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TENNESSEE BAPTIST.

Editors: J. R. GRAVES, C. R. HENDRICKSON Sonora, California, Cor. Ed

"Truth Against the World."

J. R. GRAVES, W. P. MARKS, S. C. ROGERS, E. F. P. POOL, Publishers.

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PROPHETICAL STUDIES, OR THE OLD LANDMARKS OF PROPHECY.

The Call to Prophetic Study.

Chapter I.

MAN'S thoughts about the future and the unknown are of little worth. They are at best [illegible] no more than the blind guesses of [illegible] they approach no nearer to the truth [illegible] conjectures [illegible] as to the peopling of some distant star, or as to the peopling of spaces beyond the outskirts of the visible creation.

But the thoughts of God respecting the future are precious above measure. They are truth and certainty, whether they touch upon the far-off or the near, the likely or the unlikely. They are figured with no miscalculations, for they are the thoughts of the great Designer regarding his own handiwork. Of however little moment it may be for us to know what *man* thinks about the future, it is of vast moment for us to know what God thinks of it. However few these revealed thoughts of God may be, yet they ought to be estimated by us above all price. They are the thoughts of an infinite mind; and they are the thoughts of that mind upon a subject utterly inscrutable to us, yet entirely familiar to Him who sees the end from the beginning, and whose wisdom has pre-arranged the whole.

These thoughts of God about the future are what we call *prophecy*; and, in studying prophecy, we are studying the thoughts of God, the purpose of his heart. Of these his secrets, He is not unwilling that we should be partakers; nay, he has spread them out before us. He has recorded them for our use; and deep must be the guilt, as well as incalculable the loss, of those who turn aside from such a study; who will listen with true interest, perhaps, to *man's* ideas of what is coming to pass upon the earth, but never think of inquiring what is the *mind of God*.

With what breathless interest will a company sometimes gather round a sagacious observer of the times, who has seen much, and noted much of what is passing in the various circles, outer and inner, of this ever-moving world! How eagerly will they catch up and repeat his opinions as to coming events, though all is conjecture and uncertainty! But, let a hint be cast in of what God has spoken, how coldly is it received! As if human uncertainties were better than divine certainties,—the guesses and dreams of man more worthy of being listened to than the sure revelations of God. When the prophet is man, all men listen; when the prophet is God, they turn heedlessly away.

Yet that future, with all its vastness of interest and of moment, is *man's* future, we may say, more than God's. It is a future in which all human destinies are wrapt up; and to discover what that future is to be, is worth the most profound and painful inquiry. If that future be *my* future, and not a future of shadows but of realities—how deeply does it concern me to know whether these are to be the realities of an endless night, or the realities of an everlasting day! It is not enough that my own individual lot for eternity be made sure; so that, in believing the record which God has given of his Son, I know that I shall never die; I cannot help looking around me upon this miserable world, and asking, what is its future history, its final destiny? Is it light, or is it darkness? Is it but a prolongation of its present wretchedness and sin, or is it a restoration to blessedness and glory? Should it not, then, be with deepest and most thankful joy that we learn that God has drawn aside a slight fold of the curtain, and given us a glance into the long vista of events on which we and our world are so soon to enter? Should not everything that God has revealed concerning *our* future be welcomed, both for its interest and its certainty? Should it not be studied and searched, that we may stand and survey that future, somewhat at least in the position, and from the point in which God surveys it, and may in some measure be enabled to enter into his mind respecting it?

For we are not one, but many; or, rather, I should say, we are not many, but *one*. We are members of one household, and our household interests should not be absorbed in our individual ones. We belong to one world; we are the tenants of one star; and our inquiry should be, not merely, how shall I escape from the calamities in which all its inhabitants are the heirs, and [illegible] my way to some brighter orb on which darkness and the curse have never alighted, but, what is to be the destiny of this my native planet, and of that race which has peopled it for six thousand years?

All creation lies in ruins. The garden of the Lord has become a wilderness; and that which rose up into beauty under the blessing of Jehovah, is now withering away beneath his curse. Its falling leaves, its dying flowers, its clouded skies, its marmy deep, its swollen rivers, its crumbling rocks—all tell us this. These are its weeds of mourning; these are the groans of its travail and bondage. But what is to be the issue of all this blight and change, and death? God alone can answer us; and he has done so in his prophetic word. The destiny of the earth is written there, and he calls on us to read what he has written concerning it.

The whole world lieth in wickedness. Righteousness has fled; and, with righteousness, all peace and order. Kingdoms rise and sink, like the rising and sinking surges of the ocean. There is no stability, no compactness, no coherence, either in themselves or with each other. Misrule, tumult, and change are rocking them to and fro; [illegible] commotion lie broken upon the [illegible] nations, either overstrained by the ruler, or wantonly cut asunder by the ruled. "The nations rage, and the people imagine a vain thing." How is this to end? Prophecy alone reveals the consummation. Let us gladly welcome so sure a light in this "dark place."

The Church is rent and feeble, with much of earth, little of heaven about her, to declare her high parentage and destiny. Few in numbers, with persecution as her portion, and sorrow as her heritage below, she passes the time of her sojourning here in fear, breathing an atmosphere altogether uncongenial,—a lily among thorns,—an Israelite in Babylon, hanging her harp upon the willows. Who shall tell what is to be the end of all this? Who shall foretell the issue of her pilgrimage, and the recompense of her sore oppression? The Lord himself has done it; he has forespoken the things concerning her in the latter day, and she is invited to contemplate these "glorious things."

Israel is an exile, scattered and bleeding, without a city, a temple, a home; she traverses the plains of earth, or dwells in its cities—yet still an outcast, for whom no man careth, with whom no man will share his honor or his influence, and to whom, in death, no man will build a monument. Her land is a desolation; her vineyards are trodden down; her cities are a ruinous heap. Is it always thus to be? Is there to be no restoration, no rebuilding for her? Has not God recorded "thoughts of peace" for her, in the appointed time? Let us search and see: prophecy alone can tell us.

Antichrist gathers strength. Like a spectre from the abyss, he rises, overshadowing the earth, and going forth to write his name upon the forehead and the hand of his myriad worshipers. "Even now are there many antichrists," each of them like a demon from the pit, all of them banded together against the saints of the Most High. What is to be the career and what the end of these hosts of darkness, especially of their great head and captain? God has revealed the things concerning him, lest the heart of his saints should fail. The same word of prophecy makes known his doom—swift and speedy as his exaltation. It is our wisdom to inquire what has been written concerning him. How shall the Church know her great adversary, and prepare for his onset, if she do not set herself to study the prophetic picture in which God is holding him up to her gaze?

Objections have, however, been taken to the study of the prophetic word, and Satan has done his utmost to give force and color to them. Fearing for his kingdom, and knowing how mighty a weapon the word of prophecy is against himself and his devices, especially against the great *Anti-christian* device in which all his craft and power are concentrated; he has labored to discredit such studies; he has misled many a man of God into sad and manifold error, making it at the same time appear as if it were prophecy that had thus bewildered and perverted him.

It is certainly to be deplored that error and fanaticism have been so often mingled with prophetic studies. God has been thereby dishonored, and his word profaned. The lips of scoffers have been opened in taunt and derision, while timid believers have kept silence, as if unable to reply.

We need not keep silence. Let us admit the *fact* on which the mockery is founded, and there let it rest. It will humble us; it will inspire caution; it will teach us wisdom; but it will do no more. It will not deter us from such studies, nor will it lead us to impeach the Word of God for consequences in which man alone is the delinquent. It will not lead us to join in the fears of the over-prudent, respecting the perilous nature of these investigations, nor to relinquish the field as either impracticable, or barren, or injurious. Because visions of futurity, drawn *professedly* from Scripture, have, with unholy fire, kindled some burning fancies into the wildness of a frenzied enthusiasm; because some who have soared to these unearthly heights have flung the past from their memory and the present from their consciousness, living the fervid expectants of a golden futurity, or the frantic denouncers of woes without name or number—are we, therefore, to shut up the prophetic record, and turn away our eyes from pages stamped so broadly with the seal, and encircled so brightly with the blessing of God? Are the prophets to be treated as if belonging to the kindred of the sybils, and their books to be buried out of sight? Nothing more profane has ever been uttered against Scripture, than that the study of any part of it is fitted to unhinge the mind, or raise its temperature beyond the point of calm and solemn inquiry. No Romanist ever promulgated an idea so indefensible as that any region of Scripture is unfruitful or forbidden ground, to be employed merely as a field out of which a casual text may be culled, as taste or fancy may incline; that whole chapters and books of Scripture are wrapt in such studied mystery that the very endeavor to understand them betokens rashness and folly.

"Secret things belong to God" says an objector. Most certainly; and whosoever insists on prying into God's secrets will only proclaim his own pride, and plunge himself into profounder ignorance. [illegible] prophecy is no secret thing; it is a thing revealed. It is not one of the things over which God has drawn the veil. It is just the opposite. It is that from which God has *withdrawn* the veil, on purpose that we may know it and profit by it. The very name of the chief prophetic book is a declaration of this, and a call on us to "come and see." What does *the Apocalypse* or *the Revelation* mean but the book which reveals, the book which takes the veil or covering from the future, and presents that future to our gaze? Into what is not written we may not search, but into all that is written we may and must. Necessity is laid upon us. Yea, wo is unto us if we turn away our ears from the voice of God speaking to us concerning things to come! We are not, indeed, to be of those who add to the word of God by their fanciful glosses or Talmudic reveries, yet we are not to be of those who "take from" its truths by refusing to study and interpret what God has set before us.

We hear much of the difference between things essential and things non-essential; but who will undertake to draw the dividing line? Or who will venture to affirm that the prophetic portions of the Word are its non-essentials? Do not such truths as the advent, the resurrection, the judgment, form some of the chief scenes of prophecy; and are these non essentials? Strange, truly strange, that man should make such a division of the Word of God! Stranger still, that he should make it for the purpose of excusing himself for the neglect of so large and precious a portion of revelation. Is not the fact of its being revealed enough to shew us that God thought it essential; or if not parential absolutely and with reference to salvation, at least essential relatively and as pertaining to holiness? If a man will persist in calling it non-essential, surely he will not irreverently pronounce it *unimportant*? And if it be admitted to be *important*, then surely all farther argument is at end. It *must* be studied. We dare not overlook or postpone the duty.

Never did we more require such a light to guide our uncertain steps, and to strengthen our wavering faith, broken down with overflowing iniquity, sick and weary with the long disappointment of hope deferred. Never did futurity wear so wild an aspect, never did God's way seem so strange and intricate, never were the Church's prospects more perilous and perplexed, or "the world's turns so slippery" as now. Above all, never was there a time when events developed themselves with such rapidity. This seems especially one of the characteristics of the last days. As the world moves onward, it appears to accelerate its speed, and precipitate itself with headlong recklessness and feverish haste. Events, alike the evil and the good, though specially the former, seem to ripen before their season, as if Satan were in haste to carry through his devices, knowing that now he hath but a short time. The crisis comes ere we are well aware of the commencement. Speed, whirlwind speed, is the order of the day. All things are now conducted upon a larger scale, and cast in a more commanding mould. There is less of the commonplace, and more of the startling—less of the gradual movement, and more of the sudden shock and convulsion in the events of the age—an age which is destined, we believe, to concentrate in its history more of the terrible and the calamitous than has ever heretofore been witnessed or shall be witnessed hereafter.

