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## Tennessee Baptist [Nashville, TN], 1861-1862

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**TENNESSEE BAPTIST [NASHVILLE]**  
**1861-1862**

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, February 9, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

The Way to Spoil Girls.

If a parent wishes a recipe how to spoil a daughter it can be easily and readily given, and can be proved by the experience of hundreds to be certain and efficacious.

1. Be always telling her, from earliest childhood, what a beautiful creature she is. It is a capital way of inflating the vanity of a little girl, to be constantly exclaiming, "How pretty!" Children understand such flattery, even when in the nurse's arms, and the evil is done the character in its earliest formation.

2. Begin as soon as she can toddle around, to rig her up in fashionable clothes and rich dresses. Put a hoop upon her at once, with all the artificial adornments of flounces and feathers and flowers and curls. Fondness for dresses will thus become a prominent characteristic and will usurp the whole attention of the young immortal, and be a long step towards spoiling her.

3. Let her visit so much that she finds no pleasure at home, and therefore will not be apt to stay there and learn home duties. It is a capital thing for a spoiled daughter to seek all her happiness in visiting, and change of place and associates. She will thus grow up as useless as modern fashionable parents delight that their daughters should be.

4. Let her reading consist of novels of the nauseatingly sentimental kind. She will be spoiled sooner than if she perused history or science. Her heart will be occupied by fictitious scenes and feelings; her mind filled with unrealities; and her aims placed on fashion and dress and romantic attachments.

5. Be careful that her education gives her a smattering of all the accomplishments, without the slightest knowledge of the things really useful in life. Your daughter won't be spoiled so long as she has a real desire to be useful in the world, and aims at its accomplishment. If her mind and time are occupied in modern accomplishments, there will be no thought of the necessity and virtue of being of some real use to somebody pervading her heart, and she will soon be ready as a spoiled daughter.

6. As a consequence, keep her in profound ignorance of all the useful arts of housekeeping, impressing upon her mind that it is vulgar to anything for yourself, or to learn how anything is done in the house. A spoiled daughter never should be taught the mysteries of the kitchen—such things a lady always leaves to the servants. It would be "vulgar" for her to know how to dress trout or shad, to bake, to wash, to iron, to sweep, or wring the neck of a live chicken, pluck it and prepare it for breakfast, or do anything that servants are hired to do. As a mistress of a house it is her duty to sit on a velvet sofa all day, in the midst of a pyramid of silks and flounces, reading the last flash novel, while her domestics are performing the labors of the house.

To complete the happiness of your spoiled daughter, marry her to a bearded youth with soft hands, who knows as little about how to earn money as she does to save it. [illegible] happiness will be finished for her [illegible].

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, May 4, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

## The Mary Sharp College and the War.

We have just returned from Winchester. On our way there we met with Prof. McCall, and some students of Union University returning home in the South, and learned from them the sorrowful news, that the Union University had been disbanded, and would not resume its studies before next September. While in Winchester, we learned that the Boys' school in that place had been dismissed till more peaceful times would allow closer attention to the duties of the school room. We heard the question asked again and again, will not Mary Sharp be obliged to suspend? Will not the war destroy our great and unequalled college for the education of our daughters? We answered NO. So far from it, *the war will build it up*. We say so because we think so, and we think so for the following reasons.

1<sup>st</sup>. We have been witness of the fact that while other schools in Tennessee and other States have been diminished in numbers, and some of them obliged to suspend altogether, the number of pupils in the Mary Sharp has been regularly increasing even up to the present month, April, 1861. New scholars have been coming in almost every week, and there are more students on the seats to-day than there have ever been since the school was organized.

2d. We have been witness of the fact, that although a few young ladies have been taken home on account of the present excitement, there have a larger number come to take their places, and these from the Confederate States.

3d. We have been witness of the fact, that from the very first, the sympathies of the President and the Faculty of the school, as well as of the citizens of Winchester, have been with the South, with the Confederate States. Here, so far as we know, was the first volunteer company raised for the Confederacy in the State of Tennessee. We think it was the first offered and accepted by President Davis. We saw the flag presented by the young ladies of Mary Sharp. Heard the address full of noble, heart-stirring words, which accompanied its presentation—and a day or two afterwards saw that beautiful banner floating in the College yard, while the President in behalf of the young ladies bade its bearers and defenders god speed in their glorious work of defending our homes. No one heard that soul thrilling address, whose heart did not beat faster and higher for the land we live in—our own loved South—and the loud hurrah, again and again repeated at its close, told as the quivering lip and tearful eye had told, while they were listening, that those who love *that* flag, would never forget the lovely faces, and beaming eyes of the 300 beautiful creatures who bade them go and fight for them, and for their country.

4<sup>th</sup>. We think the war will build up the school, because we know that its patrons are mostly in the more Southern States, where the young ladies will be less safe from insurrection or invasion, than they will in Winchester. This place is in the heart of a population, which is not only *now*, but *has* been with almost entire unanimity, with the South from the first. It is well prepared to resist any attack from within or without.—The location is within the mountains and inaccessible to any Northern force, except in directions where they would have a long and fearful contest to wage before they could reach Winchester. And there could be nothing to induce an invading force to wage such a contest to attack a school of unarmed girls.

5<sup>th</sup>. It is a point where those who desire to send their daughters from the low country, can not only place them in *safety* from a hostile foe, but from any danger of *disease*. No more healthful location is to be found in this or any other country.

Here then we have a school more deservedly celebrated than any other in the whole land, North or South, located in a position unrivalled for healthfulness and safety.—Protected on three sides by the mountains and on the other by some of the most warlike and loyal citizens of the

South—in the *very* CENTER of what soon will be the Southern Confederacy—distant alike from the Northern borders and the Southern coast; from the sea board on the East, and the Mississippi on the West—and hence removed as far as possible from the seats of actual contest. Is it not probable, nay, is it not *certain* that it will be selected by the Parents of daughters from all parts of the land as the home of their girls while the war shall continue. Especially as it has long been notorious that they will here enjoy intellectual, moral, and religious advantages, such as they will hardly find in any other place in all the country.

A. C. D.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, May 4, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

#### Wearing Flannel.

In our climate fickle in its gleams of sunshine and its balmy airs, as a coquette with her smiles and favors, consumption bears away every year the ornaments of many social circles. The fairest and loveliest are its favorites. An ounce of prevention in this fatal disease is worth many pounds of cure, for when once well seated, it mocks alike medical skill and careful nursing. If the fair sex could be induced to regard the laws of health, many precious lives might be saved; but pasteboard soles, the low-neck dresses, and lilliputian hats, sow annually the seeds of a fatal harvest. The suggestion in the following article from the *Journal of Health*, if followed, might save many with consumptive tendencies from an early grave:

"Put it on at once; winter and summer, nothing better can be worn next to the skin than a loose red woollen [sic] shirt; 'loose,' for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a titillation, which draws the blood to the surface and keeps it there; and when that is the case no one can take cold; 'red,' for white flannel fulls up, mats together, and becomes tight, stiff, heavy and impervious. Cotton-wool merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woollen [sic] flannel conveys it from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and by its nearer exposure to the air it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red wool flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the warmest countries. Wear a thinner material in summer."

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, June 15, 1861, p. 4, c. 3

#### Wyly Hollingsworth.

Son of G. P. [sic?] and M. A. Hollingsworth, aged 10 years, 1 month and 9 days, departed this life at this place at 20 minutes past six o'clock, P.M. on the 21<sup>st</sup> last. He was born in Rusk county, Texas, and a more dutiful, kind, loving child never lived. His disease was in his head, and seemed to baffle the skill of all medical aid. He was sick about six weeks, and for the last ten days his suffering was intense, yet he bore it without a murmur. His death has created a vacuum that never can be filled in the hearts of his parents, and the sweet notes of his voice are never again to be heard around the fireside. But we have the consolation to believe that that melody which was peculiarly his, is resounding amidst the angels who surround the throne of our blessed Jesus.

S. P. H.

We sincerely tender our kindest regards to those citizens of Winchester, and particularly the ladies, for their kind services and attention during the sickness and death of our dear child.

S. P. Hollingsworth,

M. A. Hollingsworth.

Winchester, Tenn., May 24, 1861.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, July 27, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

#### A Female Rebellion in New York City

Some days ago a scene occurred in New York City which is exceedingly significant as indicating the extreme depression to which the labor market there has been subjected, and the want of good faith on the part of the city authorities towards the volunteers who have entered the United States service as soldiers. A large number of women, the wives and children, and in some cases the mothers, of those volunteers made quite an insurrectionary demonstration on Fourth Avenue clamoring for bread to keep them from actual starvation. The "Union Defence [sic] Committee" had engaged to pay a weekly sum to each family, on the faith of which the husbands and fathers had left to enter the army. But it seems the committee had utterly failed in discharging this obligation, and the result to the several families was most disastrous.

A number of them entered the Mayor's office, where they stated their grievances. One poor widow woman named Mahon, whose son had enlisted in the Mozart Regiment, said that he would not have gone had he not been promised that his mother should receive \$2 a week. She had had nothing to eat since Saturday, and would not beg even though she died.

Another woman, quite respectable in appearance, whose husband was at Fortress Monroe, had an infant in her arms, and said that she could do without food herself, but the child must have something, "even," added she, with almost fierce energy, "if I have to steal it." Still others cried out that they were starving, and that if the food were not forthcoming, death must ensue. A small, pale looking female threatened to drown herself and child, because of the privation they were suffering, and for a time there was a perfect Babel. One young woman, bearing a child in her arms, tottered in late in the morning, and said she had had nothing to eat for three days, but there was no relief for her. A few seemed determined to force the Committee into furnishing them with food, and doggedly occupied the ante-room, saying that they intended to remain there.

But their importunity availed them nothing. Not a red cent was vouchsafed them, and they were left to battle with hunger and starvation as best they might. They all expressed themselves willing to work, and would have been content if employment could have been procured, but they could obtain none. These facts we cull from the *New York Evening Express*.

T.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, August 3, 1861, p. 3, c. 5

#### A Noble Woman.

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

After some deliberation and consultation with friends, however, she said she earnestly *desired* him to go. ["]But who will take care of the plantation?"

"I can do it myself."

"You will need at least an overseer?"

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

"You must not be left alone."

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

"What if you are disturbed or insulted?"

"I can shoot as well as my husband."

"What if your servants rebel against your authority?"

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

"Then you really wish your husband to go?"

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

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

A. C. D.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, August 3, 1861, p. 3, c. 5

#### Normal School for Female Teachers.

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

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

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

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

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, August 3, 1861, p. 4, c. 4

### Farmers' Libraries.

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

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

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

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

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

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, August 10, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

### What Makes a Good Editor.

The *labors* of an editor, the *anxiety*, the *thought* and *forethought*, the constant exercise of a sound *judgment* and *discretion*, and *discrimination* in selecting articles, the *study of human nature* that must be in unceasing exercise, few, very few, understand. The right thing must be said at the right *time*, and in the right way to make the successful impression. Each issue must be *fresh* in thought, the matter varied and interesting, so that the reader may anxiously await its coming, and having finished it with delight he may earnestly "look and long" for the next paper. What though, what resources are required to prepare such a paper!

