

THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. VIII. NO. 10.

RICHLAND, VA., MARCH 5, 1863.

WHOLE NO. 375.

THE OFFICE OF THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN is on Main Street 5 doors below the Exchange Bank, over the Office of the City Savings Bank, third story. Edited and published for a association of gentlemen in Virginia and North Carolina, by REV. WM. BROWN, D. D.

TERMS.

Single copy \$2 in advance, \$3 50 if not paid within six months. Any minister sending the names of five or more new subscribers and remitting the subscription annually in advance, shall receive a copy for himself without charge. Club-subscribers will be charged \$2 50 in advance and \$2 if not paid within six months. One copy is allowed the person acting as Agent.

ADVERTISING TERMS.

A single insertion a square or less. . . \$1 00
Three insertions. 2 00
Squares for a year. 18 00
Business cards not exceeding six lines. . . 12 00
Advertises by the year have the liberty of occasionally changing the form without extra charge.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

Exhortion.

NO. IV.

WHAT EXTORTION IS.

In the autumn of 1862, hides in the State of Virginia were seven cents a pound; tallow was twenty cents; tar, nine dollars a barrel; bacon, from twenty to twenty-five cents a hundred weight, and wages about the usual sum. All articles concerned in tanning were much under the price that they sometimes have been known to reach in peaceful periods.

Under these circumstances tanners, from causes which we need not stop now to point out, were able to ask two dollars, and two dollars and a half for leather. A few of them did it. But a majority, as we have reason to believe, would not do it, but sold to the poor, or to their neighbors, or in a great number of cases to all who applied, at a lower price; some of them actually keeping their stacks to divide them among soldiers' families, or among their old customers, and the poor in the counties where they belonged.

The charge is that the few of the former class were guilty of extortion. It will be seen, therefore, first, that we are answering our question by a practical example; secondly, that we are leaving room to draw out of our example a clear and general definition; and thirdly, that we will then be happily placed for an appeal to reason to establish the pertinency of our example and definition both together.

Let us pursue this order in the present article. In the first place we have chosen this particular example, because we know of none within the circle of our own immediate experience by any means so extreme. Gov. Letcher, it will be remembered, instanced the case of a manufacturer who had made, at a certain period during the war, a profit of a hundred per cent. We were somewhat surprised at the moderateness of the calculation. The Governor seemed to regard it as an instance of extreme extortion, and no doubt, considering the weight of those large manufacturing establishments, it must have brought in an enormous income of money, to double the capital on every occasion of its output. But a hundred per cent. must strike every one as a very small gain in the instance of prices such as we have given above. The annual rate for a pound of leather is perhaps a couple of shillings, in ordinary peaceful times. Two dollars and a half would make a price nearly eight times as great. Now reverting to the fact that all this was in the autumn of 1862, when the costs in the production of the article had scarcely at all gone up, and we have a case not only unexampled beyond that of the Governor's Proclamation, but one which, as we say, offers itself to us as one of the most extreme we know of. Farmers even yet are asking but three prices for their flour; only four or five times the annual rate for their corn, and that under the stimulus of four months of augmented burden; but here was a time when there were no such reasons in the case.

And, therefore, when the argument is used, that good men, who tried the abstinence scheme, and regulated their prices on what they thought a more conscientious basis, have come into the old tracks, and are asking now the two dollars, or the two dollars and a half, that they once rejected, it does not prove anything; for leather may be worth now two dollars and a half. This is a dangerous way by which an old trespass may be concealed, even from ourselves. It is highly probable that many dealers who refused the price at first, may have come to it; but under what circumstances? Hides instead of being seven cents a pound, are now thirty; tallow, instead of being a shilling, is in some instances a dollar. Leather making has become a different business, and one might as well try to excuse himself by the price of gold or by some difficult commodity, as to try to elbow his place among a class of high principled dealers now because they have risen in their rates, and come to the spot which he so prematurely, and without business call for it, occupied.

But how useless to talk of those old proportions in the Fall, when the same dealers who, in the general opinion, treasured them, are by no means losing themselves in the mass of generous and patriotic traders, but have gone to a still higher extreme. It is said that leather is six dollars a pound. To dream of associating a man who sells corn at four dollars a bushel, with a man who sells leather at any rate like this, and to say with a promiscuous waive of the hand, "It is the result of the times—only trade finding its level," is as dangerous as it is absurd. The one is a sale at a rate five times as great as formerly, which the same farmer must pay for almost everything he touches. The other is over twenty, and as we have said, an extreme that we have seen in nothing else; an extreme not proportioned to anything which the tanner has to meet in his share of the public burdens, and, therefore, connected, as the Governor has shown, in a more moderate instance, with a measure of gain unreasonable, and oppressive to the people.

These convictions were first excited as to tanning, and the practice of extortion, by being encamped in the West. Had the tanners in Pocahontas, and in those portions of Highland and Greenbrier that were visited by our troops, all asserted the idea of the market price, and asked it without any exception, one might have been led into the belief that it was vain to make any head against the processes of trade. But scarce any one in all those counties, of whom the present writer is aware, dreamed of any such procedure. The tanners of Greenbrier clabbed, and made leather cheap in all that county. So we understand did those of Craig. A young adventurer who had just come to Bath, and who had been looked on as so destitute of capital that the farmers had not trusted him, even for their hides; when the war came, excluded purchasers from Richmond who came, bringing the high price in their hands, and threw open his doors to the countrymen to whom he was under no obligation, and that too when, we are sorry to say, an older tanner, who had enjoyed their custom for years, was one of the few who turned the other way and shipped everything to Eastern markets. In Highland a local preacher, who had long enjoyed the confidence of the community, and had a name for wisdom as well as for singular piety, that soon came to the notice of the camp, took the same course. We heard of him as actually refusing any man he did not know, and keeping his leather for neighbors and for soldiers' wives. So that, so far as it is from being true that trade, where it comes to practical cases, will square itself to the market level, here was a region all torn to pieces by the war, and yet where no excuse was made of personal calamity, to charge anything but the old-fashioned rates, or those a little advanced by the increased expenditures of living.

We cannot say with Paul, "We think we have the Spirit of God," but we think the old Methodist preacher had at least, if not in inspiration, certainly in that strong practical way that leaves us deeply persuaded that he was right in his handling of the case. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

Are you a Christian?

The question is not whether you prefer Christianity to any other system of religion, for this you may do and yet not be a Christian; nor is it whether you have enjoyed the instruction and counsel of pious parents, and so been raised under Christian influences; for there are many who have had such advantages, and who seem to be "not far from the kingdom of God," who yet are not Christians.

Nor, again, is it whether you have made a profession of your faith in Christ, and been received as a member of his visible church; for many, it is to be feared, have their names enrolled in church books, who are not written in the "Book of Life." Judas was such an one—Simon Magus another. But the question is, simply, "Do you truly love the Lord Jesus, and keep his commandments? If you do, then have you the power given you to become a child of God, and an heir also of eternal glory? Then it is also your privilege, and your duty, to unite with his people, and to exhibit the beauty and the power of your religion in holy living.