What, then, are our prospects? Some would paint them bright, others gloomy. All indeed are full of expectation as to the glory that is yet to brighten over the earth, the peace that is yet to gladden it. But as to what that glory is, how it is to be introduced, and how present events are making away for its arrival, men are divided. The fond idolators of science and reason are hailing the day of triumph as if its dawn were already brightening in the east; as if, in the march of intellect, every one might discern the progress of righteousness and truth. Some in the Church, not so unscriptural in their optimism, nor trusting so vainly to human intellect, see the Gospel gradually leavening the world, and all things advancing onward resistlessly to their glorious issue. There are others, however, who see the shadows gathering deeper and broader everywhere, and darkness, denser than Egyptian, settling down upon Christendom, and who look for no triumph till there has been a time of trouble such as never was nor shall be.

Which of these opinions is right, *prophecy* alone can inform us. This is our only guide. It is our watchtower, into which we must betake ourselves, in order, on the one hand, to note the troubled scenes that are passing below, and on the other hand to watch for every token of the ascending dawn. On the early morn of jubilee men were stationed on the eastern hills about Jerusalem to catch the first gleam of sunshine, silvering the cloud or the mountain-top afar off, or they might announce it to the priests waiting in the temple with their silver trumpets to proclaim it to the expecting city, from which the tidings, caught up by the watchmen of the surrounding hills, were echoed from mountain to mountin till all Judea hailed the welcome note. So are we to take our stand on our prophetic watchtower, that we may catch the earliest glimpse of approaching glory, and proclaim it over earth as glad tidings of great joy to a groaning creation and a sorrowing Church. Wo be to us if we keep the world in ignorance of what is coming, so that when the day arrives, it may turn round on us in reproach, and say, "We never heard of all this; they who professed to know it kept silence; no utterance of warning from their lips ever reached our ears."

Viewing the subject even thus generally, we not only find strong reasons urging us to the study of prophecy, but we see also how profitable and how pratical that study is.

For the Tennessee Baptist.

PREPARATORY STEPS TO ENTERING THE CHURCH.

BY T. E. B.

Chapter VIII.

THE Episcopalian Church demands a passing notice at our hands. Can the Episcopalian be that organization of which the Savior said, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?" If not, she has no right to arrogate to herself the assumption that she is.

Is the Episcopalian Church the apostolic church? Was she set up by Jesus Christ? Can she be the church of Jesus Christ? In answering these questions we appeal solely to facts. If facts warrant the assumption made by Episcopalians, then the Episcopalian is indeed the church of Christ.

The Episcopalian, like the Presbyterian and other Protestant churches, sprang out of the Roman Catholic Church. This fact is not denied by her most zealous supporters. And to-day the resemblance she bears to her bloody parent is most striking. Episcopalianism is not a granddaughter of the "Mother of Harlots," but she is Rome's best beloved and dearest daughter. In journeying towards Rome you may regard yourself almost there when you reach the precincts of Episcopalianism. To attach yourself to the Episcopalian Church is to make a long stride toward the home of the *great* Pope Pius. Well, let us examine the record of the Episcopalian Church. "She is the most notable of the daughters of Babylon. She has no just claims to existence previous to the days of Henry VIII., or 'Bluff Old Hal.' Until then, England, with her bishops, priests, and people, were the most abject and servile of all the cringing slaves of Papal Rome. Henry had been a zealous champion of the Pope in opposition to Luther. He had even written a book in support of the pretensions of Romanism, for which book he had been dubbed by his Holiness, 'Defender of the Faith;' a title worn by his successors to this day, as the fairest jewel in their coronal.

The origin of the Church of England (known in this country as the Episcopalian Church) was in this wise. Henry VIII. had married his brother's widow, and had lived happily with her until the beautiful Ann Boleyn came to court as one of the maids of honor. Very soon after her arrival, Henry experienced sundry severe twitches of conscience. He began to suspect that it was a mortal sin to live in wedlock with a brother's widow. The more he saw of Ann Boleyn, the more his scruples were augmented. At last the pangs of conscience became intolerable. He applied to the Pope of Rome for a divorce. The Pope posponed the application from time to time. Henry importuned, and his Holiness prevaricated. At length the King of England, weary of delay, took the matter into his own hands—divorced himself, and married Ann Boleyn. Soon after he was excommunicated, and his subjects absolved from their allegiance by the Pope. But Henry was not to be trifled with. He set the Pope at defiance—declared that he should no longer have spiritual or temporal dominion in the English Realm—proclaimed himself the supreme head on earth of the Church of England. It is still a question, whether if Ann Boleyn had been less beautiful, or Henry Tudor less conscientious, that paragon of ecclesiastical excellence, yeleped the Protestant Episcopal Church would have ever gladdened the waste places of the earth with the beams of its unrivaled splendor.

Be that as it may, it is certain that the present Church of England dates its beginning from Henry VIII. Its vaunted Episcopacy derives its succession through the Romish hierarchy, and has no warrant in the Scriptures of truth. It is a Church established by an act of Parliament, and not by a Divine statute. Its annals are the records of wrong, outrage, and oppression, scarcely surpassed in the days of papal supremacy. Even at this present writing, it is a living libel and mockery of the religion of Jesus. Its chief supporters are a reproach to Christianity. It seems to be rapidly verging to mystical Babylon, the source of its origin; and consequently can assert no claims to be the true Church of Christ in the dark ages."

Dear young convert, in the name of everything sacred, can such an organization be the true church of Christ visible? What, an organization whose very existence is to be attributed to a love intrigue, assume to be a church of Jesus Christ! Perish the unholy thought. It were almost blasphemy to think of such a thing. According to the views of Episcopalians it is the most easy thing imaginable to make a church. Churches, in their estimation, spring Phenix like from the brains of love-sick Kings and Queens. If nature had not been so lavish in adorning and beautifying the person of Ann Boleyn, and if Henry VIII. had married some one else besides his brother's widow—the strong probabilities are, that the world would never have known the beauties of religion, as held forth by Episcopalians—would never have seen the long-robed religious fraternity—the very existence of which in a gospel enlightened land, is a shame and scandal on everything sacred. In view of these solemn facts it would be the height of absurdity to maintain that the Episcopal Church, or Church of England, is any part of the Church of Jesus Christ. If all the assumptions made by the Episcopalian Church were granted to her, even then the grossest absurdity, "leaning its idiot back against folly's topmost twig," could not establish the vain and idle pretentions made by some, that the Episcopalian is the true Church of Christ.

But then there are other reasons to be urged against the claims set up by Rome's nearest relation. What kind of *stuff* has she not substituted for gospel repentance? In the estimation of this great paragon of Christian excellence, what does it take to effect the regeneration of the human heart? Does she regard regeneration the work of God? Not at all! I will tell you what she calls regeneration. She gives you a little book, or something of the kind, and teaches you to repeat it after her Chief Priests in their synagogues. And thus Episcopalians effect the work of regeneration on your heart. Just as you would teach a child his A B C's, or a parrot how to chatter. Episcopalians strike a blow at the very foundation of all vital religion; substitute a miserable dogma for the regeneration taught in the Word of God, and render themselves deservedly odious and contemptible in the eyes of every humble follower of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Can such a human-made society, foul with the impregnations of the Beast, and once dripping with the blood of the "Two Witnesses," presume to be the church of Christ?

From recent indications it appears that this wayward daughter of "Holy Mother" has become somewhat weary of her long wanderings, and begins to manifest a good deal of uneasiness to see her "old master" once more before she dies. No doubt Episcopalianism had heard of the sad decline of her "mother" in various parts of Europe, and in view of their past relations she thinks she ought to go back to her maternal arms, and return her last parting embrace.

We have said enough about the so-called Episcopalian Church. She has been weighed in the balances, and oh how vain her pretensions!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Better be generous and poor, than selfish and rich—be poor and give our pennies, than rich and withhold our dollars—for the more we have the more we have to account for.

Set it down as a fact to which there is no exception, that we must labor for all we have, and that nothing is worth possessing ourselves, or offering to others, except it cost us something.

THE NEW YORK HERALD ON JOHN BULL.

The New York *Herald* is again in a great rage with JOHN BULL. It insists that the LINCOLN Administration shall bring him up to the mark at once. It says:

"Mr. Lincoln should not permit, for an instant, the recognition of the Confederate States as 'belligerents,' in the sense in which the word was used by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons. The whole country will sustain him in requiring from Great Britain the explicit acknowledgment of our right to put down rebellion in America, just as we should leave unquestioned her competency to put down insurrection in Wales or Ireland; and any infringement of the blockade that has been instituted of Southern ports by armed British vessels, should be at once regarded as a *casus belli*."

We venture to say that if a single British gunboat, the Styx for example, should show its face with hostile intent in New York harbor, the whole population would evacuate the island, led on by the bold chieftain who penned that paragraph, the few teeth that age has left him clattering like loose windows in a high gale."—*Richmond Dispatch.*

THE BAPTIST.

"Truth Against the World."

NASHVILLE, SATURDAY, AUG 3, 1861.

Letters for the Editor's eye only, containing no Office Business, should be directed to J. R. Graves, and marked "Private."

All sending Money or Orders for BRACES address J. R. Graves, and mark "Private," that it may not be mixed up in the House business. The money at your risk, (Checks, or by Adams Express will never fail,) the Brace at our risk.

J. R. G.

Editorial Telegrams.

Have you thought of it?—Thought of sending a copy of this paper to your *son*, or *brother*, or *friend*, who is in camp? Why have you not thought of it? They will receive it and read it with the greatest pleasure. The boys have hours every day unemployed, and hence they are so easily led into card playing, and other demoralizing practices. *They read everything they can lay hold of*, and nothing more readily than a paper. Fifty cents will send it three months, and one dollar six, and we will send it to the camp, wherever the camp goes during the war. *Send your son the paper.*

Tracts for the Soldiers.—Are there not one hundred brethren and sisters who will contribute $5, or $3 or $1 each to supply the soldiers now encamped in Tennessee with religious tracts? They will be read with avidity, and with God's blessing will do great good in counteracting the demoralizing influences of camp life and leading the soldiers to Jesus. Sow beside all waters "surely the Christians of this State will not leave the thousands of their sons massed in camps without supplying them with religious reading. We learn that a decidedly religious influence pervades in some camps and professions of religion are made.

We propose to send a package of any one of the following tracts, or an assorted package of 1200 pages, containing one or more of them, to the address of any soldier or to the Chaplain of the regiment in this State for $1.00, and postage 25c., or 200 pages for 30 cents, and postage 10cts.

The Campbellite, falsely called Gospel Herald, in Manchester, Tennessee, is sorely disturbed by Brother Ray's articles in this paper. It is an evidence that they are effective. To the credit of the Herald be it said that it publishes Bro. R's articles entire, and in replying almost republishes them again. The Editor wishes us to republish his review. If he will send all his articles to Bro. Ray, Paris, Tennessee, the paper will be open to whatever disposition he may see fit to make of them.