This is quite sufficient to wear out any brain in the course of a half score of years, if the editor was never required to write a paragraph or answer a letter. But when you add to this labor

the writing of the principal editorial matter, a large and varied correspondence, the answer of a thousand perplexing questions, the solution of knotty texts that come up in the minds of brethren, and a general agency in recommending ministers to churches and teachers to schools, and *vice versa*, and sundry other duties "too numerous to mention," you have what the editor of a religious weekly has to perform. It is no matter of surprise that so few men are found equal to the task for any considerable length of time.

The *New York Times* has a sensible paragraph on this subject, replete with facts. It says: A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or poet—born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists and writers have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We might say all; for after a display of brilliancy, brief and grand, they died out, literally. Their resources were exhausted. "I can," said the late editor of the *Times* to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense." Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description: Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer and Disraeli failed; Barnes, Stirling and Phillips succeeded, and De Lane and Lowe succeeded. A good editor seldom writes for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, directs, alters and combines; and to do this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper another.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, August 24, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

#### Home Spun at the Mary Sharp.

It has already been mentioned in the Baptist that the Graduating Class of the Mary Sharp College appeared and read their Essays in home made cotton dresses. This was a pleasant surprise to most of the Trustees as well as the strangers present. It was designed to be emblematical of the intention of these young women to make themselves all that the present condition of our country may require her daughters to be. We have since heard of some of these graduates appearing at church in the same humble but most becoming garb, where it elicited the earnest admiration of the right thinking of the other sex.

After the exercises at the Examination were over, and most of the pupils and their friends had gone, the subject of introducing the Cottonade dress as *the School uniform*, in winter, until the war is over, was much talked of among some of the Trustees and the remaining teachers. It was suggested that a bolt of cotton goods of the best quality, and of such pattern and colors as the lady teachers should agree upon should be ordered from some of our own factories, and kept at the College for the supply of the girls—to be furnished to them at cost. They could thus be all dressed alike, and hence all temptation to extravagance would be removed. The dress would be uniform in thickness and fashion, and hence none of those "bad colds" which come from changing from thick to thin dresses, from close to open sleeves, etc. It would furnish a warm and comfortable garment not easily torn or readily soiled, and would comport better than lighter material with the *strong shoes* which school girls should always wear. The teachers with whom we conversed were more than willing to adopt it for themselves as well as encourage its adoption by the pupils.

The trustees have not adopted it as the uniform of the College by any formal vote, but we are sure there is not one that would not gladly see it introduced by the voluntary action of parents, teachers and pupils. We have heard of some pupils who are determined to wear it at all



events. Can it not be a general thing? Will not the President of the Mary Sharp give some public intimation of what would be desirable in this time of our trouble. Will not the friends and patrons of the school prepare in time for the coming session, and advise those who are in Winchester to order the goods and have them in readiness.

One of the Trustees.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, August 24, 1861, p. 4, c. 3

Lewis A. Patillo.

Appointed by the Hickory Hill Baptist Church, Marion county, Texas, it becomes our mournful duty to pay the last tribute of respect to our most worthy brother. Long have we lived in the eternal bond of Christian love together. Sorrow fills all our hearts, and words are poor in expressing our feelings—the pillar of the church—the brother who, in the hands of God, was the means of planting this tender vine here, watered as it has been abundantly with heavenly showers.

Lewis Alexander Patillo was born in Caswell county, North Carolina, Jan. 20<sup>th</sup>, 1817; reared by a moral mother, who early took him to the house of god; he was brought up under the sanctifying influences of the Gospel, thus directed, until manhood. In the year 1839 he was united in what has proved the purest ties of wedded love, to Miss Lucinda Boswell.

Death is full of gloom, because of the ties which are severed. How many hearts must mourn the death of our brother. He passed twenty-two years with the wife of his youth, just half of his life, far the brightest and happiest part. A large family, part of them grown to mature years, are fully sensible to their irreparable loss in seeing no more in time their kind and loving father, while the little ones have yet to learn they are not to be favored with the constant watchfulness and counsel of a devoted father.

The community here lost one who took a lively interest in everything pertaining to the good of the neighborhood; the church has lost a most worthy member, who felt that he was not his own, as the servant of God; for the benefit of the church cheerfully he gave and labored for the prosperity of the church. But his death crieth aloud for vengeance. We will pursue the unfeeling man who could approach our brother and our neighbor, and without any cause take away in so savage a manner a life more valuable than a hundred such as his. Yes, we have to record that our brother, on Thursday morning, July 25, 1861, was murdered by Alfred A. Wilson without cause or provocation. Humanity and Christianity make it our duty never to rest until the murderer is executed.

Soon after Bro. Patillo's marriage they moved to Texas and settled, where he lived so happily in the bosom of his family, and surrounded by his numerous friends. In Bro. Patillo's life we see the mercy and forbearance of our Heavenly Father. Like many others he put off the day of his allegiance to God. Being of a most cheerful disposition, a fond lover of amusement, he engaged in the pleasures of the world with ardor. After returning from a visit to North Carolina, where the scenes of his youth were all brought to view again, he was taken sick, having time for reflection and thought to feel the uncertainties of life, he one day enquired [sic] of his wife if she ever learned to pray. About this time there was a meeting of some interest in the neighborhood which he attended.

Soon after the Soda Lake, now the Rehoboth Association, met in Dangerfield, which he and his wife attended, and was a very attentive listener, and there had many conversations with

Bro. Griffin, whose ministry he valued highly. Lasting good was accomplished by this Association for him. In March following, as there was no Baptist church within twelve miles of this community, he sent for Bro. Griffin to baptize him. According to request he came. After a long and highly interesting interview with him and his companion, Bro. Griffith [sic?] was satisfied they were Christians. Bro. Patillo prepared the pool, sent word to the Baptists around; they listened to the experience of himself and wife; after which they were baptized near the place where his remains rest until the morning of the first resurrection.

Soon after the Hickory Hill Church was established, thirty united, more than half by baptism; among the number the two eldest daughters of our deceased brother. God directed our brother to this place, made him the honored instrument of planting the church here, which we trust will remain as long as the sun and moon endures. To him we are indebted for this house where long we have worshipped together.

In conclusion we have to say he was our dearly loved brother, his loss we greatly feel, and as a church, we pledge our protection and our counsel to our sister, his companion, and his children. Bro. Patillo was a good husband, a good father, a good neighbor, and a good brother.

Brethren Garrett, }  
Young, } Committee.  
Barnes, }

J. Garrett, Clerk pro tem.

Hickory Hill, Marion county, Texas, July 27, 1861.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, August 31, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

#### Let Their Sisters Take Their Places?

Many of our young brethren have left their home for the camp. They have gone to stand between those homes and the invaders who come to lay them waste with fire and sword. One of them told us the other day that it would be hard now so many had left to keep up the meetings in the church or the exercises of the Sabbath School. It grieved him to think of the dear children who had so long met him every Sabbath as superintendent of the school, now scattered like lost sheep. But is this necessary? Can not the school be kept together? Can not the church still hold its meetings. True it has no pastor, but for many months it met each week without a pastor. True the Sabbath School has no superintendent, but is no one left who can become one? Or if not, can not the teachers go on without one. True most of the male teachers are gone to the field of battle, and some may never return, but where are the sisters? They can teach. They make the best teachers. There are some who have not taught who should be teachers. Let them at once collect the school, and set about the work. If our brethren go to fight for your safety, you can hardly do less than take their places at home so far as you are able. Don't let God's cause suffer at home, lest he leave yours to suffer on the field of battle. Come together, if not as a church, yet as a "Female prayer meeting." You have power with God. Come and use it. Plead for the conversion of your classes. Plead for the safety of your brethren and friends upon the field. Plead that our young men, the hope of the country, may be saved from the contagion of vice as it spreads in the camp. Plead that God will spare the shedding of blood, and turn away this fratricidal strife. But if this be not consistent with his plans, plead that those who have gone to stand between you and danger may do nothing unworthy the Christian name. And while you beg

God's blessing upon them, do all you can to take their places in the church and in the Sabbath School.

A. C. D.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, August 31, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

The Word of God is Not Bound.

The first set of plates for printing pocket Bibles and Testaments ever owned and worked in the South were laid upon the press of the Southwestern Publishing House last Wednesday, and it can now be said for the first time that the South is independent of the North for the Word of God. Lincoln no longer binds the Word of God.

These plates for the Bible and Testament have cost, including tariff, (\$150), freight and other expenses connected with them, some \$1250. More than one-half of this sum was contributed by the brethren and citizens of West Tennessee and North Alabama to us personally—to enable the Publishing House to print cheap Bibles and Testaments for the Confederate soldiers. There is not another set of plates on which a pocket Bible or pocket Testament can be printed in the Southern Confederacy to-day.

Believing that the balance for the plates will be contributed as a voluntary offering to the enterprise, the Southwestern Publishing House offers to print Bibles and Testaments for the Confederate army at the following rates:

Pocket Testaments.—Plain \$12.50 per 100—15 cts. retail; Gilt Sides \$15 per 100—20 cts. retail.

Pocket Bibles.—\$7.50 to \$12 per dozen, according to style and binding. Fine bound copies, with name in gilt letters, from \$2 to \$5 per copy. Let every community that has sent out a company forward each soldier a Bible or Testament, and a package of religious tracts—price 25 cents per package of 300 pages.

Will all our exchanges in the South call attention to this enterprise, and to the fact that the Southwestern Publishing House offers to supply 100,000 Bibles and Testaments for the Confederate army at cost of material and labor?

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, August 31, 1861, p. 4, c. 3

Malinda Johnson.

We, the Baptist church at Bethlehem, Upshur county, Texas, adopt for publication the following obituary notice of the death of our beloved sister in Christ:

Died at her husband's residence (Bailey Johnson) our sister Malinda Johnson, on the 20<sup>th</sup> of May, 1861, Upshur county, Texas. She was born the daughter of Edward Traylor, of Oglethorpe county, Georgia, 25<sup>th</sup> of March, 1799; married in 1815; joined the Baptist church in 1834; baptized by Henry Perkins.

We feel to owe it to the cause of our blessed Savior to urgently recommend the Christian graces prominently set forth in her daily walk. Having lived the life [of] the righteous her end was that of peace in Jesus and patience in suffering. To her, death had lost its sting. To the large family circle thus bereaved we do most earnestly insist "be ye also ready" to sing

Sweet angels beckon me away,  
To sing God's praise in endless day.

Resolved, That the above notice be sent to Brother J. R. Graves, of the Tennessee Baptist, for publication.

By the church in conference July 20<sup>th</sup>, 1861.

J. M. Griffin, Moderator.

J. Johnson, C. C.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, September 7, 1861, p. 4, c. 1-2

To Mothers.

*The first book read, and the last book laid aside by every child is the conduct of its mother.*

1. First give yourself, then your child to God. It is but giving him his own. Not to do it is robbing God.

2. Always prefer virtue to wealth. The honor that comes from God to the honor that comes from men. Do this for yourself. Do it for your child.

