

# The Alabama Baptist.

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## Alabama Baptist.

MARION, ALA.

Tuesday, April 14th, 1874.

For the Alabama Baptist.  
Lament for a Departed Mother.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Like one of the best of mothers! oh, how

dear thou art to me!

As I thus behold thy image, fancy bears me

back to thee.

Brighter far, the fond remembrance, than

the artist's hand can trace.

In my soul there shine reflected, all thy

goodness and thy grace.

Mother, dearest, best and kindest, thou art

far, so far away.

Wouldst thou eyes were on me smiling, as

upon thy breast I lay.

Oh, return, my dearest mother, for I pine

for thee alone.

And the world is sad without thee, all my

joy with thee is gone.

All my longing, all my yearning, is thy

loving face to see.

O, I cannot live without thee, let me live

again with thee.

## Communications.

### Progress of Baptist Principles.

Two hundred years ago, John Bunyan was looking out upon the town of Bedford, through the grating windows of his goal; condemned to imprisonment there twelve years, for the crime of preaching the gospel, and "for wickedly and devilishly refusing to join in" a ritualistic worship which his conscience rejected. There, through his long imprisonment, he prevented the lagging hours by creating the "Pilgrim's Progress," which since has followed the Bible and soul liberty into every house where our language is read. That liberty for which he suffered, is now the heritage of our great and growing country, and all other Christian lands begin to feel its inspiring power. Not for the Baptists, only, did Bunyan suffer. The progress of his principles is striking off the fetters of spiritual tyranny from the Protestants, Catholics, and Jew of every land, and the children shall hereafter rear monuments to the Prophet whom their fathers killed. And significant of this, is the scene lately witnessed at Bedford. Saturday, the 3d of last January, was a day long to be remembered there. The Duke of Bedford then presented that town with a brazen statue of John Bunyan, executed by the sculptor Boehm. It is colossal, weighing about six thousand pounds. It is placed at St. Peter's Green, where five roads meet. There the tinker-preacher stands on a granite pedestal, with an open Bible in his hand, and the broken shackles of spiritual tyranny at his feet, whilst relief from the "Pilgrim's Progress" are fitly grouped around him. The likeness used by the sculptor was a painting by Sadler, now the property of Rev. Mr. Olive. If the old Bedford goal to yet standing, what a history of the progress of Baptist principles do that statue and the old goal tell!

### Nashville Matters.

Dr. Simmons, of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, gives the *Examiner & Chronicle* the following report of recent developments at Nashville. His reference to the Romanists recalls the rebuke against those formalists of old, who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, &c.

I am happy to add that the prospects concerning this school are greatly improved since I commenced this letter. To God be all the praise! The Pedobaptists are doing their utmost for the Freedmen, and the Catholics rest not day nor night to take them from us. In this very city, as our teacher assures me, several of our colored theological students visited the white Catholic church. They were shown to good seats in the middle of the house—the same as though they had been white men! After services they were invited to stay and be introduced to the Bishop! Their attention was also directed to the sprinkling of dusky faces through the congregation, and they were reminded that such a sight could be seen in the whole South. Thus the Roman Catholics are looking for the souls and bodies of the Freedmen by means of that much dreaded book called social equality!

If your feelings are touched, write, tell, who is wiser, or the worse, but you only? And have you

not the whole skein of your heart-life in your own fingers to wind, or unwind, in what shape you please? Shake it, or twine it, or tangle it, by the light of your fire, as you fancy best. He is a weak man who cannot twist and weave the threads of his feelings—however fine, however tangled, however strong—into the great cable of Purpose, by which he lies moored to his life of action.—*Id. Mured.*

—Every religious sentiment, every act of devotion which does not produce a corresponding elevation of life and practice—which does not, for instance, insist upon the most scrupulous honesty, the most chaste sobriety, the widest charity; which does not, in short, result in some Christian grace of act and conduct—is worse than useless; is simply pernicious and deprecating, as ministering to self-deception, with its consequent train of ills, intruding an evil under the name of good.

—A Roman Catholic priest of Ahualco, Mexico, lately preached a sermon against the Protestants which so excited his hearers that 200 armed men attacked the house of the Rev. John Stevens, a Congregational clergyman sent out by the Boston Board of Missions, and put him to death in a frightful manner. The Government has sent soldiers to the place, and has ordered an investigation.

—Dr. Talmadge boasts that he has a great advantage over Baptist ministers. While the Baptist churches are confined to one form of baptism, he offers his people their choice. They can have sprinkling or immersion, as they please. A somewhat similar liberality distinguished the people who lived in the earlier times. They feared the Lord, and served graven images.

—The husks of emptiness rustle in every wind, the full corn in the ear holds up its golden fruit to the Lord of the harvest; a good man's faith is manifested by his labors, standing not in words, but in the demonstration of the Spirit, a faith that works by love to the purifying of the heart.

—In pulpit eloquence, the grand difficulty lies here: to give the subject all the dignity it deserves, without attaching any importance to ourselves; this is the secret art which captivates and improves an audience.—*Lacon.*

—The Bible looks at man as a mother looks at her child in the cradle, with a tender sympathy toward him, as weak, sinful, poor, and ignorant. It breathes the tender sentiments of humanity, and hence it has survived so long.

—Has it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction; as we darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing?

—The sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays; so homelike must be constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, loving words.

—The Roman Catholic Bishops in the Austrian Reichsrath threaten to withdraw if the passage of the Ecclesiastical bills is pressed. Their absence would be no great loss.

### Pithy Sentences of German Writers.

—Virtue commands reverence, even in a beggar's dress.—*Schiller.*

—Art is long, life short, judgment severe, and opportunity flying.—*Goethe.*

—The timorous are frightened before danger; the cowardly in it, the courageous after it.—*Richter.*

—When thou dost enter upon the stage of life, be not so anxious to shine as to be useful and happy.—*Campe.*

—To find peace upon a distant, friendly shore, the voyager must first encounter the rebellious waves.—*Wuikert.*

—A careful attention to our own acts saves us from precipitancy, from indulgence to our faults, and indifference to our faults.—*Wieland.*

—As certainly as the shadow follows the light, so surely the deed follows the purpose, if it is only pure.—*Borne.*

—Religion is the last goal to which all our thoughts and deeds must tend. Who has not learned this, knows nothing—neither himself nor God—and is capable of no real happiness.—*Klopstock.*

—Do not fear solitude. It is as harmless as the pure moonshine whose silver rays portray infernal ghosts in the palace of the wicked; but in the hut of the pious, the happy angels of heaven.—*Wagner.*

—A good conscience is better than two witnesses. It melts thy sorrows as the sun does ice. It is a spring when thou art thirsty, a staff when thou art faintest, a shelter when the sun strikes thee, a pillow in death.—*Hippel.*

—He who lives upon the earth without purpose, is like a ship on dry land, and he who grasps not the great wheel of humanity, is like the powerless watches of children, which have the hand and the dial-plate, but are without machinery.—*Lessing.*

—Patience and endurance are necessary to the acquisition of a happy

ness, and moderation and foresight for its preservation. Wearily and step by step goes men ascend the ladder; one moment suffices to bring him to the earth in pain and mortification.—*Hegel.*

—Take the Bible in thy hand with reverence, for thou holdest the word of God. Know that to those without a guide in the dangerous path of life, without consolation in bitter necessity, without aid in the last hour, is the Bible a guide and consolation and aid. The Bible is a mother, who feeds and quiets her believing children till they reach the ripeness of the higher world.—*Harnes.*

## Fire-side Reading.

### Among the Indians.

The following incident is related by Rev. J. S. Morrow, Sunday-school Missionary Colporteur among the Choctaw Indians:

One old woman questioned me closely as to the objects of my mission.

"What are you going round this way for?"

"To visit you at your houses and talk with you of Jesus, and sell you good religious books, if you need them."

"Will you visit us at our houses and preach to us?"

"That is my object."

"Are you sure you are not after our little money, deer skins?" etc.

"I seek not yours, but you. I do not want your goods or your lands, but your souls, saved in heaven."

"I believe in Jesus and I love him."

"I love to go to meeting, but I am old and crippled, and it is a long way from here to the meeting house. I cannot go often. I never thought anybody thought enough of us poor Indian women to come around to our cabins and tell us about Jesus—that is mighty good."

"Will you, in turn, as you visit the cabins around you, talk to the young women, and get them to love and serve Jesus?"

"Oh, yes! I always talk to them, but you know we women have to do what the men tell us, and most of the men won't let us pray."