If Mr. Rees wishes to enlighten us touching Campbellism, will he answer two questions:

1. Has Mr. A. Campbell, the father and founder of Campbellism, ever received Christian baptism?

2. If so, did he receive it from a *Christian* or an anti-Christian Church?

If Mr. Campbell himself can answer these questions, he will relieve the minds of many.

THE GRAND MARCH OF SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE.

POWDER, BALLS, ETC., IN THE SOUTH.

It has been feared that the South would be deficient in powder for the war, and in materials of which to make it. But we see that in this as in many other things the South is about to assert its independence. There are already two powder mills in operation in Pickens District, South Carolina, which make excellent rifle and blasting powder, and one near Nashville, Tennessee. Col. John D. Gray and others have formed a company at Kingston, Georgia, for the purpose of commencing immediately to manufacture powder. The saltpetre cave near that place contains an abundance of nitre, almost pure. Another company, G. W. Rice and others, have rented the celebrated cave in Jackson county, Alabama, and are making preparations to manufacture powder.

As to bullets a machine has been invented in this city, and is now at work in the Arsenal, turning out with perfect ease from forty to fifty thousand bullets per day, and of a character not to be equalled by the ordinary bullet.

A percussion Cap manufactury in this city is turning out 100,000 superb caps per day, and fine cannon and balls are now being made here and in other cities in the South.

The Messrs Noble, of Rome, Georgia, have taken a contract to manufacture Rifled Cannon, and have already commenced this work.

The manufacture of swords is about to be commenced on a large scale at Tilton, Whitfield county, Ga.

The Macon (Georgia) Telegraph says that a percussion cap factory has been established in that city, and another in Raleigh, N. C.

HOME-MADE DRUMS.—We learn from the Richmond Whig that Mr. Polster of that city is making excellent drums, all parts except the tin being of domestic manufacture.—Good.

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURES.—We have been presented with a bottle of Leigh's Gutta Percha Glue, and also of Leigh's Vermin exterminator. These articles are manufactured in Edgefield, South Carolina, and are highly recommended by those who have tested them. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Leigh will shortly commence manufacturing these articles on a larger scale in this city. Every thing that tends to render the South more independent of the North should be encouraged.

Dr. Clark, Gregory & Co. are manufacturing in this City valuable Family Medicines that will so fast as known take the place of all the Pills and the Pain Killers, and R. R Relief medicines now sold by millions in the South. Ambrosial Oil is truly an invaluable medicine for bruises, cuts, burns, cholics, flux, tooth ache, sick head ache, etc

Painless Liver Pills and Ague Pills no family should be without.

Every week gives birth to some new manufactory that supplies some necessity for which we have been dependent upon the North, and send thousands of our money there for it.

It gives us pleasure to announce the least step in the Grand March of our Southern Independence.

Who will make the 300,000 cases of boots and shoes the South bought of the North last year. Who, the 250,000 cases of hats and caps? Who, the 100,000 cases of bonnets? Who, the millions of Hoop Skirts? Who, the 30 or 40 million of hose and stockings. What magnificent openings for the profitable investment of capital! Shall we continue to pursue our *impoverishing* and *ruinous* policy and depend on England and France if the blockade is opened?

The South Western Publishing House has already commenced issuing a Series of Southern School Books. The Spelling, Reading, and Defining Series on a new plan is ready for our Schools. Will not teachers, Trustees and Committees send and procure a copy for examination. *Send the postage* for the *five books*, $1 00.

A Mathematical and Grammatical Series will soon go to press.

Our soldiers are writing the History and preparing the Geographical Map of the South, and of the Continent itself, and pens are already waiting to prepare them for the press.

BAPTISTS AND METHODISTS.

MR. EDITOR: You ought to correct a glaring error which appeared in your columns recently.—You state that—

"According to the latest official statements of the Methodist Church, just published, it appears that the members connected with the denomination in the United States, number 994,447. This denomination has generally been regarded as taking the lead of all others; but if these returns are correct, as they doubtless are, the Baptists stand No. 1 in numerical strength, and our Methodist friends must wheel into the line below. The comparison stands as follows: Baptists, 1,020,442; Methodists 994,447. The Baptists have therefore 25,995 larger membership than any other religious denomination in the United States. Of course the Methodists include a large number of those who are still 'on probation.'"

Now, according to the last official statements, (1859) the Methodists in the United States—Methodist Episcopal, to say nothing of Protestant and other branches of the Methodist family—number in the Church South 721,023, North 974,345, making a total of 1,695,328. Of these you may estimate 254,473 probationers. These taken from the tatal number, we have in full membership 1,140,845. You will bear in mind that these are the official statistics for 1859. Since then there has been an increase in the two branches of the Church of nearly one hundred thousand.

I give the above facts and figures that you may not mislead your readers.

I herewith send you the Methodist Almanac for 1861, where you will find the tables prepared with much care.

METHODIST.

Nashville, Tenn.

REMARKS.—We correct with pleasure and acknowledge the courtesy of "*Methodist*."—We took the item from the "*Methodist*," a Northern paper. We suppose that paper only gave the statistics of the Church *North*.

Well now according to the Methodist Elder's rule for approximating the number of converted members in this mass, how many are there? He says, Divide and cast out *nine* of every *ten*, and then divide what is left again in the same way, and the remainder will be about the number of converted members—and Elders ought to know Methodists better than any body else.

Operation.—1,440,845÷10=144,084×9=1,296,756, then 1,440,845 less 1,296,756=144,089, this again divided by 10=14408,9/10 and multiplied by 9 gives 129,680, which taken from 144,089 leaves 15,409 as the probable number of converted members in the Churches North and South. This is rendered quite probable, since the very best Methodists have been heard to boast that they have fallen from grace so many times, and *got religion again*.

Choice Readings, Illustrations, etc.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED FOR THE CLOSET AND PULPIT.

"Without a parable [illustration] spake He not unto them."—*Luke.*

No. 107.
Clouds.

WE often live under a cloud, and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts; we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them. Only it behooves us to take care that whatever cloud may spread over us, it should be a cloud of witnesses. And every cloud may be such, if we can only look at the sunshine that broods behind it.

No. 108.

ÆROPUS was the king of Macedonia, and it was his favorite pursuit to make lanterns. Probably he was very good at making them, but his proper business was to be a king; and therefore the more lanterns he made the worse king he was. And if your work be a high calling, you must not dissipate your energies on trifles, on things which lawful in themselves are still as irrelevant to you as lamp-making is irrelevant to a king.

No. 109.
The Shout of Salvation.

IT is related that when the Greeks heard that Pericles had overthrown the Macedonian invader, a whole nation raised to the skies so loud a shout—*soter, soter*—Savior! Savior!—that birds upon the wing dropped down.

Fable should become fact in our case. *They* felt such overpowering gratitude to a temporal deliverer, what gratitude ought *we* to feel, what songs of praises, what shouts of salvation raise to express our obligations to Him "who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood"?!

"O, for such love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak."

TO MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

No. 2.

Brethren, I have brought my charge against the ministry, and now I must say something to the laity. You, too, as well as the ministry, have failed to discharge your duty. You have not held up their hands as you should have done—you have not ministered to them a sufficiency of "carnal things"—you have withheld your substance, and the Lord has given you barrenness of soul—you have neglected the assembling of yourselves together, prayed too little, and not given heed to the truths that you have heard, and it may be that we have departed from the simplicity of the Gospel in our system of operations. I commend to your earnest and prayerful consideration the whole of Bro. Jas. Whitaker's article on "The relative duties of Church members and Ministers." If you have not read it, read it. You will find it in the *Tennessee Baptist* of June 22d, 1861, second column, first page.

What he says of the different classes of ministers and church members, of monied salaries and contributions, of the system of contribution and the constitution of churches, is certainly true, according to the word of divine truth.

Let us return to the Apostolic plan. Under the Jewish economy the people were required to give a tenth of their income. Under the Gospel dispensation there is no specific amount reckoned. But yet the plan is most excellent and definite enough for every pious and intelligent lover of Jesus. Turn to 1 Cor. xvi: 1, 3, concerning the collection for the saints, upon the first day of the week every one was to lay by him in store as God had prospered him, that there should be no gatherings when Paul came, and whom they approved by letters, as delegates, were to bring their liberality (contributions) to Jerusalem.

1. They were to have a definite system. Upon the first day of the week they were to lay by in store—this would avoid confusion, and also supply the treasury with a fund, that there might be no gatherings (confusion) when called upon, in case of an emergency.

But suppose we only receive money once or twice a year, then how shall we lay by weekly? Why, reserve a few dollars for weekly appropriations. If this were done there would not be so much confusion in collecting money for benevolent purposes.

2. Every one should give as God has prospered him. If he has prospered much he should give much. It is not his business nor his duty to regulate what he gives, by what his brother gives. It is personal with each one, and each is bound to give as God has prospered him. If he fails to do this he sins, robs God, injures the cause of Christ, manifests ingratitude, is guilty of covetousness, which is idolatry. The burden should not fall upon a few, as it usually does. Each one should bear his part. If he refuses to do so, he should be brought before the church for covetousness, and disciplined. Nor should excuses made, on the plea of debts being contracted, be received, when those debts have been made with a view to increase and hoard up property.

3. If the contributions are sent abroad, they may be carried by those delegates.

4. In what spirit should brethren give?

"Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."—2 Cor. ix: 7.

"He which soweth sparingly, shall also reap sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully."—ix: 6.

The measure of liberality is not determined from the amount given, but from the motive and the proportion given to one's wealth. The poor widow that contributed two mites gave more than the rich.

How reasonable is it that each one should contribute with a cheerful mind and a grateful heart. He has freely received, and why should he not freely give? He also received spiritual blessings, and why should he not give of his earthly substance? Christ has bought him with his own precious blood. God has given him every good and perfect gift. Out of his unwasting fullness he has supplied our wants; and should we not gratefully show our love to him by liberally giving to sustain the interest of Zion?

O, how many sow sparingly; How mean and small must he feel who gives grudgingly! Such will be despised in the sight of God. Brethren, beware of covetousness. If you sow sparingly, you shall reap sparingly. You will have barrenness of soul? Your spiritual harvest will be scanty.

Remember that he that giveth, lendeth to the Lord. If you do much for God and his cause, and do it cheerfully, from a sincere and obedient heart, your Father who seeth in secret will reward you openly.

ADOLPHOS.

Memphis Correspondence.

The two aspects of the Case.

Regarded simply as a struggle between parties contending for their rights as estimated from their respective standpoints, one would rationally conclude that the war between the two sections of our country would end ere scarcely it had a beginning. That the conviction on the part of the North, of her ability to marshal an overwhelmingly superior force numerically, had much to do in bringing about the conclusion on her part of her ability to crush out rebellion South, and that this is a task which reflecting men North now see to be an herculean one, if not one impossible to be accomplished, was esteemed of trivial import, there is little doubt.