3. Let your whole course be to raise your child to a high standard. Do not sink into childishness yourself.

4. Give not needless commands, but when you command, require prompt obedience.

5. Never indulge a child in cruelty even to an insect.

6. Cultivate a sympathy with your child in all lawful joys and sorrows.

7. Do not expect to make your child perfect.

8. Be sure that you never correct a child until you know it deserves correction. Hear its story first and fully.

9. Never allow your child to whine or fret, or bear grudges.

10. Early inculcate frankness, candour [sic], generosity, magnanimity, patriotism, self-denial.

11. The knowledge and fear of the Lord are the beginning of wisdom.

12. Never mortify the feelings of your child by upbraiding it with dullness; but do not inspire it with self-conceit.

13. Pray for and with your child often and heartily.

14. Let no one interpose between your authority and your child.

15. Feed its mind, no less than its body, with food convenient for it.

16. Encourage all attempts at self-improvement.

17. Let your child be, think, and speak as a child, but encourage it of its own accord to put away childish things.

18. Never deceive, nor break a promise to a child.

19. Reprove not a child severely in the presence of strangers.

20. Remember that life is a vapour [sic], and that you and your child may be called out of time into eternity any day.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, September 21, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

How to Avoid a Bad Husband.

Never marry for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in the things she possesseth.

Never marry a fop or one who struts about dandy-like, in his silk gloves and ruffles, with a silver cane and rings on his fingers.—Beware! There is a trap.

Never marry a niggard, a close-fisted, mean, sordid wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stint you to death.

Never marry a stranger whose character is not known or tested. Some females jump right into the fire, with their eyes wide open.

Never marry a mope or a drone, one who drawls and draggles through life, one foot after another, and lets things take their own course.

Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a mean and wicked man.

Never on any account marry a gambler, a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband.

Shun the rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon.

Finally, never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it, you are better off alone than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted, and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.

In the choice of a wife, take the obedient daughter of a good mother.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, September 21, 1861, p. 4, c. 3

#### Church Act.

Resolutions of the Piney Grove Baptist Church, Harrison county, Texas, July 6<sup>th</sup>, 1861:

Whereas, Five members of this church who were excluded for immoral conduct, have with sixteen other members of the same church organized themselves into a society or church, called Myrtle Spring, we therefore,

Resolved, That we give notice to all Baptist Churches that the constituents of the aforesaid society are all excluded members from this church, and that we are not accountable for their conduct. The five excluded members for immoral conduct are as follows: John Wilson, a deacon, Benj. Wilson, M. N. Lawrence, Daniel Maxwell and William Brazzil; the others were excluded for contempt and departure from the faith, by uniting with excluded members in a separate organization.

Resolved, That the Texas Baptist and Tennessee Baptist be requested to publish the foregoing preamble and resolutions.

Done by order of the Church in Conference.

James Hollis, Mod.

J. E. Borders, Ch. Clerk.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, September 28, 1861, p. 4, c. 4

#### A. S. Smith.

Died, in Smith county, Texas, on 22d of June, 1861, in the 51<sup>st</sup> year of his age, A. S. Smith, after an illness of thirteen days, which he bore with patience. He was never to [sic] heard to murmur through his affliction. In 1860 he united with the Hopewell Baptist Church, near him,

and he was one of her active and zealous deacons at the time of his death. His noble Christian and generous feelings endeared him to all our hearts. We deeply mourn the loss of so much worth to our church, community and State. In his death our church has lost one of her best members, and his deep-toned piety and high position among us, enabled him to do and accomplish for the church great good.

He called his dear family around his bed-side, and bore witness to the truth of God's word in telling them he had no fear of death. He addressed first his dear wife; told her of her faithfulness and kindness as a wife and Christian; then the dear little children, one by one, were admonished, after this the servants too were exhorted to flee the wrath of God. Then with a strong voice sang praises to God, (a hymn which had been a favorite for many years,) showing to all around that there was a divine reality in the religion which he had so long professed. Our brother had lived a devoted Christian life for about thirty-five years. We tender our heartfelt sympathies to our afflicted sister and her dear sons, whose loss is irreparable. O husband indeed! O father indeed! and though no human hand can bind up their wounded hearts, we commend them to the mercy of Him who is the widow's husband and the orphan's father. We thank God that the older sons are and have been following the footsteps of our beloved brother, and we can say, though our brother is dead, yet he lives in our midst, and the younger sons can see the departed father's piety in the life and deportment of the older brothers. May the good Lord continue his work, and may the mother and dear sons be saved an unbroken band is the prayer of your unworthy friend,

M. C.

The Christian Index and Tennessee Baptist will please copy, also Baptist Banner.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 5, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

For the Tennessee Baptist.

#### A Sabbath at Camp Trousdale.

Dear Bro. Graves: Leaving home on the morning of the 8<sup>th</sup> of this month, I set out alone on horseback, armed with a Colt's repeater and a pocket *Bible*, for Camp Trousdale, and about 3 o'clock in the evening arrived at the "camps." When I came to the guard line I was called to a halt by a man *armed* with a *stick*. My first impression was that it was a hoax, but seeing a line of them along a path I was satisfied, and obeyed his order, and had to wait until an officer who knew me was sent for to let me in, where I soon found myself at home with my friends, who extended to me a generous welcome, and treated me with genuine soldier hospitality, inviting me to share with them their hot coffee, drank from tin cups, and their hard beds. Their food suited me very well, but I found it impossible to sleep, so I spent the night in reflecting upon the evils of war and the duties of a soldier, especially the temptations to vice and immorality, and though of the great good that a *faithful* Christian could accomplish here, and felt that during the remainder of this war I would try and stay with the soldiers and labor for their spiritual good, and arising from my hard bed, feeling perfectly willing to share their burdens and endure with them the hardships of camp life. By the request of the Chaplain of Col. Allison's regiment, I preached at 9 o'clock to a well behaved, attentive audience. Seated upon the ground, after the services were ended, a number of tracts and old copies of the Methodist Sunday School paper were distributed among them. They received them willingly, appearing eager to obtain *anything to read*. Walking through the encampment in different directions, I found many reading them, and felt certain that all who received one read it immediately. I found many reading their

Testaments, and many who wanted Testaments to read who could not get them. They were willing to buy them if they could only find them for sale. One young man, whom I knew to be a non-professor, told me he had tried in Murfreesboro and Nashville to buy a pocket Bible, and when I told him I would try and see what I could do towards supplying them, he said he hoped I would. I found by conversation with a number of volunteers that their chaplains were not all liked by the men. They seemed to lack confidence in them. I was sorry to learn from the first Lieutenant of a company, and other members of it, that their chaplain was inefficient—that he had not been upon their line but once in three weeks, and that he had not visited their sick, although they had a number of them, and some very sick—that he held no prayer meetings of nights, and preached of a Sunday sometimes once or twice about twenty or thirty minutes at a time. They said that they thought he ought to do more for the pay he received. I had thought before I visited Camp Trousdale I would like to be a chaplain. I would still delight *to do the work* of a chaplain, but I fear the salary would be in the way of my usefulness, unless I spent the greater part in distributing Bibles, Testaments, and Tracts among the soldiers. I now feel that I will try and do the work without the office. I have received nine dollars and forty cents from Second Creek Church and twelve from Hopewell, to buy a lot of Testaments for the soldiers, and I now would say to any and all who wish to aid in this work, that any means entrusted to me will be applied as directed, and a report made to the *Tennessee Baptist*. I hope in a few days to be at Bowling Green, or wherever that division of our army may be, and from which place you may expect to hear from me again soon. Your brother in the Gospel of Christ,

S. C. Talley.

Hartsville, Sept. 22, 1861.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 5, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

#### Sabbath Shoes and Umbrellas.

*Wanted*—A species of gum shoes and umbrellas that will stand the Sunday mud of this latitude.

I know a preparation which I think will fully answer the purpose; and as no patent has ever been taken out (the demand being very small,) every one is at liberty to try the experiment:-- Place in common gum-shoes a soul thoroughly saturated with Divine love, and they will stand any mud that ever lay in the path of duty. An excellent umbrella may be prepared in the following manner: Take for the stock a firm determination for the performance of duty; to this, and radiating from it on all sides, attach strong desires to do good. These must be braced, and kept in their proper place by many short, unyielding prayers, well secured by the rivets of faith. Over the whole spread a covering of grace, well oiled with self-denial. Instead of the last named article, some use the spirit of impulse, which answers for a little while, but soon wears out.

This umbrella will not only stand rains, but during the heat of summer will answer equally well for a parasol. Those desirous of supplying themselves with these invaluable articles, would do well to make immediate application to Him, "who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not."—Presbyterian.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 5, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Our Church Membership.—The proportion of members to each Baptist church is, in Arkansas, a little over 36; in Texas, a little over 41½; in Florida, a little under 46½; in Louisiana,

a little over 48½; in Mississippi and in Tennessee, a little under 70; in Alabama, a little over 174½; in Georgia, a little under 82½; in South Carolina, a little over 130; in Virginia a little under 141; in all the Confederate States, a little under 83 1/3.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 5, 1861, p. 4, c. 3

#### Rules for a Good Overseer.

The following rules by one of the best Overseers of Talbot Co. Ga., have been handed us for publication. They may serve as useful hints to others:

1. On going to bed at night, think of what is to be done on the morrow.
2. Rise early and see the negroes off to their work. If any are sick, see that they have proper medical attendance.
3. Attend to the feeding of the cattle and horses, and do not idle about doing nothing.
4. When the negroes are at work, consider it an important duty to overlook them frequently, and see how they get along. Never permit them to do any work wrong. Have it right, if it takes them the whole day.
5. See that the negroes have their meals regularly, and that they keep themselves clean. Make it a business to go in their houses once a week, at least, and have them swept and their bedclothes aired.
6. Keep the fences in good order, the stables clean; and have good stalls for the cattle.
7. Keep the houses and wagons in good order; and whenever they need repairing, have them attended to immediately.
8. Recollect that time does not belong to the overseer, but to the employer, and that the neglect of his business is so much taken from him unjustly.—Literary Companion.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 12, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

Cumberland Ford, Ky., Oct. 3, 1861.

Our Battalion left Knoxville in high spirits, knowing as soon as Kentucky's green fields lay before them, that active service would drive away their animosities, and unite them as a band of brothers. . . We arrived here two weeks ago to-day, and after remaining two days, started for the interior of the State. Each moment we expected to hear the crack of a Kentucky rifle, and the next moment to see some of our number reel from his saddle, and fall prostrate on the earth. But fortunately none were hurried from this life into eternity. About 18 miles from here, the news reached us that the Southern troops that preceded us, had possession of Barbersville. We hurried on, and that night we slept for the first night in our lives beneath the roofs of our enemies. Then commenced a scene of plunder. In every direction lay trampled under foot, bed-quilts, sheets, beds, female articles of dress, and every thing which the soldier considered valueless, or which he could not conveniently carry. Homes of families that had hitherto been the pride of its inmates were given to destruction, by the hands of—I blush to say it—*Tennessee Soldiers*. Every nook and corner was ransacked, and its precious things hid beneath the folds of the soldier's uniform. It was indeed a distressing scene of robbery. Even the jewelry which had in former times adorned the fairest of that village, became the spoil of those mercenary soldiers in our army that know not the true spirit of patriotism, and who are destitute of every honorable principle. The place was left in ruins, some houses not retaining any thing in them but the naked beds. All else were carried off, or utterly ruined by the tramp of the *robber soldier*.



