

CHRISTIAN OBSERVER AND PRESBYTERIAN WITNESS. Office, Law Building, Franklin, below 12th street, Richmond, Va.

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Christian Observer.

For the Christian Observer.

DEATH OF MRS. GEO. PAINTER.

Our venerable friend and brother, Rev. George Painter, D. D., of Pulaski county, in this State, has been severely afflicted in the death of his beloved partner. She fell asleep in Jesus on Wednesday, the 23d ult., and her loss will be deeply felt by a large circle in the congregations, of which he has been, for more than a quarter of a century, the faithful pastor.

For several years the health of this esteemed brother has been on the decline.—The infirmities of age compelled him, recently, to resign the pastoral charge of the New Dublin and Draper's Valley Churches, but he still resides among the people of his flock, loved and revered by them all. A few weeks since, he and Mrs. Painter were both prostrated by sickness, and fears were entertained for his recovery. She was called to precede him to the promised land, and he was spared. His friends will be pleased to know that he is still among the living, and though weak, it is hoped that this father in Israel—whose influence has been favorably and extensively felt—will be permitted to witness more of the fruits of his work.

For the Christian Observer.

PIEDMONT INSTITUTE.

Nothing has been published respecting Piedmont Institute since the commencement of the war. Many whose means helped to secure it as an institution in which the young men of our church might secure advantages in the preparatory steps of their education, doubtless would like to hear from it. They will be pleased to know that it is still rendering important service to the country, not in training up young men as formerly, to become ornaments to society, but in preserving to our country noble youth whose lives have been imperilled in its service. It is now used as a Confederate Hospital. Its airy location, its commanding position among the mountains in the midst of some of the most picturesque scenery the country contains, and its nearness to the railroad and to the town of Liberty render it eminently adapted to this purpose. It has been commended by the surgeons as a very desirable hospital—and the experience thus far has proved it such, for the mortality here has been very small. The hospitals of Liberty have contained, we are informed, some fifteen hundred patients. Among these, the total number of deaths has been less than fifty—an unusually small per centage even when it is considered that most of the sick men sent here are convalescents. In view of the healthfulness of this and similar localities, the attention of the authorities should be given to the question whether it is not the part of wisdom to establish hospitals in the country in the place of many of those with which the large cities, and especially Richmond, are crowded. Sites could be selected on the lines of railroad in pleasant groves—whence communication with the cities would be easy—comfortable and airy hospitals for the summer could be erected at less cost than is paid for the rent of the crowded warehouses—and here where the patients could enjoy good pure air and cold spring water they could obtain from the neighborhood those supplies of vegetables, and fruit, and poultry which could be had in the city only at exorbitant prices. While their convalescence under these conditions would be more certain and more rapid, the dangers to a crowded city, arising from the presence of immense numbers of sick and wounded in its midst, would be entirely removed.

OUTRAGES IN EAST TENNESSEE.

Nowhere has the brutality of the Yankee invaders been more marked than in those portions of East Tennessee where they have been allowed to gain sway by the falling back of our troops. They have arrested many of the oldest citizens, borne them away from their families and burnt and destroyed everything in their path.—Letters have been shown us within a day or two in relation to some of the sufferers. Mr. Joseph Gilliam, an old man of sixty, was taken from his home and made to march to Chattanooga and back to Jasper, a distance of twenty-four miles, which so exhausted him that he died from the effects in about two hours. Mr. James Clepper, in his seventy-eighth year, was dragged from his home, his family knew not where, house burned, and his negroes run off to the number of thirty. Lieut. T. W. Clepper made his disappearance mysteriously about the same time, and it is supposed he was captured and taken off.—Whether these parties have been killed or are held as prisoners is not known, and their families are of course greatly distressed to know their fate. Mr. James Clepper, who was captured by the Yankees, is the father of Mr. Joseph Clepper, late of the Corinth army, and Mr. James

Clepper, of Capt. DeBardelaben's company, near Montgomery, and also the father of three other sons and some fifteen grandsons in the Confederate army, who are determined to bring the Yankee oppressors of the old man to a fearful reckoning if it is possible to do so.—Montgomery Advertiser.

THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS IN THE PRESENT CRISIS.

[From the Southern Presbyterian.]

There has been no time perhaps since the commencement of our present troubles when our national affairs were in a more critical condition than they are at the present moment. Some months ago we were living under a dark and lowering cloud.—God, for reasons that we did not then understand, seemed to be frowning upon our cause. The enemy was carrying out his programme of subjugation in exact accordance with a preconceived plan and with almost irresistible force. Many of our people were made to feel the iron grasp of the conqueror, and thousands of them are now enduring indignities and grievances that would be insupportable, if it were not for the hope of early deliverance; and all of us have been made to look subjugation with all its revolting indignities fully in the face. The very contemplation of these evils filled our minds with gloom and distress. It required no strain of the imagination to picture the horrors of subjugation. Butler, Hunter, Johnson, Mitchell and others furnished living pictures of what we would have to endure when the whole country was laid prostrate under the iron-heel of the oppressor.

