

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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The South Western Baptist,
A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
HENDERSON & BATTLE,
PROPRIETORS.
For the South Western Baptist
"Write Comforting Letters to the Soldiers."

BY C. F. STURGIS OF ALA.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I need not inform you that the soldiers of the Confederate States are the objects of deepest, tenderest solicitude to their friends at home—and indeed to the great body of the people of our beloved Republic. It is not to be denied, that there are heartless and unfeeling men, scattered about in our land, who are so absorbed in the unholy greed of gain that they are accumulating princely fortunes, by speculating on those things that are necessary for the support of the lives, both of our soldiers on the embattled field, and of their families at home. Yet there are thousands and tens of thousands who would share their last morsel with the soldiers, and whose hearts are pouring out unceasing prayers to Almighty God for his blessing upon our soldiers and their families.

The author of this has two dear precious boys in the army, who both left home when but little more than children, to brave the dangers and encounter the hardships of the soldier's life, in defense of our beloved land, and the dearest rights of man. And many and many have been the times when sitting down to write a few lines to those dear, dear boys, that the words that make the caption of this letter have come into his mind, and he has inwardly said, "Oh that I could write a comforting letter to my son." And yet how difficult a thing it is to write just what would be adapted to the soldiers' condition and circumstances. A thousand trials, great and small, occur in the course of a soldier's life; all of which he bears with unflinching fortitude, and for the sake of the cause that he holds dearer than life, and for the sake of the loved ones at home; but which calls for and should receive the sympathy of not only his own immediate friends, but of the nation at large. And what kind of a letter could possibly meet the varied aspect of these tens of thousands of cases and pour even a little drop of comfort into each one of these thousands of hearts.

Again, could some mind become so capacious as to comprehend each and every one of these cases, and then be able to prepare a word of comfort adapted to each, still it would be but the weak words of a mere man like himself. The soldier might look upon it as all well meant but useless for good, a voice and nothing more. And yet with all these painful impressions of our utter incompetency for the right performance of such a task, the thought rises to the mind of the writer as often as he attempts to write to his own dear boys, or to any of his numerous friends and acquaintances in the army, "Oh that I could write comforting letters to the soldiers."

Though fully impressed with the utter incompetency of any mere mortal for the task, the writer is happy to be permitted to inform the soldier of a letter every way adapted to his endlessly varied circumstances. A letter which, to the soldier, whether in the camp or on the embattled field, in the still and quiet of the midnight hour, or amidst the din and roar of artillery, the heavy booming of the siege gun, the rattle of musketry, or the wild, unearthly, demon-like scream of the shell; in every place, in every situation, a letter every way adapted to his endlessly varied wants. And not like the letters which (as above remarked,) kind-hearted friends often write from home, well meant but powerless for good, this letter is from one whose boundless resources, connected with his infinite wisdom, enables him both to comprehend the soldier's sorrows, and also to administer the peculiar consolation that each one's circumstances may require.

The document to which I allude is the fourteenth chapter of John, and

the author is no other than our Lord Jesus Christ himself; for the Evangelist simply records the words as they fell from his blessed and sacred lips; a chapter that has proved a source of the most indescribable comfort to the people of God for these eighteen hundred years, and doubtless will continue to do so to the very end of time; for believers have been accustomed to resort to it as to a perennial fountain of living waters in all their hours of sadness, or "when trouble, like a gloomy cloud, has gathered thick and thundered loud," and never without receiving the comfort that they sought, unless unbelief and hardness of heart obstructed the sweet rill of divine consolation that, like an artesian well, is ever bubbling, ever flowing.

Come then, my dear soldier friend, whoever you may be, come and taste along with me the holy heavenly comforts that are to be found in this precious chapter.

Perhaps you are a mere youth, like my own dear boys, and have left behind you, loving parents tender and affectionate sisters and brothers, and many and many a time do you inwardly exclaim, Oh that I could once more sit down in that circle of loving hearts, and hear my mother's melting words of love. Soldier, dear soldier, look to Jesus as a friend who knows more of your condition, and enters more fully into the secret troubles of your heart than even father, mother, brothers, sisters and friends all combined could do; and who has all power in heaven and on earth. (Matt. 28:18.)

Or it may be that my soldier friend is a husband and a parent, and often at evening hour when deep sleep falleth upon man, and comrades all around are locked in profoundest slumber, his busy thoughts are far, far away in that loved circle where companion and little prattlers were accustomed to cluster around him.—And as thought after thought follows each other, often through the most of the livelong night, he sighs in the bitterness of his soul: "When, Oh when will this horrid war be ended, and we permitted to return to our dear homes once more." Ah soldier, many tedious days and wearisome nights may yet pass lazily along ere the wires will quiver with the burden of the delightful message "peace, peace." But in the mean while let me implore you commit your loving wife and precious little ones to the kind keeping of the blessed Jesus, and take him as your own especial friend.—Listen to his blessed words, in that sweet chapter, the fourteenth of John, and tell me my dear soldier friend "has ever love like his."

But perchance this may fall into the hands of one who may be compelled to say: Alas I am not a Christian, I am only a poor sinner, a wicked unpardoned sinner, a hard hearted and impenitent sinner—a sinner without hope and without God. Ah my friend, if you are all this still there is mercy, for the merciful God hath said, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." Do you feel that you are a sinner? Do you grieve at having a hard heart? Do you really desire a friend, true and loving friend, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother? Then Jesus has words of consolation for you; yes even for you. And although you may be compelled to acknowledge that you are not even sorry for your sins, still I beg you throw not this letter aside as a thing of no concern to you, for it may be that these humble unpretending lines may be the very means that God will bless to the salvation of your soul. It is however, you be unwilling to hear or read any thing more that I may say, dear soldier listen. I beg you to the words of the Lord Jesus. Listen I beseech you, if it be only to a few words, and judge if you ever heard any thing half so sweet and comforting as the words of the Blessed Redeemer of mankind?

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.—In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whith-

er I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also; and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.—Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it. If ye love me, keep my commandments.—And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not neither knoweth him: but ye know him for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live ye shall live also. At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him. Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?—Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings; and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me. These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.—Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come again unto you. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I. And now I have told you before it come to pass, ye might believe. Hereafter I will not talk much with you: for the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me. But that the world may know that I love the Father; and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. Arise, let us go hence.

But it may be that the soldier who is now reading this, was once a professed follower of the Lord Jesus, but overcome by the powerful temptations connected with "life in camp," is now almost in a state of despair, as to his ever having known what true religion is. Poor soul you are to be truly pitied, you have forsaken your comforts at the time of your greatest need. You have turned your back upon the only friend who can deliver you in time of trouble, and are attempting to brave all the horrors of the battle-field in your own unaided strength. My poor backsliding brother, I pity you from my very heart. But more than all this, you may have been accessory to the ruin of some of your comrades. You have virtually told them that there is no truth in religion. Oh horrible, thus to slander the best of causes and the best of masters. And yet it may be that, that gracious friend whose cause you have thus injured is even now designing purposes of mercy toward you. Only think how he has watched over you—perhaps you have been in several fierce battles, and whilst companions have fallen around you, your life has been mercifully preserved. Why, Oh why, is this but that He designs mercy for you, if you will even now turn again to your wronged and insulted Saviour. Oh turn your eyes to Him and perchance He may give you such

a look as He did Peter, (Luke 22: 61.) a look of tender rebuke, so soft and yet so powerful that like that great backslider, you too will go out and weep bitterly.

