

The Alabama Baptist.

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Alabama Baptist.

MARION, ALA.

Tuesday, November 17th, 1874.

Communications.

We publish the following by request:

Woman of the South.

Noble women! much neglected,
Few to speak of sing their praise!
Bards are sleeping, Muses slumbering,
When the world demands their lays.
Sweetest of deities,
Shed your rays in silence hang.

Lo, I am a land like Eden,
Full of beauty, fruits and flowers;
Prosperous, peaceful, pure and poetic,
This bright sunny land was ours.
Now, 'tis a waste,
And its golden fields dim'd.

When this mighty change came over us,
Like a blue sky thunder-blast,
Like the falling of a planet
Like a ship shorn of her mast—
Then we wailed:
Woman's love, and trust, and faith.

Men repined, and mourned, and marmour'd.
Fought their living many ways;
Any way to keep from tolling,
Every way for shade and ease.
Yet, the women,
Droop'd a tear, and went to work.

Mothers, let one poor heart bless you,
Though contempt on me be heaped;
Harken, ye who rock the cradle,
She who rocks this, rocks the world.

Yes, we'll bless you,
And a mother's name cushion.
Faithful wife, who at the altar,
Pledged thyself to him thou chosest;
Who will dare say thou hast waver'd,
Mid misfortune, trials, and woes?
These have struggled,
When thy husband's courage fail'd.

Precious sister, thou art worthy,
Of a brother's fondest care;
Brushing, sweeping, washing, ironing,
Then, the common lot, dost share.
Weeping, smiling,
What, for him so hard for thee?

Trusted lover—ah, how wondrous!
Caustic thou give thyself for naught?
Naught but him—whose life of labor,
Thou would'st share in love unbought.
Trust heroine,
Thou would'st dare what frightens men.

Hail, ye high-born maidens and matrons,
Hail, ye saintly, hopeful band;
God, and nature, truth, and justice,
Shall restore your Eden-land.
Then rejoicing,
Ye may shout a jubilee!

W. WILKES.

"Let the Children of Israel go Forward."

The following letter has been received by the Secretary of the Home Mission Board, from a prominent minister in a neighboring State, which we publish with pleasure:

"Enclosed find \$23.00 the amount promised you by the church at —, while you were at the — association. I am glad to hear of you in the field, again, rejoicing in our strength and doing valiantly for our Master, but how exceedingly I regret to notice the divisions, dissensions, and suspicions manifested by some who are wise only in their own conceit. Confidence is shaken, yet no one has felt the blow—suspicion is aroused, yet no one can assign a reason, and doubt has been excited, but no one can find ground for fear. It is simply the croaking of restless spirits—of spirits, more anxious to rule than to serve—whose only capacity is to do as they are bid, but whose only ambition is to do as they choose. May God work with them and glorify himself in their vain (but unwilling) endeavors to thwart his purpose of grace to the heathen at home and abroad.

Every providence and promise, every new achievement in science and government, every new burst of zeal and every pulsing energy of faith and love—all, all seem propitious for the evangelization of the world—except men, vain, proud creature—self-glorious and "all concentrated in self." Will he never learn wisdom?

The failures of the past mock us and yet our pride is unbroken. The day is so far spent, the world is getting so old and yet how little has been done. May God save us from defeat at the hands of our enemies, and shield us from wounds in the house of our friends. Oh how I long to see order and harmony at home, and realize the grand triumphs of the Redeemer's kingdom."

A Great Opportunity.

The Baptists of Baltimore propose to give, by the 15th of April next, seven thousand dollars for the missionary residence at Canton, China, which is greatly needed; provided that three thousand dollars shall be elsewhere raised to make the ten thousand dollars required for the lot

and building. Are there not six grand souls among our people who will give five hundred dollars each and complete this great work? At least, will not every Baptist in the land feel that he or she should be interested in accomplishing this enterprise, which will send such joy to the hearts of our missionaries at Canton, and give a new impulse to our work in China? CAN THE DENOMINATION AFFORD TO LOSE THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY?

H. A. TUTTLE.

Cor. Sec'y F. M. B.

Richmond, Virginia.

An Untimely Thought.

BY T. B. ALDRIDGE.

I wonder what day of the week—
I wonder what month of the year—
Will it be midnight or morning—
And who will bend over my bier?

What a hideous fancy to come
As I wait at the foot of the stair,
While Eleanor gives the last touch
To her robe, or the rose in her hair!

Do I like your new dress—pompador?
And do I like you? On my life,
Are you eighteen, and not a day more,
And haven't been six years my wife!

Those two way boys in the crib
Up stairs are not ours to be sure—
You are just a sweet bride in her bloom,
And sunshine, and snow, and pure!

As the carriage rolls down the dark street,
The little wife laughs and makes cheer—
But—
I wonder what day of the year!

—Atlantic Monthly.

Reclaiming Backsliders.

Backsliding members are usually treated in a way that results in more harm than benefit. Neglectors of covenant obligations are rather likely to be let alone unless somebody gets offended at them, and discipline administered in anger is worse than wasted. If you are animated by passion in punishing a child, or even an irrational animal, you may engender fear, or hate, or wrath, but you will not rectify the evil that needs to be remedied. The boy's heart will fill with cursing, and the cow's hoof with kicking, but no wrong will be righted. It is love that edifieth. It is considerate and gentle treatment which must be relied upon mainly to subdue and renovate a depraved nature. Said a young girl to me: "I know that I do wrong many, many times. I would give almost anything for motherly advice, and a few encouraging words, but there is no one to go to. If I stumble, they are all ready to push me on further into the wrong; but there is not one to help me rise. Instead, they will give me a scathing lecture, only to madden my wounded feelings and make me worse than ever."

But I remember another young girl—a member of the school I was teaching. She was bright enough to learn her lessons in a quarter of the time required by her mates, and so had abundance of leisure. She was prone to mischief, and was very ely in perpetrating it. She was the consummate plague of the school. Two or three years afterwards I revisited the place, and among those who greeted me on Sabbath morning, in the vestibule of one of the churches, was that incarnate annoyance, Mary G. She remarked: "I hope, Mr. M., I am a better girl than I used to be when you were here." In the most cordial manner I replied: "Why, I guess you used to be a pretty good girl, didn't you?" She burst into tears.

"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one." Don't avoid him; don't reproach him; don't file charges against him; there is only one thing to be thought of—reclaim him, get him right again. Set your heart upon that, and direct your efforts toward it—discreetly, considerately, tenderly, and the erring one will be reclaimed. Perhaps not, but undoubtedly he may. In becoming acquainted with a former parish, I learned that one member of the church had not attended public worship for over twenty years; his pastor had offended him, and he allowed his children to grow up outside of religious influences. I learned that two other members had scarcely visited the Lord's house for thirteen years; a habit of neglect seemed to have taken over them almost imperceptibly. Another had omitted some of the conspicuous duties of a church-member for seven or eight years; a majority of his brethren had been too cool in their opposition to slavery. Here were notable instances in which the covenant of the church was continuously violated; but no discipline was undertaken. An unhappy case, which had formerly occupied the church during seven or eight years, and had threatened to make a wreck of the institution, discouraged further engagement in that line. But there had also been an omission of the informal and more genial kind of effort to recall the wanderers. "If a man be overtaken in a fault, . . . restore such an one." It was obvious that no one of the brethren had read this admonition for nearly a quarter of a century.

I addressed a note to the aged member who had been longest away, requesting him to call upon me. I mentioned that his relations with the church did not seem as orderly and

pleasant as would seem desirable, and that I was desirous of having the disorder adjusted. He called upon me, acknowledged his grave fault, wept over it, knelt with me in prayer, and signified that the wrong should be set right, so far as he could do it.

The other unapproved members were approached in the same friendly and considerate way, and the effort was crowned with the happiest success. All of them resumed their right relation to the church, and walked in all its ordinances blameless.

Anything more useless or more hurtful than the way in which brethren sometimes attempt to "discipline" each other is not easy to conceive of. —Rev. W. H. Munson, in Working Church.

Specimen Voters in Louisiana.

The next voter whom I encountered was a man who seemed to have hardly sense enough to keep out of the fire. Meeting him on the road, I asked him some commonplace questions.

"Dunno, sah," was the answer with an imbecile smile.

"Well, uncle, have you registered?"

"Yes, sah; got my paper." Complacent giggle.

"Going to vote?"

"Yes, sah." Another giggle.

"For whom will you vote?"

"Dunno, sah." Unprovoked horse laugh.

Men of this grade of intelligence are given tickets by such men as Clay, and are marched to the polls in herds. I next met a Republican candidate for sheriff, who also is a colored man. Formerly a barber, he is now a politician and sportsman. As he is as deaf as a post, conversation with him was rather trying to my lungs.

Not to burden this letter with more dialogue, I may say that he expressed himself rather better than either of the others with whom I talked, and when he was at a loss for a word, manufactured one to order. He was inclined to think he could read and write, but had some doubt on the subject. Last year he was a Democrat, but as "they hadn't done as much for him as they ought," he had concluded to try "the other party," and had received their nomination for Sheriff. Other officers are to be elected next week, but he was not quite sure what they are. His report as to the relations of the races was that they are getting along very well together, and he was free to say that he did not anticipate any trouble whatever from the white folks; on the contrary, he believed they were disposed to have a fair and free election.