But if you do not thus love the Lord Jesus, remember that whoever you may be, or in whatever circumstances you may be placed, you are none of his, and that where he is you cannot come. True, religious training is important, and so is Christian example, and both, with God's blessing, often yield most precious fruits. But still it is true that these advantages may be enjoyed in vain. A knowledge of Christian duty may thus be acquired, and yet that duty be not done. It is one thing to have Christian parents, and to be surrounded by Christian influence, and quite another thing to be a Christian yourself. And thus situated, it is a fearful thing not to be a Christian. So also the fact that you are a member of some church, does not necessarily prove that you are a Christian. True, it is evidence that you profess to be a Christian; but are you really one? What is the profession worth without the reality? We all ought to put this question often to our own hearts, because, if decided in so important a matter, we are in great danger, and because, as rational beings, we ought to be "able to give a reason for the hope that is within us."

Are you a Christian? What answer will your own conscience give to that question? Let conscience speak, even though it utters what you would wish not to hear. Does Christ dwell in your heart by faith, and is it your desire, and endeavor, to do his will, constrained by his love? Or does the love of the world, and enmity against God reign there? Let conscience answer.

Again, what is the answer which your daily life will give to this question? In this matter it is proper to appeal to the record of our daily life, for according to our works we shall be judged, and because, by our fruits we are known. Everybody expects a Christian man to live as a Christian, and a wicked man to do wickedly, not from any profession either one of them has made, but as showing what both of them are. And we think it just as strange that a Christian should act wickedly, as that a wicked man should act like a Christian. We do thus pass judgment upon the conduct of men, and to a certain extent we have the right thus to judge, and what is proper in respect to others, it is a duty in respect to ourselves. We must apply this rule, and we must judge of our Christian character according to the lives we live. And, especially, as accountable beings, in view of the importance of this subject, which concerns our welfare both in this world, and in the world to come, it becomes us carefully, and seriously, to consider this matter. What a never will conscience, and the record of your daily life give to this question? M. M. H.

OLD AND YOUNG.—An old Quaker being present at a meeting for discipline, and hearing a young man complained of for taking too active a part, remarked, "if it was not for the old men, the young men would set the house on fire; and if it was not for the young men, the fire would go out."

POETRY.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

Not Lost!

IS IT WELL TO SAY "LOST" WHEN ONLY MEANING PASSED FROM EARTH AND SAVED IN HEAVEN?

We do not say the birds are lost,
When hid from mortal eye,
With heav'n directed wing they soar,
Intently singing evermore,
To reach the upper sky.

We do not say the ship is lost,
That passeth from our view,—
The lessening sail doth only tell
Of sheltered port beyond the well,
Rough seas and tempests through.

We do not say the seed is lost,
When buried deep in earth,—
To sow may give the laborer pain,
But precious seed shall spring again,
And manifold be worth.

We do not say the stars are lost,
When morning breaks night gloom,—
They are but hid from our gaze,
They're shining still with heav'nly rays
At threshold of our home.

The loved of earth—the gentle ones,
Who left us long ago,—
Thro' clouds they've only soared on high,
O'er stormy seas to port draw nigh:
Then are they lost? O no!

They are not even lost to earth,
Unseen yet ever near;
With us their prayers and labors live,
Kind words and smiles they need to give,
Their memory dwelleth here!

ANNA.
Mt. Prospect, Va. Jan 22, 1863.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Little Girl's Kindness to the Soldier.

After the battle of Sharpsburg we passed over a line of railroad in Central Georgia. The disabled soldiers from General Lee's army were returning to their homes. At every station the wives and daughters of the farmers came on the cars and distributed food and wines and bandages, and the sick and wounded. We shall never forget how very like an angel was a little girl; how blushing and modestly she went to a great, rude, bearded soldier, who had a great crutch from a rough plank to replace a lost leg; how this little girl asked him if he was hungry, and how he ate like a famished wolf. She asked if his wound was painful, and in a voice of soft, mellow accents, "Can I do nothing more for you? I am sorry that you are so badly hurt; I am your little daughter, and won't she cry when she sees you?" The rude soldier's heart was touched, and tears of love and gratitude filled his eyes. He said to her, "I have three little children. God grant that they may be such angels as you." With an anxious effort he repressed a desire to kiss the fair brow of the pretty little girl. He took her little hand between both his own, and bade her "good bye. God bless you." This child will always be a better woman because of these lessons of practical charity stamped ineffaceably upon her young heart.

Don't Forget.

Little boys and girls are not generally remarkable for good memories; on the contrary, it would seem as if they made a point of forgetting every thing they are told to do, or not to do. It would make a great difference, in point of comfort and happiness to those who have charge of them, if they simply set themselves to remember the rules and cautions and commands which are given them for their good. Children often forget what their earthly friends say to them; but we are araid that they still oftener forget the words of their Friend and Father in heaven; they forget that his eye sees them at all times—in the dark as well as in the light, when they are alone and when they are in company. They forget that when they say what is not true, or fly into a passion, or learn their lessons ill, or give their friends and their teachers, they are all the time grieving God and making him angry.

Little Robert and his Money.

One day Robert's uncle gave him a quarter. "Now," says he, "I'll have some candy for I have been wanting some a long while." His mother asked if that was the best use he could make of his quarter. "Why, I want candy very bad," and he hurried on with his cap, and off he ran in great haste. His mother was sitting at the window, and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had dropped his money; but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the confectionary, and then he stood there a while, with his hand on the latch, and his eyes on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run back home again, without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor, with a bright glow upon his cheek, and a brighter glance in his eye, as he exclaimed, "Mother, the soldiers have beat the soldiers, have beat?" What do you mean, Robert, by the soldiers have beat? "Why, mother, as I went along, I kept hearing the soldiers say, 'Give us your money, to help send us good missionaries; we want Bibles and tracts, and papers; help us, little boy, won't you?' and I kept saying, 'O, I want the candy, I do want the candy.' At last the soldiers beat, and I am going to give my money to send missionaries to the soldiers."

NEGLECTED DUTY.—The longer neglected, the harder to take up; partly from shame not knowing how to look God in the face; partly from the difficulty of the work, being now more than double what it was before.

CONDEMNATION.—None sink so far into hell as those that come nearest heaven, because they fall from the greatest height.

Lay out for the Lord, and lay up for yourself.

SELECTIONS.

Gleanings.

FROM ADAM'S EXPOSITION OF 2 PETER.