The ability of the South to bring into the field a force equal to that of the invaders, will prove the means of leading the North to count the cost—to estimate calmly the chances of success, and to arrive at the very natural conclusion that the South cannot be coerced into submission; a conviction which, had it existed *ab origine*, would have prevented the inception of hostilities; and now that their inauguration has rashly occurred, would end them, but for the inherent wickedness of human nature, the mortification resulting from wounded pride—an obstacle which cannot long withstand the weighty considerations which invite their end.

Passion and prejudice cannot always sway the Northern masses. They must ultimately—nay, speedily see, that the old Union cannot be cemented or re-united in blood; and that, even subjugation attainable, the means by which it was attained must be perpetuated for its maintenance; and that thus the character of the Union would be wholly subverted. They cannot fail to discover that the very means employed by them to preserve the Union, are the means by which it will certainly be destroyed.

What ends, then, are to be gained by the North adequate to induce her to prosecute the war? If, by it, she cannot hope to perpetuate the Union as it was, and if through its prosecution she must entail upon herself an onerous debt, to crush out the prosperity of her people, what great good exists or can ensue, to incite her to bring down upon herself great positive injury.

Could she attain the promptings of her misguided philanthropy, and erase the *foul blot of slavery* from America, she would only pluck down upon herself greater ruin, in depriving her manufacturing operatives of the possibility of receiving employment and bread, from the great staple of the Southern States.

White labor can never produce cotton to an amount adequate to meet the world's demands; for the white man is not physically constituted to endure bodily labor in the cotton latitude to an extent sufficient to produce the quantity of the article the world demands for raiment, to say nothing of the loss of employment and bread which such a diminution of its growth would produce.

In view of the fact (if I may be allowed the digression) of the inadaptation of white labor to the culture of cotton, and admitting all the evils which Northern fanatics are accustomed to ascribe to slavery, no greater philanthropic achievement exists through the instrumentality of an equal portion of the earth's inhabitants, than is effected through that portion of the African slaves South engaged in the growth of cotton. Northern minds, I know, are not prepared to take this view of this particular question; but though disqualified, from fanatical bias, to estimate the great evils they would inflict, could they through the war effect this, to their minds, great good—the abolition of slavery—they will not fail to discover their inability to subjugate the South; nor the fact that could they do so, they would have subverted their government, and brought political ruin upon themselves, as well as bankruptcy and suffering indescribable. But in addition to all this, they will speedily discover their inability to procure means to prosecute the war. Loans cannot long be effected, even at the ruinous discount at which United States' paper is now being offered. Northern capitalists will soon cease to aid a government with the future which the times indicate for theirs; and direct taxation would lead to rebellions in their midst, indications of which already trouble the fancies of their leaders.

The North can engage in but little during an offensive war of the magnitude the South invites, which produces that for which the nations of the earth would exchage their gold. Not so with the South. Her two hundred millions of cotton afford a basis upon which to prosecute the war, and preserve her people from beggary.

The North must early discover her weakness, and the solid strength of the South, and invite a return to the arts of peace, the only safeguards of her prosperity.

Looking, then, at the war simply as a struggle between nations, or a nation divided, the conclusion is irresistible that it can but be of short duration.

But there is another aspect in which the upheavings of this people are regarded by many. To their minds, the moral economy of the world rapidly approaches a change. They see in the events of the day the speedy closure of a dispensation, in which the "bride, the Church of Christ, is to be honored with His presence and personal reign, judging the nations, and making all subservient to His power, and submissive to His will." It may be that individual and national infidelity is being blotted out. That the day dawns for punishment of rebellion against the King of glory, and the crushing out of the thousands of phases of infidelity, paganism, heathenism, and the false systems and theories of religion instituted among men; and if so, it is not surprising that war, pestilence, and famine, should combine to sweep rebellious man and the foul impress of sin from the face of the earth. Under this aspect of the case, anticipated peace is but a delusion, to be supplanted by the blackest night of sufferings humanity has known.

How soon the mighty nations of the new and old world may present one fearful scene of revolution, anarchy, and carnage, can only be conjectured. The interruption of artificial causes unaided by the events in the moral world anticipated by many, might lead to these ends. Wipe out the cotton fields of the South, through the efforts of an invading army, and then fearful effects would steadily, certainly be fanned into being, as the effects solely of interrupted trade and averted supplies, to say nothing of the Providential indications which many see, or think they see, reflected from the mirror of time.

What a season of profund anxiety, then, should this be to the christian! How earnestly the cause of humanity and humanity's God should enlist his attention and his heart! How cautious as a witness of God, should he be, that he should stand erect, immovable, 'mid the mutations of time, and the ragings of sin; unfettered by snares of the enemy, and ready for the Master's bidding.

P. S. JONES.

Contentment depends not upon what we have, but what we would have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too small for Alexander.

Baptist Sabbath School Department.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

A. C. DAYTON, EDITOR.

WHO WILL DO LIKEWISE.

Not many days since a dear sister, greatly beloved by a large circle of friends, who know how much good she does with very limited means, called to ask our aid and counsel in regard to a new labor of love. A company of volunteers were about to start for the seat of war—all of them were her friends, many of them had been her pupils—she felt a deep interest in their future welfare for time and eternity, and determined to do *something* for their good. What should it be? They would be lonely sometimes in the camp; they would be homesick and sad; some might be wounded or sick, and have long hours of lonely waiting—they would need something to *read*, and there was *one* book which, however often read, never grows stale. She determined that every soldier should have a copy of the New Testament and other lad es had joined her in furnishing the means to procure them. This was noble! This was Christian like! Will not some one do the same for all our soldiers?

A. C. D.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

We overheard a conversation some few weeks since, which threw light upon the character of our fair countrywomen. A lady, young and beautiful, a graduate of one of our most popular Female Colleges, married the choice of her heart. They have a large plantation and a strong force to work it. He felt it to be his duty to lead a company of his neighbors and friends to the field of war to meet the invaders of our homes. But she was in such a condition that he hesitated to go from home, and for a time she was not quite willing that he should leave her. After some deliberation and consultation with friends, however, she said she earnestly *desired* him to go. But who will take care of the plantation?"

"I can do it myself."

"You will need at least an overseer?"

"No, I can manage better than any overseer we are likely to procure."

"You must not be left alone."

"No, I will get some sensible *woman* for a companion. That is all I need or wish."

"What if you are disturbed or insulted?"

"I can shoot as well as my husband."

"What if your servants rebel against your authority?"

"There is no danger. They love me too well, and if need be I can make them fear me."

"Then you really wish your husband to go?"

"I do not like to be separated from him. It is a terrible trial, but some must go. And between submission to the North and the short separation from my husband it is easy to choose. I can't go and fight but I can stay *and take his place on the plantation* while he is gone. Let him go and do his duty. I will stay and do mine."

Tennessee and all the South is full of just such women. They can and will, to a great extent, take upon themselves the cares and labors of the loved ones who have gone to the camp, so far at least as *business* is concerned. Why will not our sisters in the churches do the same, so far as practicable, in the labors of the *Church* and the *Sabbath School*? Much or most that is to be done in the school they can do as well or better than anybody else. Try it sisters. Try it at once. Don't let your school disband, or if it has done so, don't let another Sabbath pass till you gather it again. Don't wait for some one else to begin. Begin yourself, by going at once to the others who will help you, and secure the hearty co-operation of all. These times of trouble and distress are no time to neglect the duties of religion. When the dampness of death broods over the land the light of religion is more needful than ever. Take your places, then, at once, my sisters in the Lord. Fill up, at once, the ranks left vacant by our brethren who have gone to defend you and the "other loved ones at home" from horrors worse than death. Don't let the cause of God, at home, suffer from their absence any more than the good lady refered to above intends to let the interest of her noble husband suffer in his absence.

A. C. D.

NORMAL SCHOOL FOR FEMALE TEACHERS.

There will be hundreds of female teachers needed to take the places of those who have left for the North to return no more. Hundreds of our schools must stop unless the daughters of the South will step forward and prepare themselves for this noble branch of science. Teaching is a science that can be studied and taught. Well qualified teachers will command fine salaries.

A Normal School Department will be opened at the Mary Sharp College, Winchester, Tenn. for all those young ladies wishing to prepare themselves for teachers, and especial instruction and training given them in the art of successful teaching.

A young lady who will prepare herself for a teacher, can readily command a salary of $500 to $800 *per annum*.

This should encourage a large class to prepare themselves to serve their country in this her day of need.

The Rev. S. A. Corey of New York, baptized the Rev. Wm. Irving, a Congregational Methodist minister of East Brooklyn, and six of his members, on Thursday, the 4th inst. Mr. Irving's views having undergone a change on the subject of baptism, he first set the example himself, and then designs to baptize the whole of his members. The Rev. A. H. Burlingham of New York, baptized, Sabbath before last, a Methodist minister, the Rev. Mr. Shuster, who had become convinced that immersion was the primitive and true form of baptism.

SECULAR DEPARTMENT

J. TOVELL, Editor.

SUMMARY.

Every account that reaches us from Washington and Alexandria, confirms the first intelligence communicated by telegraph that the issue of the Battle at Manassas was not merely a defeat, but a complete rout—in the language of the Washington Star, "a result never equalled in the history of modern warfare except at the Battle of Waterloo." The Federal Army is completely demoralized—its crack regiments whipped by one fourth their number, its men frightened, its batteries taken, and its best material left along the road, for miles, to be appropriated by every passer by. Between Stone Bridge and Centreville the scene presented is indescribable. Within a distance of three miles might be seen scattered every article that could possibly enter into the composition of a well-equipped army—blankets, shoes, haversacks, cartridge boxes, caps, knapsacks, equipments, muskets, canteens by the thousand, axes, medicine chests, grape shot, percussion caps, powder boxes, and even several hundred handcuffs, which were intended to be used upon their prisoners—when they got them. One of the most valuable captures was a batch of papers, specifications and drawings, evidently the property of a general officer, relating to the movements of the Federal army. Among other facts, it was stated that the attacking force would consist of fifty-three thousand, and the list of regiments engaged was enumerated.

From other sources, it appears that Scott had so admirably planned his attack that not a thought of repulse was entertained.

He expected to march upon our left wing, turn it with ease, get in the rear of our little army, and with his overpowering forces, surround and cut us to pieces. Several letters found upon the field and along the line of retreat, state that fact in plain words. Others request of distant correspondents after Sunday next to mail future communications to Manassas or Richmond as the case may be.

So intense was the panic among the forces of the enemy that it appears not to have subsided for days after the "disaster" occurred; for it is reported and believed in the neighborhood of Manassas, that on Tuesday the Federal troops who had retreated to Alexandria after their defeat, fell to fighting among themselves, and that after great numbers had been slain, the remainder took up their line of march for Washington. This rumor receives great color of truth from the vague sentence of the telegraphic news from Washington, published in our city papers on Tuesday the 23d ult. "Washington, July 22—noon. Our troops, after gaining a great victory on yesterday, were repulsed *and commenced a retreat on Washington. After this information had been received last night from Centreville, a series of events took place here in the highest degree disastrous.*" What the series of events was, we cannot certainly say; but taken in connection with these rumors of wild flight and intestine strife, this telegram receives increased importance and significance.