While in Mr. Bell's store I met a smart-looking young negro named Williams who was reluctant to talk politics in the presence of the proprietor. Afterward he came around to see me, and remarking that he had heard I was from New York inquired whether I knew Capt. Underhill of the 160th New York Volunteers, with whom he said he had served during the war. He then began to tell me about the politics of the parish. "I'm a Radical to the backbone," said he, "No use talkin' 'em 'bout unwell I die. The Democrats ain't 'artin' us any, but they keep a grumblin'." We're mighty quiet, but we know what we're about. Let de music sound and we come right into line. We'll fetch 'em when it comes to votin'." Never um mind 'bout us." I asked him whether there were any white Republicans in Assumption. "Well, no sah," was the reply, "none but de low down fellows like us, and dar's mighty few of 'em." He had no fear of intimidation or a war of races, and expected that the Republicans would carry the parish by a big majority. I have talked with other colored voters in the parish, but I found none more intelligent than those to whom I have referred.

The negroes on the plantations seem to be of a different order of beings from those in the cities. Their ignorance is lamentable, and there seems to be no hope for their enlightenment under the present regime. What they need as much as anything else is more frequent and less restrained intercourse with people of intelligence and education. But this cannot be secured until their distrust of the whites is dissipated, and that cannot be done until the whites have an opportunity of showing them that they have the interests of the colored race at heart, and that if intrusted with government they will administer it so that political rights shall be denied to none but secured to all, while the burdens upon all classes of citizens will be lightened and the welfare of all promoted. —Tribune.

Power of Conscience.

A German preacher relates the following: After I had been preaching some time in a certain city, I was visited by a man, a total stranger, who asked to see a letter which I had received concerning him, and which, as he supposed, must contain something very much to his injury. I was surprised at the earnestness he manifested, and answered calmly that it would be a sin against all the principles of good society to show a private letter which might have been sent me for the highest welfare of some immortal soul. He answered angrily, "Sir, I wish to see the letter. You have no

right to refuse my request; for I have been slandered."

"Do you certainly know that I have received a letter concerning you?"

"Do I know it? Of course, I infer it from the manner in which you pointed me out in your last sermon."

"Don't speak so decidedly. Undoubtedly you have often made mistakes in your life-time. Perhaps you are mistaken again."

"No, no. That is impossible. You described the sin of which I am guilty too clearly, and besides, I noticed how you looked at me, and so pointed me out to the entire congregation, saying at the same time, 'Sinner, be sure your sin will find you out.' I expect, therefore, that, like an honest man, you will show me the letter, that I may see the accusation and defend myself against it."

"But I do not know your name, even. I do not remember that I have ever seen you. I cannot show you any letter, nor am I aware that I have ever received a letter concerning you. You will have to tell me what the sin you refer to is."

At length he told me plainly what he referred to, upon which I looked him firmly in the eye and said, with great seriousness, "Can you look me steadily in the face, as you will look the Judge of all men in the face on the last day and affirm in his presence that you are not guilty?"

Conscience on the one hand and passion on the other contended for the victory. At length he raised himself up, and standing erect, in a defiant attitude, he said, "Who gave you the right to question me? I have no need of a father-confessor. And even if I had committed a fault, no man would have the right to call me to account in public as you have done."

I now assumed a still milder tone, and said, "Do you know that the words I uttered, 'Be sure your sin will find you out,' are in the Bible?"

"Perhaps so."

"Certainly they are; and 'He who made the eye, shall he not see? He who made the ear, shall he not hear?' And can it be a hard thing for him to bring men's sins into the light? Now I will tell you honestly, I have never received a letter, nor any information concerning you. But your sin has found you out. That is the effect of preaching the word of God. O, my friend, examine seriously your whole life. Who knows but this incident may be the means of your salvation? Be sure that you have saved your soul from destruction."

He looked down and folded his hands, and said, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, "This is a new experience to me. I thank you for your kindness. Yes, I am guilty, and I hope this interview will conduce to my highest welfare." —Translated from the German.

Mr. Murray Resigns.

Mr. Murray has resigned his position as pastor of Park street church, Boston. His resignation carries with it a significant lesson. He preaches in the oldest Orthodox church in Boston. It was the first church that was joined to the Old South after the Unitarian defection. For over half a century it has been the great citadel of Puritanism. Dr. Griffin, the first pastor, held up the ancient faith with such rigor and eloquence that the Liberals called Park street church "Brimstone Corner." The house is large, furnishing comfortable sittings for about 1,200. From the days of Griffin to the days of Dr. Stone, the predecessor of Mr. Murray, the church has been a sort of elephant on the hands of the society. The congregation, strong and influential, has never been large. The pulpit, filled by Dwight, Beecher, Lindsey, never filled the house. Mr. Murray came, a young man from a country parish in Connecticut. The congregation were very small, and negotiations were in progress to unite it with an up-town church. Almost at a bound the young pastor took a front place among the city preachers. His congregation became steadily large, and externally was one of the most prosperous in Boston. Had Mr. Murray's heart been in his work—he had been willing to look after his prayer-meeting, Sunday school and pastoral duties—he would no doubt have become a great power in the City of the Puritans.

But he wished to be a preacher, and nothing more. His weeks were given up to literary culture and muscular sports. In the Seminary he was constantly in trouble with the Professors from his passionate love of boating, skating, gunning and fishing. His disagreement was so marked that his license was at once taken away. The Park street people have not been satisfied with his horse-farm at Guilford, with his riding of fast steeds at country fairs, with the style of his lectures, and his neglect of pastoral work. The Park street property is valued at \$40,000. This Mr. Murray wishes sold, and a large Tabernacle built on the Talmage style. He wants a colleague to take up the duties he avoids. The church refuse to accede to these requests, so the pastor has resigned. The ministry is the noblest of professions, if a man's heart is in it. If otherwise, it is the most irksome and galling of professions. No talent, no genius, no popularity, can sustain a man in the pastoral office who ignores the work, the congregation and the sacrifices the profession demands. There is no law

or canon in the Congregational Church against the things Mr. Murray loves; but custom forbids them, and custom is stronger than law and canon.

Grace.

Let us consider briefly what Jesus has done for this wretched little world. Before he came I suppose it had reference to favors among men, or in a technical sense referred to the adornment of art or the attractiveness of person. But what means this word now? Almost exclusively the unmerited favor of God towards sinful men, and in this sublime meaning is lifted from earth to heaven. It is no longer grapes amid the darkness of a fallen world, but shines among the brightest stars in this glorious constellation. It was through grace that Christ came, through grace that we are "in everything enriched by him." It is through grace that "grace" itself means what it does. It is its own best interpreter; the medium of pardon and life without price or merit, "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." This is grace. It is no longer a sluggish stream winding its way along the earth, but is a high and holy well-spring of perpetual mercies and benefactions, and flows incessantly from the eternal throne, bringing the water of life to earth's perishing millions. Surely,

"Grace is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear."

Again, the technical meaning of grace is greatly enriched. Instead of referring to the decorations of art or beauties of person, it means symmetry of character and adornment of the heart. It signifies the beautifying of the soul through the transforming power of Jesus and his spirit; or as the disciple John beautifully expresses it in the first chapter of his gospel, "Of his fullness have all we received, and grace for grace;" that is, the soul is beautified by its contact with the Son of God, so that the "graces" of his lovely character are reproduced in the believer. Thus the ideas of "grace" are elevated and enlarged, and the word itself is "enriched."

Two persons, a Materialistic lecturer and a city missionary, recently met before a first-class audience to discuss the question of Responsibility. The Materialist philosopher went in first, and showed that the only basis of the notion of judgment to come for deeds done in the body was inconsistent with any notion that can be formed of judicial righteousness. The first principle of justice is not to punish one person for the fault of another. But, said the lecturer, science has proved beyond doubt that at the end of a few years not a particle in my body or brain remains; every atom has passed away, and the new matter forms a new man, who cannot be held accountable for the conduct of another. The audience seemed as enchanted as that at Belfast. Then arose the city missionary, whose words must have been lively, and said:—"Ladies and gentlemen! It is a matter of regret to me that I have to engage in a discussion with a man of questionable character, with one, in fact, who is living with a woman to whom he is not married." Up rose in wrath, again, the Materialist. "Sir, this is shameful, and I repudiate your insolent attack on my character. I defy you to substantiate your charge. I was married to my wife twenty years ago, and we have lived happily together ever since. This is a mere attempt at evading the force of my argument." "On the contrary," replied the city missionary, "I reaffirm my charge. You were never married to the person with whom you are living. Twenty years ago, two other people may have gone to church, bearing your names, but there is not one atom in your bodies remaining of those which were then married. It follows inevitably that you are living in concubinage, unless you will admit that you are the same man who was married twenty years since." The philosopher was compelled, amidst great cheering, to allow that, somehow or other, credit and discredit for past actions must be granted even by Materialists. So that, perhaps, there is some foundation for Mr. Bagepole's statement in last week's Spectator, that the people who fancy they have escaped from a moral government because they have discovered that nature is the mother of us all, are reckoning on impunity without reason.

Blackwood tells how a certain

Dean got ordination and a fat benefice; Disabled at Waterloo, he came to his crony the Prince Regent for help. "I can't do anything for you in the Army" (said the Prince, who, we know, used to find out after dinner that he, too, had been at Waterloo); "but get ordained, and I can put you into something down in the Duchy." Perhaps London was empty just then; anyhow, it was a Bishop from the sister Isle who was applied to in the terse style of H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief: "Dear Cork, please ordain Stanhope—Yours, York." To which, in due time, was received an equally terse reply: "Dear York, Stanhope is ordained.—Yours, Conn." So the honorable and revered became Dean of Bunyan of course without the least intention of ever living near it.

Such a "Church" ought to be both

dead and buried, if it cannot be converted.

Idle Daughters.—"It is," says Mrs. Ellis, "a most painful spectacle in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy work, and their reading; beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but, as a necessary consequence of a neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are."

"These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion, (for who can believe it real?) that poor, dear mamma is working herself to death. Yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element; in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half as much to do."

Seed Corn.