In view of these actual sufferings and impending dangers, what did the people of God do? They betook themselves with one accord to the throne of His grace, confessed their sins, and humbled themselves before Him on account of their aggravated transgressions, and earnestly implored His merciful interposition. And what was the result? We have at the present moment the most convincing proofs that He is both the friend of the oppressed and the answerer of prayer. Under His controlling providence, events that seemed favorable to the plans of our enemies and disastrous to our own future welfare have been made favorable to us and disastrous to them. The dark cloud that overshadowed the land is clearing away, and the bright light of hope is bursting through in every direction.—Success has crowned our arms in every engagement that has taken place in the last two months. Charleston, Savannah and Mobile have been given up, for the present at least, as prizes out of the reach of the enemy. The possession of New Orleans, while it is held at immense cost both of life and money, has proved to be utterly worthless, so far as the interests of commerce are concerned. The attempt to control the Mississippi has proved a complete failure, and it can never become available for peaceful navigation while in their hands. The brilliant feats of Col. Forrest in Tennessee, and of Col. Morgan in Kentucky, give reason to hope that those two States are about to be restored to the Southern Confederacy without any great loss of life or money.

The Northern mind is receiving its first convictions of the impossibility of the task they have undertaken, and the agitation in commercial circles betokens a financial crash that may put a sudden stop to the war. But will the enemy yield? Can he be expected to listen to the terms of peace, when it would leave an insupportable burden of debt on his shoulders? Can he be expected to eat up all those baneful words that have so recently fallen from his lips? Will he consent to part with the South, when he knows full well that she has been the chief source from which all his past prosperity has been drawn? Can he be expected to bear the reproach and humiliation that will necessarily be incurred from having undertaken a task that was neither practicable nor just? We answer, certainly not. If his future course can be inferred from his past conduct, we may feel assured that he will not give up the contest without a desperate, it may be a death struggle. He must regain the prestige that has been lost and wipe off the disgrace that attaches to his arms, if that be within the range of possibilities.

To meet this final, desperate struggle, we believe our people are fully prepared. They have coolly counted the cost, and would rather perish on the battle-field than fail to secure their independence. One or two more successful struggles on the part of our armies will be decisive. But if we are defeated, the conflict may last for years. Our soldiers understand this, and if we may judge from their recent deeds of bravery, thousands and tens of thousands of them will fall before they will yield the contest. And shall we allow them to enter upon this bloody strife without the support of our prayers? What are our duties in view of this critical state of affairs? It is simply to do what we did in a previous crisis—cry earnestly and mightily to God for help. We are to have our minds deeply impressed with the fact that it is only through His help that we can expect to triumph. He has helped us heretofore, and we are again put upon trial, to see if we are thoroughly convinced that He, and He alone, is able to deliver us.—And surely we have the strongest motives to cry earnestly to God for help. The welfare of our country, the interests of pure religion, the lives of our kindred, our friends, and our countrymen are all at stake. Let us, therefore, not be unmindful of the necessity of God's help, but call earnestly and unceasingly upon Him, until He grants us a full deliverance from all the dangers with which we are threatened. United, earnest, effectual prayer on the part of God's people will assuredly secure a complete and final triumph.

THE FIRST TIME AT FAMILY PRAYER.

A wild and wayward youth once spent a few days with a pious family, and there for the first time witnessed the observance of family worship. He thus describes its influence on his own soul:

"Mr. Evans gave me a room, and I came down night and morning at family prayer. This was a new and strange scene to me.—I had never been present at a family prayer in my life. The first night that I was in this good man's house, about nine o'clock he rang the bell, and his shopmen and servants all came into the parlor and sat down. I looked with surprise, and wondered what was coming next. When all were seated, he opened his Bible and read a portion, and thus let God speak to his household. They then arose and fell upon their knees. The sight overpowered me. I trembled; I almost fainted. At last I knelt down too. I thought of my past life; I thought of my present position; I thought, Can such a guilty creature be saved? I heard but little of my kind friend's prayer. All my soul seemed turned in upon myself. My conscience said—'This is how true Christians live; but how have I lived? God has not been in all my thoughts, but now I will begin to seek mercy.'

"I went to bed that night as I never had gone before. On entering the room I looked around for a Bible, but found none.—There was a copy of 'Doddridge's Hymns on the table, some verses of which I read on my knees, by the bed-side, and went to bed. This was just when I had completed my twentieth year. I have never gone to Barnstable of late years, without going to weep over the hallowed spot where God fastened the arrows of conviction in my heart."

THE TRACT AND THE SOLDIER.

The Rev. Richard Knill, known as a very efficient missionary in India, and subsequently in Russia, relates the following incident which occurred to him while he was a young man. It is given in his own words:

"The North Devon Local Militia was about to be disbanded at Barnstable. The regiment consisted of one thousand men, who were soon to return to their families in almost every parish of the north division of the county. Mr. Mills, with whom I had become acquainted through the Barnstable Sunday school, said to me, 'What a noble opportunity there is for distributing religious tracts in all the dark villages around! The regiment will give us a thousand distributors, if we only can get them conveyed to the men.' I said, 'How can it be done?' To which he answered, 'I have not nerve enough to give the tracts to the soldiers; but I will furnish you with the tracts, if you will circulate them.' 'Agreed.' The tracts were obtained, and I set about the work. The men were assembled in the barrack-yard, waiting for the signal to deliver up their arms. I made my way to the Pioneers, who stood at the right, and said, 'Friends, will you take home a beautiful little book to your families?' They joyfully received them. I next came to the band. I took 'Christ the only Refuge from the Wrath to Come,' and offered it to the master. He looked at me, and said, 'I understand that you go about converting people; can you convert me?' I replied, 'It is not in my power to convert people; but if it were, the first person I would convert, sir, should be Sergeant Reynolds.' 'Well,' said he, 'that is plain enough.' 'Yes,' I added, 'and it is sincere too.' Now, this tract may convert you, sergeant; it was written by that great man, Mr. Hervey, who wrote 'Meditations among the Tombs.' 'Ah,' said he, 'I have read that book, and I will take your tract and read it too.' This was just what I wanted, for immediately all the musicians took tracts. I proceeded next to the grenadiers, who were all pleased, until I came to one merry-andrew kind of a fellow.—He took the tract and held it up, swore at it, and asked, 'Are you going to convert me?' I said, 'Don't swear at the tract; you cannot hurt the tract, but swearing will injure your soul.' 'Who are you?' he exclaimed. 'Form a circle around him,' said he to his comrades, 'and I will swear at him.' They did so; he swore fearfully, and I wept. The tears moved the feelings of the other men, and they said, 'Let him go; he means to do us good.' So I distributed my thousand tracts, and left them in the care of Him who said, 'My word shall not return unto me void.' Many years after I had taken leave of these soldiers, I returned from India to my native country, and visited Ilfracombe. There I was invited to preach in the open air, a few miles distant. Preparations were made for my visit; and during the time that I was preaching, I saw a tall, grey-headed man in the crowd, weeping, and a tall young man, who looked like his son, standing by his side, and weeping also. At the conclusion of the service, they both came up to me, and the father said, 'Do you recollect giving tracts to the local militia at Barnstable some years ago?' 'Yes.' 'Do you recollect anything particular of that distribution?' 'Yes; I recollect one of the grenadiers swore at me till he made me weep.' 'Stop,' said he; 'oh, sir, I am the man. I never forgave myself for that wicked act. But I hope it has led me to repentance, and that God has forgiven me. And now, let me ask, will you forgive me?' It quite overcame me for the moment, and we parted with a prayer that we might meet in heaven. Is not this encouragement? May we not well say, one tract may save a soul?"

DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

A writer in the Biblical Recorder gives brief notices of the scenes on the ground passed over by McClellan's troops in their retreat from their fortifications before Richmond.

Arriving at Savage's Station, on the York River Railroad, (on Monday, the 31st of June,) we saw where Magruder's forces had been at work the evening before. The ground was covered with the slain of the enemy. Our loss was small, not more than forty or fifty killed, while the Vermonters lay in many places one upon another. Here seemed to have been a pretty fair fight—no entrenchments on either side. At the Station were several hundred of the enemy's wounded, and about five hundred prisoners had thrown down their arms and surrendered. Many of their sick too had been left here. This is one of their largest encampments covered with tents still standing. Large quantities of clothing and other property fell into our hands. Spacious ice-houses were full of Northern ice, a great deal of which has since been carried to Richmond for the benefit of the wounded. Wagons, ambulances, buggies and carriages, lined the road for miles; cooking utensils, axes, picks, spades, and carpenter's tools of every sort were seen in great abundance, many of which never had been taken out of the boxes. Many kegs of nails and railroad spikes, barrels of oil, and of the nicest corn beef lay scattered through the woods and along the road which the Yankees had failed to destroy in their flight. Our boys were much amused as we marched along in column, to see the Yankee stragglers coming in from the bushes, and inquire the road to Richmond. They said McClellan promised to celebrate the 4th of July in Richmond, and they thought they would go on ahead, as he seemed to be going the contrary way. They would come in, in batches from ten to fifty, and were seldom out of our sight, so frequently did they pass to our rear. Suddenly, too, we came up with about 500 horses and mules, which were hastily turned back, and driven on to Richmond. The prisoners all concurred in stating that their army was greatly demoralized and were anxious to quit the war and go home.

A MAN deserves to be accounted wise, while he seeks wisdom; but as soon as he thinks that he has acquired it, he is a fool.

REV. STUART ROBINSON ARRESTED.

A telegram from Cincinnati, July 18th, says: "Two of the religious weeklies—the True Presbyterian and the Baptist Recorder—have been suppressed at Louisville, and several preachers are under arrest, among them the Rev. Stuart Robinson."—Thus day unto day adds to the developments of Yankee despotism, and makes it more and more manifest that the separation between the North and South did not take place a day too soon. All the horrors of war are preferable to union with such a government and people. But the day of reckoning is coming. There are even now some mutterings of a storm that must, ere many months, burst upon the heads of those who have been chiefly instrumental in inaugurating this war. The arrest of such men as Rev. Stuart Robinson will materially hasten the day. But all the border States—all the States that we of the Confederacy have any desire to have united with us—will be driven off from the old rotten concern of the North, ere this day shall come.—N. C. Presbyterian.

THE SPIRIT OF FORGIVENESS.

When General Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency in 1823, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject of reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was laid upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. As soon as he had read it he sent for his trusty old servant, Dunwoode.

"Saddle my horse," said he to him in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him."—Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word, she thought she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out, after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out to the South gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the General rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before his horse, and cried out, "O, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live. Let that poor editor live." "Let me alone!" he replied: "how came you to know what I am going for?" She answered, "I saw it all in his paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back." He replied, furiously, "But I will go—get out of my way!"