"An Apostle."—He joins together service and apostleship; and that for two reasons. 1. To distinguish and exemplify his calling; for not every man that is a servant of God is an apostle; Christ himself did not preach publicly till he was declared by God to be the great Prophet of the World, and had his confirmation from heaven with—"Hear ye him." There must precede a mission and commission; or else, as boswell runs abroad, had better stayed at home. 2. To show that apostleship was a matter of service; as an honor, so a burden. None are called into God's vineyard but "laborers." Matt. ix. 38. Christ never bade us pray for laborers or lookers on.

"Of Jesus Christ."—None ever called themselves apostles of God the Father, because Christ himself only was the Father's Apostle. He had other pastors under him, but he was that great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. He sent others, but his bath the Father sent.

Christ only has authority to make apostles; he chose them to the work, that could enable them to take this charge on them, unless they be either mediately or immediately called of God. Some have no calling either of God or man, but run on their own errand.

"I have not sent these prophets, yet they prophesied." Jer. xxiii. 21. Let them that set them on work pay their wages. "He that entereth in by the door into the Sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." Either, like the Sadducees, they cannot find the door; or, like the Jews, they will not. "Tees litter have run as far as the Indies; but who sent them? These merchants went not to fetch sheep to Christ's fold, but to shear their wool, and flay their skins. They were not apostles, but alchemists; they went to fetch gold; I have heard much talk of their miracles; if I had faith even to remove mountains, I could not believe them. But whatever their miracles were, I am sure their morals were naught. The poor Indian refused (after all their commendations of celestial glory) to go to heaven if the Spaniards should be there.

Some are called of God without man, by an immediate vocation. So were the twelve apostles by Christ in his state mortal; Paul in his state immortal. Acts 9.

Some are sent of men without God. So Jeroboam made his priests. Alliance, favor, simony, have brought men of bad learning and worse living into the ministry. "Others are sent of God by man. So Joshua was ordained of God by Moses, Timothy and Titus by Paul; the bishops in Greece by Titus. For how shall they preach except they be sent?" They that in these days go without this warrant climb in at the windows and that we know is no fair possession of the house. He that enters in at the windows shall be cast out of the door. God send his approbation of the church's calling, and answers it in the conversion of many souls. So that an industrious pastor may say to his people, "If I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am to you; for the seal of wise apostleship are ye in the Lord."

They are not to seek their own glory, nor their own gain. There is no calling wherein a man may not live better, and grow rich sooner. In Rome indeed, and throughout the Papal jurisdiction, where little learning with less honesty will bear men up, and bear them out the maxim is—much worship, more wealth. Great riches are in clerical hands. It is their main policy, by blowing up other estates to enlarge their own. They have not Peter's net to catch souls, but Peter's hook to take all the fishes that have silver in their mouths. It was said of Leo X. that whereas others were only Pope while they lived, he was Pope many years after he was dead. John XXII left behind him two hundred and fifty tons of gold; so that one wrote of him, "Erat Pontifici Nazarius, si non vitas, pecunia tanquam mortuus." "Whatever he was in life, he was the Chief Priest in money."

They laugh against us for providing for our own lawful wives and children, yet admire themselves for providing for their harlots and bastards and mistresses. They come into the church, as it were to a golden harvest. The friars were so long wildful beggars, that they had beggared all the Christian world. The Jesuits hate all other orders but the Capuchin, because the Capuchin asks nothing, and the Jesuit would have all. Their artillery has been thus wittily described; the Capuchin fires shooting from the purse, the Franciscans a little side of it, the Jesuits hitting it in the midst.

I know who said, "If we have shown unto you spiritual things is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" Yet let us win you, souls, though we never have your purse; the gain of one soul is greater than the Indies. For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? Ye are our glory and joy." 1 Thess. ii. 19, 20.

Faith and Repentance.

In the year 1680 the Rev. Philip Henry preached on the doctrine of faith and repentance, from several texts of Scripture. He used to say, that he had been told concerning the famous Mr. Dod, that some called him in scorn, Faith and Repentance Dod, because he insisted so much upon these two in all his preaching. "But," says he, "if this be to be vile, I will be yet more vile, for faith and repentance are all in Christianity." Concerning repentance, he has sometimes said, "If I were to die in the pulpit, I would desire to die preaching repentance; or, if I die out of the pulpit, I would desire to die practising repentance." And he had often this saying concerning repentance, "He that repents every day for the sins of every day, when he comes to die, will have the sins but of one day to repent of."

The gift of a little cake unto a prophet of the Lord, was requited with a family supply for many days.

Chaplains in the Army.

A minister of the Charleston Presbytery gives the following opinion as to the relative efficiency of chaplains and missionaries:

"Both are useful in their own spheres, and both if possible ought to be sent into the field. If the question were, whether, if one alone could be employed, which should have the preference, I could not hesitate a moment in saying by all means let the office of chaplain continue. We are there no other reason, this would be sufficient, that their support is not contingent. The chaplain, moreover, has access to individuals with whom he is personally acquainted, enjoys the opportunity of holding daily religious services, and is with the soldier when most he needs, and is best prepared to receive instructions when he is anguished by wounds, or sinking into death. A faithful chaplain is to his regiment, what a faithful pastor is to his church, saying that he is not supported by the organized appointments of the latter. And as all regiments have not chaplains, he has also the opportunity of discharging to some extent, labors of a missionary nature. In a word, I regard the chaplain as a necessity in the army, the missionary as eminently useful when employed. The army might do without the latter, it could not without the former. Both are useful in their own spheres, and both ought, if possible, to occupy the field."

The Little Book's Mission.

About fifty years ago, a clergyman left his home to take a journey into the far West country. He took with him for distribution a few religious books, and among them Daddridge's Rise and Progress. Books of any kind were scarce in those days, and in those distant regions he expected to meet with very few. Stopping at a neat, but very humble tavern one day, he observed the woman who waited on him seemed very thoughtful, and whenever she had leisure returned to a book she was reading. He felt an interest to know what it was, and asked her if she would please let him see it. She complied, saying, it was a copy of Daddridge's Rise and Progress, which she had borrowed of a neighbor, and she was copying some portions of it which she wished especially to remember. The clergyman very gladly presented her with a copy, which was received with unbounded joy and thankfulness. She was not a Christian, but was anxiously seeking the way to Christ. With some kind words of counsel the minister went on his way, praying God to bless this little seed cast by the wayside.

Thirty years rolled away, and the good minister was again passing through that place, impelled by curiosity, he inquired for the woman by name among the people, and was shown a beautiful residence, which he was told she occupied. He called upon her directly, but was not recognized, as he could hardly expect to be. "Do you remember, madam, a man, who gave you a copy of Daddridge's Rise and Progress thirty years ago?" "O yes," she replied, "I shall never forget him. Are you that man, sir? Then I must tell you that little book led to my conversion. It was left around, and many of my neighbors read it also. We had meetings to read it together, and when there were bees and huskings somebody would read it aloud. On the Sabbath we had no church, but we would gather together and read the book, until at last many were deeply anxious, and some happily converted. We called a minister at this time, and a church was organized."