—Slow as we are to worship God in any way, prayer is ever a more ready offering than praise. Is there not often in the heart a secret feeling that the offering of thanks is a waste of time—that there is nothing to be gained by it? So prone is Mammon to put forth his claims even in our spiritual concerns. —Hare.

—Mr. Ruskin recently addressed some words of advice to art students. "There is," he said, "one test by which you can all determine the rate of your real progress. Examine, after every period of renewed industry, how far you have enlarged your faculty of admiration. Consider how much more you can see to reverence in the work of masters, and how much more to love in the work of nature. This is the only constant and infallible test of progress—that you wonder more at the work of great men, and that you care more for natural objects."

A financial panic does not mean that no one has any money. There is plenty of money in the country, and those who hoard it are just the ones to be eager for the "bargains" which a fall in prices holds out. But to buy they must know where to buy, and the merchant who tells them will receive their cash. —N. Y. Times.

—Horse racing does detract very materially from true agricultural interests, and has a demoralizing effect upon the minds of the youth, the middle-aged, and even the old in any community, and often proves to be a stepping-stone to a downward tendency of many of our young men.

—The pantheist sees God only through all; the mystic acknowledges Him only in you all. To see Him above all, through all, and in you all, as sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, the true and living God, united to his manifestation in his works and his operation in our hearts by the indwelling of his Spirit, this is a hard matter to feel in all its fullness. —Hare.

—Personal religion suffers when restless outer work at this or that leaves no room for inward growth and development. A church has a discouraging future before her when she is so engaged in these same restless outer work as to leave no room for, and give no honor to, the learning that will be her defence in the hour of trial, and the slowly developed wisdom that has thought out in solitude and silence the answers to the questions she must answer or be dumb.

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.—This is determined, says Hopkins, by a principle that gives unity to the universe. The principle is that those forces and forms of being, and faculties and products, are lower, which are a condition for others that are conditioned upon them. Thus gravitation is a condition of cohesion, cohesion of chemical affinity, and these, with matter, are a condition of vegetable life. Vegetable life, again, is a condition of animal life, and animal life is a condition of rational life. Each higher force, while conditioned upon, controls the lower for its own ends. So in man, anatomy is conditional for physiology, the digestive system for the circulatory, the circulatory for the respiratory, the respiratory for the secretory, the secretory for the absorbent, the absorbent for the osseous, the osseous for the muscular, and the muscular for the nervous system. Through the nervous system the body serves the mind.

—A farmer took his wife to a grand concert, and, after listening with apparent enjoyment, the pair became suddenly interested in one of the grand choruses. "All we like sheep have gone astray." First, a sharp soprano voice exclaimed: "All we like sheep—"

NEW STYLE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.—Faithful is the man who will willingly take on dire indignation for the sake of his creed. The Catholic pastor of a Swiss parish owning the strongest Ultramontane views was one among the first to surrender to the authorities the civil register in his keeping. Then he disappeared and people thought him dead. However, he was not dead but ill, and very ill too, and from this cause: After giving up the register he suddenly remembered that there was a large supply of concentrated wafers, which, if an unbelieving Old Catholic were to take his place, would be desecrated. The thought of this misfortune the good man couldn't endure for an instant. Straightway and quietly went he into the church and swallowed the entire stock of wafers—an act of devotion which would seem to deserve a less painful reward than that same indignation which followed.

The following incident is related of the recent fire at Fall River: It is said that a little fellow, scarcely a dozen years old, jumped from one of the upper windows to the ground, and when the spectators rushed forward to pick up the mangled body they were astonished to see him spring to his feet apparently uninjured, and start on a run for his home. Bursting into the house in breathless haste, he shouted to his mother, "The mill is all on fire!" and then he suddenly dropped to the floor lifeless, the fearful sixty-foot jump having resulted in fatal internal injuries which the excitement of the moment prevented his feeling.

—Dr. Bright, estimates that for the present the average amount of endowment absolutely needed for a first class Baptist academy, is \$50,000; college, \$450,000; theological seminary, \$300,000. These sums are for endowment simply, and do not include grounds, buildings, library, apparatus, etc. These seem to be large sums. They are really very small compared with endowments at Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Union Seminary, and other institutions of the first rank.

—The commission of engineers to report on an improved plan of an outlet at the mouth of the Mississippi, have left for Europe, and will visit the Po, Danube and Rhine in order to personally inspect those rivers, and to obtain such information as may be applicable to the Mississippi.

—Whittingham, Vt., is excited over a fresh outbreak of "spiritual manifestations." The windows of the Rev. N. D. Sherman's residence are mysteriously covered with etchings of a strange variety, in which believers see the portraits of dead friends. The windows in the house of his son-in-law, near by, are also being covered, and great numbers of people flock to see the phenomena.

—This is the way the people who live on the coast of Maine describe their weather:

Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
From January up to May,
The rain it raineth every day.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Without a blessed gleam of sun;
And if any of them had two and thirty
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

—There is a large establishment at Kehl, opposite Strasburg, on the Rhine, where artificial wine is made into which a grape never enters. In the valley of the Rhine and the Palatinate there are hundreds of similar manufactories where this imitation wine is made. The Rhenish and Alsatian wine-growers intend to urge the German Reichstag to pass a stringent law against the adulteration and falsification of wines.

—Mrs. Swisshelm has invented a new undergarment for women. When she puts it on she is covered from the wrists to the neck and ankles, and has no useless drapery. But she says, she will never consent to call it a "chemise." That name suggests horrible sounds near lonely lakes. She proposes that it shall be named a "chem," or, if that is too short, a "chemin." Those who have seen it wonder how she gets in; but she does this easily.

—A Gilbertown (Iowa) man, while digging a well, recently came to a broad, flat stone, twenty-two feet below the surface, under which was found a sarcophagus containing the skull, vertebrae and charred ribs of a man, an iron circlet or crown, a bronze dagger and battle-axe, several finger rings, a peculiar instrument of music and a panel of wood, much worm-eaten, on which was partially engraved and partially stained a nude figure bound to a tree.

—Several of the old puritanic laws remain un repealed on the Connecticut statute books, and if anybody takes a ride on Sunday, except for charity or necessity, he is liable to a fine of from \$1 to \$4, while the man who lets a team may be forced to pay a fine of \$20. "Blasphemy against God, or either of the persons of the Holy Trinity, or the Christian religion, or the holy scriptures," is still punishable by a fine not exceeding \$100, and imprisonment in a common jail not exceeding one year.

—If thou desire the love of God and human, be humble, for the proud heart, as it loves none but itself, so it is beloved of none but itself. The voice of humanity is God's music, and the silence of humanity is God's rhetoric.

Alabama Baptist.

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MARION, ALA.

Tuesday, November 17th, 1874.

Tide and Deliverance.

If we were inclined to imagine that we have exemption from sorrow by our union with Christ, daily experience would assure us that this is not the Christian privilege. Upon us, as upon the rest of mankind, is imposed a common necessity. We must all bear the evils of life. Connected as we are with the events and the men of our time we have no means of isolating ourselves from the adversities by which both are affected. We would not if we could, imprison those active powers by whose means we secure to ourselves a useful influence among men and in whose exercise we honorably perform the part allotted to us. We would not if we could withdraw our affections from all those circles of tender and refined association, which we indicate by the names of home and family, of friendship and society and native land. We could not, if we would, elevate ourselves above the infirmities common to human nature. And yet what are all these conditions of human existence but inlets of sorrow. To hunger and to thirst, to suffer from our own folly, our passions, our guilt, to be disappointed and bereaved, are not these the universal lot?

But beside these there are peculiar trials which the Christian must bear. The church to which he belongs naturally awakens his anxious solicitude. Its changeful experiences, its difficulties, its seasons of spiritual indifference, its divisions, its losses—for alas! all these troubles may invade the earthly fold of Christ—all produce their effect upon him. With the very tenderness of his affection for Zion his sorrows are multiplied. A breach is made in its walls and he fears that all its fortifications will crumble. A stately pillar is removed from its sides and he expects that the whole edifice will fall in ruins.

But further, every believer is under a course of divine discipline. God seeks by his Providences towards us to wane our affections from earthly things and fix them upon the things of heaven. It is a process of chastisement. The sensual nature resigns its hold upon this world with infinite reluctance. The disappointments of life, the reproach of the world, the pangs of a wounded conscience, the dreadful silence of a desolate home, such is the severe discipline of a heavenly mind. Thus doth the Great Father prepare his children for their inheritance. David said: "The Lord hath chastened me sore, but he hath not given me over unto death. Open to me the gates of righteousness. I will go into them and will praise the Lord. And the experience is repeated in every instance where a man after God's own heart is found.

Now we are assured that Christians shall have a final deliverance from all these evils. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and lead them unto living fountains of water and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Yes, we are passing from this evil scene and we shall soon behold it no more. We are destined in the gracious purpose of God, to come out of much tribulation. Amid the darkness of this earthly chamber—we are groping for the beds on which we must die. Soon we shall find that spot of final anguish and eternal deliverance. These bodies shall lie to be regarded as we have regarded others; and perchance men may say of us: "he has filled up the measure of his days; he has done his duty to his family and to society, to his church and his country and his God." They may say how difficult were the duties which we shrunk not from discharging. They may think how heavy were the burdens that we willingly bore. They may recount our losses and troubles; and the affliction that probed the inmost depths of our being may then become strangely eloquent, and tell of trials and sorrows with which heretofore the stranger has intermeddled not. If then we lie wrapped in the glorious garments of a Christian death, our bodies themselves will be the signs of our deliverance. The clasped hands shall signify that our weary labors are ended, and the place where whence the love of passionate grief and faringing sorrow have been erased, shall manifest that trouble can trouble us no more.