Advices from Washington so late as Tuesday last inform us that the Fire Zouaves have been in insubordination since the retreat. They revolted Saturday, and a regiment was ordered out to retain them. Nine of them are in jail, for attempting to desert.

The time of several thousand Northern volunteers expired on Saturday, but they were informed that they could not be paid off until the ensuing Monday, and would not then be discharged, unless they participated in the forward movement of Sunday. Thus forced into the battle and defeated, it is no wonder that when they retreated they went straight to Washington, and demanded their wages, that they might return to their homes. Their rights were again denied, and then resulted a fight, of which the telegram above doubtless refers to. The regulars were called out to quell the insubornination, and in the conflict which resulted blood was freely shed on both sides. How the matter was finally settled, we are not advised.

Accounts just received from Cairo indicate that the camp there is also in a ferment, dreading an attack. Troops are being withdrawn from North and West Missouri.

The New York Herald at last acknowledges the corn and says: "There can be no longer a doubt about the disastrous nature of the retreat of our army from Bull's Run to Arlington Heights. In killed, wounded and prisoners, the loss amounts probably to twenty thousand, including many of the best officers, together with the whole of the splendid artillery."

It is generally understood in well-informed quarters in Richmond that Generals Beauregard and Johnson have orders from the proper quarter to advance upon Alexandria when the necessary arrangements for doing so are completed.

The World says the Confederates are moving North, East and South-west from Manassas, contemplating three simultaneous approaches on Washington.

Confederate pickets are stationed every five miles from Harper's Ferry to Fortress Monroe on the Potomac and Chesapeake.

The Northern Congress has passed a bill levying direct taxes on the people for the purpose of raising a sufficient revenue for carrying on the war. This tax includes three per cent. on incomes and five cents on distilled and two on fermenting liquors.

All Democrats and Southern men opposed the bill, which passed by 17 majority.

Cox proposed a peace proposition in the House. Only 42 voted in favor of it, including Cox, Webb, Morris, Nugent, Pendleton, Vallandingham and White, Ohians; Cravens, Holman, Lane and Voorheis, Indianians, and Richardson and Robinson, of Illinois.

The Senate adopted the amendment to the tariff bill to increase the present tariff 10 per cent., and charge 10 per cent. on the present free list. Seven negatives. So that instead of repealing the Morrill bill they have actually made its imposts more onerous in defiance of the mercantile interests of the country and the pledges of the government are understood to have given to New York remonstrants against that stupid and blind piece of legislation.

T.

FALSEHOOD AND FOLLY OF THE NORTHERN PRESS.

"We once heard" says the St. Louis *Christian Advocate* of a somewhat eccentric Scotch parson, who supposing his parishioners not altogether as scrupulous in their observance of the ninth commandment as they should have been, selected for his text the 11th verse of the 116th Psalm: "I said in my haste, all men are liars." He read his text, and, in a sort of soliloquizing manner, premised: "Ah! ye said it in yer haste, did ye, David; well, if ye had been here noo, mon, ye might have said it at yer leisure." Just so; and we think the parson's introduction particularly applicable to this country, and at this time."

We think so too; and it perhaps may not be amiss to furnish a few illustrations of this spirit of mendacity drawn from unexceptional sources. For hours after the battle at Manassas had been irretrievably lost to the North, the agents and army correspondents of New York and other Northern papers, continued to send dispatches announcing that their own army had gained a brilliant victory. The boastful braggarts had been indulging themselves and their readers with such visions of glory and conquest that we must suppose that they felt impelled to adopt some expedient to prolong the illusory bliss in which both had revelled, and to avoid the sudden revulsion of feeling which a statement of naked facts would have produced. Everything that follows, the reader will remark, is taken from Northern papers.

From the New York Times of Monday 22d ult.

"Yesterday was a glorious day for the National arms, and one in which Rebellion was taught a lesson which it will not soon forget, though at the expense of a sad loss of life on our part.

VICTORY AT BULL'S RUN—SUMTER AVENGED.—The news from the seat of war must thrill every loyal American heart with deep emotion. The trust reposed by the country in its heroic army has not been misplaced. After a battle of unparalleled severity, in which our soldiers fought against great odds in regard to position, and against forces not much inferior, if at all, in point of numbers to their own, they have come off more than conquerors—not only driving the enemy from their formidable positions, but seizing all their guns and equipments, and pausing only when the shattered ranks of the rebels found safety, after retreat, in other and equally strong defences.

* * * The glorious flag that fell at Sumter is now fully avenged. The folds that hid its bright stars when it was lowered in Charleston harbor, under Beauregard's guns, as a conquered ensign, flamed out again in the smoke and fire of the Bull's Run batteries, and sent dismay to the hearts of the ingrates that had shouted imperiously over its former brief humiliation.

We know now that our gallant and laurel-crowned army is equal to any work that rebel genius and rebel arms can give it; and in this hope we await events. This news is corroborated by dispatches now before President Lincoln, Gen. Scott and Gen. Mansfield. Gen. Mansfield says the enemy's guns and equipments are in the hands of our forces.

Now, on to Richmond!

5. 20 P. M.—Another dispatch says that the Nationals have won the day. The loss on both sides is heavy, but the rout of the rebels is complete. The batteries at Bull's Run are silenced, and two or three others taken."

We could fiill our paper with like gross misstatements from the *Herald*, *World*, *Tribune* and other New York papers of Monday's date, 22d ult.

But what a change came over the spirit of their dream on the following day. Then a correspondent of the *Times*, perhaps Raymond himself, thus writes and tells us what he saw:

"I was at the defeat of our forces yesterday near Centreville, and I witnessed the hot shot and the terrible shell tearing through the air; I saw the horrible grape and shrapnel doing its too certain work all around; I saw my friends storming heroically masked batteries, which the terrible incompetence of their leaders did not allow them to silence, owing to insufficient reinforcements being sent in proper time; I saw these heroes of $11 per month losing heads, legs and arms, in thick profusion around me; I witnessed the horrible rout brought about by a masterly flank movement of picket cavalry and sharp shooters, and I saw our artillerymen unlimber their guns, cut loose the traces of their horses and flee, leaving their pieces behind; I saw, too, our boasted cavalry flying in the same mad haste, with regiment after regiment pushing after them like so many sheep, throwing for three miles guns, bayonets, cartridge-boxes and provisions of every kind away—dragoons riding over infantry in their flight and the ground absolutely covered for three miles with bodies. Then I realized as only those can who see it, the actual horrors of war."

Also, the New York *Herald*, of Tuesday, 23d ult. has the following:

"*Startling News from Washington—A Promising Victory Turned into a disastrous Defeat.*

Our rejoicings over the promising victory at Bull's Run were premature. That promising victory was turned into a disastrous defeat. The details, so far as received, are before our readers, and we do not care to dwell upon them. We have no explanations to make of the panic which seized upon our retreating troops, except this, that, expecting nothing but victory, they were wholly unprepared, morally, strategetically and from experience, for the duties of a retreat." Which means that the men were cowards and undisciplined at that, and that their Generals were incompetent. For the only *moral* defect of a soldier is cowardice. The *Herald* continues: "Our own opinion is that our noisy and fanatical and foolish politicians forced Gen. Scott into this thing against his superior judgment. Whatever may be the truth in this respect, it is now manifest that the Secretary of War and the whole Cabinet have been unequal to the exigencies of the crisis, and far behind the spirit and liberal patriotism of the loyal States.

The salvation of Washington now becomes the paramount duty of the Administration, the loyal States and the loyal cities and people of the Union."

A dispatch to that Abolition sheet, the New York *World*, if we mistake not of the 19th, dated from Washington, tells that when the soldiers of the "Grand Army" left that city they pleasantly remarked that they were going to *see a big race.* And surely they were not disappointed. We will give a few particulars as they are furnished to us by the correspondent of the New York *World* himself.

THE BIG RACE.

Hot work—A Dangerous Movement—Rebel Treachery!—Heavy loss of Federal Officers—General exhaustion of Federal troops—The parts of the Northern army dissevered—The Generals of divisions are nowhere to be found—But the Enemy are on hand—A sudden swoop—A quick manœuvre—The Northern Infantry break ranks—Confusion worse confounded ensues—Attempt to check the onward tumult fails—The OFFICERS of the "Grand Army" in full flight—A general smash up—Astonishing display of agility by Abolition civilians from Washington—A fat Congressman especially distinguishes himself—Makes a trade with an Artilleryman for the use of his horse—All make fine time.

"It was the middle of a hot blazing afternoon. Our regiments held the position they had won, but the enemy kept receiving additions, and continued a flank movement towards our left—a dangerous movement for us; a movement which those in the rear perceived, and vainly endeavored to induce some general officer to guard against.

The thousand heroic details of Federal valor and the shamelessness of rebel treachery began to reach our ears. We learned the loss of the brave Cameron, the wounding of Heintzelman and Hunter, the fall of Haggerty and Slocum and Wilcox. We heard of the dash of the Irishmen and their decimation, and of the havoc made and sustained by the Rhode Islanders, the Highlanders, the Zouaves and the Connecticut Third; then of the intrepidity of Burnside and Sprague—how the devoted and daring young Governor led the regiments he had so munificiently equipped again and again to victorious charges, and at last spiked, with his own hands, the guns he could not carry away. The victory seemed ours.

At this time, near 4 o'clock, I rode forward through the open plain to the creek where the abattis was being assailed by our engineers. The Ohio, Connecticut and Minnesota regiments were variously posted thereabout; others were in distant portions of the field; all were completely exhausted and partly dissevered; no General of Division except Tyler, could be found. Where were our officers? Where was the foe? Who knew whether we had won or lost?

The question was quickly to be decided for us. A sudden swoop, and a body of cavalry rushed down upon our columns near the bridge. They came from the woods on the left, and infantry poured out behind them. Tyler and his staff, with the reserve, were apparently cut off by this quick manœuvre. I succeeded in gaining the position I had just left, there witnessed the capture of Carlisle's battery in the plain, and saw another force of cavalry and infantry pouring into the *road at the very spot where the battle commenced*, and near which the South Carolinians, who manned the battery silenced in the morning, had doubtless all day been lying concealed. The ambulances and wagons had gradually advanced to this spot, and of course an instantaneous confusion and dismay resulted. Our own infantry broke ranks in the field, plunged into the woods to avoid the road, and got up the hill as best they could, without leaders, every man saving himself in his own way.

But by the time I reached the top of the hill, the retreat, the panic, the hideous headlong confusion, were now beyond a hope. I was near the rear of the movement, with the brave Captain Alexander, who endeavored by the most gallant but unavailing exertions, to check the onward tumult. It was difficult to believe in the reality of our sudden reverse. "What does it all mean?" I asked Alexander. "It means defeat," was the reply. "We are beaten."

Meantime I saw officers with leaves and eagles on their shoulder-straps, Majors and Colonels, who had deserted their commands, pass me, galloping as if for dear life. Only one field officer, so far as my observation extended, seemed to have remembered his duty. Lieutenant Colonel Spiedel, a foreigner, attached to a Connecticut regiment, strove against the current for a league.