May that blessed book keep on in its glorious mission, and may thousands be sent out for every hundred now in circulation. How very low and poor the highest honors of the world seem when compared with the unfeeling crown of rejoicing which encircles the brow of the immortal Daddridge?

To the Unknown and Unrecorded Dead.

From Bishop Elliott's sermon before the Episcopal General Convention. "How carelessly we pass them over, unless our own loved ones happen to be linked with them in military association, and yet each name in that roll of slaughter carries a fatal pang to some woman's heart—some noble, devoted woman's heart. But she bears it all and bows submissive to the stroke. 'He died for the cause. He perished for his country.' I would not have it otherwise, but I should like to have given the dying boy his blessing, the expiring husband my last kiss of affection, the bleeding lover the comfort of knowing that I knelt beside him."—This is the daily language of women throughout this Confederacy, and whence could such a spirit come but from God, and what is worthy to produce it but some cause which lies beyond any mere human estimate. And when we turn to our armies, truly these victories are the victories of the privates. God forbid that I should take one atom of honor, or of praise from those who led our hosts upon those days of glory—from the accomplished and skilful Lieut.—the admirable Creator of our armies—from the God-fearing and indomitable Jackson, upon whose prayer-bedewed banner victory seems to wait—from the intrepid Stuart, whose cavalry charges imitate those of Mars, from that great host of generals who swim around our country's flag as Napoleon's Marshals did around the Imperial Eagle, but nevertheless our victories are the victories of the privates. It is the enthusiastic dash of the onsets, the fearless bravery with which they rush even to the cannon's mouth, the utter recklessness of life, if so be that its sacrifice may only lead to victory, the heartfelt impression that the cause is the cause of every man, and that success is a necessity. What intense honor do I feel for the private soldier! The officers may have motives other than the cause, the private soldier can have none. He knows that his valor must pass unnoticed, save in the narrow circle of his company; that his sacrifice can bring no honor to his name, no reputation to his family; that if he survives he lives only to enter upon new dangers with the same hopelessness of destruction; that if he dies, he will receive nothing but an unmarked grave, and yet is he proud to do his duty and to maintain his part in the destructive conflict. His comrades fall around him thick and fast, but with a sigh and tears he closes his

ranks, and presses on to a like destiny. Truly the first monument which our Confederacy rears, when our independence shall have been won, should be a lofty shaft pure and spotless, bearing this inscription: "TO THE UNKNOWN AND UNRECORDED DEAD."

A Flying Church.

The annals of the war attest that "there are many more thousands killed in a flight than in a battle." This fact finds a parallel in the history of churches. The battles of a church are less fatal than her flights. Be the odds against her ever so overwhelming, she stands her ground with less danger and less than must overtake her if she deserts it. Her sons perishing great numbers, when she turns away from spheres or forms of Christian effort, which have enlisted her sympathies and tasked her exertions.

When a church withdraws her contributions from the cause of missions, she is in flight. When she dismisses her Sabbath school, or suspends her meeting for prayer, she is in flight. When she relaxes the strictness and impartiality of discipline, or watches with less jealousy her own sanctity in the faith, she is in flight. In all these cases, what marvel that an inundation of evils should break in upon her, and threaten to drown out her efficiency, if not her life? She falls as surely as she flies. For her safety, to say nothing of her usefulness, she must turn and face the foe. She must do battle with him, or dwindle and perish.

God Cares for the Poor.

We see how God has his eye upon the poor in the Jewish economy. It is delightful to read the various provisions concerning them in the law of Moses. All the earth spontaneously yielded the seventh year, belonged to the poor. At harvest the owners were not to cut down the corners of their fields; they were to scatter some handfuls behind them for the gleaner; and if they dropped a sheaf, they were not to go back for it. . . . Hear James calling men away from gold rings and gay clothing: "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor in this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? But ye have despised the poor. Do not men oppress you, and draw you before the judgment seats? And behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." We inveigh not against the distinction and ranks of life; yet, we would maintain them, and are persuaded the invasions of them are no more advantageous to inferiors than to superiors. Yet they may be carried to an extreme. Neither would we wish to relax for one moment the apostolic law, that "if any man will not work, neither shall he eat." It was not the design of Providence that the poor should do nothing without industry; but if they are willing to labor, and cannot procure a comfortable support for themselves, something must be wrong somewhere in the state of the community, and rulers and subjects should remember the awful admonition, "Behold, it is not of the Lord of Hosts that the people shall labor in the very fire, and the people shall weary themselves for very vanity."—For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him."—Jas.

Your Mother.

Young man, have you a mother living still on God's earth? What is she to you? An old woman with wrinkled face, and gray locks, and rustic, high-waisted dress, and form bowed and crushed together with the weight of years, a together uncomely to your fastidious eye. Ah, look again. Each of those wrinkles is a sublime poem of self-devotion; each furrow on that face, some long-enduring care has ploughed; the silver lines in those dark locks have changed their hue in busy household thoughts, the patient toil of day, the wearying nightly vigils; and burdens borne for you, as well as others, have lain more heavily on her head than the pressure of years. Can there be another face that can match that wrinkled face in sweet, spiritual beauty? Could painter (saint, or sculptor) chisel a form that should wear such grace in your eye, as that no longer youthful form? Do you touch any hand with such tender deference as that with which you lift that trembling clasp of age to your heart?

Where dwells this mother of yours? In the old early home, with but few of the voices that have once been musical there, left to cheer her gathering loneliness. The airy gray evening is coming upon her—What lights do you keep burning there to drive the gloom away? Does the frequent post carry her filial greetings to you? Do little tokens, precious to her heart, not because of the cost, but of the loving remembrance they attest, go from your hand to hers? Does she know she is unforgotten in your bright, busy career? As oft as Providence permits, does your face break in upon her solitude? Are you repaying her uncheered age, the debt your early years contracted? The dear friends of long ago have motored of their left her side; do you feel that, and feel for her? Does she have it to muse upon in the brooding hours of her long twilight, how thoughtful this great grown boy of hers is for her comfort?

She never complains of you, I know. That she would not do. But silently, like a cancer, neglect, your neglect, would eat into her heart. Is she beneath your own roof? Has she the seat of honor, the largest convenience there? Does she feel in your way there? Are you more deferential to her will than even in childhood's days? To her does your voice ever utter impatience, your eye look reproach or anger? Oh, how soon will the inexorable gate-ring its sharp clang between you! Then memory will sit down with you every evening to rehearse to you the story of your filial life—what you have been as a son! If you have brightened and gladdened that life's decline, that evening recital will be as celestial minstrelsy to your spirit. If there is one painful recollection, no grief can be so bitter as that in which you grow out, "oh, if she could but return!"