I too took from the house of a Captain in Lincoln's army, two *poetical* works and a *blanket*. These I considered *contraband* articles of war, since they belonged to a Captain of Lincoln. But I ruined nothing, and saved all that I could.

Our army remained two nights and one day at this place reveling in the comforts of the town. Plenty of provisions were there, and we who had so long been confined to the diet of camp, turned lose our appetites, and destroyed such of the *nick-nacks* as could be found. Honey—the finest looking I ever saw—suffered greatly from the treatment of the soldiers. Preserves—the winter supply that had been laid by—shared a similar fate. Well, we lived like kings while there, and of course when we went away, the town was *minus* of provisions. . . .  
Marion.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 19, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

An Especial Appeal to Our Sisters.  
Who Will Help At Once?

The late movement upon the line of the Louisville Rail Road unfortunately cut off a large stock of boards purchased in Louisville with which to bind Bibles and Testaments for our soldiers. This will prove a terrible blow to the Publishing House, and will in a few weeks, (unless Louisville is taken,) stop the publication of the Testaments, unless our sisters will come promptly to our help. They can if they will make the effort, provide boards in *one week* for 500,000 Bibles and Testaments.

There are scores and hundreds of pasteboard boxes in very village and country store that have been used for shoes, hats, caps and dress, and linen goods, that merchants will cheerfully give for the asking to a good cause like this. There are in almost every dwelling old pasteboard in one form or other, and bonnet and cap boxes, etc., enough to bind one hundred Testaments, that the housewife or young ladies will cheerfully contribute.

Now the aid we want is this: That some one or two sisters in each town and village, and also at each post office of the Southern Confederacy will visit each store, and each family and solicit the donation of every piece of *paste* or *bonnet board as large as a book cover* for the purpose of binding Testaments and Bibles. These can then be pressed *flat* into a box, and sent to this Office by *Express*, and the favor shall be thankfully acknowledged.

To each lady sending us, or assisting to send a box of old pasteboard, we will return a Testament with her name in gilt upon its side; and to the sister sending us the largest box, we will send the finest pocket Bible we can print and bind with her name in gilt. Sisters go to work at once and help us to work for the soldiers.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 19, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

What a Woman Can Do.

Jenkins Depot, Tenn., Sept. 16<sup>th</sup>, 1861.

Dear Bro. Graves:--Inclosed [sic] you will find two dollars, which is to pay you for the *Tennessee Baptist* for the present year.

Mr. Grace has been very hard run in his financial affairs this year, and I concluded that I could make money and pay you myself, so I went to work and soon found that it was not so hard

a task as I had expected. A few pounds of butter, a few chickens, potatoes, or anything of this kind, will secure the amount for any one, and I think any one who is in arrears for the *Tennessee Baptist* could spare enough of poultry to pay for it. I do not miss what I have sold, and I would not be without the *Tennessee Baptist* for twice the amount. It is but little to us, but if all would do this it would amount to a considerable sum with you.

Yours in Christian love,  
R. A. Grace,  
for J. M. Grace.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 19, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

"The Word of God is Not Bound."

We do not believe in giving up to misfortune, or to cowering before difficulties, though they seem insurmountable.

When it seemed impossible to print the Word of God in the South for our soldiers and Sabbath Schools, at a time when no move was making in any quarter to procure plates, God opened before us "a door of entrance" and the plates were procured and laid upon the press, and been printed by thousands of copies daily.

The next thing was to procure boards and muslin, etc., with which to bind these captions. Our book binder procured a large stock in Louisville, but the very day before they were to come through the hostilities between Tennessee and Kentucky broke out, a railroad bridge was burnt, and all communication cut off. We have only stock enough to bind Testaments for a short time longer, when the work must cease. Now what can be done? Cannot this seemingly insurmountable difficulty be overcome? It can, if our sisters and the merchants and the shop keepers will give us that which is of little or no use to them, *the old pasteboards*, lying about their houses and stores in the shape of bonnet and lace, and dress, and skirt, and shoe boxes, etc., and forward them to us at once by express. See the plan in an appeal to our sisters. Those interested in the cause in the South could send us in one week pasteboards [fold in paper] whole Confederate army, and we believe they will answer by an immediate effort, this urgent call.

This work is a good work, and we believe that it will be achieved in spite of blockades. God often tests the zeal and devotion of his people, or rather gives it an opportunity to manifest itself that all may see and admire it.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 19, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

To Baptist Merchants.

Will not each one of you do the bible cause a service by aiding us to pasteboard for binding purposes. If no sister calls upon you *this* week, will you not gather up every piece of pasteboard in the shape of a band, shoe, lace, or dress box about your store, and about your house that you can spare, and then call upon your brother merchants and grocers, and the families in your place or neighborhood, and gather up all you can, and flatten them into a box, and send them to us, in the name of your wife or child, and we will acknowledge the kindness by sending to you or to her, or to that child a nice Testament with the name in gilt upon the cover. Lose no

time in forwarding a box. Put in all the very thickest wrapping paper you may have about the store to spare.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 19, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Bro. S. P. Malone writes from Texas that his church has been without a pastor for two years, and very little preaching during the time, but yet the church perpetuates itself by meeting for worship on the Sabbath as the primitive Christians did. The San Antonio River Association at its late session pledged \$500 to support Bro. Thurmond in San Antonio another year, provided the Baptists of Texas will give as much more (\$500). For \$1000 Bro. T. will labor another year. This infant mission ought not to be suffered to perish. It was an important point.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 19, 1861, p. 3, c. 4

At St. Louis, on the 14<sup>th</sup> inst. the oath of allegiance was administered to thirteen hundred sewing women in the employ of the Government. About fifty declined to take it and were discharged.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 19, 1861, p. 3, c. 4

An enterprising mercantile firm at Atlanta, Georgia, (Barnes & Fleming) have for some time been engaged, adapting the celebrated Sabon Shoe, of Europe, to plantation use. These shoes, by an improvement suggested by Southern enterprise, can now be successfully introduced into our market. They are light, serviceable and durable. In all stationary work, such as cotton picking, etc., this newly improved Sabon Shoe is invaluable. We understand that the Medical Faculty recommend this shoe, as a preventative against diseases contracted by negroes through cold or wet feet. Combined with their utility, is the element of *cheapness*.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 19, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

#### Camp Life in Texas—A Queer Case of Cholera.

A correspondent writing from the regimental rendezvous, in Dallas county, Texas, gives the following spicy account of camp life and "a case of cholera."

We are very pleasantly situated, all things considered; yet water is not as convenient as it might be, though we are surrounded with a great abundance of the thirst-quenching fluid. We are enjoying ourselves magnificently. We are a jolly set of philosophers—laughing and growing fat, in order that we may be the better enabled to meet the enemies of our country. I am one of the Mantua company, and a merrier lot of men can't be scared up anywhere beneath the starry canopy. We like practical jokes, and although yesterday was Sunday, one poor fellow was used up most terribly. It was merely a test of spunk and patriotism too good to be lost, however. The incident was amusing, as you may judge for yourself. Upon the representation of one of the company yesterday morning, a young man came into camp, in order to get into our company. He searched throughout the encampment for the man that was represented to him as wanting to resign, and give to him that would take his place a complete outfit for the war. After long search the man was found, and the preliminaries being settled, the youngster agreed to take his place, and give him a chance of going home and taking care of his wife, who was taken suddenly ill. About this time one of the company pretended to be taken suddenly with the cholera, or some other equally fatal disease. The doctor was hunted up, and the joke being generally understood,

the panic spread throughout the camp. A man suddenly attacked was carried into a tent, upon which the new recruit was observed in the act of permitting his courage to ooze out, while making an escapade through the rear of the tent. It was too much; his anxiety to fight suddenly changed to be at home again. His love of novelty, or some foolish whim, prompted him to seek the excitement of the camp; but upon the first false alarm, his courage deserts him, and his fears arise to the ascendant. A pretended friend advised him to go to the Captain and procure a release. One of the sergeants was pointed out, but his application was refused, and was told that nobody but Jeff Davis could release him. He was in a predicament, however, death was staring him in the face, and nothing was left but desertion. In desperation, desertion was resolved upon. Absconding in broad day-light could not be countenanced; accordingly the boys congregated around him, exclaiming they would have him arrested and put under guard. He managed, however, to get clear of those immediately around him, and a few that commiserated his condition advised him to mount his pony and flee. Accordingly, his horse was mounted in double-quick time, and amid the cheers, hooting, and laughter of the crowd, was soon making splendid time across the prairie, with half a dozen riders in hot haste behind him. The pursuers kept just close enough to keep his fears from subsiding too rapidly. The last we saw of him was on a distant ridge about two miles away. He was looking straight ahead and kicking his horse at a rate that would eject all the wind from his lungs ere he got a safe distance from that dreadful camp, where raged that terrible scourge, the cholera—in a horn.

The most horrible reports will doubtless pervade the country. I am certain of one thing—that youngster will be apt in future to give military camps a wide berth.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 19, 1861, p. 4, c. 3

#### Dogwood Bark.

The Statesville *Express* says, that Lieut. Colonel John A. Young of the 4<sup>th</sup> Regiment North Carolina State Troops, urges the importance of furnishing the army at Manassas with a large supply of Dogwood root bark as a substitute for quinine. We can say, from considerable experience, that dogwood bark, steeped in water or spirits, is the best remedy for chills and fevers we ever saw.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 19, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

#### How to Clean a Gun.

No one should put away a gun without cleaning, not even if it has fired but one shot—that one barrel should be cleaned. First take the barrels off the stock, and immerse them in *cold* water about four inches deep.—Then wrap some stout cloth (tow clings to the barrels, and leaves particles in them) about the cleaning rod, so thick that you will have to press rather hard to get it into the barrels; then pump up and down, changing the cloth till the water comes out clear; then pour hot water in them, stopping up the nipples, and turn the muzzles downward. Then put on dry cloth and work till you can feel the heat through the barrels, and the cloth comes out without a particle of moisture on it. Then put a few drops of clarified oil (made by putting rusty nails into some good salad oil) on the cloth and rub the insides; rub the outsides all over and then put the gun away.—P[illegible] Spirit.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 26, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

T. H. Todd suggests that Lindsey and not cottonade should be the uniform of the Mary Sharpe girls in winter, and Cotton Checks in summer. A good suggestion. The Trilemma was sent January 16<sup>th</sup>.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, October 26, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

We are reliably informed, says the *Mobile Tribune*, that Mr. Alexander McWeatherford, of Baldwin county, has raised a company of Choctaw Indians, numbering one hundred and fifteen mounted men, called the "Yaller Jackets," all splendid looking warriors, and have offered themselves to the Confederate Government to act as a part of the coast guard in Baldwin county. Their Lieutenants are James O'Neil and Jerry Beam.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, November 2, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

#### Patriotic Women.

The regular correspondent of the *Richmond Dispatch*, writing from Halifax Court House, remarks on the spirit of patriotism that so generally pervades the gentler sex and furnishes the following in illustration:

I was much amused at an old lady a few miles below this place, who evidently kept a sharp look out on all strangers who might prove emissaries of the Round-heads. The locality, for convenience sake, may be called Bristow. Scene—the parlor of a hotel. *Dramatis personae*—party of gentlemen conversing in one corner; ladies in the other, who continually cast side glances at a newspaper reporter who is writing out his notes at the centre-table. Act 1<sup>st</sup>.—Reporter oblivious to all about him. Old lady walks back and forward, casting sundry glances on the strange hieroglyphics. Gents still conversing. Old lady whispers significantly to her companions, when the party put their heads together and converse in an undertone. Reporter still oblivious. Finally, the work is completed, the notes go into a side pocket, the book is folded, pen wiped, and inkstand put away. Reporter prepares to leave the room by side entrance, but is intercepted by old lady, in behalf of community.