### Your Own Judge.

A man's mind is a court, and his passions are all of them tricky lawyers. In ordinary times, you cannot go into any court, and hear the statements of the counsel, without feeling that there is a great deal of ingenuity exerted to cover up some things, and unduly magnify other things, so as to make out the best possible case for the side whose interest it is the desire of the special pleaders to advance. But there sits the old, stupid judge—stupid because he will be just; and he puts the lawyer right on this side, and puts the lawyer right on that side, and holds everything to the law and to the fact, that he may come at justice, at least in theory. Now every man has a judge within him—his conscience. And there are many men whose consciences have been bribed; and when they are presiding over the court which is constantly held in the heart, they are all the while excusing themselves for giving their adherence to things that are wrong.

And this happens, not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but scores of times, in the experience of men. And they need to be reminded that, in every case, appeal is taken to a court where righteous judgments are declared. They need to get such visions of the Judgment day that they shall hold their breath, that their consciences shall not dare to be bribed, and that they shall look at everything in the light of eternal justice.

### Birth and Death.

How quickly one generation of men follows another to the grave! We come like the ocean waves to the shore, and scarcely strike the strand before we roll back into the forgetfulness whence we came. "There is a skeleton in every house." Ay, in some many. We can stand upon the corner of any street, and looking back, we shall see that all the houses have changed occupants, in a few years. The old men have gone, and a generation that knew them not has taken their places. Yes! while we look, we ourselves grow old and pass on to join the caravan whose tents are almost in sight on the other side.

In youth, the other world seems a great way off, but later we feel and realize that it is closer at hand; and, what is better, nature does the preparatory work for passing into it, so that easily we grow into it—are born into it.

### Whose Boy is That?

He may be seen any day, in almost any part of the village; he never makes room for you on the sidewalk, looks at you saucily and swears smartly if asked anything; he is very impudent, and often vulgar to ladies who pass; he delights in frightening little boys and girls; he lounges at the street corners, and is the first arrival at a dog fight or any other sport or circus; he crowds into the post office in the evening, and multiplies himself and his antics at each rate that people having legitimate business there are crowded out; he thinks

himself very sharp, he is certainly very noisy; he can smoke and chew tobacco now and then, and rip out an oath most any time; he asks whose boy he is? Mother, is he yours? We think he is, for there are many good qualities in the lad, and we do not think that you know what he does on the street. Look after him, mother, keep him more at home. Train him, and you will have a son to be proud of.

### The Poor Blind Man.

There is a poor blind man in London who loves his Saviour very much, and he is very anxious to win others to love him; so he goes out in some of the crowded byways and alleys of this great city, and reads aloud from his Bible, with its raised letters. Many crowd around him to listen, and he always carries with him a supply of Bibles and Testaments for sale. In this way he goes from place to place, and has sold a large number of copies of God's blessed book.

Last Good Friday he went into the country and began to read aloud. Some little girls came around him, one of them listened most attentively. One of her companions urged her to come away; but she said,—

"No; I like this."

They tried to persuade her to buy some oranges at a stall close by, but she said,—

"No; I like this better than oranges."

When the man had finished reading, she bought a little copy of the Gospel for herself, and also one for each of her companions.

Now, why do you think I told you this? I think this little girl teaches us all a lesson. She said, "I like this better than oranges," but she did not stop there. She proved that she meant what she said by what she did. We may say we love Jesus, but do we love him better than our pleasures? If we do, let us prove it by thinking at once, "What can I do for him? What can I do to spread the knowledge of him in his name!"

### "Stitch It In."

At a sewing society meeting, an old lady, who had just finished a little shirt on which she had been working, holds it up, and exclaims, "I wish I could put a blessing in it."

Another, a quiet little woman, who had been stitching away, scarcely opened her lips, but evidently one of that blessed hand, whose life is one of simple, unwavering trust in the faithfulness of God, and the efficacy of the prayer of faith, says, "And so you can; that is just the thing." "But how shall I make it stick?" "Stitch it in!" says she of the trusting heart. "Take each stitch, and fit each seam, with a thought of prayer for the unknown little wearer."

Stitch a prayer in each seam! It does seem as if that little shirt, no matter how coarse the material, must be peculiarly soft and warm. These instinctive prayers, these blessing-invoked stitches, would seem like bread cast upon the waters, which will never fail to be found after many days.

What temptation-proof coats of mail would be the garments of our children and brothers and fathers, if the hearts of the mothers and sisters were as busy sending up petitions for blessings upon the loved ones who were to wear them, as their fingers are busy in plying the bright needle. Encased in a prayer of Faith and Trust and Love! Could anything be more impervious to the shafts of the tempter?—*Sunday School Times.*

### Frankness.

Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted that you mean to do what is right. If a friend asks you a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if it is not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and yourself by equivocation of any kind. never do a wrong thing to make friends or to keep one. The man who wants you to do so is doubly purchased and at a sacrifice. Deal kindly and firmly with all men, and you will find it the policy which wears the best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to do one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. We should live and speak out of doors, as the phrase is, and do what we are willing should be known and read by all men. It is not best as a matter of policy but as a matter of principle.

### Public Spirit.

Not in war alone does the flame of patriotism burn. Where public spirit exists, there is ever an opportunity for its exercises; ever the altar stands ready for sacrifice. The Cincinnati Common Council and Board of Trade have protested against lessening by a dollar the sum which Congress once meant to spend on new buildings in that city. The Boston people plead for the enlargement of their Post Office. The Philadelphians beg to have their begun forthwith. The New Yorkers find various sore needs of Government money in their island. Every city, from Key West to Kamshatta, is beseeching Congress to

build that neglected canal or light-house. The plan of turning into the treasury all money voted for public works that is not yet spent, and of putting off for a time all buildings not yet begun, has struck terror through the land. It is diverting to note how we all insist on "shutting up the public purse against the grabbers," save when we do the grabbing. "I'm willin' a man," says the immortal Mr. D. O'Phace, "should go to the strong arm of the law in the abstract, for that kind of wrong is allus onpoplar, and never gets pitied; but he mustn't be hard on partic'lar sins, for then he is kickin' the people's own shins."—*Galaxy.*

—Men judge us by the success of our efforts. God looks at the efforts themselves.—*Charlotte Elizabeth.*

—As the sun is reflected in a spring when it is clear and limpid, so God is reflected in the soul of man when it is pure and spiritual.

—No man ever sank under the burden of to-day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day, that the weight is more than a man can bear.

## General Miscellany.

### Married Over a Grave.

Among the arrivals on the 8:55 train from New York, on the night of the 13th, were four persons, evidently strangers in Pittston, who formed a party by themselves. One was a lady, the others gentlemen. After alighting from the coach, they passed into the ladies' waiting room in the depot building, while two of the gentlemen returned, and made inquiries regarding the procurement of a carriage to convey them to West Pittston. In due time, a carriage arrived, and the quartette entered it, and the driver, who had received instructions where to go, proceeded in the direction of the bridge, which he crossed, and, a short time after, pulled up at the house of a prominent resident. The occupants of the carriage at once stepped out upon the walk, opened a little gate, and proceeded to the front door and pulled the bell. The summons was answered by a servant, to whom a card was given, after which the party was shown to the parlors and left there while the servant went to announce their presence.

The driver of the coach outside, after being relieved of his load, did not return to the east side, but drove off to a neighboring livery stable, and placed his animals under shelter there, but did not unharness them. After throwing robes over the animals, he found a seat by the side of a warm fire in the office, and chatted with a couple of stable boys who lodged therein.

In the mean time the minutes flew by, and when the clock over the door was ticking within half an hour of midnight, a light step was heard outside, and there was a rap at the door. The driver responded with alacrity, and, after a second's conversation, proceeded to his team, drew the robes from them, mounted the box, and backed out of the stable, turning about when outside, and going in the direction of the river. He had driven a short distance, when he caught sight of a little group gathered at the intersection of Exeter and Wyoming streets. Here the carriage stopped, and the same quartette that had disembarked from the 8:55 train at the depot, entered; and the horses were turned and started toward Wyoming.

In a very short time, for the animals were driven rapidly, that quiet city of the dead, Wyoming Cemetery, with its white shafts and crosses and slabs, gleamed in view. As the main entrance was approached, the driver turned and halted directly in front of it. The low fence which encloses the sacred grounds was scarcely visible, but the naked branches of the sentinel trees waved their ghostly arms, their frosty covering reflecting the starbeams and becoming sharply defined against the dark outlines of the mountains beyond.

As soon as the carriage stopped, the four occupants got out and passed slowly and solemnly to the gate, which admitted them, and preceded by two gentlemen, the lady hung upon the arm of another, and in this way the singular quartette moved forward among the tomb-bordered paths to a distant part of the cemetery.