"I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

Some people have no patience with any thing written now, unless it be, as they express it, "suited to the times." But these memorable words of the Saviour suit all times, "Come unto me—I will give you rest." May we not, even amid present agitations, nay, the more because of them, claim an earnest heed to that voice?

"For sweeter sounds were never heard, Than mercy utters from the Cross." Never did the lips of Jesus speak words more precious, persuasive—of deeper meaning. They are just what we need. Even now, when the din of war stuns the public ear, are there not those waiting to hear something to speak peace to the heart?

In one sense all men are weary—naturally so. The world's most admired, devoted votary knows this. You have ransacked its treasures, revelled among its sweets, tried all it can give. What have you found it to be? You have no good hope of another and a better world—what is the result of your experiments with this? You may have rank and wealth, distinction, pride, beauty, and power—have they left you nothing to wish, nothing to lament? Is there with you no heaving of life's sea—no trembling in its bosom? Is all satisfaction and repose? An honest heart has always answered—*Far from it.* So true is God's word, "The wicked is like the troubled sea when it cannot rest." You have no rest in the world of *sense*, and you have never sought it in the world of *faith*. You have no peace—you never can have it, until you become "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

But these are not the "weary" who are especially addressed. They are souls quickened, aroused, sensible of their condition, waiting to hear, ready to obey. You have sought for rest in the sensual world, in the moral world, in the religious world, in the works of the law, in the ordinances of the gospel, gone from minister to minister, from place to place;—still the burden presses, the guilt remains, and your soul has not peace. Help us, Divine Spirit, to speak a word in season to him that is thus weary!

You have no rest. No! and never, poor soul, "tossed with tempest and not comforted," never can you find it, until it be sought, humbly, patiently, solely, entirely, with your whole heart, and in true faith at the feet of Jesus. "Learn of me." What a teacher! Who so wise, gentle, patient, successful? "The bruised reed he will not break, and the smoking flax he will not quench."

You are guilty. That guilt he bore in his own body on the tree. Hence give you eternal rest from that burden. Let those testify who have taken their guilt to his blood, their vileness to his righteousness, their unworthiness to his grace, their burdens to his arms, their sorrows to his heart. Let them tell you how their *weari-ness* departed, and rest came into their souls. Are you a sin-weary sinner? Then for you is the message sent—"Come unto me," who never rejected a soul thus seeking salvation at my hands."

But there are *tried believers*; to them also the precious promise fully belongs. The old burden is gone, the *condemnation* of sin, but its *existence* is not, it struggles within are often felt, lamented, resisted. And calamity, sickness, bereavements, sorrows in a thousand forms are upon you. These make you often feel exceeding weary and heavy laden.

Now, as you go to Jesus under all this pressure, let us mark and admire the wisdom of that method by which he gives you rest. How does he meet you, as you come to his feet to take his yoke, and learn of him? Does he open a way of immediate escape from all your trials, unbind all your burdens, and bid you go free? No, but far better than this; he pours strength into your souls, and life into your spirits, and love into your hearts, and so you find rest. And thus are fulfilled in your experience the precious promises, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." "My grace is sufficient for thee." Such was his wonderful way with Israel tried in the desert, with Paul tried by his thorn in the flesh.

"Be ye followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Next Week—A full sheet will be issued next week. This will put it in our power to publish two productions which will be read with much interest, containing as they do matter very appropriate to the present times. The first is a sermon by the Rev. R. L. Dabney, D. D., commemorative of the death of Lieut. Abram C. Carrington, of Prince Edward county, Va. The other is the letter from Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., pastor of the 1st Presbyterian church, New Orleans, which so ably discusses the question about taking the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government.

Encouraging—Our readers will be pleased to learn that the little efforts made for increasing the circulation of the *South-ern Presbyterian Review* have met with good success. The Editor informs us that about sixty new subscribers from Virginia have been received since the 1st of January. Among these are ladies and gentlemen, who either take it for their own reading, or for their pastor. Some thoughtful friends have sent this quarterly to a few of our theological students in the army. Hardly anything is a way of reading would be more highly prized, and we commend this good example to others. It would afford great pleasure at a small expense. Let the merits of the *Review*, and the duty of sustaining it be thought plainly before our people, and a large and useful list for it is certain.

Minutes of Synod.—These Minutes are now published, and will soon be distributed. Partly because printers in Richmond are much crowded with work furnished by the Government, but mainly because no paper could be procured until a very recent date, the publication has been hindered far beyond the usual time.

COMMUNICATIONS

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

Letter from Rev. Dr. Hoge.

ST. THOMAS, Jan. 12, 1863. Rev. Dr. Brown, My dear Brother,—We reached this Danish Island this morning before day, after a favorable run from Havana, having left there the afternoon of the 6th inst. We glided out of the spacious harbor in the light of a golden sunset, and soon were plowing through the moon-light waves of the Mexican Gulf. It was a night of exceeding beauty, and at 4 o'clock in the morning, I saw, for the first time, the constellation of the *Southern Cross* flaming in the sky. The Island of Cuba being 700 miles long, we continued to sail along in sight of the coast until the 9th when we passed Cape May, the Eastern extremity, and in a few hours more, were running along side of Hayti. This immense island was in view until the 12th, when we exchanged it for Porto Rico, one of the most mountainous and picturesque of any that passed in review before us. The light of these successive shores greatly relieved the tedium of the voyage, by giving us an ever changing panorama of mountains, fields, forests and towns to contemplate, instead of a mere dreary waste of waters.

On these British Mail Steamers it is the custom of the captains to read the Episcopal service every Sabbath, but I was invited by ours to preach. There is something very pleasant in these meetings at sea, when people from so many different lands are gathered together to worship the same God, and for a time forget all differences of nationalities and creeds. On this steamer, the *Conway*, we had Mexicans, Frenchmen, Russians, Americans from the States, North and South, and Englishmen, two of them noblemen. With one of these I was much pleased. He was a youth of about 19 or 20. He came to me early Sabbath morning, and asked me if I would not officiate, and expressed a great desire to have religious service during the day. In the afternoon he rejoined me as I was walking on deck, and when I told him of the object of my visit to England, he said he was sure I would meet with all the success I anticipated, and in the most modest manner asked if he might be allowed to make a contribution to the object, on board inasmuch as he was not going to England, but was intending to stop in one of the West India Islands. It was a real pleasure to meet with a young man of his position who was not ashamed to let it be known that he feared and loved God, and to hear him speak, as he did, so reverentially and tenderly of his pious mother.