*Old Lady*.—"Have you been taken down what we've been saying?"

*Reporter*.—"Certainly not, madam." (Aside) "what an old" \_\_\_\_\_.

*Old Lady* (interrupting).—"Well then, mister, be you a spy or anything?"

Reporter very suddenly subsides, but immediately draws sundry papers containing his record, which he spreads upon the table. To make matters still stronger, he claims relationship with Jeff. Davis, known Aleck Stephens from his boyhood, went to school with Beauregard, was by Johnson's side at the taking of Chepultepec [sic], and fought in the battle of Bull Run. Smiles of satisfaction gradually creep over all faces. Play concludes by finding all parties satisfied, old lady having introduced pretty black-eyed daughter to the roving Bohemian and suspected spy.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, November 9, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

No More Pasteboards.

We have sufficient boards now to bind one hundred thousand books, thanks to our sisters. The way is now open before us, and as fast as the bindery can bind, we will continue to fill orders. Ours is the only House in the Confederacy that can print pocket Bibles. The Tennessee Bible Society of this city is in fact only a "Testament Society."

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, November 9, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Sister Miller, of Gallatin, has again placed us under obligations to acknowledge a timely and valuable gift in the shape of a beautiful piece of Tennessee broad cloth, manufactured from her lambs and in her loom, sufficient to make us a full winter suit. We need not say that we prize this gift highly, and shall wear it upon all occasions with a pride we never felt before. Why should we not?—coming from such a friend, and made up by our good lady, her first effort—why should we not? and in addition to this it is conceded to be the finest piece of home-made jeans that is worn upon the public square. Surely no editor can boast of more thoughtful or kinder sisters than we.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, November 9, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Corinth, Miss., July 23, '61.

Elder J. R. Graves, Sir: Occupying a position in the Confederate service as Matron of Clarke's Brigade, that enables me to perceive the many wants of the sick soldiers, among them, I claim a right to call your attention to *one* in particular that should be relieved "at once," I feel assured, you will say. Here are over four hundred soldiers on the sick list, quite a number convalescing. In lieu of something better they are whiling the tedious hours away by reading the "yellow backed" trash that is easily obtained. If we had a supply of suitable books, would not much good be effected? If *you* will take notice of this want in your paper, other hospitals will be supplied as well as this. You may have calls nearer home, and cannot send tracts, etc., to ours. Yes you can do more than any one else towards supplying their want, by presenting it to the *public*. Mrs. Gen. Clarke, and other distinguished ladies have been here the past week, among them Mrs. W. S. Berry, and they have been visiting the sick with me, taking items of articles needed, so as to aid in contributing them. Hon. W. S. Barry [sic?] also came into the hospital to understand its condition, and to sympathize with his countrymen. May it not be long before *all* will see the Tennessee Baptist tracts, and other valuable literature circulating with the Book of Books among the sick all through the Confederate army.

Respectfully your sister, in Christ,

E. Cromwell.

P.S. Donations to be sent, as hospital supplies, to the care of Gen. Charles Clarke, head quarters, Corinth, Miss.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, November 9, 1861, p. 4, c. 5

Thomas G. Spear.

Died September 16<sup>th</sup>, 1861, Thomas G. Spear, son of B. B. and Mary Spear, age 47 years 9 months and 18 days; born Nov. 28, 1813, in Anson county, North Carolina; moved to Montgomery, Alabama, at the age of six years; professed religion in 1837; married E. A. Thurmond Jan. 15<sup>th</sup>, 1839; moved to Mississippi in 1840; baptized by Lewis R. Barnes into the fellowship of Fellowship Church, Kemper county, in 1844; moved to Texas in 1857, and joined the church at Belleview, Rusk county, of which he was a member at his death. Bro. Spear manifested during his long illness the evidences of a genuine Christian; he endured his sufferings with patience, and had clear views of his acceptance. Christ and his righteousness constituted his only hope. With this view he fell asleep in Jesus. He left a large and interesting family to mourn his loss. As a citizen and brother he believed in the Lord he is missed. Our loss is his eternal

gain, and while his body rests low in the grave his spirit rests high up in heaven.

M. V. Smith.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, November 16, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

The Waco Boys.

A Texas regiment under Col. Granberry [sic] reached this city week before last, after a march of 400 miles on feet from Waco to Monroe, Miss., and thence by cars to this city. The health of the company was excellent. Bro. J. J. Riddle, from exposure upon the open cars for three nights, and much waiting upon his sick, was taken down the day he reached this city with a severe chill, and a general prostration of his entire system. We had the pleasure of a visit on one week from him, and of testing the power of Clark's Sure Cure Chill Pill. They worked like a charm, not only preventing a return, but effecting a cure. When Bro. Riddle left for camp he declared that he felt better than he had in three months. His friends will be happy to learn that he has recovered. We have offered to receive into our house all of Capt. Granberry's [sic] sick rather than to see them sent to the hospitals.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, November 16, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Sick Soldiers.

There are in this city not less than one thousand soldiers who have been sent down from the camps in and about Bowling Green, Ky. The larger portion of these are from Texas, and lower Mississippi. The Texas Regiments are suffering most severely. Fully one half of them are on the sick list. The unoccupied warehouses in this city have been, and are still being fitted up for hospitals. For the want of room these places are so crowded with cots that it is with difficulty one can pass between them, and the result is and will be to an alarming extent, that they will become vast *pest houses* in spite of all the attention by a far too inferior medical staff, and the attention of a class of our ladies, which in justice to them we must say we never saw equalled [sic]. Nashville has done and is doing much, but she is able to do more and infinitely better than she is doing. There are fully two thousand families in this city and within five or six miles able to take in and nurse from two to a half a dozen of these suffering boys, and we think that it should be done—that it will be a dishonor to us unless we do this, for these are not mercenary soldiers but the noble sons of the noblest blood of the South, who have volunteered to interpose their breasts as shields between this city and community and the invading and merciless foe. What do we not owe to them and should we not feel willing to do for them? We have written articles for our city papers upon this subject, which may have attracted the notice of our readers in this county, by which they will have been apprised of the movement we have successfully inaugurated and may be promptly to cooperate. There are many soldiers who can ride ten or fifteen miles into the country, who must have rest, quietude, and nursing for a week or two or succumb to the disease that is fastening upon them. Those who live too far to take a soldier, can aid those who are nursing them, or the General Hospitals, if any are left to suffer there; we say if any are left, for we are happy to state that since the publication of the first article, hundreds have been taken into warm *Southern homes*, and scores are being taken daily. Brethren from the country—come in with your buggy or carriage at once and take one or two. Let us do something worthy of our much talked of hospitality—and come promptly to the relief of the poor suffering soldier.

*To Parents and Relations in Texas, Arkansas and Mississippi.* TO THE FRIENDS OF SEVERAL SOLDIERS IN THE S. W. We have the pleasure of nursing under our roof, the following soldiers: Chatham, Huntsville, Texas, convalescing rapidly, Leonidas Tucker, Bradley co., Arkansas, much improved; T. W. Campbell, Arizona, improved; Calvin Milner, Leake co., Mississippi, case hopeful; W. N. Hodge, Fayette co., Texas, very sick, doubtful; Leonard, Waco, Texas, convalescing; Elder J. J. Riddle, has so far recovered as to join his company.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, November 16, 1861, p. 3, c. 6

The Negroes and Our Cause.—The negroes of the city of Selma, Ala., gave a ball, a few evenings since, in aid of their masters and other soldiers in camp. The *Reporter* states that every thing was conducted according to "Hoyle," and that great devotion to their masters was manifested. The ball realized one hundred dollars for the cause of the South. The following letter, from a colored individual, was received in answer to an invitation:

Greensboro, Ala., Sept. 25, 1861.

Gentlemen: Your invitation was duly received, and I regret that my engagements will be such as to prevent my participating with you in person, on Thursday next, in the supper to be given "in aid of our masters and other soldiers in camps." Rest assured that my heart is with you, and I beg of you to accept the enclosed dollar as a slight evidence only of what I would do were I better able. I sincerely trust that it may be duly appreciated, and contribute to some extent in the promotion of a cause in which we are so nearly and dearly concerned.

Respectfully,

Ed. Huckabee.

To Jerry Evans, Wilson Bell, Joshua Perkins, Managers.

This will prove an interesting item to the miserable fanatics at the North who have been very confidently anticipating an insurrection.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, November 23, 1861, p. 3, c. 6

Buena Vista, Shelby County, Texas, }  
Sept. 19<sup>th</sup>, 1861. }

Bro. Graves:--Inclosed [sic] you will find part of what I owe you for your invaluable paper. I do not remember the amount that I owe you. When you send my receipt, please state the residue. Times are very hard here, but as long as I can raise any money I intend to take the *Tennessee Baptist*, which I consider, not only one of the leading Baptist, but one of the leading religious papers in the world. I have been a subscriber to the *Tennessee Baptist* for the last 15 years, and hope to be for the remainder of my earthly pilgrimage. I entirely approve of the noble stand which you have taken with regard to the cardinal and vital principles of "Our Church." Your course is approved by the Baptist Churches throughout this portion. And should you ever make a tour through Eastern Texas you will be unanimously welcomed as one of the most able and zealous defenders of Baptist principles. We all sympathize with you in your persecutions for the truth's sake, and hope and pray for you to successfully withstand the attacks of your enemies. Your noble stand for the South should endear you to every true Southern man. We are all united in Texas, and are determined to resist as long as one man is left to offer resistance. I am proud that my native State, "Old Tennessee," has taken so noble a stand in defense of Southern rights. I am sorry though that she contains any traitors, any sympathizers of the Lincoln despotism. Abolitionism has been a pest and a nuisance to our country for many years; we will now be free from its baneful influence as well as all the hateful *isms* of the prolific North—prolific in the



fooleries, absurdities, and fanaticism of the day—in religion, morals, and politics.

Corn crops are generally good throughout our State. All the cereal crops are generally good. Cotton, though, is not first rate. More than enough has been produced to do us, consequently Lincoln's blockade will not injure us.

Health is not good. The chills and fever have been quite common.

You will please pardon my writing on the leaf of a blank book. I have no paper, and I know of none within 40 or 50 miles of me.

I remain your brother in Christ,

John Vaught.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, December 7, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

The mills of Messrs. Oaks & Wiswall, Lincolnton, N. C., are turning out the various kinds of writing paper—commercial note, letter, cap, and flat cap,—ruled and unruled, blue and white. We have a specimen of their "cap," says the *Salisbury Watchman*, which is very good. . .

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Intelligencer* says oil cloth is now being manufactured by Messrs. Manning & Wilborn, of that city, equal to anything we have heretofore received from the North. A factory for the manufacture of printing ink has also been started in Atlanta.