Or it may be that he is sparing you to see if you will be affected by all his forbearance and tender love. Oh turn, turn, my poor backsliding friend before it be forever too late, and He in righteous anger shall say, "Because I have called and ye have refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded, but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof. I also will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh. Then shall they call upon me but I will not answer, they shall seek me early but shall not find me. Prov. 1: 24-28.

Experimental Preaching.

A noticeable change has come over the spirit of our pulpit during the last quarter of a century. We listen to able expositions of the doctrine and duties of Christianity; but we seldom witness a serious attempt to describe the "rise and progress of religion in the soul." Our predecessors in the ministry of reconciliation were wont to expatiate on the dealings of the Holy Spirit with the finite spirit, and trace the path by which a sinner struggles into the kingdom of heaven. They preached experiences; and, described minutely the process by which a child of darkness was translated into the kingdom of light. Conversion was to them a reality, an intelligible phenomenon, and they designated all its steps, its conflicts, its longings and its ultimate triumph. The wondrous process of sanctification was also their theme; and with the sympathizing spirit of of our great high priest, they unfolded the inward struggles and aspirations, the hindrances and discouragements of the new-born soul.

It must be admitted that they mingled in their descriptions much of their peculiar idiosyncrasies and mistook individual phenomena for general laws. Taking their own experience, or that of some eminent saint, as the universal type, they enjoined conformity to it as the criterion of godliness. But upon the whole, their portraiture of the child of God was life like and true.

It is a question whether we have gained by the change. Christianity is preeminently a life and a living process and a delineation of its inward phenomena and its outward manifestation may guide many a wanderer to the life giving cross of the Redeemer. Our ministers may well ponder the question whether a partial return at least to the custom of our fathers may not be conducive to the interests of vital godliness.—Confederate Baptist.

Gen. E. Frank Paxton.

The official despatch of General Lee, announcing the great victory which our arms, under God were blessed with, also gives the sad intelligence of the death of Brigadier General Frank Paxton; in command of the Stonewall Brigade. He succeeded Gen. Jackson, upon whose staff he had served in all the varied victories gained by that indomitable chieftain and was appointed to the command of the Stonewall Brigade when Jackson was promoted. He has ably filled the position, leading his men into the thickest of the fight, and gallantly fell on the field.

We knew Gen. Paxton well, and although from physical disability he could have been exempted, he patriotically forsook a devoted wife and children and high position at home as President of a bank, to serve his country in the hour of need. Of such stuff are heroes made, and he has earned the title by the warrant which no man can gainsay. Death on the battle field is at last the stern abiter that doctes the claim to heroism. No truer or better man than General Paxton lived, and his devotion to the principle he has sealed with his life. Let his example lead us all to emulate his devotion and self-sacrificing spirit. He was a native of Rockbridge county, and a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute.—Lynchburg Republican.

Further Particulars of the Last Moments of Gen. Jackson—His Religious Character.

The editor of the Central Presbyterian, who had peculiar means of obtaining correct information relative to the death of Gen. Jackson, publishes some further very interesting particulars of the event. The immediate cause of his death was pneumonia, which his system, prostrated by the wounds and amputation, was unable to cast off. And it is a characteristic fact that the cold which issued in this pneumonia was contracted by his unselfish anxiety for the health of some young members of his staff. The night before the battle was spent on the field, and having no extra covering at all, after great urgency he accepted the cape of one of his aids, but in a short time arose and gently laid it over the young man, and spent the night just as he was. This exposure produced a cold which ended in pneumonia. The Presbyterian says:

A few nights before this battle an equally characteristic incident occurred that is worthy of record. He was discussing with one of his aids the probability and issue of a battle, when he became unusually excited. After talking it over he paused, and with deep humility and reverence said, "My trust is in God;" then, as if the sound of battle was in his ear, he raised himself to his tallest stature, and with flashing eyes and a face all blazened with the fire of the conflict he exclaimed, "I wish they would come." This humble trust in God, combined with the spirit of the war horse whose neck is "clothed with thunder," and who "smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting," made that rare and lofty type of martial prowess that has shined Jackson among the great heroes of the world. Trust in God and eagerness for the fray were two of the great elements of that marvelous success that seemed to follow him like a star, so that he was never defeated or failed in anything he undertook.

After he was wounded he retained his cheerfulness, and remarked to a friend the pleasantness of the sensations in taking chloroform, stating that he was conscious of everything that was done to him; that the sawing of his bone sounded to him like the sweetest music, and every sensation was one of delight.

Conversing with an aid, he pointed to his mutilated arm and said, "Many people would regard this as a great misfortune; I regard it as one of the greatest blessings of my life." Mr. S. remarked, "All things work together for good to those that love God." "Yes, yes, he emphatically said, "That's it, that's it."

When Gen. Lee wrote him that beautiful note, so characteristic of his own generosity and worth, after hearing it read, he said, with his usual modesty and reverence, "Gen. Lee should give the glory to God." He always seemed jealous for the glory of his Saviour.

When it was told to him that General Stuart led his old Stonewall brigade to the charge with the watchword, "Charge, and remember Jackson," and that, inspired by this, they made so brilliant and resistless an onset, he was deeply moved, and said "It was just like them. They are a noble body of men." He was deeply affected by Gen. Paxton's death.

His mind ran very much on the Bible and religious topics. He inquired of Lieut. S., a theological student on his staff, whether they had ever debated in the Seminary the question, whether those who were miraculously cured by Jesus ever had a return of the disease. "I do not think," he said, "they could have returned, for the power was too great. The poor paralytic would never again shake with palsy. Oh! for infinite power!"

He endeavored to cheer who were around him. Noticing the sadness of his beloved wife, he said to her tenderly, "I know you would gladly give your life for me; but I am perfectly resigned. Do not be sad. I hope I shall recover. Pray for me; but always remember in your prayer to

use the petition, 'Thy will be done.'" Those who were around him noticed a remarkable development of tenderness in his manner and feelings during his illness, that was a beautiful melting of that iron sternness and imperturbable calm that characterized him in his military operations. Advising his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house he remarked: "You have a kind and good father; but there is no one so kind and so good as your Heavenly Father." When she told him that the doctors did not think he could live two hours, although he did not him self expect to die, he replied: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to Heaven, and be with Jesus." He then said he had much to say to her but was too weak.

He had always desired to die if it were God's will on the Sabbath, and seemed to greet its light that day with peculiar pleasure, saying, with evident delight, "It is the Lord's day," and inquired anxiously what provision had been made for preaching to the army; and having ascertained that arrangements were made, he was contented. Delirium, which occasionally manifested itself during the last two days, prevented some of the utterances of his faith which would have otherwise doubtless been made. His thoughts vibrated between religious subjects and the battle-field, now asking some question about the Bible, or church history and then giving an order—"Pass the infantry to the front," "Tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions to the men." "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees"—until at last his gallant spirit gently passed over the dark river, and entered on its rest where the tree of life is blooming beside the crystal river in the better country.

Spring-time.

The blood trips quickly down the stairway of the pulses, when the thought suddenly starts in the mind that a new Spring is at hand! It is in itself enlivening. Instantly green meadows stretch out before the vision greener than ever before; the brooks run wild with the music of their own gurgling and dashing sound; the cattle low on the distant hills; sprays in the wood are sprinkled with buds, that open like countless parasols to screen the groves from the furious heat of Summer; the poultry are alive with excitement, and hens' nests without number are hunted and discovered in the remaining hay on the scaffold and in the bay; the boy astride the old plough-horse whistles as he drums his dirty feet against the animal's sides, and a long, rich furrow of dark mould opens to receive the genial influences of the sun; dandelions star the lawns, and spangle the roadsides with vegetable gold; trout leap in the streams for adventurous insects and flies; calves bleat in their pens; the old turkeys are off "stealing their nest;" the robins are building in the apple-tree at the corner of the garden; the bees drive afield early and comes back home late and laden; the scent of lilacs drifts in at the open windows; and another life, newer than any life yet known, appears to have been ushered in.