Our August from this life, but we could not to live. Another existence awaits us, in which the evils of this present time are unknown. It is the saints' everlasting rest—the Sabbath of the soul. It is the New Jerusalem, the city of peace, peace beaming from the cloudless heavens, peace speaking in softest, kindest accents in all the many mansions, peace chanting its happy songs in all the pleasant streets, peace smiling benignant from the eternal throne, peace everywhere, perpetual peace—the peace of God that passeth understanding. Oh, Christians, let us remind ourselves that he that endureth to the end shall have this peace—shall be saved. Our posts in life are different. Some are peculiarly arduous. We must bear many evils and do many painful duties. Let us consent cheerfully to these conditions. Let us take and put upon us the panoply of the Gospel and prepare to do the work of God. The armor may be heavy but we shall not wear it long. Soon the summons will call us from the field of conflict to the city of triumph; and the dust and the blood of the battle will be wiped away, and God, even our God shall bless us forever and ever.

Literary Notices.

MORRIS MONTHLY.—For November. Contents: Zoology, by Edward Fontaine. Geographical Expansions of the English Tongue, by James K. Patterson; Ferrel's Law, by F. R. Goulding; Education of Character, by Mrs. E. W. Bellamy; St. Simeon Stylites, by Annie M. Barnwell; "I Feel Badly," by Thos. J. Dill; Learning to Read, by Mary Stuart Smith; Plutarch, by J. N. Norton; The Old Cousin, by Annie I. B. May; Fox and Geese, by W. Wallace Harney; Editorial Notes.

This number is so good that it is almost unfair to discriminate among the writers. Mr. Fontaine uses the Darwin theory as we had occasion to use it, years ago, in vindication of the unity of the races. So far it is legitimate. But when the great naturalist extends his theory to the animal creation, we object. Prof. Dill of the Howard College, writes one of his acutely discriminative articles on the proprieties of English speech. The magazine is published at Louisville by Jno. P. Morton & Co. Terms \$1.50 a year.

NATIONAL TEACHERS' MONTHLY.—New York. A. S. Barnes & Co. Terms \$1.00 per annum.

Contents: Notes on the Yellow Stone, by W. T. Phelps; the Refinement of Education, by James Hannan; Teaching vs. Keeping School, by J. D. Steele; The Letter Killeth, by Dr. S. Willard; Country Schools, by Geo. F. Mans; Do we teach Language or Sense? by R. L. Lefebvre; Co-education, by J. M.; spelling, by J. M. Watson; Editorials and Reviews.

This magazine is got up in the fine style characteristic of the publications of Barnes & Co. With two of its objects we have no sympathy—the co-education of the sexes and the establishment of a National University. Its advocacy of practical education, as in the articles on School Keeping, the Letter and Spirit, and the Classification of Country Schools, are in the right direction. The editor's plea that a National University would not be abused, will not inspire much confidence while the shameful history of the late dominant party, is fresh in the popular recollection.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.—A weekly, devoted to literature, romance, science, education, temperance, and Southern progress. John H. Seals, Editor and Proprietor, Atlanta, Ga. Terms, \$3.00 per annum, in advance.

This handsome illustrated paper has the usual variety of poems, tales, essays which are so much in request among the travelling and fireside public. Among the class to which it belongs it makes a very creditable appearance, and is one of the best. The Southern people ought to sustain their own institutions.

Baptist Succession.

Some one has been kind enough to send us a copy of the *New Orleans Christian Advocate*, containing a reply of Rev. Angus Dowling to Rev. P. M. Callaway, on the subject of Baptist Succession. The Methodist not only calls the Baptist to account for claiming a descent from John the Precursor, and for claiming a historic relation to the "Montanists," as he calls them, and other ancient sects; but also holds the Denomination responsible for these statements.

Now we just wish to say to Mr. Dowling, that the Baptists, as a Denomination, are not committed to this or that historic line of descent. They believe that the Lord of the Church has not left himself without a witness to any generation. And they can prove that the churches established by his sanction in New Testament times were Baptist churches. This

suffices them. They may differ and do differ in their views of Ecclesiastical history, for it is no easy matter to decipher the blood stained and fire-tried records of their fathers. Wherever they find traces of Baptist doctrine and usage in the remote past, and such traces make their frequent appearance—there they find denotation the most pitiless, martyr flames the fiercest, persecuting swords the busiest. But yonder, where the apostles labored and the Master died, were Baptist churches, and here are the same churches to-day.

Mr. Dowling is wasting his strength in attacking the "Montanists," and Novatian and the Paulicians. If he proves, as he undertakes to do, that they are not "links in our chain," how is the chain affected by his striking them away? If the scandals of their enemies are to be received as unquestioned truths, what is that to us?

No man can trace the telegraph wire that connects Europe and America; but who would argue that, because it is invisible, it does not reach from continent to continent? We know that it does connect the old world and the new, because the message sent from one re-appears, identically, in the other. The same marvellous correspondence verifies the connexion of the New Testament churches and the Baptist churches of to-day. We set aside by the model and the copy, and we call upon all men to see how justly the one answers to the other. Over the line the storms of persecution may have raged, and an ocean of oblivion may now roll, but the line is there! We need not mark out its course, or argue that it is yet unbroken, while the old headland from which it started still sends the messages of antique faith and love along its thrilling chord.

Baptists of course have a right to speculate as they please, in regard to the connexions of Ecclesiastical history; but the proof of their right to be, as Churches of Jesus Christ, is sustained by evidence far higher than any human records. To them the New Testament is a sufficient rule of faith and practice; and therefore for them the New Testament is a sufficient guarantee of their conformity to the will of the King of Zion. They do not "rely" upon anybody's speculations. They appeal "to the law and the testimony."

If we were inclined to turn the tables on our Methodist friend, we might inquire, why he should concern himself about the historical succession of any church. Modesty, one would think, would forbid him to push the inquiry back of the time of John Wesley. Brother, our churches began in Christ's time. "How old art thou?"

The Convention.

By the time that the present number of the ALABAMA BAPTIST reaches our readers, the Convention will have held its session. The members of the Church and community at Marion have made provision for a large delegation, and earnestly hope that they may be permitted to welcome the most important and effective denominational gathering, which has been convened since the war. North Alabama will take her ancient and honored place in our Convention, in the person of Dr. Joseph Shackelford and others. The sea-board will send her sons to meet in council and in prayer with the representations of the mountain districts. May this holy convocation from the North and the South and the East and the West be attended by the Divine blessing, and may the result of their plans and resolutions be a new epoch in the denominational history of Alabama!

A Dinner Among the Hard-Shell.

Rev. J. Neighbors, in a letter to the *Texas Messenger*, gives a humorous account of a recent conversation. He states that a certain man happened to fall in company with a number of Hard-shells who were conversing, as they were wont to do, upon the mysteries of the Divine Sovereignty; and that while thus engaged, they decided that there was nothing required of the sinner, and that the sinner could do nothing whatever. At this point the man, said, "Do you say that there is nothing required of the sinner?" And they said "Nothing." "Well," said he, "I am safe as a coon, for I know that I have not done anything." The effect of this kind of reply was, that they said no more on the subject.

Sunday Schools.

At the late meeting of the Sunday School Convention in North Carolina, Bro. Marmaduke Williams, of Durham, gave an interesting account of Mr. Fitch's Sunday School, which was established some thirty years ago by the father of Dr. Yates. Dr.

Brithard states that this church recently gave to the different objects of its Association as much as all the other churches, and it was because they had been trained to give in the Sunday School. Dr. Yates received his impression to become a missionary here in this school.

Field Notes.

We are sorry to learn that the health of Bro. Wilkes has of late been very feeble. Yet the labors of our worthy brother have not been suspended. He baptised five interesting persons at the last Childersburg meeting, and expects others shortly.—The Long Island Association has rejected the Church of the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith from its fellowship on account of its latitudinarianism on the Communion Question. Some of our exchanges are congratulating the Association; is it not rather entitled to rebuke for not having done the act long before? Mr. Smith has been libelling the Baptists for years; and all this while has enjoyed the Patronage of that Association. We suppose that when the Warren Association does the like tardy justice to Mr. Malcom, there will be a flourish of trumpets.—There has been a revival in the Blackwater Baptist Church; twelve baptized.—The New Liberty Church which has been recently organized in Blount county, has already fifty members, of whom fifteen have come from the Methodists. When one of these, an aged man, locked arms with his wife and went down thus into the stream, it was a touching scene.—At the revival in the Friendship Church, in Bullock county, our beloved young brother B. F. J. Davis, a theological student of Howard College, took part. Among the noteworthy incidents of this occasion was the baptism of an aged Methodist seventy-five years old, and also the baptism of a whole household.—The health of Bro. Officer, an esteemed minister of North Alabama, having failed, he will probably spend the winter in Florida.—We see that a kinsman of ours, Col. Jno. G. Pressly, was elected Moderator of the Pacific Baptist Association at its recent session at Santa Rosa. This gallant Confederate officer is a deacon of the Baptist Church at that place. It is pleasant to greet the former commander of the Bufaw Regiment (25th South Carolina Volunteers) among the religious leaders in California.—We hope soon to be able to chronicle the Constitution of a Church at Macon Station on the line of the railroad connecting Selma and Meridian. The edifice has already been purchased by a wealthy Baptist, and a number of brethren in that vicinity are ready to unite in establishing the new interest. The circumstances are so favorable, that we trust the organization will not be delayed much longer. Brethren, the king's business requireth haste.

Rev. J. D. Fulton, D.D., and his Onslaught on the South.

Dr. Fulton, of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, got him off a slanderous attack on the South a few days before the election, in the shape of "a sermon," printed in his "Outlook," and sent it broad-cast over the land, evidently to help the sinking fortunes of the Civil Rights Bill, then on trial, before the American people, and of a real miscegenation character, though stealthily so. His fulmination is devoted to what he is pleased to style "The theory that is ruining the South." He tells the reader that, "To-day the demon of caste occupies the throne built for the slave power. The word of God in the South 'is not accepted and adopted as the basis of action.'" "The one-blood theory advanced by Paul is rejected to an extent and to a degree which fills the Christian heart with dismay." "Never did I see the peril of this theory, as when one of the most intelligent gentlemen of the South claimed that the negro was of a different genus."