The Charleston *Mercury* of the 13<sup>th</sup> says that "Messrs. W. W. & J. R. Read have now on sale, at their store, several pairs of ladies' lace gloves knitted in Charleston. The idea of making up gloves for our market would never have been thought of if the Yankees had the means of supplying us. However, the Charleston made articles, though a first trial in the manufacture, is considered equal, in every respect, to the Northern glove. We also saw a knitted lace shawl, of superior fineness, also done up in this city.

The Charleston *Courier* states that a German is preparing to commence the manufacture of matches in that city.

The Columbus (Ga.) *Sun* says Mr. S. H. Bramhall, of that place, is constructing the paper machinery for cutting and finishing military letters, and will soon be prepared to fill orders for any quantity, either silver or gilded. . . .

We hear that the Tennessee Sewing Machine Co. will soon be able to supply machines at reasonable rates. . . .

We hope soon to hear of a score of calico and woolen mills going up.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, December 7, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

### Cheap Blankets.

Newspaper blankets are coming into vogue. They are no joke. A correspondent of one of our exchanges thus refers to the matter.

"I have recently heard much about the value of newspapers as a substitute for blankets, and have considered the statement to be apocryphal. But last evening I was induced to make the experiment. I took four full-sized newspapers and pasted them together by the edges, making one large sheet the size of a blanket. I then removed the blankets from my bed, and placed the newspaper sheet between the one remaining blanket, and the counterpane. The result was a comfortable night's sleep, without any feeling of cold. I pledge my word to you, gentlemen, that this is literally true; and my object in making the communication is, that through the medium of

your paper, the fact may be generally circulated; for it is no trifling matter to the poor to know that for an outlay of a few pennies they can supply themselves with comfortable bed coverings [rest obscured].

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, December 14, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

Texas.—We hear so little from Texas that we give the following, which is not marked "private." Will Bro. B, say to Bro. W., if he will give us the least proof that he has paid twice, or even aver it was, upon his simple honor; if he can't prove it, we will make his account upon our books according to his memory. We do this with all our subscribers, taking every Baptist for an honest man, until *he* proves himself otherwise. What merchant does this?

Palestine, Anderson Co., }

Texas, Nov. 10, 1861. }

Dear Bro. Graves:--I thank you very much for placing at the end of my name the time for which I had paid you for your most excellent paper. I paid you five dollars when you were on your way to the Wacco [sic] Convention, in this State, and I did not know then how I stood on your book, and never have for the last eight years, until now, and I will try to keep up now.

I am truly glad that you have resumed your original size. My financial matters are now very hard, in fact more so than ever before in my life. There is no religious interest anywhere, hardly; this unholy war has absorbed everything else. I see at every corner, and in every lane and alley, the Secular and Methodist papers are publishing and boasting of their preachers and lay members' bravery; and what valiant soldiers they all are, to read their accounts! One would think that the Confederate army was composed of the Methodist denomination alone, gathered to fight this Abolition war, of which they had a great deal to do in the bringing of it on, by publishing to the world in their law-book, (the *Discipline*), as strong Abolition sentiments, ever since the days of John Wesley as ever were proclaimed from a Northern Abolition pulpit. What would have been your fate if you and your brethren had published such sentiments? They would have taken you to the rack, or the stake, and burned you because you had the moral courage merely to express your thoughts. Dr. Howell & Co., I reckon, will drop the charge of Abolitionism against you now, since your faith and works on that point are known, and read of all men. What will they resort to next, since their marriage to Method-ism, and all other sorts of Isms, to make sure of your destruction and the downfall of the Tennessee *Baptist*; but surely they are kicking against the pricks, or at least they are certainly beginning to think so. They have gained just such victories as the Lincoln army has in every engagement of any note that they have had with the Confederate army. The article of "The Methodists doing Penance," in your issue of the 25<sup>th</sup> October, last, is worth the subscription. I want you to continue to make a faithful *expose* of all their rottenness, while you steer as straight a course as you have for the last ten years. As long as I can raise two dollars I will read your paper. Inclosed [sic] I send you two dollars, and you will please be satisfied with that until I can get some more. I will try to keep in sight of my position on your books; that will pay my account up to January, 1861. As soon as I can get more for you I will send it along, which, perhaps, will be in the course of six months.

I went to one of our Baptist brothers the other day, that has taken your paper once, and solicited him to take it again; he said no, he never would take it again. I asked him why. He said you or your agent had made him pay the subscription twice for one year, when he had the receipt to show that he had paid it. I told him there must be a mistake about the matter, somehow; that I could not think you or your agent would do so, intentionally. Will you please examine your books, and see what they show in respect to this affair. His name is \_\_\_\_\_, and I should

like to see it corrected if it is in your power to discern it; I am satisfied that he or your folks have made a mistake in some way. He lives at this place.

I bid you God-speed in your work of love. My prayer is with you and for you.

Answer these two questions:

1. What is it that the Methodist press would not like to be heralded to the world for being the first at and doing the most of?

2. Whence came the custom and office of chaplains in the army; give the date if you can; and in what country it originated, and what was its origin?

I ask for information, as I see nothing of it in the Bible. I have no objection to our brethren preaching to armies, and going and labouring [sic] where they think they can do the most good. The army is a place where there is room for a great deal of good to be done, but the idea of going as, what is termed, a chaplain, and receiving a large salary, more than is necessarily right and proper for, the labor performed, I don't know so well about.

I want to see things discussed in your paper. I am not opposed to our brethren being recompensed for their labors, not by any means. Your brother in Christ,

B. F. Burroughs.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, December 14, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Strike.

The Typographical Society of this city have struck for a large advance of wages, which the Publishers have decided they are not able to pay, as they are paying more for paper and ink now than ever before, and the subscription price of their papers being the same. Will our friends make enquiries for us and send us four type setters, at the regular prices 33 1/3 cents per thousand ems.—Come on old type setters—come on and brighten up and help out. Fifty printers are wanted in the city now.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, December 14, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

Mount Zion Church.

Smith County, Texas, }  
September 28<sup>th</sup>, 1861. }

Church met in conference after singing and prayer. Bro. E. M. Carter, Moderator, *pro tem*.

Visiting brethren invited to seats during Conference; references called for.

The case of Bro. Isaac Taylor was taken up, concerning resolutions and editorial comments published in the *Tyler Reporter*, on June 20, 1861, and *States' Right Sentinel*, on June 21, 1861, in Tyler, Smith county, Texas. Said resolutions being drawn, introduced and passed by a home guard company in Dr. L. W. Smith's neighborhood, charging Bro. Taylor with being a liar, and a hypocritical and treacherous man, and also untrue to his country. The editorial comment, accusing him of being a traitor to his country.

By a request of the church the following visiting brethren were present, viz:

From Tyler church, brethren W. S. Bayley and Samuel Dean. From Salem church, brethren Willis, Bass, and O. Prestrage. From Harmony church, Wm. Maxfield and Wm. Acker.

From Ebenezer, N. F. Chaimbers.

On motion, the following brethren (being present) were added to their respective committees, viz:

Tyler church, Bro. Matthew Wood, Salem church, William Robertson. Harmony church Andrew Pinkerton.

The resolutions and editorial comments were then read.

Evidence relative to the statements set forth in said resolutions and comments was then heard. The church then decided that the statements were false, and that Bro. Taylor was honorably acquitted of the charges preferred against him.

The church then introduced Bro. Taylor's nearest neighbors, (members of the Baptist church), to give evidence relative to his moral and religious character, which was proved to be unsullied. Bro. Samuel Dean was then interrogated as to a report in circulation that Bro. Taylor had killed his wife while living in Alabama. Bro. Dean said in substance as follows: while he lived in Alabama he was intimately acquainted with a Mr. Isaac Taylor, whose wife left him, and came to Texas, and that he never knew Bro. Taylor, now of this county, until a short time since, though he was satisfied that the Isaac Taylor that lived in Alabama never killed his wife, and, also, that this Isaac Taylor, of Smith county, Texas, is not the same he knew in Alabama.

On motion, the church appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the meeting, and brethren, present, relative to Bro. Taylor. The committee then made the following report, which was read and unanimously adopted:

To the Moderator and members composing the Conference of Mount Zion church:

WE, your committee, beg leave to make the following report, viz.:

THAT, whereas, certain reports have been circulated injurious to the character of Elder Isaac Taylor,

*Resolved, 1<sup>st</sup>*, That after a patient and thorough investigation it is found that said reports are without foundation.

*Resolved, 2<sup>nd</sup>*, That we most respectfully recommend Elder Isaac Taylor to the care and confidence of all Baptist churches wherever God, in His providence, may cast his lot.

*Resolved, 3d*, That a copy of these resolutions, and the Minutes of the church be presented to the editors of the *Tyler Reporter*, and the *Tennessee Baptist*, and that they be requested to publish the same,

Signed,

Matthew Wood, Chairman.

W. S. Baley, }

Sm'l. Dean, } Com.

O. Prestrage, }

Saml. Heidleberg, }

I do hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the Minutes of the Conference, held at Mount Zion church, Smith county, Texas, on Saturday, September 28, 1861.

Samuel Heidleberg, Sec.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, December 21, 1861, p. 2, c. 2  
Sick Soldiers.

Friends may be interested to learn the fate of the soldiers who have been nursed during the past two months, under our roof. Eld. J. J. Riddle, of Texas, after a sickness of only ten days, rejoined his company. Mr. Leonard, of Texas, Mr. Chatham, of Huntsville, Texas, Mr. Tucker,

of Ark., and Calvin Milner, of Mississippi, all returned to camp. Mr. Campbell, of Arizona—now with his sister in Pulaski, Mr. Hodge, of Texas, has obtained a discharge, and will return home.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, December 21, 1861, p. 2, c. 1  
The Strike.

The type-setters of the city have leagued together to demand a very large increase of wages and have notified the publishers that on the 11<sup>th</sup> of January they shall demand 40@50 cents per thousand ems, instead of 33 1/3@49 as now; and also that only one apprentice will be allowed to an office of \_\_\_ hand, and to no office more than two (?) [note: question mark is in original]

The publishers have had a meeting and decided that they cannot pay such exorbitant [sic] wages. It would increase the expenses of some of our papers from \$1000 to \$1500 above what they now are—a sum larger than their present profits! Some papers would be compelled to stop. Publishers will be compelled to set the type for their own papers, publishing smaller sheets, unless printers can be obtained from other places who will work at reasonable wages. Newspapers are not like dry-goods, susceptible of an increase of price to meet an increased cost; they must be afforded at the same figures. Publishers cannot submit to extortion.

This office would like to engage three or four steady type-setters for the ensuing year, who will work at fair wages, paid every Saturday night. If we can secure two or three hands for a few weeks, we will amply remunerate them.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, December 21, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

#### Coffee Making.

There is philosophy in making good coffee, which every house-keeper ought to know.

Parch *slowly*, stirring constantly, not less than two pounds of raw coffee at a time. Be careful not to let it get too hot, as a high degree of heat derives off the essential oil in which resides the aromatic and stimulating properties of the coffee which give it all its value. Keep your parched coffee in an air-tight and dark vessel. Grind only as it is needed for immediate use.