But what a scene! and how terrible the onset of that tumultuous retreat. For three miles, hosts of Federal troops—all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout—were fleeing along the road, but mostly through the fields on either side. Army wagons, sutlers' teams and private carriages, choked the passage, tumbling against each other, amid clouds of dust, and sickening sights and sounds. Hacks containing unlucky spectators of the late affray, were smashed like glass, and the occupants lost sight of the debris. Horses flying wildly from the battle field, many of them in death agony, galloped at random forward, joining in the stampede. Those on foot who could catch them rode them bare back, as much to save themselves from being run over, as to make quick time.

Wounded men, lying along the banks—the few neither left on the field nor taken to the captured hospitals, appealed with raised hands to those who rode horses, begging to be lifted behind; but few regarded such petitions. Then the artillery, such as was saved, came thundering along, smashing and overpowering everything. The regular cavalry, I record it to their shame, joined the melee, adding to its terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. One of the great guns was overturned and lay amid the ruins of a caisson as I passed it. I saw an artilleryman running between the ponderous fore and after wheels of a gun carriage, hanging on with both hands, and vainly striving to jump upon the ordnance. The drivers were spurring the horses; he could not cling much longer, and a more agonized expression never fixed to the features of a drowning man. The carriage bounded from the roughness of a steep hill leading to a creek, he lost his hold, fell, and in an instant the great wheels had crushed the life out of him. Who ever saw such a flight? Could the retreat of Boradino have exceeded it in confusion and tumult?

I think not. I did not slack in the least until Centreville was reached. There the sight of the reserve—Miles' brigade—formed in order on the hill, seemed somewhat to re-assure the van. But still the teams and foot soldiers pushed on, passing their own camps and heading for the distant Potomac, until for ten miles the road over which the grand army had so recently passed southward, gay with unstained banners, and flushed with surety of strength, was covered with the fragments of its retreating forces, shattered and panic-stricken in a single day. From the branch route, the trains attached to Hunter's division had caught the contagion of the flight, and poured into its already swollen current another turbid freshet of confusion and dismay. Who ever saw a more shameful abandonment of munitions gathered at such vast expense? The teamsters, many of them, cut the traces of their horses, and galloped from their wagons.

Others threw out their loads to accelerate their flight, and grain, picks and shovels, and provisions of every kind, lay scattered in the dust for leagues. Thousands of muskets strewed the route; when some of us succeeded in rallying a body of fugitives, and forming a line across the road, hardly one but had thrown away his arms. The rout of the Federal army seemed complete."

The following additional is furnished by the correspondent of the New York *Daily Times*:

"Congress adjourned Friday until Monday expressly to allow the members to see the show. Neither Congress nor the Union wish to see another such a sight. At the grand stampede civilians were awfully scared, and I think several of them were taken prisoners. *I witnessed some terrific feats of running among them.* Many lost their carriages, and for aught I know are skulking about the woods now. One very fat Congressman offered an artilleryman $20 for a horse, but after he had the horse, he found it so hard to mount that he turned pale all over. He John Gilpined along, near my legs, until his horse threw him, when his agony was fearful. Three of us hoisted him up, and he cut again as though the d—l was after him. That M. C. will never go to the wars again.

It would be gratifying to know of the safety of several Senators and hosts of Representatives who were spectators, and who have not been heard from."

T.

We are indebted to the American Letter Express Company for New York and other Northern papers of a late date. This vigorous and energetic company are now doing great service to the country by supplying in a great measure the want created by the interruption of postal communication with the North by Lincoln's government.

T.

CONCORD ASSOCIATION.

The next Session of this body will include the first Sabbath in October, with Rutland's Church, in Wilson County, twelve miles from Nashville. The Minutes of the last Session set the time of meeting on first Sabbath in September, it should be Saturday before first Sabbath in October.

CAN WE DO IT?

We greatly desire to commence the next Volume of this paper in full size. The Vol. commences with September next. What say our patrons who owe us? Will you not aid us in doing this? We are not satisfied with our present sheet, and could we but collect the tenth part of what is due on the paper we would not say "Money" again for a twelvemonth. We truly hope those who justly owe us will relieve us of our mortification by promptly remitting their dues. Look at the figures on your paper, just after your name, and they will tell you how far you are behind. Come, friends, help us back to our old sheet again, by doing simple justice to yourselves and us.

POSTAGE—PAY YOUR POSTAGE.

The rates of postage in the new Government are double on books, nearly so on letters. This is but just and right for each man should pay his own postage, and the Department should be made self sustaining, at least until the young government is able to assist. Now all who write to us on *their* business, *expecting a reply*, must inclose the postage on the return letter. This is our right. We will pay half the postage on books sent by mail. When you order a book add one-fifth of its price for your part of its postage:

Rates of Postage within the Confederacy.

On Letters weighing under ½ oz., within 500 miles, 5 cents; beyond 500 miles, 10 cents, with an additional rate for each ½ oz.

Drop Letters of any weight 2 cents. Transient Newspapers, unsealed Circulars, Magazine, or Handbills, unconnected with any manuscript, weighing three ounces, 2 cents with an additional rate for every additional ounce, for any distance.

Books, bound or unbound, weighing not over four pounds 2 cents per ounce.

All Newspapers, periodicals or Books published beyond the limits of the Confederacy, are subject to double the above rates.

Prepayment in money (until postage stamps and envelopes are prepared for the Confederacy) will be required.

Latest by Telegraph.

Congress has passed an act permitting soldiers to send letters through the mails without prepaying the postage, the postage to be collected at the office of delivery. The bill confers the same privilege upon members of Congress.

Gen. Beauregard's appointment of Major General in the Army of the Confederate States, was unanimously confirmed by Congress, his commission to date from the 21st of July.

Congress is now mostly in secret session.

On Saturday the War Department was engaged in the dispatch of immense quantities of military stores of every kind to Staunton, Va. The impression is, that another battle is near at hand in the Western part of the State.

Secret movements are in progress at Washington to remove Secessionists from the Departments.

Dix is closely watching the Maryland Legislature to prevent them passing an ordinance of secession in secret session.

McClellan expresses the opinion that this will be an artillery war, and asks as many batteries as possible.

McClellan orders a line of pickets along the Potomac to Harper's Ferry, for the purpose of preventing correspondence between the Marylanders and the Southerners.

The belief that the Confederates will next be heard from above Leesburg, on the Potomac, in an attempt to cross into Maryland, and to come down on Washington on its exposed side, gaining strength hourly. Although the pickets of the enemy are within three miles of Alexandria, there is now no apprehension of an attempt on the Capital.

Hereafter Gen. Scott is to be the strategist and McClellan the tactician of the army.

Nothing has yet been heard from the parties who went out to get the body of Col. Cameron. It is believed the Confederates have some new scheme on foot, which they intend to keep secret, and will keep the messengers prisoners until it is developed.

The special correspondent of the New York *Times* says the recent success of the Confederate forces at Manassas has determined their leaders to adopt another plan of campaign. According to my authority, who is a military officer of high rank, Gen. Lee, who has now, as you know, set his *corps d'armee* in motion, under the pretext of attacking our army in Western Virginia, really intends to direct his force upon the upper Potomac, which he will cross at a distance of about forty miles from Washington. Once there, he will be joined by the Secessionists, who are secretly organizing all over Maryland, and will then attack Washington on its unfortified and defenceless side.

A dispatch has just been received from Memphis, stating that an encounter has taken place between McCulloch and Pierce's forces numbering 15,000 and the Federal forces under Gen. Lyon, numbering 12,000, at Springfield, Mo., in which the Federalists were badly routed and that the State troops were still in hot pursuit of them. This needs confirmation, but the *Appeal* thinks it worthy of credence.

Mary Sharp College.

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"It is replete with the most interesting articles."—*Daily Advertiser, Montgomery, Alabama.*

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W. S. BARTON, Editor and Proprietor, Montgomery, Ala.

FAMILY READING.

CAPTAIN BALL'S EXPERIENCE.

A STORY FOR THIEVES IN THE CHURCH.

I was at work one afternoon in my garden, when a visitor entered, and approached so silently that he stood a few feet of me before I was aware of his presence.

"You appear to be very busy this afternoon," he said, calling my name.

I looked up, and was not a little astonished to to see standing before me, with an embarrassed air, one of the most worldly-minded and irreverent characters in the village.

"Yes, Capt. Ball," I answered; "I was giving these young pea-vines something to climb upon."

"And very busy thinking, also?"

"Yes, neighbor; I was thinking how much we are like these pea-vines. How much we need something to climb upon. A Spiritual Staff to lift us above the tangles of worldliness."

"Mr. Ransford," said the visitor, in choaked voice, "I—I am—trying to find such a staff!"

"My brother!" I exclaimed, full of sympathy and joy, "there is but one Staff; that Christ planted for us. We may all rest upon Him as a pillar of support, and love, and truth. You have not far to seek—you have only to reach out the tendrils of your heart in aspiration and faith, and they will clasp it. The command is, "Repent and believe.'"

He was a middle-aged man, whose hair had grown early gray with worldly cares, whose eyes were unaccustomed to tears, and it was affecting to see that hard face soften and melt at last almost to weeping, as he grasped my hand.

"I have had a strange experience," he said, recovering himself, but still speaking with much emotion. "It began about three weeks ago. I had lately been making some very good trades, and one night, as I was walking home, reckoning on my gains, and feeling a pride and triumph in the start I had got in the world by my own shrewdness and exertions—it was starlight, and very still, I could scarcely hear a noise but the field crickets, and the tramp of my horse on the dark road—when suddenly a voice said: '*What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*'

"Was it actually a voice?" I questioned, as he hesitated.

"No; I knew it wasn't at the time. It was, I have no doubt, my own mind. But the expression was just as distinct and as unexpected as if it had been spoken by some person in my ear. The words I probably learned when I was a child, but had forgotten them, and I had to look to the Bible afterwards to see if they were there. I found them, and found a good many things besides, which seem to have been intended expressly for me—to break up entirely my way of life, and trouble all my calculations. The thing has been working in me ever since, and I can't stop its working. I have come to the conclusion that I must be a different man, and live for a different purpose; and I have come to talk with you about it."

Having commenced giving the captain's story as he related it, I shall continue it in his own words, as well as I can remember them. The reader, however, must imagine several weeks to have elapsed since my first conversation with him, and the scene to be changed now to an evening meeting, where the captain after a long struggle with himself, got up to relate his experience.

"I went to talk with the minister," he continued, after having astonished many, others as much as he had me, with the repitition of the above narration; "I wanted to get into the church, where I thought I should be safe. I had no conception of repentance and a change of heart. I supposed our pastor would commence questioning me about doctrine, and so forth, to let me know what I would have to understand and believe before I could become a church member. But he didn't take any such course. He made me go into the house, and sit down in his study, where he talked with me a long time about the blessedness of religion, and its value above all other things of this world, independently of its rewards hereafter. Then he said:

"'Capt. Ball, do you know the first thing requisite to be done, if you would be a Christian?'

"I did not know."

"'The Christian life—the life of a faithful follower of Jesus Christ'—said he, 'can be found only upon repentance. Now, it is easy to say we repent of sins, and even to think we repent, but the only repentance that is worth anything is an active repentance—by which I mean not only sorrow for sin, and an earnest desire to avoid it in future—but one that goes to work, and seeks as far as it is in its power to make amends for every wrong we have done. Is there a person in the world, Capt. Ball, who can look you in the face, and say you have wronged him?'