Here they halted directly in front of a grave, at the head of which stood a white marble cross. Presently the lady and her companion separated, each taking positions on opposite sides of the grave, and near the centre. They then joined hands. At the same time, the other two took positions, one at the head and the other at the foot of the grave, each facing the other. At this moment the bell of a distant church tower tolled out the solemn hour of midnight, and almost before the reverential ceremony had commenced above the quiet grave in the cemetery, the service was a short one, and the scene most singular and impressive. A few moments later, the four returned to the carriage, and were driven back to the place from whence they started. The driver of the vehicle, from whom the facts are gleaned, could give no further information, other than

that one of the gentlemen was undoubtedly a minister of the gospel, as was revealed from the clerical cut of his garments. The other gentleman probably accompanied the minister as a witness to the marriage. It was altogether a strange proceeding, and one of unusual cast.—*Pittston Comet.*

### The Iron Age.

It matters little what were the early modes of iron-making. The Bible tells us that one Tubal Cain was "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron"—a sort of blacksmith-general in his neighborhood. Classic history points out Vulcan as the half-divine and half-human prodigy, who made shields, chains, spears, swords—in short, nothing beyond the needs of a barbarous people; but to-day—mark the change!

Iron is the most valuable of the metals, because it is the most useful. While it is one of the lightest, it is by far the strongest, and has the widest range of application. It is also the most widely distributed, no part of the earth being without it. In the mechanic arts, it is the right hand, and, indeed, has furnished to every man a hundred hands; so that in modern days a person can be a Vulcan and Briareus at the same time. It combines a thousand uses, and has a vast residue latent, which will be easily evoked by the dexterous cunning of man. It does anything—everything. It serves every where—anywhere. Let any one name, if he can, any implement or article of food or clothing that has not been fashioned with iron fingers. With iron plowshares we turn a soil, rich in iron, for food that must contain iron, or we die. We walk upon iron pavements and sit upon iron chairs. We live in iron houses, and sleep upon iron beds made soft with springs of steel. We travel on iron roads, in cars made of iron, drawn by iron steeds. We attend an iron church and occupy iron pews, listen to a sermon written upon iron paper with a pen of iron, and return to our iron hearths and firesides. From all domes and roofs an iron rod points heavenward, and renders harmless the fierce lightning of the passing storms. On the trackless ocean, an iron needle points out the way like an unerring finger. With iron wands we have annihilated both time and space, and made of all nations one neighborhood, and with iron ships we have changed the art of warfare, and fought and won the greatest battles of history.

It would be instructive to show that labor is the chief element of value conferred upon iron. There is no material that can receive so high a degree of labor value and return its equivalent in usefulness. A bar of iron worth five dollars is worth \$10.50 made into horse shoes, \$55 when made into needles, \$3,385 into pen-knife blades, \$29,480 into shirt buttons, and \$250,000 into hair springs. The iron ore used in a locomotive costs, perhaps, \$100, but by the laying on of many hands it is worth \$23,000.

### The Tilton-Beecher Case.

So far as it concerns Mr. Tilton, the matter was thus graphically presented by Dr. Storrs, in his speech before the Council on Tuesday evening of last week:

Here is a man of brilliant and popular powers, widely known and widely welcome in the lecture-room and on the political platform, wielding large influence in the country, formerly editor of one of the leading religious newspapers in the country, for seventeen years a member of a church, converted under the ministry of the pastor of that church, active and prominent and enthusiastic in its behalf; once superintendent of its Sunday school; suddenly he ceased attending living in the same city, passing it every day, never crossing its threshold. Rumors arise attributed to him; scandalous allegations concerning the pastor of the church. He is brought up before the church itself, the Committee of the church, and then the church, and he himself appears in the assembly in what looks like anything but a mood of repentance or confession, but what seems to be a mood of defiance; and as he tenderly sent out, so far as appears to us, as if he had been the Israelite in whom is no guile.

MARKING THE BOARDS.—An old farmer employed a son of Erin to work for him on his farm. Pat was constantly misplacing the end boards in the cart—the front board behind and the tail board in front, which made the old gentleman very irritable. To prevent blunders, he painted on both boards a large letter "B," then calling Pat to him and showing him the boards, said: "Now, you blockhead, you need make no mistake, as they are both now marked. This (pointing to one board) is 'B' for before, and that (indicating the tail board) is 'B' for behind," whereupon the old gentleman marched off with great dignity.

—The distress from the famine in Bengal is increasing, and many thousands of the natives are dependent upon the Government for food. In the Tirhoot district 100,000 persons, all of whom were in an emaciated condition, made application for relief within a period of ten days.

## News Items.

—Canadian papers give detailed accounts of the terrible scenes caused by the burning of a passenger car on the Great Western Railway on the night of the 1st instant, by which a number of lives were lost and many persons badly injured. The picture of the train rushing swiftly along, with the unfortunate passengers crowding in the rear end of the burning car, or leaping out upon the track, preferring to risk death so rather than face it in the more dreadful way that threatened them, was a terrible one. For two miles or more along the track maimed and mutilated passengers were lying where they jumped, many of them badly injured, though some miraculously escaped unhurt. At length the conductor succeeded in making his way to the engine and having the train stopped, when it was found that the car had been completely consumed, and a number of persons been burned to death, their blackened remains being visible in the burning ruins. A passenger, who was in the smoking car, states that when he first saw the fire coming through the forward door, he closed it to prevent a draft, but the next moment two Indians opened it, and jumped off the first-class car platform. He stood on the platform to try to close it, but could not, owing to the intensity of the flames, which shot up with frightful rapidity. The cries of the passengers were now heart-rending in the extreme, and by looking over the side, he could see men and women drop off the platform and out of the windows, some uninjured, others lying where they fell. Others, men and women, lay along the track for a distance of over a mile and a half. It appears that the bell-rope was not attached to the engine, and consequently there was no way of stopping the train. It was running at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, and ran about three miles burning.

—A Cuban gentleman, recently arrived in New York, narrates the wonderful manner in which he, together with twelve companions, escaped from the hands of the Spaniards in Havana. Last month he, in company with the other refugees, was drafted into the army under the new conscription law. Within a few days they were to be sent to the front to fight against their fellow-countrymen, and although the chances were desperate, some of them determined to escape. To do this, they bribed one of the guards at the barracks, and he agreed to get them on board a steamer that was about to start for the United States. This having been accomplished, the captain of the steamer informed them that, as he was exposed to a fine of five hundred dollars for every passenger found on board without a passport, they would have to promise to submit to any precautionary measure he should see fit to adopt. Thirteen flour barrels, filled with oranges, were then emptied, and the Cubans got into them; the heads of the barrels were then replaced, and they were then put in tiers with many other barrels of oranges on top of them. The hold of the vessel was suffocatingly hot, and the wretched passengers suffered untold tortures in the barrels. While they were anxiously awaiting the sailing of the vessel, they heard the police officers come on board. They went down into the hold of the vessel, and carefully searched every nook and corner for stowaways. They opened several barrels, but finding nothing but oranges, at last came to the conclusion that all was right and went ashore. When the vessel got outside of "the Moro," the refugees were released, more dead than alive. Some of them were so badly cramped that they could not assume an erect position for many days after.

—A Washington letter speaks pitifully of Parson Browlow, of Tenn. He is taken to his seat in the Senate at twelve, and carried back to his solitary house at five. There is no color in the tall, pale, dark-haired man except in his eyes, which grow restless when anything in the debate excites him. He never speaks nor moves, nor smiles nor calls a page, nor speaks to a neighbor. He is afflicted with a terrible palsy, which makes him quiver and tremble continually, but the old man means to die with his harness on, and sits there by the door on the left of the president's seat, biding his time.

—A fashionable christening in New York had to be postponed on account of the non arrival of a steamer which was to have brought a bottle of water from the Jordan, which was to have been used in the ceremony.

—The Texas Legislature has just ordained two new holidays for that State—the 2d of March, the day of the declaration of Texas independence, and the 21st of April, the anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto, which made reality of the declaration.

RECIPE.—During the absence of the editor of a rural journal, his apprentice inserted the following recipe: To get rid of bad bugs (we believe the new name is "chinks bugs") give them salt water. This will make the bugs dry; and then, while they are looking for a drink, move your bed into another room.



## Alabama Baptist.

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MARION, ALA.

Tuesday, April 14th, 1874.

## Hints to Young Preachers.

A discourse should be a scheme of thought as well as an exhortation. The divisions should be just and distinct. All together, they should embrace the subject; while each should be distinct from the others. The repetitions which our Lord prohibits in praying, are not less objectionable in preaching. They destroy force and eloquence. In a plan, they are intolerable; here the divisions should be as precise as the lines of a river or mountain or coast which map out a country.