Two remarks may be made in response to the above: 1st. The number of professing Christians at the South who deny the "one-blood" theory, is exceedingly small; and therefore the statement is a vile slander. 2nd. There are as many people at the North who disbelieve the "one-blood" theory as there are at the South, and therefore the sectional feature running through this so-called "sermon," is a malicious plucking at the mote in a brother's eye, while there remains a beam in his own eye and in the eye of his people. "Thou that sayest another shalt not steal, dost thou steal?"

And as to the "demon of caste" alluded to by Dr. F.; a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, a northern man who has been in the South a few years, and who was not long since on a visit North; and while there visiting a relative at the head of some ex-

tensive manufacturing business, he saw a negro from Virginia make application for work, and although he came with evidences of fitness for the business, the manufacturer said to him, "I need you, but if I were to put you in my shops every white man (they were all white) would leave immediately. Therefore I cannot employ you. I would advise you to go back to the South where there is no prejudice against colored laborers." Thousands of instances like this could be obtained. Dr. Fulton knows of them constantly; and yet he assumes to take a text from the word of God and make it the *untested* basis of malevolent assaults upon the people of the South, and calls it making war upon "the demon of caste," while that demon reigns right at his own door.

In this sermon Dr. F. says "There is a carnival of crime in many portions of the South." And so the Doctor bears his part in proclaiming to the people of the North in relation to "southern outrages." He eulogizes "Gilbert Haven, D.D., Bishop of the Methodist Church, who has gone South as a Christian." Indeed, well yes, and he returned North as a slanderer bearing false witness against the people of Georgia and the South. "In his eyes a black skin is as beautiful as a white one." Of course, and we can find thousands of black skins at the South that cover perfect gentlemen as compared with this same "Haven," who went North and propagated, as Dr. Fulton has done, his "carnivals of blood" and "outrages"—creations of their hearts and brain.

Dr. Fulton says, "This nation is on trial." We answer, this nation has been on trial for nearly one hundred years. Recently the doctrines of its perverted sons, such as Haven and Fulton, have been put on trial as embodied in the Civil Rights Bill, and the mighty voice of the American people has put such a condemnation on these doctrines as was never pronounced before by the sovereign people of our great Republic against any other political, civil or social, heresy.

The declaration from the ballot box all over this Union is simply *adante*, and the Union is restored in reality. The southern man now, as well as the northern or eastern man, can say and feel that "this whole country is my country, and the national flag is my flag," and with a true patriotism and loyal devotion he can join in the song, "The union of lakes and the union of lands, And the union of States, none can sever. The union of hearts and the union of hands And the flag of our Union forever!"

It is not left for Haven and Fulton, with their lips all polluted with slander to sing these songs alone, but the voice of the people of the United States has pitched these songs anew, and as we join the chorus from one end of the land to the other, the sound bursts forth as the noise of mighty waters; and we have no idea that either Fulton or Haven have had a sound hour's rest since the 3d of November. They have "vexed their righteous souls" no little.

The Doctor further states that "The South is becoming poor because she refuses to accept the situation, and make the best of what she has. Give the negro a welcome to schools, to church privileges, culture and develop him, and you give a welcome to a nature which in the past made Carthage the glory of the world."

This extract shows what Dr. Fulton wants. Nothing will satisfy him but that which he says Bishop Haven practices. "He is not afraid of social equality. He eats and rides and travels with colored people as with white people." The voice of the American people has said this shall not be forced on any part of this country. We do heartily thank them for this verdict, and we thank the God and Father of us all.

Dr. Fulton's allusion to Carthage is simply ridiculous. It is the result either of blind prejudice or of unpardonable ignorance. The Carthaginians were not negroes. They were not the dependents of any tribe of Ethiopia. They did not come from Africa. They were Phoenicians. Carthage was perhaps the most famous of all the colonies that went out from Phoenicia. And the Phoenicians came from Ur of the Chaldees, the native land and the native people of Abraham. They were a similar people to the Jews; something darker, probably, as the result of circumstances, but with a Hebrew conformation and beautiful long straight hair, as is evidenced by the fact, that, at a time when the ships of their country were in great straits, the women immortalized their self-denying patriotism by offering to cut the ringlets of their long hair to make cords with which to draw and manage the vessels. Many incontrovertible facts show that they were not of the negro division of our race; and Dr. Fulton should renew his studies of that part of history before he attempts again to stand over so much ground. We do not allow even Dr. F. to

excel us in desire for the elevation of the negro in all proper ways, and have already labored vastly more than he for the salvation of this people; but we spurn with unutterable contempt his proposal to sit in Brooklyn and dictate what shall be the state of society in Alabama, and in our churches, schools, and firesides. And the great body of the American people unite with us in this feeling.

If any one wants to complain at this editorial, let such remember that we are noticing a "sermon" preached by a Baptist preacher, in a Baptist pulpit, and then printed in a "religious" sheet and scattered over the land. When we wrote this we did not know Dr. Winkler had written on the subject. R.

Communications.

Resolutions Adopted by Siloam Baptist Church.

WHEREAS, Our beloved Pastor, and brother, Rev. E. T. Winkler, D.D., has recently received several urgent calls in different States, to minister unto large and opulent churches, and has also been invited to a distinguished and lucrative position in still another State, all of which flattering invitations have been declined by him at a pecuniary sacrifice, that he may continue his relationship with his present Church.

Resolved, That Siloam Baptist church esteems it a duty and valued privilege to express, and to place on enduring record, this testimony of its sincere and cordial appreciation of our dear Pastor's self-sacrificing love for his people here, and his ardent zealous interest in the good and welfare of our Church.

Resolved, That Bro. Winkler has endeared himself to our love more than ever, if possible, by this strong and unmistakable token of his love for us, and that henceforth he is entwined by our heart-strings in closest embrace and with ever enduring tenacity.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded on the minutes of Siloam Baptist Church, and that the Chairman of this committee present a copy of them to our Pastor, and that they be published in the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

I. B. VAIDEN, Chairman.
W. W. WILKESON, Secy.
R. H. RAWLINGS, Com.
J. T. MURPHY.
F. H. HAWES.

Revival News.

Dear Baptist: For the first time I propose to give your readers some information in reference to the work of the Lord in the field where I have labored. Brother J. H. Finley held a meeting in Clark county commencing on Saturday before the first Sunday in September, and lasting 4 days. A deep feeling was manifested. Baptized five persons, one of whom was 83 years old; 2 were approved for baptism. This meeting was held at a school house in a destitute neighborhood where 14 months ago there were but 2 Baptists; now there are 10. This was the work of Sunday school teaching as well as preaching. *Shiloh church, Marengo county*; I held a meeting with this church embracing the 3d Sabbath in October. It lasted 7 days. Brother H. Adams was with me 3 days and preached three sermons. He did good work. The church was much revived and there were 11 added to their number, four by letter, five baptized, two restored, and two approved for baptism, making 13, and closed Friday. Thence I went to Aimwell on Saturday and commenced a meeting which lasted 7 days, without any help, making 14 days in succession, and only 3 sermons preached in the time for me. I preached 24 sermons in 14 days. This church received 8, 4 by baptism and 4 by letter.

C. J. MILES.
Dixons Mills, Marengo county,
Nov. 2, 1872.

TUSKALOOSA, ALA., Oct. 29, 1874.

Dear Brother Winkler: We have just closed a very interesting meeting, at Mount Moriah Baptist church, Bibb county, Alabama. Baptized twenty-three, restored four, received by letter one, total twenty-eight. The church is greatly revived, and have called to ordination one of their number, a Bro. James Hogan, whose services they hope to have every Sabbath and every day. This is as it should be for they are a strong body, with a large field numbering one hundred and fifty-five and are perfectly able to sustain a pastor in their midst. At the close of this meeting, I was aroused at the hour of midnight, with the sad intelligence of the death of my eldest son, which was occasioned by being thrown from a mule. He lived only a few hours; was enabled to tell his mother that he was not alarmed at death's approach, and was going to heaven. He would soon have been fifteen years of age, but God took him. Yours in Christ, T. M. BARBER.

The Business View of the Southern Troubles.

SOUTHERN TRADE TAXED OUT OF EXISTENCE.—AN APPEAL TO THE BUSINESS MEN OF THE NORTH!

The following letter from the Hon. E. D. Standford of Kentucky, to a prominent banker of New York, gives the Southern business man's view of the Southern situation, and some suggestions as to the help and sympathy which business men of the North might extend to their brethren in distress:

The people of the South are being governed by a class of men who have no interest in the prosperity of their adopted State, and indeed do not expect to remain there after their lease of power expires. Their object is to make money by plundering the people. You can understand what the effect of the exercise of arbitrary power in such hands necessarily must have upon business generally. Capitalists will not invest their money where there is no assurance of protection under the law, or where the powers that be may come without notice at any time and seize everything, disarrange business, and destroy credit. There is no security, under the present administration of affairs in the South, for permanence of investment. What appears to be stable and settled now, may, at the next turn of the political wheel, prove to be utterly without foundation, and so we have business interests depending upon the ever-varying wind of politics, and as its own legitimate consequence without permanence or prosperity. I am not speaking now in reference to Kentucky. Here we are established and have nothing to fear either from our courts or the executive, nor do the questions of politics disturb our business affairs in the least.