The return of Spring furnishes, each year, a new and fresh experience.—Not a living soul but greets it with a heart overflowing with gladness, and those especially who have worn away the long winter patiently under the heavy hand of sickness and suffering. If we could but imagine a world where Spring came but once to each inhabitant, what a season of merry-making would not the spring-time form! Our Springs are accused of fickleness and sour tempers, we know; but, after all, we get glimpses of a still more beautiful world, now and then, before they leave us, and we sorrow that they have gone so soon.

Most men are employed in building some Babel, which will very probably end in their confusion: Babel builders are God provokers. Be satisfied to be low, except God please to elevate you.

God expects fruit from every tree planted in his vineyard.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.
Thursday, June 4, 1863.

AGENT.

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

AGENT FOR THE S. W. BAPTIST.—The Rev. A. Broadus, employed by the Colportage Board to collect money for Testaments and tracts for the soldiers, is also authorized to act as agent for the S. W. Baptist.

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.

Local and State Defense.

We are glad to know that our people are alive to the importance of organizing companies in every county, to meet the new phase which this wicked war of invasion has recently assumed. That the enemy is organizing an immense cavalry force for the purpose of pillaging our country, burning our towns, cities and government works, destroying crops and agricultural implements, and devastating the country, there can be no question. There should be from one to two good mounted companies of dragoons in every county in the State, in readiness to move to any point where danger threatens at a moment's warning. As these companies are organized, they ought to be put in communication with each other, so as to act in concert whenever necessity arises. This seems to be the last desperate effort of a baffled and defeated foe. Let these thieving bands of marauders be met at every point, and hurled back from our soil, and we may hope that this war will soon end. So long as they are successful, this war will be prosecuted. We can, by the blessing of God, defeat them in this mad attempt, if our people will act in concert. Let us combine our full manhood to meet this new programme of our foes, and our country will soon be relieved of these vandals. Nothing but success can stimulate an infuriated enemy to press this war much longer. Deprive him of this, and he must of necessity yield. Who will be so dastardly as to refuse to unite in this grand effort to defeat him!

"He shall not be Afraid of Evil Tidings."

So declares the Psalmist of that man who has made the Lord his trust. When the hearts of others are "failing them for fear," he awaits in calm serenity the developments of providence, knowing that that hand that wields all power in heaven and on earth has engaged that "all things work together for good to them that love him." No event can occur but shall result in his eternal good. Still ascending towards that perfection of character and bliss which is the goal of all his wishes, he moves as fast under the clouds of affliction as in the sunshine of prosperity—all things that seem to make against him really furthers him on his journey to the land of rest. Those graces that would possibly grow heavy and unwieldy by ease, have their activity and strength increased by every conflict and every adversity. Divine grace in the heart of the weakest saint is invincible. Drown it, to human appearance, in the waters of affliction, and it rises to the surface, washed and purified by the process. Throw it into the furnace of fiery trials, and it comes out the purer, losing nothing but the dross which our corrupt nature had mixed with it. That "precious faith," which is never disturbed by the storm-cloud of adversity, which is "not afraid of evil tidings," and which accepts the glorious truth, that nothing but good can come of every event under the direction of his best Friend,—that "precious faith" is now in the furnace, tried with fire, but it will come out, converted into a glorious "crown of rejoicing at the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Vicksburg.

News come from that important point slowly. We get more Yankee news than Confederate. There has been severe fighting on several occasions, resulting in favor of the Confederates in every assault. The place is closely besieged by land and water. We can not give all the telegrams, but select two, one from a Confederate source, the other from the Yankees. They both confirm the heavy loss of the Federals. The Federals are entrenching themselves, to starve out the city. Gen. Johnston is at Jackson, preparing a heavy force to attack the Federals in the rear.

General Pemberton is patriotically and nobly defending the coveted city.

"Pray without Ceasing."

It was remarked at a prayer meeting on our place on a recent Sabbath evening in view of the threatening aspect of affairs in the West, that whenever any disaster occurred to our enemy, he called upon his smiths and forges, his mechanics and artisans, and his people, to furnish more iron clads with heavier plates, guns of heavier calibre, and more men to fill the decimated ranks of his oft defeated hosts: but that in striking contrast with this, whenever a disaster occurred, or was threatened, to Southern arms, our people betook themselves to prayer and humiliation before God. Results have shown which of the two policies is the wiser. Defeat and disaster have attended the one; victory and triumph have as uniformly attended the other. The one has experienced the curse of him who leans upon an arm of flesh; the other has realized the blessing of him who "maketh the Lord his trust."

What encouragement does this single aspect of the case suggest to our people to "pray without ceasing"? Truly may we say, "If it had not been that the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up, when their wrath was kindled against us." What affecting cause have we to exclaim, "Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth." Ours is the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth. Can we doubt the goodness of God, who for nearly two years and a half has crowned our arms with the most brilliant victories that history has ever recorded?

And now that the storm-charged cloud threatens to pour its fury upon our Western borders, what is the duty of a Christian people? In the light of God's holy word, in the light of our own experience, the question is easily answered—"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING!" The prayer of faith is the weapon that overcomes at last. It is this that plucks victory from the very jaws of defeat. It is this that saves by few as easily as by many. In view then of the tremendous interest at stake in the West, let the voice of prayer go up from every altar and sanctuary in our land. As dangers thicken, let our supplications be more fervent. Nothing is too hard for God. When our national capital was beleaguered by the most numerous and powerful foe that has been marshalled in modern days, how fervently did Christians pray from one end of the Confederacy to the other! The Lord answered our prayers, and the enemy met with a signal and disastrous defeat. And cannot the same Lord who delivered Richmond, also deliver Vicksburg? Is it not as easy for omnipotence to save the one as the other? In the midst of threatening dangers, we are so prone to act the part of Peter, when he asked permission to walk to his Lord upon the tempestuous sea. Taking his eye from his Saviour and fixing it upon the surging waves, he commenced to sink, and exclaimed, "Lord, save, or I perish!" So it is with us. Though we know that the Lord is nigh,—that he has been with us in every time of trouble,—yet as the storm rages and dangers thicken, we are too apt to take our eyes off of Him, and fixing them upon the waves that threaten to engulf us, and abandon ourselves to despair. Why should we yield to fear when the hand of faith can so easily lay hold of omnipotence?—Again we say to every Christian, "pray without ceasing!"

Dr. R. V. Mitchell offers his professional services to the citizens of Tuskegee and vicinity. See his card in another column of our paper.

For the South Western Baptist.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,
May 18, 1863.

Messrs. Editors: I wrote to you several weeks ago and enclosed in the letter five (5) dollars, and requested you to send one copy of the S. W. Baptist to Mrs. Tramp Johnson, Columbus, Geo., and one copy to me, Hardaway Battery, Jacksons Corps, Richmond, Va., that is the way I have my letters addressed. Mrs. Tramp Johnson has been receiving her paper since, (so she writes me) but I have not received the first paper yet. I did not know your subscription terms, this may account for my not getting a paper; I may not have sent money enough to pay for both papers—you will be so kind as to let me know what your terms are, if I have sent money enough to pay for one copy twelve months and the other six months. I am very anxious to have the paper to read, as there is almost a complete dearth in reading matter in our camps. True there has been and is now being made great efforts by most all denominations to supply the army with instructive religious books, tracts and papers; but as yet the demand is far greater than the supply. I have never in my life before seen such a rush for religious literature as is now being manifested in the

army of Northern Virginia. And may God grant that these hungering souls may yet be fed with the rich dainties that once flowed so plentiful in our then peaceful land, but books, paper and all printing materials are very scarce and high in our now war smitten country. Our enemies have spared no pains or expense in intercepting our trade and commerce, and being as we were an agricultural people, we found ourselves almost destitute of materials for printing purposes—which to a great extent has retarded the growth of religious literature, and checked the flow and progress of religious knowledge. But I hope and believe that the ingenuity and energy of our people combined, will soon surmount every difficulty, and we find ourselves again supplied with books and all other means of grace, independent of our enemies and the whole world besides; and may God hasten that happy time. Excuse me for troubling you with this communication.