Instead of doing this she grasped his bridle with both hands. He cried to her, "I say, let go my horse; I'll have his heart's blood—the villain that reviles my wife shall not live." She grasped the reins but the tighter, and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, and prayed for them that he should forgive, if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying, "No, General, you shall not take the life of even my reviler—you dare not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!' The iron-nerved hero gave way before the earnest pleading of his beloved wife, and replied, "I yield to you; but had it not been for you, and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."—Purton.

CHRIST A TEACHER.

A celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who was accustomed to receive large sums from his pupils, in return for his instructions, was one day accosted by an indigent youth, who requested admission into the number of his disciples. "And what," said the sage, "will you give me in return?" "I will give you myself," was the reply. "I accept the gift," answered the sage, "and engage to restore you to yourself, at some future period, much more valuable than you are at present." In similar language does our great Teacher address those who apply to him for instruction, conscious that they are unable to purchase his instructions, and offering to give him themselves. He will readily accept the gift; he will educate them for heaven, and will, at length, restore them to themselves, incomparably more wise, more happy, and more valuable, than when he received them.

IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD CAUSE.

Says Napier in his Peninsular War, "A cause manifestly unjust is a heavy weight upon the operations of a general; it reconciles men to desertion—sanctifies want of zeal, and is a pretext for cowardice; it renders hardships more irksome, dangers more obnoxious and glory less satisfactory to the mind of the soldier." If this be so, our soldiers should fight with a bravery and fortitude unparalleled in the annals of the world; for never had men so good a cause.

NEVER SAY "NO" WHEN YOU MEAN "YES."

Two little girls, whom we will name Annie and Lucy, once called upon that excellent lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. After they had sat a little while with her, she reached from the sideboard a plate of cake, kindly saying to Lucy, "Wouldst thou like a piece of cake?" Lucy, like some little boys and girls I know, gave way to a foolish feeling sometimes called shyness—and although she would have liked a piece, said, "No, thank you, Ma'am." The lady then asked Annie who immediately said, "Yes, Ma'am, if you please." Whereupon she gave her a piece, and turning to Lucy said, "Wouldst thou like a piece now?" Lucy emboldened by Annie's example, said she would.—"Ah, but," replied Mrs. Fry, "thou hast told an untruth, thou must not have a piece."

SPARE MINUTES.

Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true, as well as a striking line, when he affirmed that "Sands make the mountain, moments make the year." Of all the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden.

Family Circle.

For the Christian Observer.

AT JESUS' FEET.

At Jesus' feet I lay me down, When lower scenes are bright; Tho' earthly joys are sweet to taste, He is my chief delight.

At Jesus' feet I lay me down, When sorrow shades my brow, His voice assures my troubled heart, And gives me comfort now.

And then He tells me of a place Where sorrows never come, A Father's house beyond the skies, Where children are 'at home.'

At Jesus' feet I lay me down, When troubles thick appear; 'What time I am afraid I'll trust, And to my God draw near.

At Jesus' feet I lay me down, To seek His face in prayer, And find how sweet a thing it is, Redeeming Love to share.

At Jesus' feet I lay me down, To weep that I transgress, And leave green pastures and the fold To tread a wilderness.

At Jesus' feet I lay me down, Mid care's overwhelming tide, And listen to the precious words,—"JEHOVAH WILL PROVIDE!"

Dear Jesus, at Thy blessed feet, I would forever lie, O draw me closer, yet more close, And there I ask to die!

MR. PROSPECT, VA., July 25, 1862. ANSA.

For the Christian Observer.

"JESUS IS WITH ME."

DEAR CHILDREN:—When the great and good Joseph Addison was about to die he called a reckless and dissipated young man to his bedside, and said to him, "Come see with what peace a Christian can die," and to-day, boys and girls, I would call you to the couch of a little Sabbath School scholar, to show you that the presence of Jesus is not only felt by the wise and great in a dying hour, but that he will go with little children through the dark valley and shadow of death.

A few weeks since, in the village of Boydton, might be heard the pattering of little feet and the merry music of a little voice, which are now hushed and still forever. A fair young head with its wreath of golden curls, now no longer rests on the bosom of an affectionate mother, but reposes in an undisturbed and dreamless quiet, that will be broken only by the trumpet of the resurrection morn.

Little Courtney Edmundson is no more. A fair young bud of just nine summers has been gathered by Jesus to bloom in his heavenly garden.

She had been ill for some time past, but no one thought dangerously so until the evening of her death. Then she said to her mother, "Mother I am going, mother I am dying." Her mother thought she was not so ill, and said to her, "Don't think so, don't say so, my child."

"Oh yes, mother, I am going as fast as I can go," was her answer; and as death placed his cold hand on her fair young form, she said, "Jesus is with me," and died.

Her funeral was preached by a great and good man, and when in his sermon he spoke of her beauty, of her being a universal favorite, of her connection with the Sabbath school, his voice usually so clarion-like in its bold clear notes, grew tremulous and husky, and died out in sobs, which told of feelings too deep for words.

Little Courtney had heard of Jesus in the Sabbath School; she had probably learned these beautiful lines,

"Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there."

When she came to die, "Jesus is with me" were the last words upon her lips, and then she was with Jesus.

Dear children live for Jesus, that when you come to die your dying testimony may be like that of little Courtney Edmundson, "Jesus is with me."

CHARLOTTE, VA. TYREE GLENN.

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AN OBEDIENT CHILD.