This condition of affairs is owing wholly to the way in which we have managed our affairs without outside interference, but this unsettled state of affairs among our nearest neighbors injure us materially, and although it may not now be felt in the East, unless it is stopped it will ultimately reach you. I am not speaking of these things as a partisan of any sort, but as a business man interested in the business prosperity of the South. I think that most of these evils have been brought about by the useless and injudicious interference by the General Government in State affairs. The real intelligent people of the South, the ones upon whom we must depend to bring about a return to commercial prosperity, are the ones unfortunately against whom Federal interference has been mostly directed, and the officers whom this interference has kept in power have come to consider that their constituency is not the people of the State but the Administration at Washington, and act accordingly. Cannot something be done to put a stop to this? Will not the Northern business men extend to their Southern confreres at least the moral support of sympathy against the use of those arbitrary measures for which he has no redress. The present condition of affairs has crippled the railroad interest, nearly destroyed manufactures, and demoralized all kinds of business.

What the South needs to restore her to position in the commercial world is a sense of stability in reference to her establishments. We cannot expect this from politics or politicians—I mean in the general sense. Of course much depends upon the Southern men themselves; they will have to work out their own salvation; but you, gentlemen of the East, can do incalculable good by your advice and sympathy, and more still by opposing the acts of oppression under which the business of the South is crushed, and which are fast closing up the North's best market.

This is not a political view of the matter; it is the view that business men take of it. Who would feel any safety in making investments in business that in a week, a month, or a year might be taxed out of existence, or seized upon any provocation, without any adequate remedy provided in the way of damage? The Eastern capitalists who, in good faith, have invested their money in railroad and other securities of the South, are being continually robbed by the plunderers who control the affairs of the extreme Southern States. The importance of a change in the condition of affairs here can be better comprehended when we consider that our National debt and the interest on it must be paid by the products of the West and the South. The whole country is vitally interested in our prosperity. E. D. STANDFORD.

—Let each Christian man and woman say, and mean it, "I will put all my force, much or little, but certainly something, into use for the thing that is good," and there were a power before which nothing can stand. Let us see this in the home and in the Sunday school even, and they would not be, as now, almost hopelessly crippled and held at bay. Let us see this in social life, and there were less corrupting companionship, less misleading influence, better standards of social intercourse. Let us see this in business, and we shall escape commercial and industrial demoralization. In politics, and we shall see less political corruption. Let us distinctly understand that all our moral atmosphere is charged with admonition, that all the index fingers point to this one thing in special—the necessity of stronger belief in, and more resolute purpose with respect to, personal influence. Let us put it on record that the churches are responsible for the evils of society. We must come to this, or we come to nothing good. "None of us liveth to himself."

No one has religion who is not cheerful, happy and hopeful even under severe trial.

Alabama Baptist.

S. S. Department.

D. W. GWIN, EDITOR.

MARION, ALA.

Tuesday, November 17th, 1874.

Fourth Quarter, Lesson VIII.
November 23d, 1874.

THE ANOINTING AT BETHANY.

Mark xiv. 9.

Leading Text.—"WHENSOEVER THIS SCROLL SHALL BE PREACHED THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE WORLD, THERE SHALL ALSO THIS BATH DONE BE SPOKEN OF FOR A REMEMORIAL OF HER."—MARK XIV. 9.

Analysis.

THE GRIEVANCE OF LOVE.

A loving woman anoints her Saviour at a feast in the house of Simon. Simon had doubtless been healed of his leprosy by Christ, and hence it is a scene of gratitude. Kindred hearts inspired by a common faith are magnetic in their sympathies and offerings. When one moves to honor Christ another follows. Very eloquent is the conduct, very heavy the cross, and very beautiful the crown of this believer in Jesus. Every Christian has a ministry to fulfill, a misunderstanding to fight, and a memorial to find. Our power is love Consider.

I. The Gift of Love.—(Vs. 3.)—In the village of Bethany [house of odour], at the foot of Mt. Olivet where He was accustomed to retire after His labors in Jerusalem, Jesus sat at a feast in the house of Simon the leper. A woman entered, it may have been the Mary of John 12:3, and broke the alabaster box of ointment of spikenard and poured it on His head. Look at this offering of love; it was—

HUMBLE BARTLY ALLOWED.

1. It was *humble*. She went in quietly, unbidden, unobtrusive, reverent. She wanted to honor Jesus. She forgot all else. It was a woman-like act of genuine love.

2. It was *hearty*. Her whole soul was ablaze with devotion to her Saviour. Did she know that the chief priests were plotting His death (verse 1)? The gifts of true love are always hearty. They reveal an unselfish, grateful, tender spirit. In themselves they may be small, but like the widow's mite they are all that is had. Every chamber of the soul is inscribed with love; every power yields its homage to Christ. Love is the fulfilling of the law. It heeds not the voice of reason, nor the cry of avarice.

3. It was *hallowed*. "Precious oil, distilled from a kind of grass," it was set apart for Christ's anointing. Love consecrates all its living to Christ. The means and the end of love are sanctified. It is the motive and the blessing of Christ that hallow's our gifts.

II. The Grievance of Love.—(Vs. 4, and 5.)—"Offences must come." The Cross has its offense. If Christ was not understood, shall His follower be free from misunderstanding and misconception. Some looked on this sublime ministry of the loving woman with indignation, jealousy of her gift, and complaining of her sacrifice. Look at this grievance that love encounters; it is typical. It is—

MISTRUSTING HERIBLY MURMURING.

1. This grievance came from complainers who were *mistrusting*. They did not love as she loved and it was easy to cavil.

They did not, could not read the inner thought and motive of the offerer, and it was easy to misjudge her. They did not see how homage could be paid in that way or except in their way, and it was easy to mistrust her.

2. These complainers were *poorly*. They saw waste where there was homage. They calculated the loss; could see no good to come of it. It could have been sold for \$45 and given to the poor. Judas who carried the bag, who cared not for the poor made this complaint. The misery is always "beginning" and ending "at Jerusalem." They begrudge contributions made to foreign missions, or to any object that is not visible, near by, and that does not promise to be quickly self-maintaining. Love is child of covetousness. Love grieves over avarice and suffers much affliction at its hands.

3. These complainers were *misleading*. Not content with secret mistrust and avarice, they find fault of her to Christ, and thus question His wisdom. "They murmured

against her." Why grow mad with her? She had not impoverished or reflected upon them. But it was not the first time that murmurers have taunted the humble followers of Christ. Love must endure mockery, even as Christ did. Murmurers haunted Him, and Paul, and Moses, and David and Eve!

The Glory of Love.—(Vs. 8-9.) Christ crowns the anointer. Her cross was bitter, but her crown was brilliant. Her grievance was ephemeral, but her glory was eternal; her misery momentary but her memorial matchless. Christ gives her glory in His—

REBUKE RECOGNITION REWARD.

1. *Rebuke.* He bids her complainers, "let her alone," and so frees her from their narrow, noisy, noxious influence. He answers their question with a question, why trouble ye her? You have nothing to do with her motive or ministry. Do your work, give to the poor, always with you, if you will, but do not put chains on the piety of another. If I receive her, then well; but whether or not to her Lord, not to you, she stands or falls. Christ will drive away all who molest His people. No weapon formed against Him or them shall prosper. He will avenge His own elect. Only cry to Him; only bide His time; only be not overwhelmed by the spirit that opposes. Possess your soul in patience.

2. *Recognition.* He appraises her deed, giving it a value and significance of which she had not dreamed. "She hath wrought a good work on Me." She has taken the last opportunity to honor me—she has anointed me for my burial. Having been considerate and conscientious in making sacrifices for thy honor she will not be slow to honor the ever-needy ones around you. "She hath done what she could!" She has anointed her Prophet, Priest, and King! What a testimony to the fullness, freeness, completeness of her tender service!

3. *Reward.* She is rewarded by her Saviour's defence, instruction, cheer, and alliance. He wreathes her brow with perennial glory. He links her gift and His gospel in perpetual union. This act that incarnates her love shall forever stand as her monument. Knowing that His gospel shall always and everywhere be preached, He sends along with it the record of the gift, the grievance, and the glory of love. What a reward! The work of faith and love immortalized! Like Abel being dead she yet speaks! To-day Jesus' prophecy is fulfilled, and as we read the story our hearts burn within us to do what we can for Christ and these holy fervors are a part of this loving saint's reward.

TEACHINGS.

1. Honor Jesus by a heart of love and a hand of benevolence. Deem nothing too costly to offer to Him. *Do what you can.* "Despise not the day of small things." We are but His stewards. All we have is His. Four perfumes plentifully on the Prince of Peace.

2. Resist every temptation that tends to chill your benevolence, your spirituality, your devotedness to Christ.

3. Christ will reward every act of homage that we render to Him either in person or in the persons of His saints. "Inasmuch as ye did it, &c."

Our Mosaic.

So much has been said in the way of caution and counsel respecting the discussion of the grand doctrines of the Bible that, we fear, both teachers and preachers are growing in their neglect of them. Do not be afraid of the grand themes; they arrest attention; they appeal to every man's conscience and consciousness; they carry in their bosom the soul-life of the gospel. Many waste their time and talent on such themes as: "What was the length of the creation days?" "What was the cut of Moses' garment?" "What was the cost of Christ's shoes and shoe-latchet?" "What was the height and nature of the fig-tree withered?"

We wish it distinctly understood that we, the Sunday school editor, are in no way responsible for the pecuniary management of this paper. We are on the same footing with every other subscriber. "Of suffering and pain cometh help," says Plato, "for it is not possible by any other way to be set free from iniquity."—We open the hearts of others when we open our own.—We may be weary under the cross; but should never be weary of it.

Perhaps it would be dangerous for us to possess the abilities we covet; it is always safe to consecrate those we have.—Said a skeptic to a Christian, "You really believe that the wicked swallowed Jonah?" "Yes," said the Christian, "and I would have saved a Jonah swallowed the whole of the Bible only said so."

