson, who was then Dean of Canterbury, hearing the voice of his father, came running out of the house, exclaiming in the presence of his astonished servant:

"It is my beloved father!" and falling down on his knees, he asked for his father's blessing.

Frederick the great had a young page to whom he was much attached, and one day, ringing the bell for his attendance, was surprised that the lad did not come. After waiting sometime he went out into the grand hall, and there he found the little page fast asleep in his arm-chair; and observing a paper sticking out of the young man's pocket, he was curious to know what it contained. On reading it, Frederick was much pleased to find that it was a letter from the boy's mother, full of affection, in which she thanked him for sending her part of his wages to relieve her necessities, and concluded by saying that God would be sure to bless him for his dutiful affection.

The king after reading it, slipped a purse full of money, with the note into the boy's pocket. Returning to his chamber, he rang the bell so loudly that it at once awakened the page, who instantly made his appearance.

"You have had a sound sleep," said the King.

The page was at a loss how to excuse himself, and put his hand into his pocket, when he felt the purse full of money. He took it out turned pale, and looking at the King, burst into tears.

"Oh, Sir," said the youth throwing himself on his knees, "Somebody seeks to ruin me. I know nothing of this money, nor how it came in my pocket."

"My young friend," said the King, "God often does great things for us even in our sleep. Send that money to your good mother; salute her for me, and assure her that I will take care both of her and thee."

Now, dear young friends, we relate to you these simple stories to assure you that God is certain to reward those children who love and honor their parents. Remember that your success in life, your present and eternal happiness, depend upon the grace, mercy and blessing of God possessing your hearts; if the love of God reigns there, you will be sure to do what will please Him. To love and honor your parents is the first commandment to which a promised blessing is attached. Let it be your delight to honor and to obey your parents in every possible way; and then God will surely bless you.

The Rope-Maker's Boy.

It was one of the first days of spring, when a lady, who had been watching by the sick bed of her mother for some weeks, went out to take a little exercise and enjoy the fresh air. After walking some distance she came to a rope walk. She was familiar with the place and entered. At one end of the building she saw a little boy turning a large wheel; she thought it too laborious for such a child, and she came nearer and spoke to him.

"Who sent you to this place?" she asked.

"Nobody—I came of myself."

"Does your father know you are here?"

"I have no father."

"Are you paid for your labor?"

"Yes; I get ninepence a day."

"Do you like this work?"

"Well enough; but if I did not, I should do it that I might get the money for my mother."

"How long do you work in the day?"

"From nine till eleven in the morning, and from two till five in the afternoon."

"How old are you?"

"Almost nine."

"Do you ever get tired of turning this great wheel?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"And what do you do then?"

"Take the other hand!"

The lady gave him a piece of money.

"Is this for my mother?" he asked, looking pleased.

"No, it is for yourself."

"Thank you ma'am," the boy said, and the lady bade him farewell.

She went home strengthened in her devotional duty, and instructed in true practical philosophy by the words and example of a little child. "The next time," she said to herself, "that duty seems hard to me, I will remember the child and take the other hand."

"As Happy as I can be."

So said a young wounded soldier whom we met last week, at one of our hospitals. He was away from home, in a strange city, in a crowded hospital, with the sick and dying around him, yet he was as happy as he could be. The secret of it was, he was trusting in Christ, looking to Christ, and Christ blessed him with his love and peace.

How many are there, surrounded with everything that wealth can procure who are lodging in fine houses, in beds of down, with servants to attend every call, that can say this? Ah! how many discontented ones are there everywhere! How many who have no pleasure here, and are looking with dread to the future? If such could only he made to give themselves up to God, to look to Christ and be saved, how soon would that peace of God, which passeth all understanding fill their hearts and minds.

REMEDY FOR THE EVILS OF SOCIETY.

The extravagance of mere display, that brings evil upon families and communities, midnight parties so irrational, and unhealthy to society; the adoption of modes of dress that destroy the symmetry of the human form, and its vitality, and other popular evils, may be prevented or remedied by a pure elevated literature and a correct personal influence. These are some of the hidden springs, the secret machinery that give motion to society, that guides its incipient streams into the channels of virtue, of religion, of glory and renown.—Or if unhealthful as impure that draws them away into the dark and turbid waters of infidelity licentiousness and crime, with all that is beautiful, and annihilating all that is sacred in its fearful course.

The first thing in religion is, to refine a man's temper, and the second to govern his practice. If any man's religion do not this, his religion is a poor slender thing, and of little consideration.—Whitchcote.

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.

G. H. GRAHAM, E. L. HAYES, H. B. 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 upstairs in School's new building—
December 15, 1860.