Let the young preacher, therefore, carefully guard his plan against synonyme words which express the same idea, only with a slightly different shade of meaning. He must also be careful in the use of general phrases which may overlap each other. The ideas and expressions we employ, must be independent, yet allied, like the soldiers in an army, whose business it is, not to confuse, but to support each other.

When a text or subject first occurs, its contents come before the mind in a medley. Our business then is to form them into groups or marshal them into a train of thoughts. For this end it is well, if one is able, to think out the whole subject before writing. So Edwards, Fuller, and Bourdaloue used to do. The first of these used to jot down his thoughts as they occurred to him, upon bits of paper, and pin them to his coat, which was sometimes spotted like that of a pard, by the time he had finished. Bourdaloue used to write his thoughts so fully that many of them could not find a place even in his tremendous discourses. Dr. Johnson thought out each paragraph before he set down a line. If the thoughts are distinct, it will usually be easy to arrange them.

For the sake of precision, it is important that the divisions should be few. Two or three leading thoughts will usually suffice for a general outline. The phrase, "Three heads, like a sermon," is proverbial. If many points are introduced there is risk of confusion and complexity, before the discourse is ended. The old Scotch sermons—those of Erskine and Boston, for example—bristle with points "like the quills of the fretful porcupine." They effectually bewilder the mind, and are a terror to the modern reader.

The preacher's object, in unfolding a subject, should be neither to show his depth, nor his sentences, nor his brilliancy. It should be his desire to give freshness to familiar themes. He should strive to so arrange the series of truths he has to deliver that they shall be well put, satisfactorily proved, closely connected, and calculated to produce conviction. No man should aim more earnestly than he, at clearness of thought, and popularity and directness of statement.

The writer once heard a young preacher in New Jersey speak of the blood as "the ebbing and flowing tide that incarnadines the shores of life!" How could such a rarer ever expect to win souls? The French pulpit is familiar with such follies. One preacher, in commemorating the piety of a father, who, in dying, enjoined his family to meet him in Heaven, thus put the case: "He appointed a family reunion in the Divine Pavilions." The same genius, in speaking of the shortness of life, thus tricked out that solemn circumstance: "Can a man cast anchor in life's river?" Already, perhaps, the tree, which sustains his triumphal spoils, is being hewn down." In a plan, more than anywhere else, such fustian is out of place.

One more suggestion. The old preachers found much aid in dividing their sermons by connecting the theme with the three great principles of faith, hope, and charity. These would often afford the orthodox "three heads." Or they would, in a more simple manner, analyze their theme, by 1. Explaining it; 2. Proving it; 3. Applying it. This practical method is never out of place.

## Man of the Unity Association.

We labored a good deal, 1844-45, in the bounds of this Association, lying between Tuscaloosa and Columbus, Miss. Among the efficient men were, William Manning, a strong preacher of most admirable piety, and good acquaintance with the Greek Testament; John H. Taylor, most respectable for his amiable spirit, well thought-out sermons, and pastoral qualifications; Charles Stuart, be-

lieved for his child-like spirit, accomplished character, and amiable disposition; and others, whose names are in the pulpit and in the heart of it, lionized everybody's affection, and who exhaled like a sweet flower, and passed away early, in consumption; T. S. Thomas, a native genius and constitutional wit; Deacon Thos. Williams, a man of physical and moral courage most remarkable, and who carried a sort of military character, sometimes into the house of God. Mr. Thomas was remarkable, in the esteem of the people, for ability to discuss the high questions of election and predestination. On one occasion, however, he got badly "into the brush." Everybody was screwing and twisting on his seat with concern how the preacher would get out of his embarrassment. But he presently said, abruptly: "I know what you are all thinking about. You don't think I can get out of this scrape, but I will show you." And down he sat.

We never leaned, in our youth, upon anybody so confidently, as on the rare good sense and affection of John H. Taylor. It was a beloved son of his, Rev. J. W. Taylor, who graduated in the Howard with such honors, a few years ago; he went to Greenville and took a full course in theology, but soon fell under the influence of that dreaded malady, consumption.

Another noted man, among these brethren, was Rev. M. P. Smith, of Greene county, still living. He has been the pastor of one church, at least, well nigh forty years. We once spent a week with him in a protracted meeting at this church, Benlah. Reaching the place Monday, as the people came out from forenoon services, we felt a strangely elevating spiritual influence as we advanced through them to the house, without knowing the cause. Returning at night, everybody was full of expectation. We, ourselves, ascended the pulpit full of expectation, that so surely as we preached, God would save souls. This expectation continued unabated through the whole week. Our expectations were not disappointed. Men and women fell before the sceptre of the Gospel like grain before the reaper.

When prayers were wanted, the pastor would say: "Has any one the spirit of prayer?" Every time just one brother said he thought he did, and at once we bowed, and the brother led.

The singing was most edifying. We had Mercer's old "Cluster." Its old familiar hymns, nearly all that are singable at all, were used, first and last, set to the old tunes married to them by long use in all Alabama, with immense zest and well-sustained harmony, for we had usually three parts. Seventeen were baptized, and others after.

## Non-affiliate Baptists.

In former times, we remember that the churches in upper Alabama were used to inquire into the cause of non-connection of Baptists moving into the "bonds" of a church. We presume the practice was general. If upon inquiry no good reason could be found for such non-connection, and it was persisted in, the church whence such neglectful Baptist came, was informed of the dereliction of duty on the part of its member. We do not know how far the custom proved wholesome and profitable; but it is certainly a crying evil in these times of ours, carrying letters of credit for years and holding them while resident at the very doors of churches of the same faith and order, until such time as capital can be made out of them, or the party chooses, on any account, to submit himself again to the oversight of his brethren. Ten percent, we apprehend, of nominal Baptists are on the wing or temporarily resident, with these certificates in their pockets. Meanwhile, we have known churches to suffer discredit, on account of the unchristian conduct of these ungoverned Baptists amenable to nobody knows whom. Can nothing be done to correct the evil?

E. B. T.

What most loved brother, Rev. W. C. Cleveland, is preaching mightily to the church in Selma, under promising circumstances.

## Solemn Communion.

The minds of English Baptists are undergoing a change upon this subject. They find that the loose principles of Robert Hall, in reference to communion, are fatal to his property. In various respects, his policy of ignoring baptism as a prerequisite for communion has proved most unfortunate. It has lowered the tone of Baptist sentiment, and produced a spirit of indifference to the distinguishing principles of the denomination. It has affected both the doctrine and the discipline of the church, by breaking the bonds that hold the membership together. It has weak-

ened church government. Hence, as a recent writer testifies, there has started in England a deep undercurrent of feeling among prominent men in our denomination in favor of a return to the early and more consistent practice of strict communion. Although the English move slowly, and the obstacles to a change of policy are great, they are moving. And they are moving back to primitive usages and gospel standards.

## Minister's Sons.

We do not like the way many have of sneering at minister's sons, as if there was reason, from that relation, to expect that they would prove wild and reckless in life. The charge is ungenerous and it is untrue. In our own experience, minister's sons have generally turned out well. We find an illustration, to the same effect, in an Indian journal, which states that Mr. J. C. Marshman, the son of the celebrated Baptist missionary of Serampore, and brother-in-law of the late Sir Henry Havelock, has spent from his own purse at least \$30,000 on the education of the natives of India. A government report asserts that probably no European now alive has given so munificently to the cause of education in the East as Mr. Marshman.

## Lit. Notices.

*Southern Cultivator*, Athens, Ga.: W. L. Jones, Editor and Proprietor: \$2 00 a year.

We welcome this established and excellent Southern magazine, to our table. In the department to which it is devoted nothing can take its place. Its subjects and suggestions are adapted to our climate and soil—a matter to the planter of primary importance. Here, mere theory will not serve our purpose. The *Southern Cultivator* gives us the results of experience and observation at the South. They propose to furnish the *Cultivator* for \$1 50 a year to any subscriber to the ALABAMA BAPTIST. Send us \$4.00 and you will receive both for a year.

## Church Discipline.

In opposing tyranny, we may run into the opposite extreme, which perhaps is worse. It is better to have any sort of government than none. Mr. Beecher's church, in refusing to discipline a contentious member, has put itself in the wrong. A church without discipline has no claims upon the consideration of other churches. It cannot give a letter of fellowship, which any other church of the same faith or order can recognize as having any value whatever.