Put your ground coffee in a tin coffee-pot of the size your family need[s], so that it can be filled with cold water. Put it on or near the fire half an hour before it is to go to the table, *but do not let it boil till just at the moment it is to be served*. The boiling heat will drive off the aroma in a few minutes; but it should stand at a moderate heat some time before boiling to extract the delicacies of the berry. The hunter makes excellent coffee in his tin cup because he puts it in cold water, in his bright tin cup, and drinks it as soon as it boils.

The above recipe requires less coffee than any other.—Louisiana Baptist.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, December 21, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

We Have Tried It.—We have been somewhat skeptical about the various substitutes that have been proposed for coffee.—We have doubted whether any thing would have the flavor of the genuine article. But, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." We have tried the *okra coffee*, and had we not known it to be okra, we should have supposed it the best of Laguyra or Java. It has all the rich spicy aroma of the genuine article, and we have no doubt, is equally

nutricious [sic] and probably less injurious.

We would advise all our friends to reserve a large space in their gardens or farms, for planting okra. It will do, and no mistake, blockade or no blockade.—Mississippi Baptist.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, December 21, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

To Dye Wool Blue.—Take six pounds of wool, wash all the grease out, put it in a kettle, cover with water, add half a pound of alum dissolved in water, boil two hours, wring out and dry. Have another kettle, put in three bushels of parseline, (the common field pursley,) cover with water, cook until the stems are quite soft, strain through a basket, put the liquid back in the kettle, add one ounce of the extract of logwood and one ounce of sulphate capri (blue stone,) both previously dissolved, put the wool in, boil two hours, wring out and dry, and then wash the loose dye out. Spun wool can as easily be dyed in the hanks. If the dye does not stick after the first washing, too much logwood has been put in. For twenty years, Mrs. M. has used this dye, and finds it useful in servants clothing and mixed cloth and socks.

Mecklenburg.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, December 21, 1861, p. 4, c. 3

For Rheumatics, Neuralgia, and Nervous Headache.—Mix one ounce oil rosemary; one ounce oil cloves; one ounce oil oreganum; one ounce spirits turpentine, one ounce spirits hartshorn; one ounce tincture cantharides; one ounce alcohol. Shake and pour a little in a saucer; set the saucer on embers, and rub in on the affected part with your hand. Warm your hand by a shovel of coals and hold it on the affected part to encourage absorption. The price of the compound should only be one dollar.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, January 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

### Shall Preaching be Abandoned?

Bro. Graves:--Suffer a young Baptist, through your paper to address all who profess to be friends and followers of my blessed Jesus.

Brethren, with a heart filled with sorrow I see the kingdom of Satan triumphing over the kingdom of my blessed Saviour. *Many who apparently stood firm in the cause of Christ in times of prosperity have forsaken their post in the trying hours of adversity and temptation!* and gone back to the world and sin. Let us not give up the struggle in the cause of Jesus, for we learn that through many tribulations we are to enter the kingdom. The promise is: "In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not." Many brethren are refusing to uphold the arm of the minister, and say, "Let our pastor remain at home, for preaching will do no good in these times in the Southern Confederacy. May our God give you many days yet to work for the South religiously and politically. We are all right in Texas *now*, plenty of beef, *mutton*, corn and wheat, and I have some more of those "\$100 mutton" for you when you visit me again in Texas.

Yours, fraternally,  
James W. Barnes.

Anderson, Grimes county, Texas, Nov. 5<sup>th</sup>, 1861.

Remarks.—We fully appreciate the kind expressions contained in the above. To deserve the approbation of such brethren as our brother B., we feel is to have done right. When our cause, as a public journalist, is frowned upon by brethren of this class, we shall consider that our

public usefulness has closed. The columns of this paper are open to the brethren of Texas, and their communications.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, January 4, 1862, p. 4, c. 4

L. B. Oldham.

Died in the hospital at Richmond, Virginia, L. B. Oldham, son of John and Clarissa Oldham, now living in Lavaca city, Texas.

The subject of this notice was born May 5, 1839, in Carroll county, Mississippi. Moved with his parents to Western Texas in the fall of 1854, and in August 1860, returned to Mississippi, and joined the Confederate army in June last—took the measles which terminated his life Oct. 5, 1861. He leaves behind him a father, mother, sisters, and three brothers, and many friends to mourn his loss; but we weep not as those who have no hope, for three days before his death he professed, and we have no doubt obtained, the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The above testimony was received from his nurses that attended on him while sick.

B. D. Smith.

Hallettsville, Texas, Nov. 18, 1861.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, January 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

The Civil War Among the Indians!  
News from the Baptist Mission, &c.

Creek Agency Creek Nation, }  
December 18<sup>th</sup>, 1861. }

Dear Brother Graves:--It has been many months since I have enjoyed the luxury of writing to you; but as brethren Compere and Murrow are on a short visit to my house, I can send this letter by them to be mailed at Fort Smith. We are in the midst of the most horrid Indian war that history has ever recorded, or that poets ever sung. The words of Dr. Cheever, that I forwarded to the *Tennessee Baptist* from New York last August a year ago, are literally fulfilled. Said he: "*There is coming a war, compared with which all former wars were mere boy's play.*" I was satisfied then, from what I saw and heard in New York, that there was no conservatism in the North; that a war had been already maturely and purposely planned; that it was known to the wire workers of Black Republicanism, and that they then had emissaries in Europe to further their designs and interests; hence I gave your readers a fair warning of these things, and returned to the Indians a confirmed secessionist. I was not caught here by a sudden surprise; for I determined, the Lord helping me, to sink or swim with our interests here among these people. I cannot now give you a history of the rise and progress of our political evils; but I can safely say that I never read of a more savage and unnatural war than the one that is now in progress here. In future I will trace our troubles to Abolition emissaries, and show who brought them in, as we have intercepted letters that will fasten the damning guilt upon long faced hypocrites who came and stayed here under the false guise of religious teachers. I was at the night battle on the Red Fork where we lost five men, and the enemy fifty-six. At that engagement we captured ten of the enemy's wagons loaded with sugar, coffee, salt, &c., &c., besides 27 prisoners, and a number of

ponies and cattle. I could not be at the recent engagement on Little Verdegris, on account of sickness; but our officers say that our men killed and wounded 300 of the enemy, while we lost 10. Two others have died of their wounds, but no others are dangerously wounded. We also captured some 60 wagons, besides a great number of mules, all of which belonged to the deserters from the Cherokees. Col. Drew's entire regiment of full blood Cherokees, except himself and about twenty-five others, went over to the enemy on the night before the fight. I should also except Lieut. Col. Ross, and a few others who were not near the engagement. Our forces consisted of 1[?—fold in paper]00 men under Cols. Cooper, D. N. McIntosh, and Sims; while the enemy had forces variously estimated at from 2,600 to 4,000. The 600 Creeks present under Col. McIntosh fought like tigers. I say this because the Texans all give them this credit, while I see the Fort Smith papers, through mistake, do them injustice. The Creeks on both sides were stripped to the skin, and painted to the teeth. Creek met Creek and disputed each others right to the same tree; and frequently they would wrest the guns from the very hands of their living enemies, as if they had been only ball-sticks. What is remarkable is that in a hand to hand fight of Creek with Creek for five hours, there was but one Creek killed on the Southern side!! History can no where show the like of this and I am sure that God was on our side. We had offered peace to the enemy; we had exhausted every means to conciliate them, even offering them rewards and making the most humiliating concessions because they were our brethren; and when nothing would do them but a fight, God forsook them in the day of battle. The deserting Cherokees had a corn shuck tied to the top of their head for a badge, and 30 of their heads lost their corn shuck scalps over which our Choctaw allies danced to the tune of Dixie, on the following night. The Cherokee deserters belong to the society of Pins, (a secret Abolition society, organized by the Jones of Boston Board notoriety, whose badge consists in wearing a pin in some specified position on the coat collar.) A majority of the full blood Cherokees belong to this party, and when Drew's regiment deserted our ranks, all our forces, after the battle, ceased to pursue the enemy, and came back to watch the Cherokee nation. Stand Waity [sic] has a regiment of half breed Cherokees, all of whom are true to the Confederacy; and I presume that a majority of the Nation are half breeds, and true to the South. Chief Ross made a speech at Gibson yesterday, favoring the South; but as he made and officered the Pin regiment, many doubt him. I am in the midst of the excitement, between two fires; with the enemy's forces only 45 miles to the left, and the Cherokee Pins only 15 miles to my right. An effort was made to fire my premises since I commenced this communication, but having much company at my house, we extinguished the flames. I had to abandon my place at Micco, because every body had fled from around there while I was off with our regiment, and most of all my corn, wheat, poultry, &c., were stolen. Bro. Vandivere and family have moved to Texas, so that I am alone as a Baptist Missionary to the Creeks for the third time in the past thirteen years. I occupy the house vacated by Brother Vandivere, near Creek Agency, 40 miles North of Micco.

We expect to pursue the enemy in a very few days. My young wife will be alone with the servants; but she is a heroine. This day I am 43 years old; and this day a year ago the wife of my youth and partner of my early toils, went to her blissful reward. Blessed be her precious memory forever. Happy! thrice happy!! was she in being spared these perils. Never since Babel was built has there been a people so confounded as these. I am personally acquainted with many, *many* families who are on both sides in this civil (?) war. I know fathers with us who have wives and children on the other side, (for the enemy carry women with them,) and I know natural brothers, who are also brothers in the same church, who are some on this and some on that side in the days of battle! I know a Baptist Deacon on that side who has two sons and three brothers



with us; and one of his brothers carried our Confederate Stars and Bars at the night fight at Red Fork. But (thank God) there are but few Baptists with them; while there are twenty-one Baptist preachers in our single regiment, inclusive of myself and Col. D. N. McIntosh!

But I am wearying you. I wish to say to Central Association, Ga., I am at your service.  
H. F. Buckner.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, January 11, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

The Tarboro' *Mercury* of Wednesday, says, last Friday afternoon, an officer in C. S. A., was shot by a young lady on the front of a hotel in Goldsboro'. The beautiful but desperate girl (and she is said to be really beautiful) approached within four feet of the officer, and firing a Colt's repeater, the ball passed through his left shoulder. She was accompanied by her little sister at the time. Rumor tells us that the unfortunate affair is the result of disreputable conduct on the part of both the officer and the girl. The wounded soldier will recover, while the law will endeavor to teach the girl to be more quiet in her promenades.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, January 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Army Creek Correspondence.  
More News from the Indians.

Sodom Creek Agency, Cree[k] Nation, }  
December 22, 1861. }

Dear Brother Graves:--I wrote you a few days since of the state of the war in this section, and as Brother Burns is with me to-night, I will have an opportunity of forwarding this letter to Fort Smith in the morning. I visited Col. D. N. McIntosh's Creek Regiment to-day, and learned the following particulars:--We have been reinforced since the last battle by 900 Choctaws, two regiments under col. McIntosh, (of McCulloch's command,) one company of Texans, and Stand Waitie's regiment of half breed Choctaws; so that our present active force amounts to 5,000. Col. Sim's regiment of Texans is suffering greatly from sickness. We expect to march against the enemy in a few days; Col. McIntosh thinks that in five days after Christmas, we will utterly rout our enemies. We will have some artillery with us this time.