The passengers on the *Conway* are generally agreeable, and during this voyage I have had some delightful Christian intercourse with people with whom I may not meet again, but whom I will never forget. No place thus far has interested me more than this town of St. Thomas. The island is small, and seems to have been formed just to make one of the safest and most convenient of all harbors. The hills which enclose it all around, are, some of them, a thousand feet high, and rise precipitously from the water. The town of St. Thomas is perched on three of these hills, and the houses form a beautiful amphitheatre. The buildings, being painted of a light blue or yellow color, stand out in bright relief against the dark background of the hills on which they are perched, all covered with the luxuriant vegetation of the torrid zone. I have spent most of the day on shore, and was most hospitably received by the Dutch Reformed, and Episcopal clergymen residing in the town. They asked me many questions about our affairs in the Confederacy, and seemed much interested in the account I gave them of the spiritual condition of our army. They were also inquisitive about the colored population, and were entirely free from all prejudices with regard to our institutions. I have met with very few persons in these West India Islands who approve of the Emancipation Act, which turned into sloths or savages so many thousands of negroes, who were once of some use to themselves—and to the world.

I dined with several of our party this evening, at 6 o'clock, at the principal hotel of the island. While at the table I thought how strange it would have appeared to you, could you have seen us in summer garb, on the 12th of Jan., dying in an open verandah, because it was too hot to sit within doors—I would rather have had you as a guest at our board than as a spectator, and had you sat beside me, you would have looked out through the mouth of the harbor on the open sea as far as Santa Cruz; on your left hand you would have seen a garden gay and green with tropical plants, and on your right, the sunset and most richly tinted sky. My comrades concluded to spend the night on shore, but a little before 8 o'clock I came down to the quay to get a boat for our steamer about a mile distant, when I was saluted by the clamor of a score of negroes, each pressing me to employ him to row me to the *Conway*. They venerated the names and merits of their boats, and how strange it was to find one here, in these ends of the earth and sea called *The Stonewall Jackson*! However, this is not so strange as it would appear at first sight, or sound rather, for here the sympathies of the people are generally with us, and the names of our leading officers are as familiar as household words. My solitary passage from the shore to the steamer was quite interesting. Soon after we shoved off a gun at the Danish fort was fired, as its regularly every night, at 8 o'clock; then the band struck up a lively air; the bells pealed the hour on many vessels in the harbor, and one of those we glided by was a Federal Ship of war; another was the English Steamer *Frent*, from which our Ministers Mason and Shildell were taken, and interspersed among of them being Yankee craft, of all nations, two of them being Yankee merchantmen, chased into this harbor yesterday by the Confederate Privateer, *Rebellion*.

We expect to sail for Southampton tomorrow evening, not on the *Conway*, which goes back to Havana, but on the *Tasmania*, a splendid screw steamer, four hundred feet long, said to be the largest, and fastest of the Royal Mail line to England. I shall have no opportunity of writing again until I arrive in London.

Yours most truly, M. D. H.

January 14th.

P. S.—The *Tasmania* did not sail yesterday afternoon as was expected, and I took advantage of the time thus afforded to ride all over the island in company with the Dutch Reformed minister. Our first visit was to *Loises Høi*, (Danish) the residence of a lady from Maryland, who married a gentleman of St. Thomas. She gave us a truly hospitable reception, and was delighted to talk about the affairs of our Confederacy with which her sympathies were all her heart. Her house is on one of the highest peaks of the island, about 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and in walking around the verandahs one may see the islands on every side for 50 miles, and enjoy the refreshing ocean breeze which blows without ceasing. During our visit the thermometer stood at 72°, which is to me the most delightful temperature possible.

Our next visit was to the house of an old Danish planter who received his most courteous. I call him a planter, though now he can plant little more than sweet potatoes. The waste he now lives on, was once a fine sugar estate. It was mournful to see the ruins of former sugar houses—the great iron mill for grinding the cane, and the substantial buildings for boiling, all now fallen into decay. The Emancipation Act put an end to all this source of wealth to the old Dane, and ever since he has been living by means of his fishery, and the vegetables he can raise for the town of St. Thomas. He is now making an experiment with Sea Island Cotton, and showed us some samples which promise very well. His chief difficulty, and it is that which has put a stop to agriculture all over St. Thomas, is in obtaining laborers, for the negroes will not work in the country, and all flock to the town, where they are better paid, and can make enough in a day to support them in idleness for a week.

The celebrated General Santa Anna resides here. My fellow passenger—Capt. C., and myself made a call at his house yesterday afternoon, having some curiosity to see a man who has figured so extensively in American history. We sent him our note of introduction, furnished us by a Spanish gentleman of St. Thomas, and his son came to say that his father was in bed, too unwell to see us that evening, but that if we would call at 5 o'clock the next evening he would call at 5 o'clock to receive us. But at 5 o'clock we expect to be 70 miles from land, as our steamer is to sail at 10 o'clock, this morning, and so we missed our chance of seeing Santa Anna. M. D. H.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. John A. Moore.

At a meeting of Oak Creek congregation held at the church Friday the 13th of this month, February, the following resolutions as a tribute of respect to the memory of their late pastor, were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That in the death of the Rev. John A. Moore, our late pastor, the church of God has lost a minister of much promise and usefulness, and this church a beloved and devoted pastor. Yet while we can but deeply lament the loss, and do most sincerely sympathize with those connected by still more endearing ties, we would bow in humble submission to the dispensation, painful as it is, seeing that it is ordered, by the Great Head of the church, the all-wise and good God.

Resolved, That this congregation, cherish with grateful feelings the memory of his labors and the goodness of God, in having granted to them his ministrations, though but for so short a season, and that in his prayer that God who "giveth to the beast his food and to the young ravens which cry," will take the fatherless child and widowed mother under His guardian care, and enable them to realize that he is indeed, "a Father of the fatherless and a Judge of widows."

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

The Ladies of Nassau have contributed to the Soldiers in Virginia, twelve hundred Bibles and Testaments. The following is the reply of the Board of Managers of the Bible Society in Virginia, to their communication:

LADIES: Your munificent donation of twelve hundred Bibles and Testaments to the Soldiers in the service of the Confederate States of America, now in Virginia, has been received. They have come most opportunely. Our destination is very great. Our soldiers who have been taught under the parental roof to reverence and value the word of God, and to make it the guide of their life, have exhausted the supply on hand. We had been accustomed to depend upon the A. B. Society for our Bibles, and when this supply was withheld, and we could no longer obtain them, we felt our destination more keenly than words can describe. For the first time we experienced "a famine of the Word of God." It is true our Confederate Bible Society is actively engaged in endeavoring to supply us. But the want of men and materials for the work, is a serious obstacle in the way.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

REV. JOHN C. CORR, former pastor of Oberlin church, S. Carolina, died Feb. 6th, after a long illness.

MISSIONARY WANTED.—A writer from a Georgia brigade says: "Could not the church send this brigade, (Gen. Toombs') an able and gifted man to minister to us as a missionary during the winter months? We will probably remain stationary two or three months yet, during which time a good and talented minister could effect much good in our midst. We have no chaplains in some of the regiments. More can be done by missionary labors than otherwise."