We have received a letter from a young Alabamian, who is now studying at Greenville, but who desires to supply some church during the ensuing vacation, both for the purpose of being usefully employed, and for the purpose of securing means for pursuing his studies. Our young brother is a man of energy, a good scholar, and an impressive preacher. It would be gratifying to us to open a correspondence between him and some church in our State, destitute of a pastor.

We find the Selma Daily Echo on our editorial table. It is an interesting cheap paper, and is published quite cheaply—at the rate of two dollars for three months. The civility of the proprietors in exchanging their daily for our weekly, claims from us this slight token of recognition.

## Reply to the Christian Index.

The managers of *The Christian Index* close their attempted "vindication," in their issue of the 2d April, with the statement, that "nothing short of the unreserved retraction of the groundless utterances contained in the communication of 'An Alabamian' will satisfy us." (them.) It will be no part of my business, in this writing, to "satisfy" them. I propose to satisfy all unprejudiced men who may read both papers; and when I shall have done this, the *Index* men must dispose of the question of satisfaction as best they can. If, however, my "utterances" shall be shown to be "groundless," I trust that I yet have a heart to render the *amende honorable*; although these gentlemen denounce me as "an embittered spirit," as "an enemy in ambush," as "lacking integrity, after all," and as having "purposely and deliberately perpetrated a great wrong." In their allusion to "groundless utterances," they assume the very thing which they ought to have proven, before their personal charges should be made so strong. Are the statements of "An Alabamian," in the *Western Recorder*, groundless, or are they true? This is precisely the question which the *Index* has placed before its readers; and it is a remarkable fact that they do not attempt to disprove a single specified item of that article. They complain seriously at my remark, that "The managers of religious

newspapers are as much bound to set the gentleman as anybody else," when they knew that I said this under what I styled "a general fact," having no reference to them, unless they are of the number who "assume the right, to insinuate and manage themselves into the territory, which, by courtesy and moral sense, belongs to other and less pretentious sheets."

As regards the questions relating to the correctness of my *Western Recorder* article, I am perfectly willing that the reader shall decide the whole matter, after seeing the facts.

## ARTICLE IN THE WESTERN RECORDER.

Before submitting these facts, I beg the reader's patience to allow a word of explanation in relation to my anonymous article. I confess that I wrote it when my feelings were not smooth. I was not imposed on by any one, nor did I misapprehend the language of the *Index*. I understood that paper.

My mortification at the *Index* commenced, when I read their issue of the 8th of January. It is true, that I was mortified, some time before that, at the nature of a private letter received from them, yet I then cherished no feeling of resentment. But when I read the "Alabama Department" of their paper, for the date indicated, my feelings and judgment were stirred to resentment. I immediately wrote an editorial for the 2d number of the ALABAMA BAPTIST, which was precisely the character of the anonymous article subsequently published in the *Recorder*. This, if necessary, I can prove, for I showed it to a brother minister, and it lies in my table drawer now. Just then I received a letter from Dr. Teague, advising forbearance and silence. I then wrote an editorial, in a milder form, and sent it to Dr. Winkler, for publication. When I was doing this writing, I was constantly expecting that the second number of our paper would make its appearance, but for good reasons it was delayed, and I wrote to Dr. Winkler, suppressing my editorial altogether. I may mention that I also had a note from Bro. Gwin, similar to the one from Bro. Teague.

Meanwhile, the *Western Recorder* discovered that the *Christian Index*, in regard to our Alabama paper, was writing on "both sides," and "blowing both hot and cold," and had the courage to say so. The *Index* went back at the *Recorder*, with severity, and said that the Alabama paper enterprise had had "the warmest wishes" of the *Index*, and that they would "gladly help to advance its interests at all times." This was so foreign from seeming facts—yes, from public facts—in their columns, that I determined to stand silently by no longer. But I was not at all posted as to when our paper would issue; and I then wrote my *Recorder* article. I wrote to the *Recorder* for the reason that I felt, in view of all the circumstances, there was just then no other medium of defense for our infant enterprise. I withheld my name for two reasons: 1st. The *Index* had attacked our paper enterprise from "ambush," and, therefore, I had a perfect right to use the same mode of warfare. 2nd. I had reason to suppose that my associates, in the editorial staff of the ALABAMA BAPTIST, would prefer not to see my name in such a relation, in a paper in another State. The editors of the ALABAMA BAPTIST, except myself, knew no more of who was the writer of the *Recorder* article, than did the editors of the *Index*. I state these things to take the whole responsibility of this affair on my own shoulders. Had I acted on my own views of correct policy, however, I should have put my article in the second number of the ALABAMA BAPTIST as an editorial. But no one is responsible for this anonymous article except myself.

## COURSE OF THE INDEX.

The bringing of it before the Baptists of Georgia and Alabama is the work of the *Christian Index*. The proprietors of that paper got their blood up to the heat of the "code of honor," and demanded or requested the name of the author. I complied with this demand in the following letter:

TALLADEGA, Ala., March 7, 1874.  
MESSRS. JAMES P. HARRISON & Co.—  
Dear Sirs: I am in receipt, from Dr. Caperton, of your demand on the publishers of the *Western Recorder* for the name of the writer of an article recently published in that paper signed "An Alabamian." Allow me to say that I am the author of that article, and am perfectly willing to be held responsible for it. I have never had but one regret about that article, and that is that I did not put my name to it.

As much as I esteemed the *Index* above any other paper then really existing, and its editors above any others known to me, so much deeper was my mortification when I read your issue of the 8th of January, than if the blow had come from any other

quarter. When you sent yourselves to call me to account, I ask that you will first read the "Alabama Department" of your paper for that date, and then as your pen moves, remember that you enter on a game that two can play at. I am, &c.,  
J. J. D. RENTROE.

They had this letter before them nearly twenty days before they attended to it in their columns. I do not know how many councils of war they held in that time; but it is evident that they had time to deliberate, and therefore did not write under the heat of an hour.

In their issue of the 26th of March, they have four editorials, calling attention to their columns of the next week with special reference to this affair. No six by ten political puff-blower or quack doctor, could be expected to make more noise over the wonders which were about to transpire under his auspices than is to be found in their notes of attention in that sheet.

In their issue of the "next week"—April 2nd, their showing is brought before the public, full of assumptions, denials, and defaming charges, made, not against a company or corporation which has no soul, but against me as an individual—as a person.

## THE INDEX AND THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Now, reader, let us look into their paper of the 8th of January—their new year's issue—and see if I, as a friend of the Alabama paper, had any right to complain. And first, what encouragement did they give our enterprise? They say that they have encouraged it, and that it has had their "warmest wishes." I have charged that in their 8th of January number they had a half dozen lines of encouragement which were over-slaughed and countermanded by nearly two columns of discouragement. Here is their word of encouragement: "An Alabama paper was disapproved by many of our Alabama brethren; but now that it has been commenced, we trust it will receive a liberal support."

They then tell us, in another column, that the Greenville (Alabama) *Advocate* has seen the first number of the ALABAMA BAPTIST and announced its editors, and add, "We wish it a prosperous voyage on 'the treacherous sea' of journalism." If the reader can make more than a half-dozen lines out of these half-hearted words of comfort, he has a fine capacity for magnifying. And so far as I have been able to observe, these are their only favorable (?) allusions to our enterprise, from the first, up to the occasion of their spiteful retort on the *Western Recorder*.

Now, what about the two columns of discouragement in the same issue in which this morsel of comfort is found? I complain of a three-fold and deliberate attack on our Alabama paper; and that, too, more than two weeks after our first number was sent forth "on the treacherous sea of journalism!" And, reader, while I submit the facts, bear in mind that they affirm, some half-dozen times in their severe attack on me, that since the Alabama Convention, last November, they "have done nothing to defeat the enterprise." "We did nothing to cast a damper over their efforts." "Bro. Renfro should know that we never did the Alabama paper intentional harm, have been, and are at this moment, as good friends of the enterprise as he."

But now to their three-fold attack on our paper:

## ALABAMA EDITORS.

1. Under the head of "Editorial Accessions," they inform the reader that the Rev. Joseph Shackelford, of Tusculumbia, will "represent the interests of the Baptists of North Alabama, fully, through the columns" of the *Index*; and that they are going to make similar arrangements with a prominent brother in Central, and another in Southern Alabama.