No object is more pleasing than a meek and obedient child. It reflects honor upon its parents for their wise management. It enjoys much ease and pleasure to the utmost limit of what is fit. It promises excellence and usefulness to be, when age has matured the human understanding, a willing subject in all things to the government of God. No object, on the contrary, is more shocking than a child under no management. We pity orphans who have neither father nor mother to care for them; but a child indulged is more to be pitied; it has no parent; it is its own master—it is peevish, forward, headstrong, blind—born to a double portion of trouble and sorrow above what fallen man is heir to; not only miserable itself, but worthless, and a plague to all who in future will be connected with it.

For the Christian Observer.

KAREN CONVERTS.

If it had not been for Christian missions we should have known very little about some parts of the earth. Among others, who were once almost unknown, are the Karens, a race of people who live in Burma. They live in small villages, among mountains and forests. The paths that lead to their settlements are so little trodden, that a guide is needed in going from one village to another. The first missionary who went to the Karens, had to make his way over high cliffs, and through wild forests; for miles his path was ankle deep in water. He had to swim across broad rivers, and when night came on he lay down to sleep on the ground in the woods, where serpents, tigers, and wild elephants abounded. It was love to Christ, and love to the souls of men, that led him to undergo all trouble and danger. He longed to preach to the people "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

This missionary was taken ill, died, and went to heaven; but others came after him, to teach the poor Karens; and God blessed their labors. When the people had learned to read, tracts were found of great use, and were much prized by them.

A company of Karens came a journey of three days to the mission house. "Give us books!" they said. "Give us books in our own language. We want to know the true God. We have been living in total darkness. The Karen's mind is like his native jungle." They stopped for two days with the teachers, conversing about the Christian religion, and when they returned, they said, "We will no longer worship any but the true God, and Jesus Christ, his Son."

As a missionary was travelling through the country, he was told that a man had just died in peace, trusting in the new religion. He hastened to the house, and found one of his hands resting on his lifeless breast, holding a Christian tract.—There is reason to hope that this little book had made known to him a Saviour, and had made him happy in the prospect of death.

A female convert, when dying, was cheered by the prospect of soon meeting those in heaven who were her teachers on earth. "But," said she, "first of all, I shall hasten to where my Saviour sits, and fall down and worship and adore him, for his great love in sending the teachers to show me the way to heaven."

How delightful to reflect, that these people who, a few years ago, had no written language, and had never seen a book, now have many tracts and books printed in their own tongue! The Religious Tract Society has sent to Burma large sums of money, and chests full of paper, that the Karens may read of the good news of salvation through the death of the Son of God. And the tracts are in such demand among them, that one man, who had no money, gave a day's work to another native for a tract.

A Karen woman offered herself for baptism. After a conversation with her, she was asked whether she could give up her ornaments for Christ. As the Burman females are vain of their ornaments, this was to her a trial, and one she did not expect. The missionary explained to her the spirit of the gospel, appealed to her own sense of the vanity of ornaments, and then read 1 Tim. iii. 9. She looked again and again at her handsome necklace, and then, with an air of modesty and firmness, she took it off, saying, "I love Christ more than this!"

Can your young readers say that they love Christ above all things in the world? May each be able to say from the heart:—
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love's amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

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Christian Observer.

RICHMOND, AUGUST 14, 1862.

POLITICS AND THE PULPIT. WHAT HAVE MINISTERS TO DO WITH THE PRESENT WAR!

There is a marked diversity of opinion among Presbyterian ministers in this country, in regard to the propriety of discussing political questions in the pulpit and in the indicatives of the Church.

There is another class of ministers who have contended earnestly that in the sacred office it was highly improper for them to intermeddle with political subjects, and that the indicatives of the Church have no right to decide, or attempt to decide, any question of this kind.

There appears to be some confusion in many minds in regard to the duties of the ministry on political issues. It is contended, and justly, we think, that the Church, as such, has nothing to do with questions of this kind, which of course should ever be excluded from her pulpits and her judicatories.

1. A political question is an inappropriate theme in the pulpit and in the judicatories of the Church. God's ministers were not commissioned to teach their opinions on political issues, but to preach the Gospel of Christ.

2. The minister of Christ is not only a teacher in the Church, but a CITIZEN of the State, and as such it may become his duty to promulgate his opinions or views on questions of a political caste—not in the church—but in meetings of citizens, or through the press, or promote, if possible, the true interests of the Commonwealth.

3. The present is an extraordinary crisis and demands extraordinary services from the ministry. There is no ground for the clergy to occupy as neutrals in the Confederate States. They might as well cease to pray for their daily bread, as to doubt the propriety of offering fervent prayer to God for the success of our arms and the discomfiture of our enemies.

4. How can ministers at the North justify themselves in the position they occupy as the advocates of this unhallowed war? Did they imagine that the sacrifice of a hundred thousand victims before the bloody Moloch would adjust the differences between the North and South and restore the Union? Did they know so little of the South as to believe that her sons would succumb to a base, perjured and heartless

Tyranny! Did they not know that every blow struck in this conflict would deepen the gulf which must forever separate the South from the North? Whatever may have been their motives they have assumed a terrible responsibility. Their position makes the Northern Church a stumbling block to all Christendom.

DEATH OF REV. DR. THORNWELL.