I am yours in Christ,
G. T. JOHNSON.

For the South Western Baptist.

Rev. A. D. Sears.

This beloved brother, so well known in Kentucky, and for the past year a refugee in Miss., has entered the service of the Domestic Board of Missions, and is now with Breckinridge's Division of the army in Tenn., preaching to the Kentucky soldiers. In a letter received during my absence at the Southern Baptist Convention, in Augusta, he says, "Kentucky will probably not be represented in the Convention at Augusta, and as some may misjudge the Baptists of that State, I speak advisedly, when I say four-fifths of them are for the South. All the prominent preachers, and indeed nearly all the preachers are with us, but two." May the 4th he writes again from near the Headquarters of Breckinridge's Division: "I arrived in Tennessee on the 24th of April, and proceeded immediately along the line from Columbia to this place. At first the whole aspect of things was forbidding in the extreme. After, however, I reached the Kentucky Brigade and heard names that had been familiar to my ears for nearly forty years, things changed with me, and I felt at home. I have been examining into the condition of things here, and find a wide field for usefulness. This Brigade appears to be very moral, and a deep seriousness prevails among the men, and many are serious enquirers after truth. Mr. Rich of the Christian church has acquired a most wonderful influence over the men, and as chaplain of the Brigade has fulfilled his mission in a spirit which entitles him to the deepest gratitude of the men, and the highest praise of the country. He received me with the warmest of affection becoming a Christian patriot. We immediately commenced nightly meetings, and in the morning (Monday) I baptized 3 young men—you can better imagine than realize my feelings. Never did such gratitude inspire my heart—I feel that God has given his divine approval to my mission here. Should the Brigade remain stationary, I anticipate the happiest results from our meeting. When it closes, I shall (D. V.) visit the Brigades of the Division, and of Hardie's (corps) and even of the army, and will endeavor to conduct similar meetings with as many of the regiments and brigades as I can. I want as many Testaments as you can send me, say 1000, 1500 or even 2000.—And I want if possible 500 or 1000 Bibles suitable for the tents, that each mess may have a Bible. I want tracts and religious books, if I can get them, without limit; I feel that there is a great work to do here, and by God's help I want to aid in doing it."

The Domestic Board has now some six missionaries at work in the army of Tennessee. May the brethren pray for their success, and give liberally to sustain the work.

M. T. S.

(From the Christian Index.)

Letter from Rev. J. A. Slover.

DEATH OF MRS. SLOVER.

Dear Bro. Boykin: I send you for the Index a letter from our afflicted brother Slover. It moves my heart to hear of these repeated distresses of our brethren. To Him alone who careth for us must I commend these dear Christian friends.

M. T. S.

DARDENELLE, ARK., March 6, '63.
Rev. M. T. Sumner, Marion, Ala.:
MY DEAR BROTHER: In deep affliction I seat myself upon a stool chair with one small box mounted upon another for a table, to communicate with you. O death, thou king of terrors and terror of kings, thou art an enemy from whose cold embrace there is no retreat, thou hast attacked the dearest earthly object of my heart and laid her level with the dust. My dear wife is no more; she sleeps beneath the clod in the burying ground of Dardenelle. "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

My brother, it is painful to me to have to communicate this sad intelligence to you but I know that you have a heart to weep, to sympathize with me and my five dear little children, who are left to mourn our great loss, for indeed they have lost a mother and I a wife indeed. 'Tis hard for me to reconcile myself to my fate. Driven from my field of ministerial labor, from home, from my acquaintances, from my country and then to all this trouble is added the loss of my wife—thus bereaved and left in a land of strangers is indeed hard for me to endure. Yet, amid all my troubles I must say the Lord doeth all things well, surely these are the saddest days in the history of life. O Lord be merciful to us. She lay sick with typhoid fever about 18 days and died on the 27th of February, and her mortal remains were decently interred on the first day of March.

My dear brother, we have been in an unsettled condition since last July, trying to keep out of the hands of the Feds and Indians, and if let alone we will remain here this season. The past two months of this quarter has been spent in moving from Evansville to this (Yell) county and gathering a little bread and meat to keep soul and body together, but for the life of me, I don't see how I can get enough to feed my children until the new crop is made, the produce is not to be bought with Confederate money and this war has reduced us from a comfortable living down to what we can haul in a two horse wagon; provisions all gone and clothing too—you can only imagine our distresses. I have to report to you that I have not preached a single sermon this quarter and can't tell when I shall be able to do so. There is a great open field here, and I hope to labor some little this year in it.—We can't preach to the Indians, let us preach to the white man.

Write to me at Dardenelle, Arkansas, Give my love to all the brethren. Pray for me and mine.

Now may the God of all grace guide and direct you in all your laudable undertakings is the prayer of your afflicted missionary,

J. A. SLOVER.

For the South Western Baptist.

Received of the Sabbath School of the 1st Baptist church, Montgomery, Ala., the sum of thirty dollars (30.) for the purchase of Testaments, tracts and other religious reading for our soldiers, per Bro. B. B. Davis, Treasurer. M. T. SUMNER, Cor. Sec. Marion, Ala., May 25, 1863.

A Dead Christianity.

When the overladen camel falls dying in the desert, the vultures will congregate on every side—but they sit or flit at a respectful distance. So long as the least spark of life's fire lingers in the eye, the uncleaned fowls dare not touch him. With horrid patience they will hover for hours around the gasping body, till the stifling limbs and glazed eyeballs telegraph to them their dismal banquet. So it is the puissance of the Church. Its inward vitality is its external power. United by quick and generous sympathies to its great Head, and exhibiting in its operations that self-denying benevolence which was the essence of his life, she can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth her. But disengaged from Him, she is a ruthless trunk—a trunkless branch—a stemless flower, a withered, dry, contemptible, and worthless thing.

Christianity makes great professions inasmuch as it assumes to be the only truth in a world of error—to be the only safety in a world of danger—the only happiness in a world of sorrow. It is then most natural that such high professions should be questioned. Men love to pull down the church. Let her then but pull down herself—let her, of her own free will, both demonstrate and confess that she is no other and better than others, and their indignation will fall upon her for the impudence of her past presumption. And this is the tendency and leaning of every neglect on her part. The truth is we must expect to be not only useless but despised, if we do not faithfully labor for God. The salt which has lost its savor is good for nothing but to be cast out. It must needs be trodden under foot of men.

THE SICK SOLDIER.—A brother writes: "A poor sick or wounded dying soldier, of all persons, has my deepest and most heartfelt sympathy. I have seen them die. I have sat by a hard couch of straw, and heard them relate their mournful tale of distress; and have thus been forced to wonder how Christians can remain so indifferent with regard to contributing their efforts for the aid and relief of these poor martyrs, who are suffering and dying, not so much for themselves as for others." We commend these reflections to our readers, with the hope that they may be induced to redouble their efforts to supply our soldiers with whatever may be necessary for the body and the soul.