A THANK-OFFERING FROM MISSISSIPPI.—A mother whose only son has been kept from disease and vice in camp, and who has come unhurt from many a weary march and many bloody battle fields, sends ten dollars—an humble thank offering to a gracious, covenant keeping God; for his mercy to her only child.

Dr. Hoge's Mission, 5 00 For Tracts, 5 00 If practicable would like to have the tracts sent to Company H, 46th Miss. Reg't., Featherstone's Brigade, Longstreet's division. "Mothers last words." "Don't swear." "Don't play cards boys." are tracts mentioned in your paper as having been greatly blessed, please have some of them sent, with others which you deem appropriate.

HOW MUCH WAS IT?—The Charleston Bible Society held its 52d Anniversary recently. The President, N. R. Middleton, Esq., read a most gratifying report, showing the liberality with which the community at large, and among others the eminent firm of John Fraser & Co., had contributed both in means and Bibles, and also the liberal response which the British and Foreign Bible Society had made to their appeal for aid. The affairs of the Society were reported as being in an excellent condition, and the means of effecting a vast deal of good.

The Courier says "at the close of the exercises an overwhelming collection was taken up." We are anxious to know the amount.

COMMUNION IN THE ARMY.—The chaplain in Gen. Ransom's brigade had agreed to preach and celebrate the Lord's Supper on Sunday, the 8th inst., in a Baptist church near the brigade. They applied to General Rudes, commanding the division, to allow the men to attend divine service at the time and place appointed. He granted their request, and extended the privilege to the whole division.

At the hour for preaching the large church was well filled. The audience was very attentive. Officers and soldiers from several different Southern States sat reverently in their places. What a burden of prayer went up to God, as we asked His fatherly blessing upon the thousands of loved ones in our several distant homes! When the table was spread, something over a hundred, perhaps, received the holy communion. Among the communicants, several different denominations were represented. A brother chaplain of a Georgia regiment, a Presbyterian elder, a number of Presbyterians, Methodist and Baptist brethren, were recognized by the writer. But most of the communicants, as of the audience, were entire strangers to the writer, and no doubt strangers to each other. But O! how tenderly our hearts came together, centering in Christ!

It was a precious season, truly. Some said, but very many happy thoughts were suggested by the occasion. We thought of the many happy communion seasons we had enjoyed with the churches at home when husband and wife went together to the altar—when parents and children bowed together there. Our hearts reached forward to our anxiously, to the time when we hope to enjoy those seasons again. With what rapture did these noble soldiers and officers look forward to the good day, when all Christians, of every creed, safely gathered to the land of peace, with their several charges, shall commune together at the Master's table in heaven.—*Richmond Chris. Advocate.*

THE BIBLE FOR OUR SOLDIERS.—The *Babylonian Auxiliary Bible Society*, has issued about 2,624 copies of the Scripture during the year, 1,200 of which were purchased to be given for the use of the Confederate soldiers. An application for Bibles had been made by the Rev. Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., for a similar purpose, but the committee not having them on hand, have ordered an additional supply from the Parent Society by the packet.—*Nassau Guardian.*

WAR AGAINST THE DEAD.—Rev. J. N. Waddell, D. D., of Lagrange, Tenn., gives, in the *Southern Presbyterian*, a deeply interesting account of Yankee outrages in West Tennessee and North Mississippi. We quote a sentence: "The grave of a Confederate soldier was opened by them, the body taken out and set upright against a neighboring tree, and an old pipe stuck into his mouth." These monsters are fulfilling their share in the prophecy of Dr. Thornewell: "If the clash of arms shall cease, the bitterness engendered by the strife will only be equalled to hell."—*Religious Herald.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The custom authorities of Canada have refused to receive Yankee money.

CHURCH IN NAPLES.—The corner stone of a building to be devoted to the worship of God according to the Liturgy of the Church of England has been laid at Naples on ground given by Garibaldi two years ago.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.—Miss Pardo, the well known authoress of several popular historical works and a batch of fashionable novels, is numbered among the recent obituaries.

The number of books published in Great Britain for the year ending November, 1862, was 4,828 of which 942 were religious, 357 represented biography and history, 672 belonged to poetry and general literature, and 925 were works of fiction.

A work on the Pentateuch, infidel in its tendencies, has been published by the Bishop of Natal (Dr. C. Lens) which is exciting a large share of attention in England—the *English Churchman* of the 8th and 15th of January contains long reviews of it, and several communications on the subject.

GRECO.—The Queen in her opening speech to Parliament mentioned the desire of Greece that Prince Alfred should become King of that country. A letter from Rev. Dr. King, from Athens, of Dec. 27 says: "Of 10,107 votes were given, 10,097 were for Prince Alfred—12 were, 'Alfred or death'." They are willing he should remain a Protestant &c. It is seldom that so much only exists among this people on any subject.

Proclamation by the President.

It is meet that, as a people who acknowledge the supremacy of the living God, we should be ever mindful of our dependence on Him; should remember that to Him alone can we trust for our deliverance; that to Him is due devout thankfulness for the signal mercies bestowed on us, and that by prayer alone can we hope to secure the continued manifestation of that protecting care which has hitherto shielded us in the midst of trials and dangers.

In obedience to His precepts we have from time to time been gathered together with prayers and thanks giving, and He has been graciously pleased to hear our applications, and to grant abundant exhibitions of His favor to our armies and our people. Through many conflicts we have now attained a place among the nations which commands their respect; and to the enemies who encompass us around and seek our destruction, the Lord of Hosts has again taught the lesson of His inspired word, that the battle is not to the strong, but to whomsoever He willeth to exalt.

Again our enemy, with loud boasting of the power of his armed men and mailed ships, threaten us with evagation, and with evil machinations, seeking, even in our own homes and at our own residences, to pervert our men-servants and our maid-servants into accomplices of their wicked designs.

Under these circumstances it is my privilege to invite you once more to meet together and to prostrate yourselves in humble supplication to Him who has been our constant and never failing support in the past, and to whose protection and guidance we trust for the future.

To this end, JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the Confederate States of America, do issue this my proclamation, setting apart Friday, the twenty-seventh day of March as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, and I do invite the people of the said States to repair on that day to their usual places of public worship, and to join in prayer to Almighty God, that he will continue his merciful protection over our cause, that he will scatter our enemies and set at naught their evil designs, and that he will graciously restore to our beloved country the blessings of peace and security.

In faith whereof I have hereunto set my hand at the city of Richmond on the twenty-seventh day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty three.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, By the President, J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

GENERAL NEWS.

CHERRING STON.—English papers last received in New York assure us that the "Cotton Warrant" of the Confederate Government are rapidly reaching on the L. S. Exchange. These bonds—on promise on the part of our Government to deliver certain amount of cotton to the holder of the bond—some Confederate ports within a specified time.

Died, on the 2nd of January, at Mt. Sterling, Va., ELIZABETH LETTICE, daughter of Alexander and Elizabeth Gardner, aged 13 years and 2 months.