All this announcement of Alabama editors for their paper might not be seriously complained of; but in the same editorial they say "no effort or expense will be spared to make the *Index* and *BAPTIST*, in each and every respect, the complete and perfect organ of the Baptists of Alabama and Georgia." Bear in mind that this declaration is the work of the editors and proprietors of the *Index*, and that, too, when our infant enterprise, "our little sister," as they are now pleased to style it, had gone forth asking for the position "of a Baptist State paper" for Alabama; and these editors knew that it was before the public, for they announce the fact in the same issue of their paper. They knew that a majority of the Associations in the State, who spoke out on the subject, had expressed themselves in favor of starting a paper. They knew that the Alabama delegates to the last Southern Convention had done the same thing. They knew that our State Convention at Tuscaloosa had resolved that the starting of "a Baptist State paper" for Alabama was an

"imperative necessity." They knew that when our Board of Directors issued their trial sheet, they did it by direction of our State Convention. They knew that those who were to procure subscribers for the "little sister" were then at work. And yet, on the 8th of January, in the face of these facts, they proclaim their paper—the *Christian Index*—to be the "complete and perfect organ of Alabama Baptists in each and every respect." And now we are repeatedly told that they have done nothing since our Convention to injure our paper! What was their declaration but an attack on our paper?

We are told by the *Index* that "our Bro. Butler visited Alabama to meet a committee of brethren, and to prevail on them, if possible, to work on this line." Yes; but our Bro. Butler did not "prevail." That "committee" rejected his propositions and refused "to work on that line." Again they say: "Our Bro. Lawton was in attendance on the sessions of the Alabama Convention at Tuscaloosa last November" to consult and submit propositions. Yes; but the Convention rejected these propositions also. Our Convention greatly enjoyed the presence of Brethren Butler and Lawton. The impression they made for themselves was universally good, so far as I know. And the proposition which they submitted was considered very liberal; but our Convention refused "to work on that line." For the first time since the late war, the Convention at Tuscaloosa intentionally failed to recommend the *Index*, and intentionally resolved in favor of starting a State paper. The first number of the said paper was issued. Before our Board of Directors could get out another number, the *Index* seems to have resolved to be "the organ of Alabama Baptists," any how, and marched forth to our subjugation. Did they not buy us? Did not Bro. Toon sell us to them? Is it not an interference with purchased rights and an unending contract that we should dare set up for ourselves? What is Alabama, and what the Alabama Convention, that they should think of being free?—"Disperse, ye rebels!"

2. The second feature of their attack on the ALABAMA BAPTIST is found in the editorial of Dr. Shackelford of that date, where is submitted a half column of argument against our enterprise. I hold the *Index* to account for this, because it is editorial matter, and they published it with a knowledge of the fact that our paper was before the public. I am exceedingly sorry that it has been necessary to make any allusion to Bro. Shackelford in this matter.

## ANONYMOUS ARTICLES.

3. These gentlemen complain at the fact that my *Recorder* article was anonymous. They charge me with being "an enemy in ambush." I have said that they began this business; and this is the third feature of their attack on our infant paper. In their paper of which I complain, they publish two extracts from Alabama letters against our enterprise, one of which contains an argument underwriting the capacity of Alabama to make a paper, and charging our enterprise with being an "effort to cripple it"—the *Index*. And the other says, "We must unite on the *Index*." And these extracts are anonymous, and anonymous, too, at the instance of the *Index*, for they doubtless were private letters. I do not blame the writers of these letters. They are entitled to their opinion, and have a perfect right to give expression to them either public or privately. The *Index* had their names, and yet the extracts are published without the names; and, therefore, the authors are converted, by the *Index*, into bush-whackers. This was before I opened a masked battery. But the proprietors of the *Index* claim to have done nothing to injure our paper; nor can they see that in all this there is any discourteous or unfair treatment of our paper!! It so happened that in these slug-shots from ambush it was not their ox that was being gored.

By the way, is not their severe article of the 22nd of April anonymous? Will any one of them own it? "Our Brother Butler" did not write it; for his articles are signed with the initial "B." "Our Dr. Lawton" did not write it, for his articles are signed with the letter "L." Dr. Shaver did not write it, for I have supposed him incapable of such a production, he does not write for Alabama Department of the *Index*, and the article has but one of two parentheses in it. The Alabama or Tennessee members of the staff-editorial did not write it; I am right certain of that! Who did it? We suppose the answer would be that "James P. H. & Co." wrote it. And who are they? I am certain that the senior and capital member of the firm did not write it, for he is not a member of the church, and would not say "our brother." Did they hold a

solemn assembly and write it by turns? I forbear. Let it remain covered forever. I do not care to know the man who called my integrity in question. I prefer to hold the company responsible. I do not wish to injure the good name of any man, even in defense of my own.

## ONE SIDED LOGIC.

In this same 8th of January issue of their paper, the *Index* men call the editor of the *Florida Baptist* paper to account thus: "By what kind of logic does the good editor claim to be the organ of the denomination of Southern Alabama and Georgia?" In view of all the facts, I would suggest to them the propriety of trying their "logic" by the golden rule. Try the following statement, in the same column of your paper, by that rule. "If (the *Index*) visits weekly all the towns in Georgia, Alabama and Florida, and goes largely into Tennessee, Mississippi and the Carolinas. It is the organ of the Baptist denomination, and has a constituency of upward of 250,000 enlightened, reading, substantial Christian people." "The organ of the Baptist denomination!" "A constituency of 250,000!!" "By what logic" is all of this correct? I am reminded of the old drake who, when the corn was poured out to the fowls, had a singular aptitude of deciding at a glance where it lay thickest. He would sit down on that, spread himself over all that he could cover, and then eat all around among the other fowls, as far as his long neck would reach, and, occasionally, a passing chick would get his head snapped off. After the scattering grains were eaten, being master of the dung-hill, he would deliberately rise, and eat his pile alone. Likely the reader can make the application.

## PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

There is one other feature of the attack of the *Index* on myself that must have a brief notice. These gentlemen have the honor of having violated the virtue of private correspondence. They would have their readers believe that they are in possession of letters from me which will condemn me, and justify them, in this affair. They have no letter which I am not willing to see in print—I did write to these brethren in great freedom. I did express some doubt of the success of our Alabama paper. I did suggest to them to be patient, with the promise that what little influence I possessed should be given to their paper in the event ours should fail. I did suggest to them that I supposed they could find men in the State who would be willing to become connected with their paper. But that in the face of all the facts they would make a deliberate attack on our paper, I never imagined, and the insinuation that they had my endorsement to the policy which they have pursued, is without foundation in fact. They have had no letter from me since I received one from them dated December 27th. This letter I never answered. I do not care to indicate the character of it. I have other letters from them written previously. I am perfectly willing to test this whole question by a comparison of private correspondence. If the *Index* men accept this proposition, let them publish their letters from me in their next issue. As they have attempted to vindicate themselves by that class of documents, I should not object to show how far their letters to me and to others will go toward establishing the complaints which I made in the *Recorder* letter. Yet I am not, with my view of honor, at liberty to use the private letter of an enemy to his injury, much less that of a friend, unless circumstances of vital interest shall demand it. Still I am not afraid of this sort of contest.

It has not been my wish in this article to retaliate the defamatory spirit and language of the *Index*. I have only meant to bring out the facts. I all the time knew that the facts would bear on them with a severity painfully sufficient. I know that I am at a great disadvantage in this matter, for our paper has very few readers in Georgia, and they have turned the mighty influence of their sheet against my name, but the facts will work themselves before the people somehow.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I reaffirm the truth of my *Western Recorder* article as a whole and of every item of it in particular.

In this case I have felt it my duty to lay aside the editorial "we" and write over my own name.

J. J. D. RENTROE.

—Can you tell me why it is, asks a correspondent, that Sunday-schools are so seldom supplied with reference Bibles? I go into Bible classes in various places, and everywhere I see the same lack. The slight additional cost cannot be a sufficient reason, while the assistance furnished by the marginal notes in finding the passages that are sure to be suggested in class, even after the most careful preparations at home, justifies an earnest appeal to buy for Sunday-school use reference Bibles.



the perpetration of so much  
night, and the capture and  
of the guilty parties; and  
point a committee of fifty of  
and most impartial citizens to  
address to the community at  
forth the causes of so much  
their midst, and the surest and



## Alabama Baptist.

MARION, ALA.:

Tuesday, April 14th, 1874.

The Beautiful Gate of the Temple.

THE AUTHOR OF "SCHOENBERG COTTA"

FAMILY, IN GOOD WORDS.

Little familiar gate!

Gate of the house by the way,

Hour for which daily to wait,

Hour at the close of the day.

Head in hand close pressed,

Arm never trusted in vain!

Heart in each other at rest,

Home, all home, again!

Gate through which all must pass,

Gate at the end of the way;

Men call it a Gate of Brass;

A prison gate, they say!

They think it can only divide,

Phylloxera, heavy, and strong;

But we who have looked inside

Know they have named it wrong.