"He knew my weak point," added the captain. "Every man has his weak point, and I suppose the lancet must be applied there first. That question was like sharp, searching steel driven into my soul. I writhed and groaned inwardly, and struggled and perspired a long time before I could answer. I saw it was going to be dreadful hard for me to be a Christian. I meant, however, to get off as easily as I could. So I determined to confess something which I supposed was known to everybody, who knows me—my horse-trade with Peter Simmons, last spring.

"'Did you wrong Peter?' said the minister.

"'I shaved him a little,' said I.

"'How much?' said he. 'Tell me honestly what you think.'

"'I let him have a ring-horned and wind-broken nag that I had physicked up to look pretty gay—worth, for actual service, not over ten dollars, and got in return a sound and steady beast worth sixty dollars, and twenty-five dollars to boot. So I honestly think,' said I, 'that I shaved him out of about seventy-five dollars.'

"'And with seventy-five dollars in your possession belonging to poor Peter Simmons, do you think you can commence a life of Christian purity? Do you think that Christ will hear your prayers for pardon, with stolen money in your pocket?' said the minister.

"I said something about a trade is a trade, and men must look out for themselves when they swap horses'—but he cut me short.

"'Your own soul,' said he, 'will not admit the excuses your selfishness invents.'

"'But the rule you apply,' said I, 'will cut off the heads of churchmembers as well as mine. There's Deacon Rich, he trades horses, and shaves when he can.'

"'No matter,' said he, 'whose head is cut off; no matter what Deacon Rich does. You have to deal with your own soul, and with your Lord. And I tell you, whether you are out of the church or in it, a single dollar which you have unjustly and knowingly taken from any man, without rendering him its full value to the best of your ability—a single dollar, I say, will be like a mill-stone hung upon your neck, to sink your soul into the sea of spiritual death!'

"I couldn't stand that. The Spirit of God used those words with terrible effect upon my heart. I was greatly agitated. The truth spoken by the pastor appealed to my understanding with irresistible power. I went away, but I couldn't rest. So I took seventy-five dollars, and went to Peter and paid him; making him promise not to tell anybody, for I was ashamed to have it known that I was conscience-stricken, and had paid back money. Then I went to the minister again, and told him what I had done. He didn't praise me, as I thought he would. He took it as a matter of course, and no more merit in me than it is to wash my hands before I sit down to supper. On the contrary he seemed to suspect that my hands were not quite clean yet. He wanted to know if I had wronged any body else besides Peter. I tried to say no, but my conscience wouldn't let me. I could have told a plumper lie than that once, without flinching—yes, and flattered my own heart to believe the lie. I was discouraged. I felt bitterly disheartened. It was, indeed, so much harder being a Christian than I supposed, that I regretted going to talk with the minister at all. Like the young man who had great possessions, I was on the point of going away sorrowful. But my heart burned within me, and I was forced to speak.

"'In the way of business,' said I, 'no doubt I have taken advantage here and there—as everybody does—as church members themselves do, when they can.'

"'What everybody does is no rule for you and me, Capt. Ball,' said the minister. 'It is to be Christians in the fullest sense—not simply to be church members—that we must strive with all our hearts. The fact of being in the fold does not make the lamb; there are wolves in the fold, alas! but we are by no means justified in doing as the wolves do, even when they appear in sheep's clothing.'

"I felt the rebuke. 'Well,' said I, 'there is Deacon Rich. I think he paid me a note twice. The first time he paid it we were transacting other business, and by some mistake the note wasn't destroyed. I found it among my papers afterwards. I was a good deal excited, and lay awake more than one night thinking what I ought to do about it. The deacon was a hard man, I considered, and took advantage of people when he could. He had driven more than one hard bargain with me.'

The deacon, who was present, and heard these allusions to himself, winced, and coughed easily. Capt. Ball went on, without appearing to mind him.

"'So,' said I to the minister, 'I concluded I would serve the deacon as he would probably have served me under similar circumstances. I kept the note by me a good while, and when I thought the particulars of our settlement had slipped his mind, I said to him one day, may-be he would like to take up the note which had been due then a considerable time. He was surprised—looked excited and angry—said he had paid it, and held out stoutly for a while; but there was the note. There was no proof that it ever had been paid, and finally with some pretty hard words paid it over again, with interest.'

"'And now,' said the minister, 'what are you going to do about it?'

"'I suppose,' said I, 'the money must be paid back.'

"So I went to the deacon next day, told him that on reflection I was convinced that he was right and I was wrong about the first payment of the note, and returned him the money—one hundred and thirteen dollars—a good deal to his astonishment."

The deacon coughed, and wiped his forehead.

"I hope then all was right," continued Capt. Ball. "I tried to satisfy my conscience that it was. But I was afraid to go back to the minister, he has such a way of stirring up the conscience, and finding mud at the bottom, when we flatter ourselves that because it is out of sight there is no impurity there. And I knew that as I dreaded to see the minister something must be wrong; and on looking carefully into my heart, I found the little matter of a mortgage which I had foreclosed on a poor man, and got away his farm, when he had no suspicion but I would give him time to redeem it. By that means I had got into my possession property worth two thousand dollars, for which I did not actually pay, and for which Isaac Dorr never actually realized more than half that amount. But the proceeding was entirely legal, and so I tried to excuse myself. But my awakened conscience kept saying, 'You have taken a poor man's land without giving him a just return; the law of God condemns you, although the law of man sanctions the wrong. You shall have no peace of soul—your heart will burn you—until with justice you wipe out your own injustice to him and to all others whom you have wronged.'

"Against the decree of my conscience I rebelled a long time. It was heard for me to raise a thousand dollars, together with the interest due from the time the mortgage was foreclosed; and it was like taking a portion of my life to be obliged to subtract so much money from my gains, and give it to a man who had no legal claim upon me. I groaned and mourned over it in secret, and tried to pray—but the mortgage came right up between my prayer and God, and heaven looked dark and frowning through it. At last I could not resist the appeals of conscience any longer, and I went again to the minister, told him my trouble, and asked him what I should do.

"'There is a simple test,' said he. 'Do you love your neighbor as yourself? If you do, you will be just to him, if it take from you the last dollar you have in the world.'

"That was a terrible sentence. I went out staggering from it as if I had received a blow. 'O, God!' I said, 'how can I be a Christian?' But I had help beyond myself, otherwise I could never have ended that struggle. I knelt before God and solemnly vowed for His sake, for the sake of His pardon and love, I would not only do justly to the poor man I had wronged, but would give up, if need be, all I had in the world, so that I might find peace in Him. A strange, soothing influence came over my soul, and a voice seemed to say: 'Though you lose all you have, God and Christ, and the blessings of a pure heart and at peace shall be left you—the best and only true source of happiness and life.' And in the solemn night-time, after I gave up the struggle, that comfort seemed to me so great and precious that I felt willing, if it would only stay with me, to accept poverty, and go into the world poor and despised, hugging that priceless blessing in my heart. The next day I was light as if I had wings. Nothing could keep me from going to see Isaac Dorr, with a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket, and a note for the remainder of what I owed him.

"Well," said the narrator, with tears running down his cheek, "I only wish that every person here could have seen the Dorr family when I visited them, and made known my errand. Poor Isaac had grown quite discouraged, and had just made up his mind to quit his wife and children, and go to California. His children were crying, and his wife was in an extremity of distress and despair. She received me a great deal better than I anticipated; I had acted according to law, she said, and Isaac, careless and improvident, was greatly to blame.

"'Yes,' said Isaac, with the firmness of a desperate man, 'it was a savage game you played me, but I was a fool ever to get into debt as I did, and than fancy that any man would not take an advantage when the law permits it. I am ruined in consequence; and here you see this woman and these babies'—

"The poor fellow broke down as he looked at them, and cried like a child.

"'Isaac,' said I as soon as I could speak, 'I have come to show you that a man can be honest even when the law doesn't compel him to be. I want to do right, Isaac, because God commands it, and I have come to tell you that you needn't leave your wife and babies yet, unless you prefer to.'

"Prefer to—go off in a strange country and leave them here to suffer?' he cried, and he caught the children in his arms, and wrung his wife's hand, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Then I counted out the money I had brought, and explained what I intended to do, and gave him the note; and such surprise and happiness I never saw. They would all have kissed my feet if I would have let them. It seemed to me as if heaven was opened then and there—and it was opened in my own heart, with such a flood of light and joy as I had never experienced or thought possible before.

"My friends," added the captain, his once hard voice now almost as mellow as a woman's, his cheeks still moist with tears, "I have been constrained to this confession; I thank you for listening to it. The minister tells me a man may be a church member and not a Christian. I mean to be a Christian first, and if I fail—"

He could proceed no further, but sat down with an emotion more effective than any words.

I have nothing to add to this narrative, except that he became a church member, and that his example of thorough repentance, of childlike faith in Christ and of rigorous, practical, every-day righteousness elevated many degrees the standard of Christianity among my people.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One pint flour, one and a half teacups of sugar, one teacup of milk, one egg, two and a half spoonfulls butter, one do. soda, one do. cream tartar. Bake in a round pan in moderate oven, when just done, ice it and let it stand in the oven with the doors open to harden. Serve hot, with wine or lemon sauce.

BLOODY MILK.—For a cow that gives bloody milk, two or three messes of beets will be found to be an effectual remedy.—*Boston Cultivator.*

FARMERS' LIBRARIES.

MINISTERS, lawyers and teachers are generally well provided with books. They would not feel competent to discharge their duties, were they not continually gathering information, and their employers would not place confidence in them, did they not think they were masters of a large amount of book knowledge. But what need has the farmer of books, beyond his Bible and Almanac? His duty is to labor as hard as his strength will admit, and when he has done his work for the day, he will be tired enough to get to bed, without nodding over a book written by some idle person who is too lazy to work.

Such has been the feeling of the mass of cultivators of the soil, but it is now, happily, changing. No man needs a good library more than the farmer. He has a profession that as really requires study to master it, as the lawyer's or teacher's. There is hardly any branch of natural science that will not contribute greatly to his benefit. He also needs books upon horses, cattle, and sheep; the management of the dairy; the care of bees; the proper way to raise apples, pears, and other fruits; the treatment of different soils, etc., etc.

In addition to these, the farmer should have books of literature, history and travels. He will be as much interested and benefited by their perusal as any one. The money spent in purchasing a reasonable number of books, and the time spent in their study, will not be lost. Knowledge will give ability to increase the income of his farm, and will elevate his standing in the community.

A farmer's family, also, needs the means of improvement fonnd in a well-assorted library, and its influence will be felt in their moral and intellectual advancement, and in increasing their love of home. It may be thought by some that the expense cannot be afforded; but if a few are purchased at a time, in a few years a library of a hundred or more valuable volumes may be gathered, which will be worth more than the same number of dollars at interest.