Some Curious Facts about Window-Glass.

For centuries the houses of our ancestors were not only without window-glass but without windows, and many years passed after they began to make openings in the facades of their habitations before the use of window-glass became general.

During the Gallo-Roman epoch, the houses of the rich built in the Roman style, received their light almost wholly from an interior court or *atrium*. This mode excluded all idea of a window. We do not speak of the houses of the poor. They were only miserable huts, whose only light was received from the door.

How long this obscurity lasted it is impossible to tell; certain it is, however, that windows did not begin to make their appearance in France until towards the Carolingian epoch, and that as late as the middle of the fifteenth century window-glass was an object of luxury among the French. At that period windows were closed in France in some instances by wooden blinds, in others by waxed linen or oiled paper, as is evidenced by this passage in an account dated 1454: "Two cils of waxed linen for the window of the chamber of the said queen *au chateau de Melun*." And this other: "Four wooden sashes to hold the paper for the windows of the said chamber in position, and oil for the paper to render it more transparent."

A writer of the fourteenth century was the first to say anything about window-glass. He says somewhere that the soul sees and distinguishes objects through the eyes of the body, "as through windows furnished with glass."

The ancient authors say nothing about closing the openings in their window-sash with anything but white, transparent stone. Probably their "white stone" was leaves of talc, such as is still used for window-panes in certain parts of Russia. The Romans used another natural product, a sort of shell, to close the few windows they had, and in the sashes of the litters of the patricians. The learned have frequently discussed the question whether the ancient Romans used glass in their windows or not, and the question would still be open to discussion if it had not been settled in the affirmative by discoveries recently made in the ruins of Pompeii. It is pretty evident from the thickness and general appearance of the window-glass of Pompeii, that it was moulded and not blown.

It is probable that glass-blowing was known in France as early as the thirteenth century, and yet two centuries later window-glass was very rare even in the royal palaces. In 1413, when the Duchess of Berry retired to the chateau of Montpensier, the receiver general had some sash made for the windows of the chateau, in order to close them with waxed linen, "as there is no glass to be had." More than a century later, in 1567, it is very curious to see the steward of the Duke of Northumberland propose to take the glass out of the sash of his lordship's chateau and keep it in a secure place, during the time the chateau is unoccupied. "Because," says the careful and economical steward, "the glass in the window of this and other chateaux and houses are injured and spoiled by the high winds, it would be well to have it all taken out and put in a safe place when his lordship leaves. On his lordship's return the glass may be replaced in the sash at a slight cost, while the injury it would sustain if allowed to remain in position during his long absence, would be very great, and the repairs would cost a considerable sum."

In Scotland, window-glass was very rare as late as during the seventeenth century. As late as in the year 1661, the king's palace had no glass in the first story, the windows on the floor being closed by wooden shutters.

An interesting historic fact is mentioned by Sauze, a French writer, which shows us clearly enough that the use of window glass is of quite modern date. It is this: at the end of the last century—not a hundred years ago—there were still men, not only in the smaller provincial cities of France but even in Paris, who followed the profession of *chassiers*—artists skilled in pasting oiled paper into window-sash. Mastic at this period was little used. Another substitute for glass was found in horn. For a long time it furnished comparatively transient leaves for windows and for lanterns. Horn was also used as we now use thick glass to admit light between the decks of vessels. At certain epochs, parchment has also been used for window-glass. In Asiatic Turkey and in China, the windows in most cases are closed as they were closed in Europe during the middle ages. In Japan the material most in use is a transparent paper in appearance very like white silk.

Treasures in Heaven's Bank.

The first snow was falling, and Lottie and Louis were watching it from the window with happy eyes. The mother came and stood beside them with an arm around each, and thought of another little girl and boy who, twenty years ago, used to watch snow flakes fall. Alas! the snows of a dozen winters had rested upon that brother's grave, and the snows of time had begun to fall on the sister's head.

But the mother's eye was bright, even when she thought of the early blessed dead. Her's was a happy home of love and temporal blessings. "She was not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household were clothed in scarlet"—that is, in warm suitable garments.

Just then came creeping down the walk, two little barefooted girls. One had a thin old shawl thrown over her head and half-bared arms; the other

drew her scant sleeves down as far as she could over her red, cold hands. "Poor little things!" said mother; "I am glad they happened to pass just now. I want you to look at them well, from their poor bare feet to their half-covered heads. Then I think you will like to leave watching the snow for awhile, and help me in some work I am going about."

"We are ready now, mother," said Lottie, jumping down and stealing her hand into her mother's.

The three went up-stairs to the cedar closet. Here most of the winter clothes were stored in the summer time.

"First, we will look over this stocking-bag," said mother.

"Looking over" was always a delightful process to the children. Now mother laid out various little crimson-topped socks and outgrown stockings, and put them into the large clothes-basket on the siddle of the floor.

Next, a box of flannel garments was looked over, and two or three sets of last year's robes were placed with the stockings.

"How you children do grow!" said mother with a glad smile, as she looked at her chubby feet.

All the morning they spent among the drawers and boxes and presses, until the big basket was heaping full. Mother looked at the pile with great satisfaction.

"Now, I mean to turn every article there to the very best account I can."

"Are you going to make a rag carpet, mother?" asked Lottie. "I should love to save the rags for you. I helped Aunt Lucy once."

"No; better than that," said mother. "May be she's going to sell them to the old china man, Lottie," said her little brother. "He brings beautiful things in his basket."

"Better than that, my dears. I am going to lay up treasures in heaven with them."

The children looked at each other a little puzzled, but Lottie soon suggested, "I think you are going to give them to the poor."

"That is just it, Lottie; and our dear Lord says that he will regard all such acts of kindness, be they ever so small, as done to him; and more than that, he says, 'They shall in no wise lose their reward.' There are treasures laid up in heaven for us. We cannot take with us any of our property when we leave this world, but we may send it on before us by doing good to Christ's poor."

The basket of clothing was well studied over and sorted, and a great many widows' hearts were made to leap for joy at the sight of a parcel made up from it. Many shivering little forms were comforted by the warm garments, and many heartfelt prayers went up to God for the kind givers.

It is better than great stores of gold to have the prayers of the poor in our favor. They can procure for us what money could not buy, the blessing of God.—*Child's World.*

Witnessing for Christ.

Those vows are assumed publicly. Before all who choose to see, a convert is received according to the ceremonial of his church; and the publicity of the act makes it to him peculiarly solemn, to any half-disciple peculiarly awful.

With us that initiatory rite is even more solemn than among others. Many who see their gentle friend submit to it say "they do not see how she could." Not that they are themselves afraid of water, for they would delight to bathe in the tossing surges of the sea. Not that they are agitated at so momentous a vow; for when their friend was converted she turned with all her heart from old things to new; but that to take such a vow, in so solemn a form, before so many sympathizing eyes, is to become a public witness for Christ, and that the very soul of an unbeliever loathes it. It is, in the bare sense of the word, martyrdom. A martyr was a witness; and Christians cannot flee martyrdom, for they cannot refuse to testify. Does any one know anything more solemn than testimony so offered? When tender girls were tied to a stake in the rising tide, or amidst the dry faggots of an *Auto da fe*, or were thrown to wild beasts, or torn apart with hot pincers or racked to their death, did they not assure us uncertain souls that to bear witness for Christ is the last and loftiest duty, that life burdened with every torment or death itself most protracted and shameful could not outweigh their simple words, "He died for me, and I am ready to die for him?" If a vow is something, is a witness nothing? And when any man or woman declares himself a Christian, does he not assume an obligation and make a declaration against which not even the gates of hell shall be permitted to prevail?

"Ye are witnesses against yourselves," said Joshua. And they said, "We are witnesses!" And are they not witnesses? Do not the shrieks from sacked Jerusalem; do not the groans from torture-chambers in every land on the earth where Jews have had money to extort; do not the sad countenances and the very features of Jacob, as unmistakably as the work of Cain, prove that they said truly, and having chosen the Lord to serve him, are witnesses against themselves to this day? And has not the Christian church by its professions and pretensions in every age been the most fatal witness of its own unfaithfulness, or borne the only trusty testimony to its own good works? We are witnesses not only against, but having once testified, are now witnesses in spite of ourselves; or else we are like those not over-faithful Christians, living epistles about the saving grace of God, known and read of all men.

Those of you who have believed in God, but hesitate to obey and confess him, are perhaps dismayed at the truly awful responsibilities that all assume

who choose to live unto the Lord. Instead of encouraging you to cast your lot with the avowed people of God, you are perhaps deterred by what you have followed the ingenious course of Joshua, whose words have been our theme. If it had been possible, he would have frightened his people from following his example. "Ye cannot serve the Lord," said he; "he is holy and jealous; and if ye forsake him, and turn and do you hurt after that he hath done you good." But Israel would not be dissuaded. The sternest warnings only assured them how excellent was the service of the only living and true God. They were all the more set upon acknowledging him, and they said "Nay, but we will serve the Lord." What say you?

Joshua's Early Career.