Just as our paper of last week was put to press, a telegraphic dispatch brought the sad intelligence of the death of the Rev. Dr. James H. Thornwell, of Columbia, S. C. He departed this life at the home of his friend, E. White, Esq., of Charlotte, N. C., on Friday, the 1st of August. His removal at this important crisis in the church and country is lamented as a public calamity.

Dr. Thornwell visited North Carolina about six weeks before his death with the hope of improving his impaired health. After spending two weeks at Wilson's Springs he came to Charlotte, where he had made arrangements for meeting Mrs. Thornwell and setting out with her on a tour among our western mountains.

By this afflictive providence, God seems to be saying to his bereaved people—"cease ye from man?" "Trust not in an arm of flesh; Confide in the Lord Jehovah, the Everlasting strength of his people."

Persecution.

The Southern Presbyterian suggests that it is not uncharitable to think that Dr. R. J. Breckinridge instigated Lincoln's officials to suppress the "True Presbyterian" and arrest its Editor, Dr. Stuart Robinson. Dr. B., it is known, has written and spoken with great bitterness against Dr. Robinson, charging him with falsehood and other things which he dare not attempt to prove.

An admirable number. We subjoin a summary view of its contents which we have yet been able to read only in part.—The Review of Motley's Dutch Republic is an excellent critique, worth the price of a volume.

Article I. Personal Engagement in the Work of Foreign Missions. By the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, D. D., Secretary of Foreign Missions, Columbia, S. C.

II. The Law of the Sabbath, in its Bearing upon National Prosperity. By the Rev. Edward Martin, Nottoway Court House, Va.

III. The Divine Purpose in the Classics. By the Rev. J. H. Bocooc, D. D., Appomattox Court House, Va.

IV. The General Assembly of 1862.—By the Rev. Joseph B. Wilson, D. D., Augusta.

V. Hymn-Book Making. By the Rev. A. S. Dickson, Orangeburg C. H., S. C.

VI. Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of Abbeville District, S. C. By M. E. D.

VII. Motley's Dutch Republic. By the Rev. John D. Aldger, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Church Policy, Columbia, S. C.

THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES in front of Richmond is the title of a neat octavo pamphlet, of forty-five pages, lately published by Messrs. West & Johnston, of this city. It is compiled from the newspaper accounts, and also gives the Northern version of the affair taken from the Cincinnati Commercial. It will be found valuable by all who wish to obtain a lucid account of the recent victories before this city, which have caused so much excitement in this country and Europe.

NEW PHASE IN THE WAR.

It will be seen by the intelligence from Washington, in another column, that Lincoln's officials have openly discarded the rules of civilized warfare, and given license to their armies to live by pillage and plunder. The war is now made a war of rapine, robbery and murder, burning and destroying private property, wherever the barbarous enemy can get a foothold in the Confederate States.

have been heart-sickening; but now they are authorized by the highest authority in the Federal army! Does not the savage edict call for swift retaliation? Should not our regiments of cavalry fight their way through the cities of Pennsylvania and Ohio, lighting their fires in every town and village, giving them a taste of the kind of war which their government has inaugurated?

Federal Chaplains.

The good people of the North are in trouble about the unfitness of their Chaplains. The Congregational Theological Seminary at Chicago has taken the matter up, and after careful and full examination, has published a report. The main fact deduced is as follows:—"The conclusion to which the Society of Inquiry has come, after a careful analysis of all its reports, is, that two-thirds of all the chaplains now in the army are unfit for their place."

"The Independent" says that hundreds of chaplains in the army are chaplains only in name—not clergymen and not Christians—and that they are utterly unfit for the solemn and responsible places they hold."

Death of Rev. James Latta.

This venerated servant of Jesus Christ, of Chester county, Pa., died suddenly on the 30th ult. He was in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and had been preaching the Gospel upwards of fifty years. His death occurred in Philadelphia, at the house of a nephew. He had taken his seat at the breakfast table, apparently in his usual health, when instantly life departed.

SPIRIT OF LOUISIANA.

We have a letter before us from a gentleman in Louisiana, formerly engaged in mercantile business in New Orleans, but now resident at his country seat, from which we cite a few sentences, indicating the spirit of the people around him. Under date of July 20th, he says:—"The last time I was in New Orleans was the last of March. I seldom hear from there since the hated Yankees took possession. I have no use for that class of people. I detest them from the bottom of my heart. The time is not far distant when they will be expelled from Southern soil by their acts."

Several citizens, who witnessed the shocking murder of Kellum, and expressed their horror at such lawlessness, were arrested. Among them were George Rogers and his son Lewis Rogers. These gentlemen said to bystanders that they thought they were living under a civil Government, which they had taken the oath to support, but such conduct and such scenes were an outrage on all Government.

MORE OUTRAGES OF THE YANKEES.

At Lebanon, Ky., the murderous Yankees forced every man in town into their ranks on pain of being shot down in their houses, to defend the place against Col. Morgan's Rangers. In the battle there a considerable number of the Yankees were killed, and among the killed were some good and true Southern men, who had gone into their ranks—not to fight us, for they did not do so—but to keep from being shot down in their own houses before their own families.

General Intelligence.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

GLORIOUS NEWS.

GORDONSVILLE, Aug. 10.—A battle was fought yesterday at Southwestern Mountain, resulting in a complete victory over the enemy. Stonewall Jackson repulsed and drove him several miles from his position. Three hundred prisoners have arrived here, including Brig. Gen. Price and twenty-nine commissioned officers.