Confederate Baptist.

Good Resolutions.

Perhaps there is no period in our lives so appropriate for reflection and solemn thought as the commencement of a new year. As the eyes of the mind peers into the history of the past, how many actions present themselves which we would wish to obliterate, but is not in our power. Lost opportunities for doing good—omissions in duty—commission of sins—sins against our better judgment, sins of the heart and sins of the tongue, until the sad retrospect fills us with an inward loathing of ourselves, and we are led to exclaim, "Lord what is man that thou art mindful of him!" In this state of things, what is to be done? Shall we sit down in despair, and make no effort to become better? Shall we enact the same mistakes in the future, that marked our course in the old year? Or shall we take warning from the many shipwrecks we have made, and endeavoring to set them up as beacons, avoid the quicksands, which had well nigh destroyed us?—The latter course is certainly the best one, for we are told in God's word to "press on towards the mark of our high calling in Christ Jesus."

It is a good plan for the young and the old too, to have a set of rules for the government of their lives, during the ensuing year. We are so prone as Christians to forget the high position we occupy, as the representatives of Christ, that we need all the help we can obtain to keep us in the road of duty. By recurring to these rules from time to time we shall be able to see how we have kept them, and as oil lubricate the machine, and helps it to run with fresh vigor, so with the blessing of God, shall we find our desires stimulated, and our hearts strengthened by the use of these good resolutions.

As a mother sat in the midst of her children at the close of the year, conversing on the subject of renewed efforts to live better for the future, she proposed that one of them should write off some rules for their guidance. She also suggested the plan of each member of the family repeating a verse of Scripture at the breakfast table every morning, and then the servants, so obeying the Divine command, "Let the word of God dwell in you richly;" and then again at dinner some precious verse of a hymn, all repeating the same. None but those who have reaped the advantages of treasuring up the truths of God's word in memory's safe keeping, can judge of their value. A case in point looms up from the past, which is too applicable to be lost. A young and lovely wife stricken with consumption, was doomed to pass many weary days and nights ere her spirit obtained a release. Oh! what a comfort the word of God was to her; it was as necessary to her as her daily food.—When panting for breath, and too much exhausted to speak, she would call on her friends continually to repeat some passage to her, for she found that the bare recital kept her thoughts from wandering and buoyed her spirit above all doubts and fears. During the night when we wake, how comforting to have some verse of Scripture at hand, to increase our trust in God and draw us, as by a cord of love, nearer to the throne of grace.

The following rules were adopted by the family of whom mention has been made, and it is to be hoped, that many youthful readers will copy them, be governed thereby, and keep them in their Bibles for constant reference.

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1863.

1. That I will endeavor to make those around me happy, and be kind to "the loved ones at home."
2. I will strive to be content with my lot; remembering that "contentment is better than wealth."
3. I will endeavor to relieve the wants of the poor, as much as is in my power, for "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."
4. I will try to exercise a forgiving spirit towards any one who may injure me, and will strive not to indulge in any unkind feelings, but "overcome evil with good."
5. I will try to make the Word of God "a lamp to my feet and a light to my path."
6. I will devote a portion of each day to reading the Bible and secret prayer, for the poet says, "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath; the Christian's native air."
7. I will strive to obey the 5th commandment, "Honor thy father and mother."
8. I will endeavor to be not a mere nominal Christian, but one whose words and actions show that I am indeed "born again."
9. That I may so live that I may one day gain an inheritance, for Christ's sake, in heaven above, "where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest."

Griffin, Ga.
E. C. S.

Col. C. A. BARR, who has been on a visit to his family here, returns to his Regiment on Saturday, and will convey any letters that may be entrusted to him; to Rhodes' Brigade.

The Providence of God.

The providence of God opens a field of study, fertile alike of interest and profit. It invests the Divine character with every attribute of moral sublimity, when it teaches us that the Father of spirits "holds the helm of the universe," that amidst all the fluctuations of terrestrial events He "has done whatsoever He pleased," and that with a wisdom never perplexed, a holiness never defiled, a benevolence never exhausted, He prosecutes, through the long lapse of ages, His own high and inscrutable purposes. Thus, is He brought before the inspection of finite intelligence, "fearful in praises," because competent and strict to visit, in all its impurities, with punishment, and to bestow patronage and virtue under all its oppressions.

This doctrine, also, throws an air of dignity around frail and subject human nature. It instructs man to recognize himself as the workmanship of Jehovah as the object of His solicitude, and as the pensioner of His bounty. No longer feeling that he is the offspring of chance, the slave of necessity, or the victim of accident, his bosom glows with the noble conviction, that existence should be devoted to co-operation with its Author,—that thought and love should aspire, from the channel of corruption in which they have run so long, to mingle again with their fountain. The spiritual world, discloses its grandeur to our race; and a path is opened which conducts inquiring, patient feet to "glory, honor and immortality."

From this doctrine, too, we derive an intelligent confidence in the final triumph of the gospel. If the foolish things of the world are to confound the wise—if the weak things of the world are to confound the things which are mighty—if the base things of the world and the things which are despised, yet, and things which are not, are to bring to nought the things which are—it is because "God hath chosen" them to this end, and qualifies them by His superintendence for the office to which He calls them. He must address himself to human nature in its successive and diversified phases, must put forth His finger on every generation, and go on upon all the highways and bypaths of society, to prepare this undervalued system for the conquest and purification of the heart, which we find everywhere, "loaded with sins, enveloped in darkness, entangled with affections, inflamed with passions, filled with illusions, and abounding with vices, iniquity and confusion."

A doctrine shedding its light on such elevated themes, must itself equal them in elevation. Confronted even with the laudable philosophy of Athens; it was worthy of Paul, of the apostleship, and of the gospel. Oh, that this subject might always kindle in our bosoms, at least a spark of the living fire which pervaded the spirit of that holy man, as he stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and, looking round on the Minerva of Greece, peerless in her classic beauty, and as glorious as angel of earth can be in her fame, he cried, "In God we live, and move and have our being."

It may be asked, what is meant by the providence of God, as expressed in this language. An answer, by way of illustration, may be gathered from the lips of a poor Indian, "whose soul proud science never taught," indeed, but who, without the letter of revelation was guided from on high into a truth which belongs, in not inferior degree, to its utmost spirit. He was questioned with regard to the ground of his belief that the Divine notice and protection were extended to him. He replied: "I was in the battle with French. The bullet went on this side, and the bullet went on that side. Here one man fell, and there another man fell. But I am still alive. And by that I know that God takes care of me." Now when we assert the doctrine of providence, we mean simply and only, that the Most High takes care of everything on the earth, but especially of man—man, whom he has endowed with the image of His own spirituality, and for whom He has appointed the retributions of eternity.

This is the doctrine—but for the present, at least, we must give it over to the meditations of the Christian reader; asking Him who is the only credible and competent witness of Himself, to lead us all, even as He led "the poor Indian," into a practical sense of His unceasing watch and ward over us and for us. That were better, for our comfort, than a victory, nay, than a peace, without it.—Religious Herald.

"I've Lost a Lesson."

So said an old brother, a few evenings since, as he arose to speak in meeting. Said he, "When attending school, in my young days, I thought it quite a misfortune to lose a lesson. I was not here at our last meeting; I did not hear the sermon, and know nothing of what was said or done

among the brethren. I not only lost the lesson but I have lost the place. So, I don't know where we are, how we stand, or what I should say.