The earth is now covered with snow, and the mercury is 25° above zero. Poor soldiers! how my heart pities them; and even our enemies have my yearning sympathies. Poor deluded souls! "*They know not what they do.*" Many of them I know to be Christians, as well as it is possible for me to judge of the heart of man. Many of them have run to the enemy, not from principle, but for protection, as they believe that it is *safest* to be on the side of the U.S. *Few* of them have acted from principle, but most from policy. I fear they will not learn their mistake until it is too late. The Pins (full blood Cherokees,) to whom I alluded in my last as having deserted our ranks, have nearly all returned, and were pardoned by Col. Cooper. But I have not faith in them, and I want them to be far from us in the day of battle. I do not think that even Col. C. will trust them.

Chief Ross made another speech the other day for the South, and is raising another regiment, but I have no faith in him or them.

Stop the paper which you send to E. D. Carruth, of Creek Agency, for he is a long-faced hypocrite, now in Kansas as Commissioner of Indian Affairs under Abraham 1<sup>st</sup>, and is the prime

cause of this Indian war.

Affectionately,

H. F. Buckner.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, January 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Manufacturing in the South.—They have thirty factories in the State of Georgia engaged in making cotton and woolen goods, besides several smaller factories that only spin yarns. The following is a statement of the works of the factories, for one week:--202,000 yards of shirtings; 271,500 yards osneburgs [sic], stripes, drills, and denims; 54,000 yards of kerseys and linseys, and 22,000 yards of jeans and casimeres.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, January 18, 1862, p. 4, c. 5

Major Samuel Lusk.

This old citizen and servant of Christ died at his residence in Brenham, Washington county, Texas, December 6<sup>th</sup>, 1861, in the 61<sup>st</sup> year of his age.

Bro. Lusk was a native of Buncomb county, North Carolina, but was reared and educated mainly in Tennessee, where at the age of 22, he was joined in marriage with Miss America W. Coffee, with whom he lived to the day of his death. He removed from Tennessee to Alabama, and there remained till 1835, at which time he migrated to Texas. Here by his uprightness and integrity of character, he soon won the confidence and esteem of the people among whom he had settled, as was proven by his having confided to him positions of public honor and trust. He was also a member of the Convention in 1840, which ratified the Act of Annexation to the United States, and framed the present Constitution of the State. It is not too much to say that Major Lusk was highly esteemed as a citizen, and loved as a Christian. He was first a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian denomination, but afterwards joined the Baptists, and was baptized by the Rev. R. C. Burleson into the fellowship of the Brenham Baptist Church in the Spring of 1853, of which he lived a consistent member to the time of his decease. As a Christian brother L. ever seemed distrustful of self, but trusted in Christ for salvation. He was a man of prayer and faith. When brought to look into the "valley of the shadow of death," he did not shrink, but expressed a willingness to die, regarding the change a desirable one. With his last words he gave his friends most comfortable assurances of peace, and joy in believing. A devoted wife and children, and large circle of friends are left to mourn the loss of our friend and brother. May that hope which bore him up through all his sufferings to the end, sustain and comfort the hearts of the dear family in this time of great affliction, and prepare us all to follow after "with joy and not with fear," when our time shall come. M. L.

South Western Baptist copy.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, January 18, 1862, p. 4, c. 4

Sarah E. Jobe.

Died at the residence of her husband, John W. Jobe, Nacogdoches county, Texas, Mrs. Sarah E. Jobe, on the 20<sup>th</sup> of September, 1861. Her disease was Congestive fever. Daughter of William and Rebecca Scott. Born and raised in Tennessee, born May 5, 1834, professed religion 1847, and was baptized by Elder Kimbro into the fellowship of the Mulberry Baptist Church, and

emigrated with her husband and parents to Texas in 1859. On the 20<sup>th</sup> April, same year, the 29<sup>th</sup> of the month before her death, she buried her last child, a son aged 6 years. She bore all her afflictions with all the fortitude and patience of a child of God. During her illness she seemed to be impressed with the fact that she would die. She shouted the praises of God the day before her death, and spoke of death as she would a familiar friend—truly did the grace of God sustain sister Jobe to the last. Mr. Jobe and relatives we deeply sympathize with all. Let me say in the conclusion, if you would meet that beloved one beyond the region and shadow of death, you must follow Christ as she did. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ sustain you all.

B. E. L.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, January 25, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Old Choctaw Agency,  
Choctaw Nation, Dec. 25, 1861.

Dear Bro. Graves—Please pardon an intrusion upon your columns by me. Mr. Murrow has been absent in the Creek nation some time. He corresponded with his friends and brethren in Georgia, through the columns of the *Banner*, and we away here, to our sorrow, read that the *Banner* will wave no more, for a few days. Hence he requests me to write "a little list" now and then. I received a letter from him yesterday, in which he speaks of the great need of more missionaries—true Southerners. Now all the Baptist missionaries but Bro. Buckner and himself, have abandoned that important mission field. He is with them, sharing, he says, their hardships and doing them all the good he can. Creek brethren tell him they need a preacher to instruct the people who are at home. I do not know whether he will locate permanently or travel around with the soldiers. Now he is, most likely, with Col. McIntosh in his pursuit of Ho-po-eth-le-go-holo. Our troops have had a second engagement already, and if the weather admits will have another soon. Our force is sufficient now to conquer them this time. To-day I saw two scalps taken by a Choctaw man.

To-day, in the *Memphis Appeal*, I read a communication from a South Carolinian, highly praising the Virginia ladies for their patriotism. Why is it that all ladies are so busy working for the soldiers? I suppose because they are *fighting* for us—our rights, our homes, our all. Friends all, are not these Indian troops—these soldiers, fighting for us too. Do they not deserve help. Their homes—*Southern* homes—have been invaded, and all that is gained by the South is for our good. These poor boys, in the first place, never were well clothed, like the white soldiers. They are exposed as much as soldiers in Virginia. In the last battle many of them lost their blankets and hats, and some their horses and saddles. A supply insufficient to make them comfortable is furnished them by the Confederate Government.

These Western soldiers are also in great need of the bread of eternal life. Only two regiments have the services of a chaplain, and no colporter is sent among them. Why this neglect? Not because they are not destitute, but I guess, because government has made no provision to pay persons for rendering such services. Their souls are surely worth trying to be saved, and they are subject to death, the great destroyer. Bro. Buckner has, no doubt, given you an account of the Indian battles. Houses, furniture, bedding and everything is being destroyed by the hostile party. Every injury possible is being done by them.

Yours unworthily,  
C. B. Murrow.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, January 25, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

## Our Sick Soldiers.

There is still a large number of soldiers on the sick list in our city. The sable Hearse may be seen almost hourly, winding its lonely way to the city of the dead to deposit the remains of some noble fellow in its final resting place. He laid all upon his country's altar. Home, with all its sweets and charms, friends, doubly dear, and life, the sweetest boon of earth, all, all is lost, and with him the drama is ended—he has found a soldier's grave in a stranger's land—he silently sleeps beside his comrades in arms, no sister's tears gemmed the narrow lid that hid his manly form; no mother's tear bedewed the rising mound that marks the sacred spot where sleeps the fallen hero—

"He sleeps his last sleep,  
He has fought his last battle.  
No sound can awaken him  
To glory again."

He died in defence [sic] of his country, and for this his memory will live when marble monuments shall have crumbled to atoms. Many are still confined to their rooms, while others are able to walk about and interest themselves with the "sights" about this city; while others are summoned to appear at the Surgeon General's office for examination, and if pronounced well, to receive orders to return to camp. But in these various conditions, they are not forgotten. There are many noble Ladies who devote their entire time in supplying the wants of these brave fellows, who have sacrificed all to defend their country from the ravages of an invading foe. These Ladies have forgotten their ease and comfort, forsaken their homes and families, to administer to the wants of these suffering soldiers; they are indeed worthy of all praise. No day is too stormy, no obligation sufficiently imperative to keep them from the sick bed of these volunteers. The Ladies organized a society early in the summer, and since then have spent much of their time in making under clothing, and gathering supplies of various kinds, all of which are being distributed among such of the volunteers as most need them. Similar Societies, in various towns accessible to Nashville, have sent valuable contributions to the principal Societies here. Cities in other States have done a noble part in this great work. The citizens of New Orleans have surpassed all their rivals in their contributions—they have sent large sums of money, and a large amount of supplies of various kinds—their bounty seems inexhaustible. We append several items from the President of the Society, showing the interest that is felt in different communities for the sick of our army, and yet much remains to be done; many of the soldiers need winter clothing. The 7<sup>th</sup> Arkansas Regiment is especially needy in this particular. Cannot their friends at home send them supplies? This Regiment has seen hard service, as their health and clothes both testify. A large number are on the sick list, all of whom are poorly clad. Their friends can do much to relieve their wants, each family supplying its own members. They should not wait for the government to do this. Clothes made at home will cost less and are far more serviceable than those gotten up by the authorities. Will not the counties from which this regiment came take this matter in hand? The men are truly needy. They have been several months in the service, and thus far have drawn no clothing whatever. If they are furnished by government they are charged a heavy price for each garment, and frequently it is of an inferior quality, while they could be supplied from home at less cost, with a superior article. Those desiring to send supplies of clothing should pack them closely, marking each package with name of individual and company, packing all in large boxes, and send by Express to Mrs. Dr. Shelby, President Tennessee Hospital Association. Those sending money may rest assured that every

dollar is prudently spent in furnishing such articles of food and clothing as the sick may need, and is not furnished by the government. The army regulations provide a certain diet for the army, and nothing more; they proceed on the principle that a soldier has no right to get sick, hence, no "requisition" can be made for any delicacy needed by a sick man—he must eat the regular "Bill of Fare," or do better if he can. Many of the citizens in and around Nashville have been truly liberal in sending in such delicacies as were needed. The Ladies having charge of the Hospital have spent from one to two hundred dollars per week for various supplies needed by these sick men. Looking after the wants of the suffering soldiers is a great work, and worthy the attention of every lover of his country—all that can be done is but a poor compensation for the sacrifices they are making for their country.

We copy the following items from the President's Book. They are but a small portion of what might be given:

Citizens of New Orleans, per Mr. Baker	\$125
" " Louisiana, to Mrs. Polk	500
" " New Orleans, per Mr. Baker	248
" " " " Mr. Hanna	100
" " " " Mr. Allen	600
" " " " "	500
Confederate Guards, N. O.	900
New Orleans Guards	500
Young Ladies of Vicksburg	261
Young Ladies Fair, Vicksburg	757
Citizens of New Orleans, per Mr. Hanna	1000
Citizens of Victoria and Port Lavaca, Texas	457

The above are some of the cash items, in addition to which a large amount of clothing of various kinds, has been sent from New Orleans—besides heavy shipments of sugar, molasses, oranges, bales of moss for mattresses, &c., &c. The citizens of Mississippi are also sending liberal supplies of various kinds. The Hospitals are yet unsupplied with feather pillows. A great many have been gotten up by the Ladies, and many more are needed. Supplying the various wants of two or three thousand sick men is not the work of a week. No one is prepared to appreciate what is to be done, who has not visited the Hospitals and seen the condition of these men as they come from the camps. Who will not cheerfully aid in this great work?

M.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST, February 15, 1862—last issue on reel