IMPORTANT FROM ARKANSAS.

MOBILE, Aug. 10.—A special dispatch to the Tribune, from Grenada, 9th inst., says that the Memphis Bulletin, of the 7th, states that the Confederates have inaugurated guerrilla warfare in Arkansas on an extensive scale, and mentions several brilliant exploits. On Sunday they attacked two Yankee regiments, dispersing them completely, capturing sixty wagons of provisions and over three hundred stolen negroes. Twenty-seven of the latter escaped the same day. They bagged another party near Jacksonport, killing 17 and capturing 20 wagons of provisions. Ninety negroes are at this time in the hands of the Confederates, only two escaping.

THE GUERRILLAS SWEEPING OVER MISSOURI.

MOBILE, Aug. 9.—A special dispatch to the Tribune of this city, dated Grenada, to-day, says:—"The St. Louis Republican, of the 4th, says that rebel guerrillas have taken complete possession of Missouri, and are daily growing into a vast army. Nearly thirty thousand of them have crossed the Missouri river, under Porter and Joe Thompson, cleaning out the Home Guards and militia as they progress. They are raising numerous recruits for the Confederate army. Six hundred have been sent up at Bird's Point, Mississippi, where there is but a small garrison. Gov. Gamble finds it impossible, under the circumstances, to get the militia to respond to his call, and has issued another important appeal to them to rally, and complaining of their apathy in the Federal cause."

CAVALRY SKIRMISH IN THE SOUTHWEST.

CHATTANOOGA, Aug. 9.—Cavalry skirmishes are constantly reported. Last Monday, Scott's cavalry made a dash on four hundred Federals near Sparta, and pursued them till they came to a superior force, and then retreated, leaving the Yankees in possession of Sparta. Federal deserters are constantly coming in, and report the Yankee army much demoralized, and say they will not fight with negroes.

HOSPITALS FOR WOUNDED YANKEES.

It was at one time decided by the authorities to send home to their respective States the sick and wounded of the army of the Potomac, but the project has been abandoned, it having been found that the interest of the public service was injuriously affected by the return of the wounded. Buildings are to be erected for them near Fort Mifflin, Mo.

OUTRAGES OF THE YANKEES.

Lincoln's officials have imprisoned the ministers of Nashville for refusing to take the oath of allegiance; but that act does not satisfy their malignity. The scurrilous villain, Andy Johnson, refuses to allow them to receive any kindness or attention from their friends or families. On the 4th of July Johnson made a speech in Nashville, and after pouring out his infidel blackguardism against them in the most vindictive style, he said "I received the other day a request to allow some of these sweet pickles, and other delicacies to be carried to these persons. I told the applicant to send his luxuries to me, and I would find persons a good deal more worthy to receive them than the Rebels. I would give them to the suffering widows and orphans among us, whose husbands and fathers were deluded by these men into the Rebel army, and now fall a Rebel's grave, or lie in prison."

The men have stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, but I am determined they shall feel the power of the Government which they have sought to destroy.

THE FRENCH SPIRIT OF OUR ENEMIES.

Is without a parallel in modern warfare. It is ferocious, malignant and fanatical. A late number of Andy Johnson's organ—the Nashville Union—says:—"Loyalty will never consent to hold a divided empire with treason and rebellion. It is a fearful vow which the American people have taken; either to subdue or exterminate the whole race of rebels. Rebel leaders of Nashville and Tennessee, take warning before it is too late. Justice holds her naked sword above your heads in no idle menace. If it becomes necessary by your wicked and insane obstinacy, the last traitor who walks upon the soil of the republic shall be cut off from the face of the earth."

BRUTAL MURDER OF CITIZENS IN DRUMMONDTOWN, VA.

On Monday of last week a Yankee hireling commenced a quarrel with a young man of the name of Bell, a paroled Confederate soldier, on account of a badge he wore, which the latter said was the badge of a literary society. The Yankee charged him with falsehood. A fight ensued. During the fight the Constable of the Drummondtown District, Wm. Addison Kellum, came out of the Court House, separated the combatants, and commanded the peace as a civil officer. Another Yankee soldier, coming up at the moment, struck the Constable over the head with the butt end of his musket, while a Yankee officer split open the Constable's skull with a sword as he fell to the ground.

FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

THE RECENT BATTLE IN TAZEWELL.

MOBILE, Aug. 10.—A special dispatch to the Advertiser and Register, dated Knoxville, 8th, says:—"No official report of the particulars of the battle of Tazewell has yet been received. It is ascertained however, that the enemy occupied a strong position on a high ridge, which was carried by assault. The enemy's force engaged comprised three brigades, amounting to 6,000 men. Our loss turns out as heavy as reported. Other movements are shortly expected."

THE YANKEES DRIVEN FROM BATON ROUGE.

MOBILE, August 6.—A special dispatch to the "Advertiser and Register," dated Jackson, the 5th inst., says:—"Gen. Breckinridge this morning attacked Baton Rouge, driving the Yankees from their position. For one hour the musketry firing was very heavy. There was also heavy firing from the direction of the river, which may have been the guns of the Arkansas, as she was to have been operated. The Yankees were driven through the city to the river bank."

THE ARKANSAS BLOWN UP.