Reader, are you a pupil in the school of Christ? The above is written for your admonition. Beware how you lose your lessons. We have known those who called themselves "brethren," that cared so little about learning of Christ, that they would attend no more than half the appointments for preaching, one third of those for prayer meeting, and be at church meeting about once in six months; and we have most invariably found their souls destitute of the graces of the Spirit, in the proportion that their seats were vacant at the appointments of God's house. If you belong to this class, you are woefully wanting; and we beseech you in the name of God to mend your ways, and be a more faithful scholar, that you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the truth.

Practical Providence.

During the struggle of the Greeks to regain their liberty, a body of Turks were, in 1824, encamped in a part of the city, and committed every kind of excess upon the inhabitants. One of these barbarians, an officer, had purchased a Greek girl, who took refuge in a house of a widow. The widow met him at the door, and mildly attempted to dissuade him from forcing his way in to seize the girl. Enraged, he drew his sabre; but when in the act of attempting to cut down the widow, it snapped in two pieces before it reached the victim. The wretch paused; but drew a pistol, to accomplish his purpose in that manner; but it missed fire; and when in the act of drawing a second, he was forcibly dragged away by one of his companions, who exclaimed, "Let her alone. Do you not see that her time is not come?" Resolved, however, on taking some revenge, he carried off her infant child to the camp; but as though Providence designed to complete its work on this occasion, while the officer was asleep, the child was carried back to the widow by one of his own men. I know how heartless scepticism would quibble here; the affecting story bears its own argument; and I would take the grateful bars of the preserved widow, who saw the hand of God in her deliverance, as the only for the best feeling, but for the best philosophy.

Liberty without Religion.

You had wished to figure to yourself a country which had reached the pinnacle of prosperity, you would undoubtedly have turned your face, as she appeared a few months before the revolution! Illegitimate genius, the favorite abode of the arts, and the mirror of fashion, the flower of the nobility of all countries resorted, to acquire the last of which the human character is susceptible. Lulled in voluptuousness, and dreaming of a philosophical "utopianism," without dependence on God, the generation before the revolution, they drank, they married, they given in marriage. In that extravagant soil everything seemed to flourish; but religion and virtue, the two which God was resolved to punish their country, as well as avenge the blood of his servants, whose souls for a century had been incessantly crying to him to smother the altar. And what more could he employ for this purpose? When he to whom vengeance belongs, whose ways are unsearchable, and whose wisdom is inexhaustible, proposed to the execution of this strange plan, he drew from his treasure a man who had never employed before, a man whose powers of the universe, and whose might overwhelmed them with earthquakes, nor visited them with plagues. He summoned from beneath a force, which mingling in the struggle for liberty, and borrow aid from that very refinement to which it seemed to be opposed, turned every hand against his neighbor, and laid no age, nor sex, nor rank, till the land was laid with the ruin of greatness, the masses of innocence, and the tears of the most unrelenting despotism. O Lord, which art so just, O Lord, which art so wise, judge thus; for they have shed the blood of saints and prophets; and thou hast given them blood to drink; for they are worthy.—Robert Hall

Secular Intelligence.

JACKSON, June 1.—Grant demanded the surrender of Vicksburg on Thursday last, giving Pemberton three days to consider the matter. Pemberton, in fifteen minutes, replied that "he would die in the trenches first."

The Federal troops are demoralized, and refused to renew the attack on Saturday.

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Port Hudson is invested.

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We are gratified to see that the government has at last done justice to this gallant soldier. He has been turned loose, it is said, with instructions to report to no one but General Johnston. We have the first fruits of the movement in the following dispatch from Morgan himself, dated Monticello, Ky., May 12th, 8:30 a. m.

"I have met the enemy 10,000 strong—the cavalry under Woolford, the infantry under General Carter—and have repulsed them, with heavy loss. They retreated across the Cumberland, leaving their baggage, camp equipment, &c., in my hands. They lost 300 drowned, while crossing the river. I am on the field burying dead Yankees. My loss is light, considering two days engagement."

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June 4, 1863. n2-5m-P3 \$7

LOOK HERE!

UNDER and by virtue of the power given me in a Deed of Trust executed by S. T. Harper, on the 21st day of March 1860, to me for certain purposes therein mentioned, I will expose to sale to the highest bidder or cash before the Court House door in the town of Tuskegee on Monday the 23rd day of June 1863, the following described Lot, to-wit: 1/4 of an acre, more or less, being the corner lot at the intersection of Jefferson and Main streets, in the town of Auburn, and lately known as the Melver Lot.

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MILITIA ELECTION.

THERE will be an election held on the 20th day of June inst., at Union Springs, Abernethy, Rigdon and Koon, for the purpose of electing a Lieutenant Colonel C. A. Redd, he having joined the Confederate Army, and is still in the service of said Army. See Military Code, 14th chapter, 2nd section, 1st Battalion, one hundredth Regiment 21st Brigade.

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Notice to Creditors.

I was appointed Administrator of the estate of Elvira McBurney deceased, late of Russell county, Ala., by the Probate Court of the same, on the eighteenth day of May 1863. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them within the time prescribed by law or they will be barred.

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be pushed aside and forgotten amid the whirl and bustle of more stirring events and that our organizations, wanting the pressure and cement of apprehension will fall to pieces. A greater error, and one that would lead to more disastrous consequences, could not be committed. Before mid-summer the "Home Guard" will be called upon to prove its nerve and muscle. The late expeditions through Mississippi, Alabama and Virginia have revealed the utter defencelessness of the country in the rear of our armies and have given new energy to the hope of starving the rebellion. The idea of overrunning the South with a mammoth cavalry force, destroying our foundries, workshops and provisions depots, laying waste our growing crops and reducing our whole population to absolute want, is just now a pet scheme with the Lincoln Government, and will certainly be acted on during the approaching summer. Let the people everywhere understand and not forget this fact. It is in their power to foil this effort. The States of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas contain a home reserve of at least 300,000 men able to shoulder and shoot a gun. Every man of them should be connected with some military organization for home defense. Every man of them should have a gun and a supply of fixed ammunition, and should be ready to go at a moment's warning to the theatre of threatened attack. By such preparation only can we expect to save ourselves harmless from the malice of our enemies. ORGANIZE! should be the watchword throughout the South.—Columbus (Ga.) Times.

WASHINGTON'S PRAYER.—In the summer of 1779, Washington exploring alone one day the position of the British forces on the banks of the Hudson, ventured too far from his own camp, and was compelled by a sudden storm, and fatigue of his horse, to seek shelter for the night in the cottage of a pious American peasant, who, greatly struck with manner and language of his guest and listening at the door of his chamber overheard the following prayer from the father of his country:

"Almighty Father, if it is Thy holy will that we shall obtain a place and name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for Thy goodness by our endeavours to fear and obey Thee. Bless us with wisdom in our councils, success in battle, and let all our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow also, our enemies with enlightened minds, that they become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore our liberty and peace. Grant the petition of Thy servant, for the sake of Him whom Thou hast called Thy beloved Son; nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done."

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Lieut. John Jackson Howard,

COMPANY C, 20 REGIMENT ALABAMA VOLUNTEERS.