Know it not strong, but weak,

Its bars are shattered and slight;

Mere bars of shadow, that streak

And prove the inner light;

Gate where all bonds shall break,

All severed hearts unite.

III.

Terrible, Beautiful Gate!

Gate of the Temple of God!

Well through the day we may wait,

Till it open for us our abode.

Hands in hands close pressed,

Heart in each other at rest,

In God and each other at rest,

Home, all home, again!

Beautiful Gate of Life!

Gate at the end of the Way

Well worth Day's toil and strife,

For that hour at the close of the Day!

Instructive Reading.

Greatness of Little Things.

A few weeks since, in London, four

Americans were sentenced to penal

servitude for life. Their crime was

forgery upon the Bank of England to

the amount of five hundred thousand

dollars. (The crime was bold; the

plot well laid. The accidental omission

of a date on one of the papers

presented at the bank, caused the

cashier to send it back to the parties

by whom it was drawn, for correction.

They pronounced it a forgery. A

thing so little as the omission of a

date, led to the startling discovery,

the pursuit of the criminals over seas,

the capture and trial, the swift con-

viction, and life-long sentence. But

for this, their plans for escape might

have been successful before the crime

came to light. In five seconds the

mistake might have been rectified. It

will take a lifetime now to undo it.

We find no fault with the sentence.

"The way of the transgressor is hard,"

and ought to be.

Little things are the seeds of great

things. An acorn begets an oak.

Shall we say an acorn is as small as

a thimble? Rather say it is as great

where the pressure was too great, and let some steam escape; now he added more fuel; now he raked out some ashes. And another man with oil touched the machine here and there, where the friction was fiercest.

They did not look at the fire, did not go near it, and yet they were doing their utmost. You might have said they took no interest in it, that they were wanting in feeling; there were plenty of people who made more talk, and lamented for the poor man who was losing his oil, perhaps; but after all, who was doing most?

There is a story running about which applies fairly as a hint, when men ask questions as to that which does not concern them.

"There was a man in (say New Jersey, anywhere) who made a large fortune. Do you know how he made it?"

"No."

"By minding his own business."

"I thought of this at the fire, and from all I took the lesson of which I spoke, in Christian work."

"Blessed is he that shall stand in his lot, in the end of the days."

We want more Christians like those men at the engine, who shall steadily and earnestly do their part and attend to their own business, with no special talk, but a great deal of work.

## The Cross.

Rev. Charles Kingsley, now on a visit to this country, in the first of a volume of sermons just published, has these suggestive words:

Consider but this one argument. It is no new one; it has lain, I believe, unspoken and unstruck, yet most potent and inspiring, in many a mind, in many an age. If there be a God, must he not be the best of all beings? But if he who suffered on Calvary were not God, but a mere creature; then—as I hold—there must have been a creature in the universe better than God himself. Or if he who suffered on Calvary had not the character which is attributed to him—if Christ's love, condescension, self-sacrifice, be a mere imagination, built up by the fancy of man, then has Christendom for 1800 years been fancying for itself a better God than he who really exists.

—The champions of Liberalism have often been, as individuals, eminently irreproachable in their lives. But the substantial truth of the writer's argument is not affected by this fact. Principles which a philosopher can hold in his study with no damage to his personal purity may prove to be poisonous leaven for the daily bread of a community. The multitude have wit enough to see that the same logical hammer that has destroyed the first table of the Law can also shiver the second, if they only have the mind to strike; for if nothing be settled about our duty towards God, it is an easy inference that nothing is settled about our duty towards our neighbor.—Rev. Wm. Reed Huntington.

—The fruit tree has no fineness of form, nor is it valuable as timber; but what it wants in form and timber, it makes up in flower and fruit. Its wood is valueless compared with that of the oak, its form paltry compared with that of the elm, but no tree of the forest can boast of apple-bloom in spring, and the golden and rosy offerings of many an autumn fallen for the worthlessness of the fallen trunk.—Bayne.

—Be careful to make friendship the child and not the father of virtue; for many strongly knit minds are rather good friends than good men; so, although they do not like the evil their friends do, yet they like him who does the evil; and though no counselors of the offence, they yet protect the offender.—Sir Philip Sidney.

## Home and Farm.

MAD ANTS.—Don Francisco Velasquez informed me in 1870 that he had a powder which made the ants mad, so that they bit and destroyed each other. He gave me a little of it, and it proved to be corrosive sublimate. I made several trials of it, and found it most efficacious in turning a large column of ants. A little of it sprinkled across one of their paths in dry weather has a most surprising effect. As soon as one of the ants touches the white powder it commences to run about wildly, and to attack any other ant it comes across. In a couple of hours round balls of ants will be found all biting each other; and numerous individuals will be seen bitten completely in two, whilst others have lost some of their legs or antennae. News of the commotion is carried to the fornicarium, and huge fellows, measuring three-quarters of an inch in length, that only come out of the nest during a migration or an attack on the nest of one of the working columns, are seen stalking down with a determined air, as if they would soon right matters. As soon, however, as they have touched the sublimate all their stateliness leaves them; they rush about; their legs are seized hold of by some of the smaller ants already affected by the poison; and they themselves begin to bite, and in a short time become the centre of fresh balls of rabid ants. The sublimate can only be used effectively in dry weather. At Colon I found the Americans using coal tar, which they spread across their paths when any of them led to their gardens. I was also told that the Indians prevent ants from ascending young trees by tying thick wads of grass, with the sharp points downwards, round the stems. The ants cannot pass through the wick, and do not get out how to surmount it, getting confused among the numerous blades, all leading downwards. I mention these different

plans of meeting and frustrating the attacks of the ants at some length, as they are the greatest scourges of tropical America, and it has been too readily supposed that their attacks cannot be warded off. I myself, enabled, by using some of the means mentioned above, to successfully cultivate trees and vegetables of which the ants were extremely fond. Notwithstanding that these ants are so common throughout tropical America, and have excited the attention of nearly every traveler, there still remains some doubt as to the use to which the leaves are put. Some naturalists have supposed that they use them directly as food; others, that they roof their underground nests with them. I believe that the real use they make of them is as a manure, on which grows a minute species of fungus, on which they feed; that they are in reality mushroom-growers and eaters.—Naturalist in Nicaragua.

average, half a dozen grubs to every yard of the furrows. The other part of this field has been kept under the plow for three years, and there he could hardly find a grub in the up-turned soil. From these facts it is safe to advise growers never to plant strawberries, or any plants which are easily destroyed by grubs, in ground that has not been cultivated for at least two years. Our friend's practice is to plant corn the first year, potatoes the second, and strawberries the third, and thus he loses but few plants from the ravages of the white grub.

When strawberry plants, which have been well established, are found to wilt, it is a sure sign that the grub is at work at the roots. Such plants should be pulled up, and the grub killed, as, travelling straight under a row, a single grub will sometimes kill a large number of plants.

A NON-PATENT FIELD BOX FOR FOWLS.—I have just been making an improved feed box for our fowls, from which they can take feed of any sort without upsetting the dish, fouling the feed or wasting any part of it.

When bits of meat and scraps are placed in a dish where the fowls can reach them, there is usually a rush, so that some of the fowls get hoisted into the receptacle of their feed; and if it is not heavier than one or two fowls, over it will go, and away the food will be scattered. To prevent this unceremonious rough-and-tumble onset for feed, I procured a good nail keg, having a good bottom, and sawed seven holes through the staves of sufficient size to allow a rooster's head to pass in and out freely. The holes are about three inches in length, up and down, two inches wide and of an elliptical form. The lower ends of the holes are about four inches above the bottom of the keg. The sharp edges of the staves are dressed off with a knife, so that the gills or combs of the fowls may not be chafed or bruised. Into this keg we put food of any sort, such as pieces of liver and gizzard, cooked and cut into pieces not larger than a kernel of corn. The fowls then thrust their heads into the holes and take their feed quietly. The place where grain is fed consists of a half barrel tub, placed on one end, with holes through the staves, six inches apart. The lower edges of the holes are four inches from the bottom. Within the tub a keg is placed, after both heads are taken out. Grain is put in the keg. About two inches of every other stave is cut away at the bottom, so that the grain can run out into the barrel as fast and no faster than the fowls eat it. This device is not patented.—Agriculturist, in New York Herald.