Died, at the residence of Dr. McCrea, near Buckhannon, a few miles from Manassas Va., on the last day of the year 1862, JOSEPH MILES, CAROLINIAN, 5th son of Rev. J. N. Carruthers of Hinton, Md., who died in the 24th year of his age.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Editor acknowledges the receipt of the following sums since February 20th, viz: For Domestic Missions, \$4 00

Atlongdon, Va. Testaments, 8 00 P. Dr. Hoge's Mission, 2 00 Mrs B Benson, Union, Va, 5 00 C W Hutchinson, 5 00 Mrs Bell and Osage, 5 00 Mrs M Alwood, Jetersville, 6 00 Dr S M Dold, Lexington, 5 00 Mrs M Lewis, Augusta, 1 00 Dr M D Taylor, Lexington, 1 00 Mrs J D Girdin, Frederickburg, 1 60 Miss E Lindsay, 5 00 Mrs Caroline Morris, Louisa Co, 20 00 Mrs T W Page, Albemarle, 5 00 Mrs Quinn, Maryland, 5 00 Mrs L R W and Mrs H B, Staunton, Va, 5 00 Mrs R Waddell, Danville, by Ladies of Presby, 10 00 Mrs Coleman and sisters, 5 00 Mrs Hester, 5 00 Mrs Hester, 5 00 Mrs J W Bell, 7 00 Mrs J G McGinn, 3 00 Mrs Hume C. Kern, 5 00 Mrs O C Francis, 5 00 Mrs M J Biddwin, 5 00 Mrs S Shaw, 5 00 Misses Tindal, 5 00 Miss Dupree, 5 00 Mrs G M Richmond, 10 00 A lady, 3d Presby. ch. church, Richmond, 3 75 Mrs Laidley, 10 00 A friend, 3 75 For soldiers, Miss S J Price, Second Creek, 2 00 Thanks—Mrs G. F. W. C. 5 00

CONFEDERATE BIBLE SOCIETY. A lady friend, 8 00 J W Scott, 2 00 Cap J H N C S A, 17 00 Tracts, Mrs Hugh McClure, Waynesboro', Va, 5 00 T. Wilson, Columbus, Ga, 25 00 Dr J Moch, Tex, 10 00 For City B-tery, 7 50

PEOPERS FOR SOLDIERS. For Co E, 6th Va Reg't, 1 25 For Capt Lewis's Battery, 5 00 For H. Capital, Danville, by Ladies of Presby, 75 00 For Soldiers, R. H. Society, 20 00 For Co A, 1st Pa. Second Creek, Va, 2 00 For R. H. Society, 2 00 Mrs L S L, 2 00 For 5th and 5th Va Reg't, by Mrs M McFarland, 5 00 Mrs W C P, 5 00 For 52d Va Reg't, A Friend, 3 00 For 24th Va Reg't, Capt Johnson, 3 00

FREDERICKSBURG SUFFERERS. Miss S J P Lee, Monroe, Va, 2 00 Mrs M A Siddons, 50 00 Little Children's Gifts. For Dr. H. G. M. 2 00 W. H. Robb, Harre and Grac, 2 00 W. H. Robb, Lexington, 5 00 W. L. Lewis, Augusta Co, 1 00 M. L. Lewis, 6 00 Con. Co. Susan J. and Caroline Morris, 6 00 W. H. Janie, George, Corcoran and Philip M. Howe, 5 00

ECCLIASIACAL.

LEXINGTON PRESBYTERIAN stands adjourned to meet at 11 o'clock, A. M., on Wednesday, the 8th day of April, at 11 o'clock, A. M. The Presbytery of Halifax adjourned to meet in presence of H. Green and adjourned on Friday, before the 2nd Sabbath (the 9th) of April next, at 1 o'clock, A. M. SAMUEL H. DODD, Stated Clerk.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EVANGELICAL TRACT SOCIETY.—The Rev. Dr. Henry Brown has been appointed a Collector for this Society for the city of Richmond, and he principally among the Soldiers, will give his attention to any matter connected with the interest of the Society, and will receive contributions for the same. The Religious papers of the city will please copy.

MONTGOMERY FEMALE COLLEGE.—This Institution will be re-opened on Monday, the 15th of September, 1863, under the superintendence of W. H. Heath, L. L. D., formerly of the "Loving-land" M. D. and now residing in Maryland. All the branches of a thorough and polite education will be taught in this Institution, and every attention will be paid to the progress and interests of the pupils. The terms of Tuition will range from \$30 to \$40 per session of ten months, according to the branches pursued. French and Music at the usual prices extra. Owing to the great advance in price of provisions Board will be higher than in heretofore in this school but the lowest price will be charged to meet expenses. Competent and experienced teachers will be employed as the school increases. sent 4—

QUINN STATE FEMALE INSTITUTE.—(LAN-CASTER, VA.)—The dates of this School for Young Ladies will be resumed on Monday the 1st of September. It is desirable that immediate application be made for the names of the scholars to be admitted to the Institute, as only a limited number will be received. For Circulars containing Terms and further particulars apply to Rev. J. M. Kirkpatrick, Dr. Thos. P. Ashkin, or to E. E. NORTLINGHAM, Principal.

Board can also be procured in the family of Dr. Thos. P. Ashkin, every day and night, and filled with Teachers whose competency has been tested and approved. sent 28—1/2

CH. HOL.—After long experience in teaching, the undersigned would now offer her services for the instruction of a day-school at Mount Prospect, two miles from Church Hill, beginning the first of March. There will be two Sessions, five months each, with an intervening vacation. Terms as follows: Tuition in English, \$40 00 " " French, 20 00 Music on the Piano, ANNA L. RANDOLPH. Apply to H. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street. Feb 10—3

Washington College, Lexington, Va. THE next term of the current session will commence February 1st, and close July 1st. In addition to the regular College course there is organized a Preparatory Department conducted by the Faculty for the benefit of those who are not prepared for the College course. The hetero position of the Institution offers a favorable opportunity for re-educating the boys of the country, now growing up to a great extent in ignorance. Graduates last session will be given to young men admitted in the service, who can without the requisite tuition and contingent fees for half session, \$35 00 Board and washing included in respectable families in town, 25 00 Lodging and meals to be had in College, and furniture, except bed clothing, which students should bring with them. J. L. CAMPBELL, 1 00 00 C. J. WHITE, Faculty. Feb 10—3

SAMUEL W. WALKINS, (late of Watkins & Morton) with ROBERT K. LESTER. Auctioneer & Commission Merchant, 33 Exchange Street, Petersburg, Va. Consignments respectfully solicited. Feb 10—4

Spencer & Veale, General Commission Merchants, SHOOKER BUILDING, RICHMOND, VA. T. J. SPENCER, A. A. VEALE, of Charlottesville, Va., of P. Edward Co., Va. Feb 12—3