JOHN JACKSON HOWARD was born in Tuskegee, Ala., on the 8th of July 1838, and died in the field hospital of Rhodes' Brigade, on the 6th of May 1863, of a wound received in the battle of Chancellorsville, May 2d. He was the second son of John and Lucinda Howard. Naturally of a gentle nature and affectionate disposition, he was the idol of his friends and the light of his home. When the cloud of war that now darkness a hemisphere was no larger than a man's hand, he united with an immediate associates in arms in the formation of the Tuskegee Light Infantry, which as part of the 5th Volunteer Regiment of Alabama, participated in the capture of the Pensacola Navy Yard, and Fort Barrancas and Mexico. Relieved from duty on the gulf the company returned home on the 23d of February. But scarcely had its members received the welcome of loved ones and the congratulations of friends before the President called upon Alabama for twelve additional Regiments. Instantly the Tuskegee Light Infantry flew to arms, and took its position as Company C of the 21st Regiment of Alabama Volunteers. Next day a noble body of men formed in the ranks of war. On the 28th of April 1861, the Regiment left Alabama, and on the 4th of May entered the now illustrious Army of Virginia. Its deeds enter into the history of the times, and are the treasures of the whole country. Such works as Drury's Bluff, Seven Pines, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Boonsboro', Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, The Wilderness and Chancellorsville gem its banner. No man has more of the glory of its achievements than John Jackson Howard. An active participant in all its hardships, it is right that the stars of its flag shed their light on his grave. No officer of his grade had more fully possessed the confidence of his commander. None more fully possessed the affections of his men. Always at his post—skilled in military science—ever ready for the march, or the battle, he presented in his person the model of a soldier.

At the battles of Boonsboro' and Sharpsburg he commanded his company, and displayed such qualities as induced his regimental commander to present him to the favorable notice of the Brigadier General commanding the 21st Regt. Ala. Vol. But he has fought his last battle. No sound can awake him to glory again.

The soil of Chancellorsville is enriched with his blood, and he sleeps near the field of his triumph and fame. He has left to his family a pure reputation, to his comrades in arms a full example of intrepidity and self-sacrificing devotion to duty, and to his country men deeds whose fruits are personal security and national independence.

C. A. BATTLE.

Montgomery Advertiser and Columbus Sun please copy.

Departed this life March 14th, 1863, in Henry county, Ala., Mrs. MARTHA F. MILLER, wife of L. B. MILLER, and daughter of English Smith, of Washington county, Geo. For many years she had been a consistent member of the Baptist Church of Christ, and her whole life truly adorned the profession she made. In her last illness she bore abundant proof of the reality of the religion of Jesus. Death was robbed of all its terrors, and she calmly and peacefully fell asleep in the arms of her Savior. As a mother, when she beheld her children weeping around her, her nature would melt, and she would leave me to nurture these tender lambs. But the eye turned heavenward, the music of heaven's choir, and the song of the redeemed salute her ear, heaven opened and earth loses all its charms; the clay tenement can no longer the happy spirit keep, and it is borne on angel wings to the realms of immortal bliss. Weep not fond husbands; dry your eyes dear children; she, who thus loved, is not dead, but gone before, and there awaits your coming. May that God in whom she trusted, comfort her bereaved ones.

A. L. M.

W. B. CERRY was born December 8th, 1841, and departed this life on the 24th of April 1863, at Shelbyville, Tenn. He was a member of the Baptist Church at Oak Ridge, and lived a very consistent life. He was a good soldier, he obeyed the call of his country; left home on the 10th of April 1862; he was a member of company D of the 28th Regt. Ala. Vol. I was with him a part of the time, and can say that he was very peaceable and quiet, and did his duty for his country. He was in the Murfreesboro' fight; he acted nobly and came off the field unhurt. But death came and he is gone to eternal rest. He leaves a father and mother, brothers and sisters to mourn his loss; but they mourn not as those that have no hope. We trust that his loss is his eternal gain.

J. R. SMITH.

Died, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. S. C. McKenzie, AYS RYE, wife of Wm. Rye, late of Talladega county, Ala. Sister Rye was born in Nanjimy, Charles county, Maryland, on the 15th May 1793, was married to Nathaniel W. Nelson on the 21st day of May 1809; was baptized by Elder Samuel L. Strangh, of Va.; received into the fellowship of the Nanjimy Baptist Church August 1817. On the 21st day of May 1821, her husband was killed by lightning. Three children, a son and two daughters, three of whom are still living. October 4th, 1829, she was married to Wm. Rye; she removed to Shelbyville, Ala., in the fall of 1836, and united with the Big Spring Baptist Church. In 1847 or 1848, removing to Talladega county, she joined Mt. Zion Church and removed to Texas in 1860, where she was called to her rest. The Scriptures are specific in their directions as to the qualities of a good woman; she must be in behavior as become holiness, sober, to love her husband, to be discreet, chaste, keepers of home, good, obedient to the Lord and to her husband. These traits, dear sister, which are essential to the character of every good woman, sister Rye possessed in an eminent degree so much so that her name deserves to be recorded with the Sarahs and Marys of the Gospel. There was a modesty and meekness, a calmness, a patience, a kindness and piety that did not belong to few women. "No light task to perform well the arduous and delicate duties of a wife, a mother, a Christian, and a mistress. These duties are so complicated, so trying to the industry, to the patience and fortitude of the woman, that she who succeeds in her various well of posterity. But above all, sister Rye had chosen the good part which shall never be taken away from her. "She hath done what she could."

J. A. COLLINS.

FAVORITELY, TALLADEGA CO. May 3, 1863.

The death of a good soldier at this time is a loss to the country, of a good Christian at all times to the Church, a kind husband's death is a bereavement that none but an affectionate wife can fully appreciate. All these have been sustained in the death of R. E. KIRKLAND. He was married to Miss Laura E. Clark, August 28th 1860; volunteered in Capt. Wm. C. Patterson's Co. A., 30th Ala. Regt.; died at Atlanta, Ga., of Confident Small Pox on the 4th, 1862, leaving an infant which has since been his father in the arms in the skies, leaving the bereaved wife to mourn the loss of her soldier husband till she shall be called thence. There is no class of men who more deserve the affections of the Southern people than those noble-hearted men who, in their country's peril served the ties which bound them to home, wife and kindred, and voluntarily offered life with all its dearest, upon the altar of their country, now devastated by a corrupted race. When the records of this struggle shall have been made out, the pen of the historian will inscribe him on the rolls of fame the name and deeds of the volunteer martyr who died in the defence. The living will drop tears of gratitude upon their honored graves, while posterity will cherish a remembrance of the noble deeds. Bro. Kirkland was also a soldier in the army of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. He was a member of this Church and was esteemed him as a brother and loved in the Lord, and a patriot and soldier, and hereby record our appreciation for him as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, his noble and patriotic wife and his dear country which he died to defend from a ruthless foe.

J. A. COLLINS.

FAVORITELY, ALA. May 3, 1863.

God when he created the world, did not throw its particles to ramble loosely through space; but bounds its parts together by the law of attraction. The same wise Creator ordained the law of love to bind man to his fellow-men. Hence the scriptural injunction to love one another which is the fulfilling of the law. It is, therefore, natural when these ties are severed, if only for a time, that we should mourn for the dead; not, however, as those who have no hope. The Baptist Church at Fayetteville, Talladega county, Ala., feel the truth of these general remarks in the death of our brother, the Rev. J. W. RAWDON, a member of this Church and a minister of the Gospel.

Bro. Rawdon was born in Chester District, S. C., in 1787. He joined the church about 1833, and came to Alabama in 1840. The Scriptures record the virtues of the dead, and we may, without flattery, follow the example. Bro. Rawdon was a man of strict integrity, of a high sense of honor, of unflinching candor, of warm courage, of unswerving faith, and steady hope and earnest zeal. He was free from selfishness and duplicity; in his conduct he was guided by the principles of justice, science and honesty; and although in his financial transactions he was economical and careful, yet he gave cheerfully to the poor and needy and worthy objects of public benevolence. In his social relations he was just and affectionate; in a word, he was a good, honest, religious man, and the members of this church cheerfully bear testimony to his virtues, and recommend his example in these respects to be followed. He died at his late residence in Talladega county, Ala., on the 18th 1863, a full assurance through grace of an inheritance incor-

ruptible, undimmed, and that faded not away, reserved to heaven for him. He selected the text for his funeral, "For they all drank of that spiritual rock that follow them, and that rock was Christ." J. A. COLLINS.