Joshua is undoubtedly the most chivalric personage of the Bible. In a singular degree he combined those qualities which so captivated the fancy of the Middle Ages. He was brave and blameless. The book that records his deeds does not eulogize him, but by its detail leaves on every mind the clear impression that he was modest, devout, single-minded, courageous and wise; an unquestioning servant of God, a just and gentle leader of the people. His training also and career largely anticipated that system to which, in the best period of chivalry, every aspirant for the spurs of a knight was required to submit. The high-born youth of eight centuries ago were first taught to obey, then to fight, and then to command. The Hebrew hero began his career even more humbly as a slave in Egypt. But his sterling virtues drew the attention of Moses, and like a page, who cleaned his patron's weapons and was attached to his person that he might learn from intimacy all knightly sentiments, laws and habits, so Joshua, though no longer a youth, ministered to Moses and learned how to lead the tribes of Israel. He is first presented in Scripture when choosing and leading a party of young men to attack the Amalekites. The attempt succeeded, but the victor returned to resume his place locally as servant of Moses. Selected later for the more dangerous enterprise of exploring the promised land, his truthful report and courageous counsel, though rejected then with the fury of a frightened mob, secured for him the eminent station to which he subsequently attained. And when at length at the head of the armies of Israel, he had crossed the Jordan and encamped before Jericho, he confronts the angel of the Lord, standing sword drawn, with the challenge, "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?" ready in the highest knightly spirit to be champion of the host which he commanded, and to meet in single combat any foe who seemed uncommonly bold and formidable. But also with equal humility and piety, promptly recognizing God's messenger as true captain of the Lord's host, he falls with face to the earth before the mysterious being he had just defied, and asks, "What saith my Lord to thy servant?" One is in doubt whether to admire most the modest submission to one who certainly seemed a man, or the bold defiance of a personage so unusual or so awful in appearance that his mere assertion proved him more than man. In both acts Joshua's lofty character and simple aims are equally evident.

Prof. Gurney, dean of the faculty of Harvard College, has addressed an appeal to the parents of the sophomores and freshmen of the institution for their influence and authority against the practice of hazing. The present senior and junior classes agreed, two years ago, to refrain from hazing and discontinuance it in others, and they have kept their promise. The faculty admit that they are powerless to entirely suppress the practice, and that those whom they dismiss for indulging in it are usually not the most culpable, and the responsibility of breaking it up must rest with the students.

St. Ange Lievre, a Catholic priest of Biel, in Switzerland, in announcing his betrothal to a Protestant lady says: "I marry because I wish to remain an honorable man. In the sixteenth century it was a proverbial expression to say, 'as corrupt as a priest,' and this might be said to-day. I marry, therefore, because I wish to get out of the Ultramontane slough!" During the last two years sixty-seven Roman Catholic priests have been convicted of immorality in France and Switzerland. In view of such facts he says it is the right time to restore by marriage the good name of the Roman priesthood.

The story is told of old Dr. Chapin, of Wethersfield, Conn., that once at a ministers' meeting, when Dr. Griffin was reading a sermon for criticism, he stopped him in the midst of a long rhetorical passage with the words, "Stop, brother Griffin! You have been hopping up and down in the same spot for fifteen minutes; when do you mean to go on?" It was not the only time a minister has continued to expand and explain and illustrate his idea long after his auditors had apprehended it and wished he would "go on."

The Irishman had a correct appreciation of the business, who being asked by the Judge, when he applied for a license to sell whiskey, if he was a good moral character, replied: "Faith, your honor, I don't see the necessity of a good moral character to sell whiskey."

Happiness cannot rest till it has created for itself a claim to happiness; therefore it is a truth that whatsoever esteems himself is esteemed of others.—*Trylon.*

Obituary.

Died, in Perry county, Ala., on the 15th day of October, 1874, WILLIAM T. WALKER, aged 33 years, 8 months, and 15 days.

Thus again we are called to mourn the death of another good man, yet we weep not as those who have no hope. He was a consistent member of the M. E. Church, and his short life was that of an exemplary Christian. He leaves a devoted companion, two promising little sons, an aged father and mother, and an only affectionate sister, sadly bereaved to mourn their earthly loss. Truly can it be said, his last days were his happiest on earth. When death summoned, he was ready to meet its cold and icy touches in triumphant faith of Heaven's parous hopes, and angel's warmest welcomes. Being conscious to the last, he called those who were dear to him around his dying couch, and bade each a final earthly farewell, requesting them to meet him in Heaven, and said, "Weep not for me, for the angels are hovering around, and it is sweet to die in the Lord." When the last word was uttered, he fell asleep in Jesus, and his soul took its eternal flight, and is now at rest in Heaven with the saints, where only the pure and good dwell. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

A FRIEND.

Died, at his residence near Collinsville, Ala., November 4th, at 11 p. m., DEACON VAN HALL, in the 74th year of his age.

Bro. Hall was born in South Carolina, November 12th, 1800, was baptized in his nineteenth year by Elder Sanford Vandiver, and ever afterwards adorned the doctrines of the gospel of Christ by an upright walk and godly conversation. He was for the last twenty years of his life, a Deacon in Pleasant Grove church, and during a pastoral of sixteen years, the writer always found him at his post when his health permitted. He is one of whom it may be truly said, he used the office of deacon well, and purchased to himself a good degree and great boldness in the faith.

As a citizen, he was characterized by uprightness in all his relations with his fellow-men; as husband, he was affectionate, provident and frugal; as father, kind and indulgent, and as a Christian, his character was above reproach. He was stricken with paralysis, and though he lived some time, he never spoke intelligibly, but when the last moment came, he sank in death as tranquilly as an infant falling into a gentle slumber. He left behind an aged wife, four sons, one of whom is a minister in the State of Texas, and three daughters, and a large circle of friends to mourn his death. We feel that our temporal loss is his eternal gain.

PASTOR.

Died, on the 23d of October, 1874, BELLE SPANROW WEATHERS, aged 4 years, 7 months, and 23 days.

She tarried but a little time, Her days were short and few; But oh! how many affections twined Round her so good and true. So sprightly, so amiable, she was the pet of her grandmother's household and the light and joy of her widowed mother's life. Her death renders still more desolate a home already sad beyond expression. But God did it, and all His dealings are just and right. May He minister to the grief-stricken family the comfort and consolation which He alone can bestow. J. L. W.

The Torch in Alabama.

John T. Hinton's gin house, Talladega county, was burned recently.

Sutherland's mill, in Butler county, was burned on the 4th.

The dwelling of Mr. Nich Greene, of Wetumpka, was burned lately.

The residence of Mr. Peyton Hall, near Montgomery, was burned the 7th.

Mr. B. F. Ashley lost his gin house, together with a large amount of cotton, near Ashville recently.

The store house of G. H. Dunlap & Co., Eutaw, was burned the night of the 4th.

The gin house and four bales of cotton belonging to J. J. Norfleet, of Hale county, were burned a short time since.

An incendiary burned the gin house of W. B. Haynes, Lowndes county last week.

Mr. W. W. Drane's gin house, with some cotton, tools, two gins, etc., was burned in Lowndes county lately.

The gin house and screw and six or eight bales of cotton belonging to Gary, Lowndes county, were burned the 29th ult.; loss \$1,300.

The gin house of Mr. Scott Purifoy and the stables, crib and corn of Mr. Jno. Purifoy, Wilcox county, were burned recently.

Five business houses and the Masonic Lodge, nearly the entire town, were destroyed by fire in Union, Greene county, last week. Supposed work of an incendiary.

Alabama News Items.

Eutaw has a double, Siamese-twins pig.

M. G. Hudson has been elected cashier of the Southern Bank of Alabama.

There is \$495 in the Chambers county treasury, and she owes \$17,170.96.

The Wilcox county Fair commenced at Camden the 10th.

Nineteen prisoners in the Russell county jail; two whites.

A Young Men's Christian Association has been organized at Cross Plains.

Georgia negroes were in Alabama in great numbers on election day.

Corn is commanding from sixty to seventy cents per bushel in Eutaw.

Eutaw has had ice one-eighth of an inch thick.

Geo. H. Cole and J. P. Clarke were elected Justices of the Peace in Eutaw.

The total indebtedness of Jefferson county is \$23,331.94.

Mr. Michael E. Kehoe, a native of Ireland, died in Birmingham the 6th.

Mrs. Julia Francis died in Jacksonville recently.

More negroes voted with the whites in Calhoun county than ever before.

Poisoning dogs is the order of the night in Enfield.

The Legislature of the State convenes next Monday, the 16th.

Messrs. Wilkins & Keith have leased the Reyle House in Selma.

Miss Mary Jones died in Selma the 8th inst.

In Evergreen, on the 2d, a freight car and twenty-bales of cotton were entirely consumed by fire; loss \$3,500.

Some of the Radical officers elect of Dallas county, it is thought, will have a little trouble in finding bondsmen.

A youth died suddenly in Walker county, on the 2d, while running a foot race.

Eight car loads of lumber were accidentally burned at Lomax Station, on the South and North Railroad, recently.

Albert A. Gilbert was shot in Tusculum, the 3d, by Sidney Gibson, City Marshal.

There are some cases of small-pox in Mobile, and the authorities take no steps to prevent its spreading.

In counting the vote of Dallas county, Union Best box was thrown out because there was no poll list in it.

The white people of Porter's Boat, Montgomery county, are going to give a barbecue to the Democratic negroes there.

Mr. Albert Hill had his leg badly crushed and was severely burned at a fire in Eutaw last week.

The steamer Mary carried 1001 bales of cotton into Mobile last week, the largest load of the season.

Eliza J. Irie and Miss Amanda A. Dorman were married near Greensboro the 29th ult.

The newly elected Catholic Bishops, Pellicier and Manuev, will be consecrated in Mobile December 8th.

The Bar of Bullock county gave Chancellor McCraw a dinner at the conclusion of the late term of his Court.

United States Marshal Thomas has been indicted in Madison county for forgery.

Postmaster General Jewell has cut off the official head of Hester, the hand-cuffer.

Two negro women were jailed in Huntsville, the 3d, for dressing in male attire and voting.

Good fodder is worth from seventy-five cents to one dollar per hundred weight in Eutaw.

The yield of cotton in some sections of the State is said to be larger than was at first anticipated.

Mr. H. C. Spear, of Marion Junction, received a premium at the late Selma Fair for the best Alabama-raised cotton.

Young Kells, who was shot in the Spring Hill, Barbour county, row on election day, died on the 5th inst.