CURE THAT FOUNDER.—In July of 1847 I had a journey of over 90 miles to make, between Friday morning and Sunday at 10 o'clock. The sun shone clear and the heat was intense during the day on Friday, and for several hours towards evening the road was sandy. On presenting my letter of introduction, my custom of seeing my horse cared for was overruled, and he was committed to the charge of two boys. Result: On going to the stable at 10 o'clock I found him in terrible agony. No remedies seemed to avail; and at night he was turned out to die. In the morning I had the worst foundered horse I ever saw. I put him on the road at 9 o'clock, and drove five miles in three hours. At one o'clock, thermometer at 100 degrees, found me again moving, and at two the rail was falling rapidly, and continued without abatement until six, at which time my horse was traveling as free and easy as he ever had done. The next morning, after sleeping on a thick bed of straw, and under a light blanket, he was perfectly limber and ever remained so. Some years later one of a very fine team was foundered in a similar way, but there being no rain in which to drive, as a substitute I wound rage around his forelegs from the body to the feet, and poured water in at top two or three times for a half hour each, and no symptom of founder was thereafter seen. Either of the above will cure a fresh founder, and perhaps an old one, if followed thoroughly.—A. E. Doty, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

SMUT IN WHEAT.—What is known as "smut" in wheat is one of the many known species of microscopic fungi, or minute parasitic plants, which attack the grain while growing. The affected grains usually appear to be very plump, and even of a brighter green than the others, but when mature, if broken open, the farinaceous interior will be found replaced by a minute black dust known among farmers as smut. This black dust constitutes the spores or what would be seeds in a higher order of plants. Smut is therefore diseased wheat attacked by a parasitic plant, and anything which will keep the wheat healthy and vigorous will in a great measure ward off the disease. For thousands of years it has been the practice in some European countries to sprinkle seed wheat or soak in brine for a few hours before sowing, not only to destroy the vitality of the smut spores which may be attached to the grain, but also to assist growth. Besides soaking in brine, it is well to roll in plaster in order to dry off and aid in scattering. The plaster, as is well known, will act as a fertilizer. In some localities and seasons, smut will be abundant, no matter how many preventives are used. But it is always safe, besides having clean seed and well prepared land, to use brine and plaster, as above directed.

—To successfully remove cedars or other evergreens from the woods and fields, and make them live, requires considerable care. Select the smallest specimens, say those not more than two feet high, and if half this size all the better; dig up carefully in spring; wrap the roots immediately in old damp cloth, or put them in moss; then carry them to the

place where they are to be planted. Set them out carefully, packing the soil firmly about the roots; water them, if the ground be dry, and then put branches or other trunks, or something of the kind over them to shade them from the sun. Keep the trees partially shaded for at least a month, watering occasionally unless there should be an abundance of rain.

PRESERVING CUT FLOWERS.—A correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle* relates how successful he was in keeping fresh flowers for a long time: "About six weeks ago, when flowers were not so plentiful as they are now, my wife had some choice greenhouse flowers, which she was anxious to preserve, and she adopted the following plan, which proved to be a great success: She arranged them in a vase with a little water, and placed them under a glass shade; after an absence from home of eight days, she was delighted to find them as fresh and beautiful as when she left them. By this method, the beauty of the flower is preserved for a very long time."

—Whilst it is difficult to manage a farm exactly like a garden, the nearer the approach to the latter, if sound judgment is used, the better. A little ground very rich and well tilled, will pay better than a big field, poor, crusty and infested with grass and weeds.

## Humor.

## The Milliner.

Jane Jenkins was a milliner, A spinster tall and slim, Who plumed herself on pluming hats With plumes and feathers trim.

Her little store was o'er a store; She kept the latest styles; Her bonnets all were wreath'd with flowers, Her face was wreath'd in smiles.

An old "foundation" she would take, Then all her art would bring To re-construct a "perfect love," A gem," "splendid thing."

How deftly she would tie a tie, Though she was often tired; The ladies all cried out "Oh, P!" When they saw her work admired.

But ah! she mourned her single lot; She felt she was unsought; A cypher; yet she sighed for one Who would not count her naught.

—Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in Boston, walked a tall, muscular looking, raw-boned man, evidently a fresh comer from some back town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know; what can you do?"

"Do!" said the man, "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything. What do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man, it would be one that could lift well—a strong, wiry fellow; one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the store and never lay it down."

"There, now, captain," said our countryman, "that's just me. What will you give a man that can suit you?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant, "if you will shoulder that sack of coffee and never lay it down, I will hire you for a year at \$100 per month."

"Done," said the stranger; and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and was waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who, walking to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, as it was not extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store, went quietly to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and hanging the sack upon it, turned to the merchant and said:

"There, now; it may hang there till Doomsday; I shan't never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and one hundred dollars a month, and it's all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh, but it was out of the other side of their mouths; and the merchant, discomfited, yet satisfied, kept to his agreement, and to-day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and worth half a million dollars.

ORGANIZING.—During the Dorr war in Rhode Island, a bill was brought in to "organize the army." This roused from sleep an old man in one corner who represented a town in the western part of the State. "Mr. Speaker," says he, "I tell you I am decidedly opposed to organizing the army, as you call it. Our forefathers fit through the revolution with nothing but a drum and fife, and came off first best, too! I go again organs."

"They'll be dreadful undandy things in battle, now I tell you!" This was irresistible, and old "Aunt Rhody's army" remains unorganized to this day.

—The *Saturday Review* says: "Done into plain prose, Rousseau becomes not only an exceedingly contemptible, but really a very common-place humbug. There have always been plenty of Rousseaus in the world. He was a lazy, selfish, dirty, lying, canting, ill-conditioned vagabond, who shirked honest work, accepted alms and snarled at the hands that fed him, and whined and raved against the world because he was himself such a nasty and ignoble creature."

—The heart not only knows its own bitterness, but is far more intimately acquainted with it than the well-intentioned persons who, by their kindly endeavors to solace the woes of their friends, often add a double pungency to the pang that excites their compassion.—*Full Moon Gazette*.

Said Lord John Russell to Home, at a social dinner, "What do you consider the object of legislation?"

"The greatest good to the greatest number." "What do you consider the greatest number?" continued his lordship. "Number one, my lord," was the commoner's prompt reply.

—Sir G. Jessel, the master of the rolls, delivered a judgment lately in London, which is prefaced with this remarkable utterance: "I do not feel myself any doubt about this; but as I very seldom feel any doubt about anything, that doesn't go for much."

—A Connecticut love-lorn swain, much given to serenading his Dulcinea with "I'm lonely to-night, love, without thee," was interrupted by dogs the other evening, who effectually dispelled his loneliness during a two mile race.

—The best description of weakness we have ever heard, is contained in the wag's query to his wife, when she gave him some thin chicken broth, if she would not try and coax that chicken to wade through that soup just once more.

—Charles Lamb, when speaking of one of his horseback rides, remarked that all at once his horse stopped, but he kept right on. Of course, if he kept right on he went right off.

—Among the literary treasures said to have been left by Mr. Sumner, is the Bible of John Bunyan, with the autograph of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* written in it.

Professional Incomes of New York Lawyers.

Among those who reap a handsome harvest out of the recent panic, the legal fraternity stands pre-eminent. An immense increase of litigation has been its inevitable result. Every merchant, banker, or broker, who was in trouble, was obliged to retain a lawyer, and in many instances, more than one. For instance, the Grinnell bankruptcy case, when it first appeared before Judge Blatchford, brought six well-paid lawyers into court. The fees required by these men on such an occasion, would not be less than \$10,000, and the cost of the entire Grinnell suit will probably equal five times that sum. This may seem like a large estimate, but it is to be remembered that the securities which this house held were \$12,000,000, and the amount at stake always has a bearing on the legal charges. Our best lawyers value their time at from \$40 to \$50 per hour, which is a reasonable charge. By a consultation with one of these men you can, in an hour, obtain an opinion which is worth fifty times the amount of the fee. If, however, the case be one where a half a million is at stake, then, instead of a mere fifty, you will be expected to advance a retainer fee of \$500, or perhaps, \$1,000. This prevents any one from securing the services of the lawyer thus retained. If a lawyer, even after receiving such a fee, should win the case, he will expect from \$10,000 to \$15,000 additional. Our great lawyers demand pay commensurate with their reputation, and hence some of them can boast a practice worth \$50,000 a year. O'Connor, previous to his retirement, made annually, it is said, nearly four times that sum. Indeed, he was probably paid \$200,000 for his services in the *Jumel* case. He is now worth more than a million, all of which he has made by his own genius and industry.—*New York Correspondent* *Troy Times*.

—Will you say that there are no real stars, because you sometimes see meteors fall, which for a time appeared to be stars? Will you say that blossoms never produce fruit, because many of them fall off, and some fruit which appeared sound is rotten at the core? Equally absurd is it to say there is no real religion, because many who profess it fall away, or prove to be hypocrites in heart.—*Payson*.

—We mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes.—*Alcott*.

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