Died, in Russell county, Ala., on the 9th of October 1862, Mrs. MARY E. THOMAS, (wife of K. D. Thomas), in the 25th year of her age. She was baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist Church in the year 1853, by Rev. J. P. W. Brown, and was a consistent member of the same at the time of her death. Congestion of the Lungs snatched her suddenly from the cares of earth, in the absence of her devoted husband who was at that time among the captured Confederates in Kentucky. A month afterwards he returned to his home on parole, but his affectionate companion was not there to receive him. She was going to join the heavenly choir and chant the praises of her Redeemer, far away from the troubles of war and pestilence. She leaves a little boy in his first year and many friends to sympathize with him and his father who again in the Confederate service.

The Committee to whom was referred the matter of the death of bro. THOMAS DANIEL, with instructions to report in reference thereto, expressive of the feelings of this Church at his decease, beg leave to say that they have experienced some difficulty in getting up their report. The character of bro. Daniel was so estimable a one, whether we regard him as a citizen, a soldier, or a Christian, or all three, his personal, social relations with all of us, so great, and his life in its devotedness to his country, so great, resulting in his lifetime in so abundant an amount of usefulness among us that we now decline to attempt even to do his memory justice in the delineation of a character so perfect within the compass of a report, as short as this was expected and most necessarily be. We would avoid mere eulogy, for his memory does not need it; but what we would do, if we could, would be for the benefit of the living, to epitomize his character, to show how a man might be so diligent in his business as to be successful and honored, and again how he might meet the claims of family and society, and in addition to these things, how he might die for his country, and live with all these he might be as humble, pious, zealous, Christian every day of his life, like Enoch, walking with God. He was all this. Who among us could have a better business reputation; who more successful; who a larger circle of friends and happier, better contented and lovely family; who brighter hopes dawning upon him from the future, and in the army who a more faithful and uncomplaining soldier and officer, and yet among us who so pious and active a Christian? He walked uprightly and wrought righteousness and spake the truth in his heart. His tongue was never lent to back-biting, nor did he do evil, or to take up reproach against his neighbor; in his private life he was unblemished; but he honored that sacred God. He would want to see each part but to his own, the rather and change not. He did not put his money out to usury, nor did he ever take reward against the innocent. Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that does these things the Scriptures say shall never be moved. We would write the memories of this good man's usefulness and his character upon the hearts of the membership of this Church in all coming time. To hold him up to our brethren now and to all who may succeed us to do this, the committee propose to dedicate a page of the Church book to his memory, on which, within black lines these words shall be written:

In memory of BRO. THOMAS C. DANIEL, Who was born the 15th day of June 1829, Died The 30th day of August, 1862. He was the Captain of company G, 4th Regt. Ala. Vols., Wright's Brigade, Anderson's Division, of the Army of the Potomac, his company having been killed at the battle of the Wilderness, and he himself killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, the 30th of August 1862, while gallantly performing his duty as a soldier and officer, at the head of his company. No more precious blood was ever spilled for freedom than his. He was for many years prior to his death the leader of the church music, the superintendent of the Sabbath school and the faithful attendant of the church and prayer meetings. In all these spheres he was instant and out of season in the discharge of duty, and in all the enterprises of the church he stretched forth his liberal, generous hand. We appreciate the great loss his family sustains, and mourn him upon their account and ours. We dedicate this page to his memory as a bright and shining example to the Christians of this Church in every age. Respectfully submitted,

J. W. HARRISON, G. C. JOHNSON, F. L. JOHNSON, Committee.

Business Department.

Receipt List.

	Paid to Volume	No.	Amount
E Eckels	15	50	\$3.00
Rev Wm Campbell	15	42	5 00
L R Miller	16	1	3 00
Mrs M E Herrenden	16	1	3 00
Lucinda (Maly)	16	1	3 00
Miss Tinsly S W B for sol	16	2	10 00
Mrs O Oliver	16	2	3 00
Rev J A Collins	16	2	2 00
Rev A B Elliott S W B for sol	16	2	12 00
Mrs Mariah Boyd	16	2	3 00
Dr S Clayton	16	2	3 00
Rev B J Harrison S W B for sol	16	3	35 00
S B Glazewer	16	3	3 00
Mrs S M Robinson	16	3	3 00
Rev J B Norton	16	3	3 00
Isaac Norton	15	50	3 00
Henry Gilmore	16	3	3 00
Mrs Elizabeth Jordan	16	1	3 00
Mrs J T Haden	16	1	3 00
Rev A J Lambert S W B for sol	16	1	72 50
A Friend	16	1	5 00
T H James	16	1	2 00
Lieut E P Gage	16	1	3 00
Mrs W O Hobbs	16	1	3 00
T M Gardner	16	1	3 00
John J Jinks	15	25	1 50
Mrs T W Curry	16	1	3 00
Hon J L M Curry	16	1	2 00
S Winsted	16	1	3 00
Rev Wm Howard S W B for sol	16	1	20 00
B T Bumpstead	16	3	3 00
George Vasey	16	28	3 00
C B Wooten	16	3	3 00
D H Stevenson	16	3	3 00
P E Kirvin S W B for sol	16	6	5 00
E E Smith	15	28	1 50
G M Smith	15	28	1 50
James R Smith	15	28	1 50
C E Fike	15	28	1 50
Lieut E P Gage	15	28	1 50
J W Griffin	15	24	2 cop 3 00
Russell H Cosby	15	24	2 30 00
W A Tarrant	15	24	2 30 00
T J Melton	15	24	2 30 00
J B Harrison	15	24	2 30 00
Charles Payne	15	24	1 50
C F Perry	15	24	1 50
J H Watson	15	24	1 50
J C Carter	15	24	1 50
W B Boick	15	24	2 cop 3 00
Edwin Corbin	15	24	2 30 00
J L Perry	15	24	2 30 00
G H Perry	15	24	2 30 00
Lieut Moore	15	24	2 30 00
O H Perry	16	2	3 00
S S Prestridge	16	8	3 00
Mrs G A Coulton	16	3	3 00

Mrs H E Hester	16	3	3 00
Rev W B Stoddard S W B for sol	16	3	3 00
Thomas Harmon	16	3	3 00
Powell and Shannon	15	36	2 00
Jones and Lett	15	36	2 00
Mrs E B Lett	16	3	3 00
W B Brannon	16	1	3 00
Mrs J F Cowles	16	15	3 00
R D Fort	15	30	3 00
J W Buck	15	19	3 00

For the Senate.

The friends of Capt. H. F. LIGON, throughout the county, announce him as a candidate for re-election to the Senate. He is a man of high character, and will represent the people of the county in all matters of State, and will be a valuable asset to the State.

For Legislature.

Having been disabled by a severe wound received in battle, he is announced by his friends as a candidate for the Lower House of the next Legislature. Election 1st Monday in August next.

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce JOHN R. MCGOWEN as a candidate for Sheriff of Macon county, on the next August election.

For Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce JOHN O. LAMAR as a candidate for Tax Collector of Macon county, on the next August election.

For Tax Assessor.

Having faithfully served his country in the field, from the opening campaign of the war to the battle of Boonsboro, when he was severely wounded, and disabled for the loss of his right arm, he is announced by his friends as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Macon county, in the ensuing August election.

County Treasurer