But the farmer or planter may be a *religious* man, and if so he should have a good selection of religious books in his library for his own improvement, for the improvement of his children, for the pleasure and profit of his neighbors and friends who may call upon him. There are religious books and denominational books now published that will be read with interest by all.

TO THE PLANTERS.—*Dr. Clark's Sure Cure Ague Pills.*—In the bottom lands of the Mississippi, Arkansas, and Brazos and Red Rivers, and in all malarious sections, by following the directions for administering these Pills, will effectually prevent nine-tenths of the Ague and Chill Fevers, as well as Bilious, Intermittent and Remittent Fevers that now, yearly decimate the time of their servants, and the profits of their crop, by sickness and death.

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E. D. WOOD. JAMES M. LOW. J. N. LUDWIGSEN

WOOD & LOW, COTTON FACTORS and Commission Merchants. No. 36 Natchez St., New Orleans.

N. B. Particular and personal attention paid to the sale of cotton, to the purchase of plantation, family, and merchants' supplies. sep8—1y

F. W. CHANDLER. E. B. TURNER.

CHANDLER & TURNER, ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law, Austin, Texas, will practice in all the courts of that State. Also, in the District Courts of United States. Will attend to the business of the profession generally. Special attention to the collection of claims, the collection of debts, and to land litigations.

BROOKS & ORR'S & McNAUGHT'S SPOOL COTTON, all sizes, in black, white, and colors, at 50 cents per dozen, at HOWE SEWING MACHINE OFFICE, mar28-tf 34 Union street.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, NORTH Carolina.—The exercises of this institution will be resumed on the fourth Monday in July next, as usual.

In addition to the regular course, the Faculty have determined to organize a Military Department. Each student will be required to connect himself therewith, and be expected to furnish a substantial uniform.

june16-6t WM. ROYALL, Sec. Faculty.

THE BEST.

SOUTHERN REMEDIES ARE BEST FOR SOUTHERN DISEASES.

Put up for Families and Travelers.

[No. 1.]

The Painless Liver Pill,

Is the best Liver Pill. Purely vegetable. Price 40 cents per box.

[No. 2.]

Clark's Sure Cure Ague Pill,

Is the best Ague or Chill Pill. 50 cents and $1 per box.

[No. 3.]

The Unfailing Cure for Piles,

$1 00 per box.

Ambrosial Oil,

For Cuts, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Cholic, Sore Throat, DIPTHERIA, Corns, etc., etc. 50 cts to $1 per bottle. Put up and warranted by CLARK, GREGORY & CO., No. 21 College street, Nashville, Tennessee. Sent by mail to any part of the South. dec15-1y

JAMES M. HURT, ATTORNEY AT Law, Grayson co., Texas—Will give prompt attention to collections or any Legal Business entrusted to him. Mar24—1y Sherman, Grayson county, Texas.

J. W. TOLSON & CO., FACTORS AND Commission Merchants, No. 9½ North Commerce street Mobile, Alabama. tf.

J. MC. BROOKS.

ATTORNEY AT LAW—OFFICE, JEFferson street, (south side), between Main and Second. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Memphis, Tennessee, Feb 16,

Howe Sewing Machines,

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

THESE Machines gather and sew on the hand at the same time; sew every variety of fabric, and are undoubtedly the best and simplest machines in the market.

CONE BROS., Agents, mar28-tf 34 Union street.

SOUTHERN MADE STOVES.

J. W. WILSON,

17 College Street, Nashville, Tennessee,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE, CASTINGS, &c.

MAKES FOUR SIZES OF THE TENNESSEE WROUGHT IRON COOKING STOVE, the most convenient and economical cooking stove in use; it has large oven and fine draft; is very easily heated, and is more durable than any other pattern of stove made, some of them having been constantly in use for the past ten years; it has twenty vessels, besides a permanent hot water boiler; and is put up for both wood and coal. Prices, $60, $70, $100, and $125.

ALSO DEALS IN AND HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Cast Cooking and Heating Stoves of all kinds.
Tinware, at lowest wholesale prices.
Platform and Counter Scales.
Grates, Castings and Hollow Ware.
Coal Oil Lamps, Lanterns, &c.
Tin Plate, Sheet Iron, Copper, Zinc, &c.
House Furnishing and Kitchen Goods in great variety.
Tin Roofing and Tin Work done in best manner, and at low rates, either in the city or at a distance.

JAMES A. M'CLURE.—33 UNION ST., Nashville, Tenn. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

STEINWAY & SON'S,
PETERS, WEBB & CO.,
KNABE & CO., and
A. H. GALE & CO'S

Pianos. Sheet Music, and Musical Merchandize generally. Schools furnished at Eastern Prices.

N. B.—Pianos and all musical instruments tuned by competent men.

☞ Orders by mail promptly attended to. Sept 22 1t.

GREAT SUMMER REMEDY—GOOD FOR THE STOMACH.

DR. S. O. RICHARDSON'S SHERRY Wine Bitters.—The celebrated remedy for habitual constipation, jaundice, fever and ague, general debility, and all diseases arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels.

They are used and recommended by leading physicians of the country, and all who try them pronounce them invaluable.

Dr. JAMES L. LEEZER, writes from Navarre, Stark county, Ohio, "the Bitters are highly praised by those suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia and liver complaint."

E. S. DAVIS, Postmaster at Williamsport, Ohio, says, "they give great satisfaction. I use them myself, having taken cold, become prostrate, and lost my appetite. It relieved me, and I can recommend it with great assurance of its merits."

Dr. WM. M. KERR, of Rogersville, Ind., writes us that they are the most valuable medicine offered. He has recommended them with great success, and with them made several cures of palpitation of the heart and general debility.

THOMAS STANFORD, Esq., Blountsville, Henry county, Ind., writes us a long letter, under date of May 1, 1860. He was much reduced, having been afflicted for three years with great nervous debility, palpitation of the heart of the most severe and prostrating character, "after using a few bottles I was completely restored, and am now in robust health."

GEORGE W. HOFFMAN says he was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years, in all its various forms, and at the date of his letter he had been two years well; the Bitters effecting the cure, when several physicians attending him could do him no good. He says, "for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney affection, or dropsy, it is a specific certain remedy."

J. W. HUNT writes from Delphos, Allen county, Ohio, (a section where Fever and Ague prevails) that he most cheerfully recommends them of decided merit in all cases of Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, and General Debility.

D. R. GALLENKER, M. D., writes from Van Wert, Ohio, "I most respectfully recommend the Sherry Wine Bitters to the notice of Dyspeptic persons, and to all who require a stimulating medicine."

Such news we are receiving daily. Full directions accompany each bottle.

Price 75 cents per bottle.

J. N. HARRIS & CO. Proprietors, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the Western and Southern States, to whom address all orders.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. W. Berry & Demoville, Nashville; J. M. Mills, Frankfort, Ky.; Edward Wilder, Louisville, Ky.; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans, La.; Scott & Mead, New Orleans, La.; John D. Park, Cincinnati, Ohio. sep8—1y

HEALTH! HEALTH! HEALTH!—PURIFY THE BLOOD!

DR. WEAVER'S CANKER AND SALT Rheum Syrup, for the cure of canker, salt rheum, erysipelas, scrofulous diseases, cutaneous eruptions, and every kind of diseases arising from an impure state of the blood. The most effective blood purifier of the nineteenth century.

It is the prescription of an educated physician, and all who are afflicted with any of the above named diseases should use it without delay. Such letters as the following are often received:

JEROMEVILLE, Ashland Co., O., Nov. 20, 1860.

Messrs. J. N. Harris & Co., Cincinnati, O.:

Gentlemen:—I deem it a duty as well as a pleasure to inform you what Dr. Weaver's Syrup and Cerate has done for me, and hope that this letter may come to the notice of persons similarly afflicted. In the year 1850 I was attacked with tetter, or some kindred disease, on both my legs, which extended until from my knees to my feet was one raw sore. I consulted and obtained medicines and prescriptions from nearly all the physicians in this vicinity, but obtained no relief. Your agent at this place, Mr. Hoffman, recommended me to try the Syrup and Cerate, which I fortunately did, and am now a sound and well man by their use. With great gratitude, I remain yours truly,

JOHN WEIRBAUGHT.

Mr. Weirbaught being a well known gentleman of Ashland co., makes this information most reliable.

By taking the Syrup as directed, it will drive the disease from the system, and when once out on the skin, a few applications of Dr. Weaver's

Cerate, and Ointment,

and you have a permanent cure.

The Cerate has proved itself to be the best ointment ever invented, and where once used, it has never been known to fail of effecting a permanent cure of old sores, tetter and ring-worm, scald heads, chilblains and frost bites, barber's itch, chapped or cracked hands or lips, blotches or pimples on the face, and for

Sore Nipples and Sore Eyes

the cerate is the only one thing required to cure. It should be kept in the house of every family. Directions accompany each bottle.

Sold by most medicine dealers.

Price, of Syrup $1; Cerate 25 cts. per bottle.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the Western States, to whom all orders for the above medicines should be addressed.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. W. Berry & Demoville, Nashville, Tenn.; Edward Wilder, Louisville, Ky.; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans, La.; Scovil & Mead, do.; John D. Park, Cincinnati, Ohio. sep8—1y

IT IS EVERYBODY'S FRIEND!—EVERYBODY APPRECIATES

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN Killer. We beg to call the attention of the public to this long tested and unrivalled Family Medicine. The Pain Killer is a purely vegetable compound, and while it is a most efficient remedy for pain, it is a perfectly safe medicine even in the most unskillful hands.

Dyptheria, or Sore Throat—These diseases are quickly relieved and cured by gargling the throat with Pain Killer reduced with water. Try it. For Summer Complaint, or any other form of Bowel Disease in children or Adults, it is almost a certain cure, and has, without doubt been more successful in curing the various kinds of Cholera, and it is often a perfect cure for Dyspepsia in its most aggravated forms. Its tonic and stimulating properties, arousing the system to vigorous action, render it a most effectual cure for Colds and Coughs, when used according to directions. For external applications it is unsurpassed by any medical preparation known. Rheumatism and Neuralgic affections are quickly relieved and often cured by it. Any soreness in the muscles or joints can be cured by its application. It cures instantly the most violent Toothache. It should always be near at hand, to be used in cases of severe Burns and Scalds. If applied immediately according to directions, it will give instant relief and prevent blistering. It is peculiarly adapted to the wants of Steamboatmen and others traveling on our Western waters.

See directions accompanying each bottle.

It has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the steady constant companion and estimable friend of the missionary, and traveler—on sea and land—and no one should travel on our lakes and rivers without it.

☞ Sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere. ☜

CAUTION.—The public will be cautious that they get the genuine Pain Killer, as some unprincipled men use the name for their own worthless compounds. In so doing they deceive the community, and infringe upon the Trade Mark of Perry Davis.

Prices—25 cents, 50 cents, and $1 per bottle.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Proprietors for the Southern and Western States, To whom all orders must be addressed.

Sold wholesale by W. W. Berry & Demoville, Nashville, Tenn.; Ewin, Pendleton & Co., Nashville, Tenn.; S. Hatchfield & Co., Memphis, Tenn.; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans, La.; Scovil & Mead, New Orleans, La. augl7, 1860—1y