G. W. GUNN, L. STRANGE, JAMES 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. Prompt and careful attention will be given to all business entrusted to them.
Office in the new Presbyterian Church—
Tuskegee, Ala., Jan. 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. DICKERSON, 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.

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 first day of October, 1861.

In order to meet the exigencies of the young men and ladies will be admitted admission to pursue an irregular Course of Study, a Course preparatory to a regular Course, provided the applicant has sufficient maturity of mind to do so with profit to himself.

Daily instruction in Military Tactics, by Mr. 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 42 months, in advance \$25.00
Incidentals 10.00
Room and Board 36.00 to 40.00
Board, per month \$12.00 to 14.00
Washing 1.00

I. W. GARROTT,
President Board of Trustees.

J. B. LOVELESS, Secretary.

Marion, Aug. 28, 1861.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

ON Monday, 6th January 1862, JAMES F. PARK will re-open a School for Boys, in Tuskegee. Only a limited number of pupils can be received as there will be no Assistant. The Scholastic Year will be divided into three Sessions of Thirteen weeks.

Tuition will be at the following rates per Session:

First or Lowest Class \$10.00
Mental Arithmetic, Primary Geography with English Grammar, and Spelling 15.00
Geography, Grammar, English Written Arithmetic, Elementary Algebra, Latin common 14.00
Latin, Greek, and French 12.00
With any of the above studies, by the hour, or by the term, as may be agreed upon.

Parents and Guardians will confer favor by making application for admission to 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 1st of November next.

Anatomy, H. F. CAMPBELL, M.D.
Surgery, L. A. DODGE, M.D.
Physiology, J. W. DODGE, M.D.
Materia Medica and Therapeutics, L. P. GARVIN, M.D.
Institutes and Practice, L. D. FORD, M.D.
Physiology, H. N. M. JONES, M.D.
Osteopathy, J. A. EVE, M.D.
Adjunct Professor of Obstetrics, RICHARD CAMPBELL, M.D.
W. H. DODGE, M.D., Clinical Lecturer at St. Hospital.

S. B. SARGENT, M.D., Professor of Professor Anatomy
H. W. D. JONES, M.D., Professor of Professor Anatomy
Lectures, (full course) \$100.
Matriculation Fee, \$5.
The College has been thoroughly renovated, and many additions made to former facilities for instruction.

September 19, 1861.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST.

THE undersigned hereby propose to publish, in the City of Columbia, S.C., a weekly religious paper, to be called "THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST," and to be edited by Rev. J. L. Reynolds, D.D., and Rev. J. C. Breakey. We have been induced to undertake this enterprise by conviction that such a paper has been long wanted for such a paper by our own denomination, the State, (numbering now more than fifty thousand members,) ought to be supplied. It will be the aim of the Proprietors to make this paper a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion, a messenger of tidings to its readers, and worthy in every respect, of patronage.

All who may receive copies of this Prospectus are respectfully requested to obtain subscribers, and to forward their names immediately to the Proprietors, in order to secure the success of the enterprise, which is to be the first number of the paper will be issued. The subscription price is \$1.00 per annum in advance. The Proprietors immediately on their reception of the number.

All communications must be addressed to "THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST," Columbia, S.C., or to either of the Proprietors.

A. W. BOOKHART, Proprietor.

COLUMBIA, S.C., August, 1862.

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 H. W. HITCHCOCK.)

MONUMENTS, MANTLES,

TOMBS, Railings,

GRAVE STONES, Furniture With

and Tablets, GRATES, &c.

All Work Warranted to give Satisfaction.

Feb'y 22, 1861.

NO TASTE OF MEDICINE!

BRYAN'S TASTELESS VERNIFUGE.

Children dying right and left! Mothers and nurses yet bereft! Know that some new infantile kill Than each other mortal ill! But the VERNIFUGE will save Your pale darlings from the grave.

Mormon, Mass. Varnum, a few doses of Bryan's Tasteless Vernifuge will destroy any number of worms, and bring them away without pain. Price 25 cents. Dealer New York, 25, Beekman Street.

Sold by C. FOWLER, Tuskegee, Ala.

July 20, 1860.

NEW BOOKS.

THE FORTUNE, by the author of The Lightship.

By My Thirty Years Out of the Senate, by Major John Downing.

The Marble Faun, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

By Edgar Allan Poe, a novel of the future.

Table of Married Life, by T. S. Arthur.

The Habits of Good Society, a hand book for families.

The Divine Comedy, of Dante Alighieri, translated by John G. Saxe.

The Life of the Fleet, by the author of Adam Bede.

A Life for a Life, by the author of John Halifax.

Art Recreations.

Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, by Rev. G. Parker.

Tycoon Hall