Gen. Van Dorn permits me to copy the following dispatches:—"ARIZONA RIVER, Aug. 6th.—About 1 o'clock this morning the Federal gunboats attacked the Confederate ram Arkansas. Messages inform me that she fought them well for some time, inflicting great damage. She was then blown up by her crew. The messenger reports that they all escaped."

GEN. POPE'S PLAN.

A gentleman lately in Washington reports to us what he heard Gen. Pope say a few days ago, in regard to one of the questions now before the public: "I want to kill 'em; they have got to be killed, and it is not for me to care what the color of the man is who will help me to put an end to them; so bring on your niggers; if they will fight, they shall have a chance!"

GEN. MORGAN'S PROCLAMATION.

TO THE KENTUCKIANS. [From the Knoxville Register.] "Kentuckians! I come to liberate you from despotism of a tyrannical faction, and to rescue my native State from the hands of your oppressors. Every where the cowardly foe has fled from my avenging arms. My brave army is stigmatized as a band of guerrillas and marauders. Believe it not. I point with pride to their deeds as a refutation to this foul assertion. We come not to molest peaceable individuals or destroy private property, but guarantee absolute protection to all who are not in arms against us. We ask only to meet the hireling legions of Lincoln. The eyes of your brethren of the South are upon you. Your gallant fellow-citizens are flocking to our standards. Our armies are daily advancing to your protection. They greet them with the willing hands of sixty thousand of Kentucky's brave. Their advance is already with you. Then—Strike, for the green graves of your sires! Strike, for your altars and your fires! God and your native land!"

FROM WASHINGTON CITY.

GENERAL HALLECK ON CONFEDERATION. Gen. Halleck told certain prominent gentlemen to-day, and authorized them to use the statement, that he was, and always had been, in favor of a thorough confiscation of all property of the Rebels, slaves especially included. He had ordered Gen. McClellan to impress and use as many negroes as he could get, in any military duty for which they could be employed.

DEFENSE OF WASHINGTON.

Measures are being taken to organize a brigade for the defence of Washington. Among the employees of the Departments, it is said that two thousand clerks can be enrolled for that purpose.

ARRIVALS OF THE ENEMY.

Arrivals from Gen. Pope's army bring reports that the men are universally delighted with the recent orders allowing them to fight upon the enemy, and enjoy their privileges to the fullest extent.

GOVERNOR MAGOFFIN.

The New York Herald says that "when Frankfort, the capital of the State of Kentucky, was threatened by the bushwhacker Morgan and his band of horse-thieves, and the citizens were wild with alarm and excitement, rushing to arms for the defence of their families and property, that miserable old secessionist, Beriah Magoffin, Governor of the State, remained as dumb as a heron, and made no movement for the defence of the city, and offered no consolation or protection to the frightened inhabitants."

FROM EAST TENNESSEE.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

THE FEDERAL ARMY CAPTURED—ASSASSINATION OF GEN. CASWELL.

A special dispatch from Knoxville, dated August 6th, says:—"Heavy skirmishing commenced Tuesday with a large portion of the enemy, at Tazewell, seven miles from Cumberland Gap. One brigade of Gen. Stevenson's force was engaged on our side. The design was to gain the enemy's rear, and cut them off from the Gap. The artillery firing was very heavy. Several prisoners have been brought in from Tazewell. No particulars of the fight received. Gen. Rains, at last accounts, was making a forced march to gain the enemy's rear. Brigadier-General W. R. Caswell was this afternoon assassinated by an unknown person, near his residence, six miles from Knoxville."

SECOND DISPATCH.

KNOXVILLE, Aug. 7.—A dispatch, this morning from Brigadier-General Stevenson, states that after a gallant action of four hours, yesterday, near Tazewell, the enemy was repulsed with great slaughter, and is in full retreat.

A courier reports that a battery of four guns was taken after our men were twice repulsed with the loss of one hundred and nine men.

Gen. Barton has succeeded in gaining the enemy's rear. Gen. Stevenson, being reinforced, flanked Bowen's command, capturing the "Federal Army of East Tennessee."

The murderer of Gen. Caswell was arrested last night.

YANKEE ATROCITIES IN TENNESSEE.

A dispatch from Chattanooga, dated on the 4th, says that McMinnville, Tenn., was occupied by about 7,000 Yankee troops last Saturday—probably Gen. Nelson's division.

A man who ran their lines from McMinnville states that he heard the shrieks of women from almost every house in the town. He thinks that the Yankee command must have been turned loose at will to pillage and outrage. The shrieks were agonizing.

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It is Christian Philanthropy and Christian Patriotism to cheer the drooping spirits of the soldier, apply the balm of the Gospel to his aching heart, lead him to look upon death without fear, and anticipate an immortality of bliss beyond the grave. And it is Christian philanthropy and Christian Patriotism to afford liberal support to that noble Institution, which exalted aims, and (by the Divine favor) glorious achievements, are its objects. The Society is constantly extending its operations, and is receiving tokens of sympathy from every part of the South.

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Rev. A. W. MILLER, 1st Presbyterian Church. Rev. T. G. KEAR, 1st Baptist Church. Rev. C. J. GIBSON, 2d Episcopal Church. Rev. C. H. HALL, 1st Methodist Church. No tract is published of which any member of the Committee disapproves. Corresponding Secretary—Rev. A. W. Miller. Depository—R. F. LESTER, Esq., July 10—12.

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