

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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The Intelligencer.

(From the Morning Star.)

CAPTURE OF ALBERT W. BACHELER, AND HIS ESCAPE FROM LIBBY PRISON.

(Continued.)

After sleeping two hours the escaping prisoners awoke very cold, and they soon found it impossible to remain there without suffering beyond endurance. They expected to travel most of the day from necessity, and hoped to escape the notice of others by keeping the woods. About the middle of the forenoon, turning round an abrupt hill, they came to a grist mill directly before them. The miller was grinding; several men, one of them a negro soldier, were standing in the door, and a negro with two with them, all of whom saw them as they appeared in sight, not five rods distant. They hesitated a moment, but Bachelier said, "Let us put on a bold face and go on." The soldier saluted them and said, "You belong about here?" "Yes," replied one of them, "down in Henrich County." (Henrich County.) "Are you soldiers, gentlemen?" "Yes." "To what regiment do you belong?" "To the 24th." "To what Division?" "Gen. Pickens's." "What Brigade?" "Gen. Stewart's." "What company?" "Capt. Griggs's."

This company from the above regiment, &c., had been doing picket duty in our immediate front from the week before their capture, and they learned all these facts, as the two pickets were on the most friendly terms, and had agreed to use them if questioned.

"Aha!" said the soldier, "I belong to the 11th Virginia."

"O yes," said Thompson, "that is in our Brigade."

"Yes," was the reply, and he continued, "but you have got Yankee secrets."

"Yes," we couldn't get any others, was the answer. "You know that many of our soldiers wear these when they can catch a Yankee and get them."

"I know," said the soldier, "and you seem to be Confederates, only you are too fat."

"O we assure you, we hate the Yankees," and many evasive statements were made. The soldier was evidently not satisfied, and other men and negroes gathered around. Thompson saw that their condition was growing desperate, and a desperate effort must be made to escape detection.

Therefore said to the soldier, "Well, if I must tell you, come aside where these niggers won't hear," and taking him aside from the company, and constantly looking over one shoulder, and then the other, he said,

"Now I suppose by the way you question us that you are not friends of the Yankees, and a man of truth, and will you give me your word that you will not reveal what I am about to tell you?"

"O yes," was the reply.

"We are on an important object for our cause," said he, and will you promise us by all that is good and great, that you will not tell?"

"O, I never will, you may believe me."

"Well," said Thompson, whispering in the soldier's ear, and looking again over his shoulders, you know our generals have sent soldiers into the Federal lines,"—and stopping, and looking round to see if he would be overheard, he hesitated and said, "now will you honestly give me your word on oath that you will not betray us and our cause?"

"Certainly, I never will tell, I'll die first," was the response.

Putting his mouth to the soldier's ear, he proceeded, "Well, Gen. Pickens wants to know how near done the Dutch Gap canal is, and"—here he swore the rebel soldier again in the most solemn manner that he never would intimate where they were going till he heard it from other sources.

"Well, Gen. Pickens has sent us with Yankee clothes into their lines to ascertain all we can about Dutch Gap canal, when it will be opened, and what the prospect is of success, &c.," said the soldier, "and he has, no doubt, chosen the two right fellows to that work."

"We shall do the best we can," was the reply. "No doubt of it," said he, "hope you will succeed. Use tobacco, gentlemen?"

They replied in the affirmative, and he pulled out a plug, cut it in two, and gave one half to each. Inquiring his name and residence, they were noted in the diary, and they promised to call on him on their way back.

As they parted, "God bless you," said he, "look out for the Yankees, they are smart fellows."

This episode detained them half an hour, when they proceeded, speaking no longer of luck, but of God's providential care, and following the road as possible, and lay there till after dark. About 11 o'clock that night they called at the house of a free negro, who was very friendly, and gave them bread and meat, the first warm bread they had tasted for months. Seeing that they were very weary and exhausted, he urged them to stop and rest. They did so, tarrying by the fire all day, but ready to go down cellar in a moment if white people approached the house. This man lived on the Mechanicsville turnpike, and that very day the rebels put pickets on that road. The negro proposed to take them round on a by-way to another road, "but I shall be killed," said he, "if I am known to harbor you, or am found with you."

So he led them into that road three miles distant, as follows: He loaded his cart with cornstalks, went to the field and caught his mule, harnessed him, and said to them, "keep in sight." They followed him at a respectful distance, and when he reached the road, he turned about, and drew his cornstalks home.

They travelled all night, and towards morning began to mistrust that they had lost their way, as it was cloudy through the night, and calling at a slave house, found they were only three miles from White House Landing, and twelve miles out of their way. The slave here, as elsewhere, cooked hoe-cakes, but could not keep them through the day, as their master had several children, who would be round and find them. He directed them, however, to the house of a free negro a mile and a half distant, who kept them through the day.

At night, he went with them a mile and a half or two miles, and put them on a road that led back to the Chickahominy. He proposed that they should put on each an old coat over their blouse, as they would be less likely to be detected, and they accepted the present. That night they travelled fifteen miles, and towards morning they inquired at a negro cabin where they were, and learned that they were on the main pike from Richmond to Williamsburg, and only two miles from Bottoms Bridge, but they could not cross there as the rebels had a picket guard at the bridge. The negro kept them that day and advised them to strike for Williamsburg, forty-five miles distant. It was very much against their desire to take the circuitous route by that city, as they wished to cross the Chickahominy farther up, and go directly to Butler's Department. As they jogged along with sore feet and weary limbs it was proposed to try their luck in getting round the pickets, and yet it seemed the height of presumption to think of it. They finally concluded to draw lots, and if the longest was drawn they would take the long route, if the shortest, they would try their fortune in crossing the river. One of them prepared the lots and the other drew, and the longest was drawn.

They travelled down the pike seven miles, and called at a cabin, found the negroes asleep as usual, but they arose, baked them cakes, and advised them to take the Charles City cross roads to Jordan's Bridge, ten miles distant, as there were no pickets there. This advice was accepted, but morning came before the bridge was reached, and they called at a negro cabin, and were secreted and fed. After dark they were called and directed on their way, it being a mile and a half to the bridge, and twenty-seven farther to Harrison's Landing. On coming to the bridge they saw a fire at the other end, and what seemed to be the soldiers. Turning back they called at the first cabin, and an old negro told them there were no pickets there. She told them also that her mistress's son had just come home on a short furlough from Lee's army to get some wood and make the necessary winter arrangements for his mother. The barking of dogs that came down from the farm house as they entered made them uneasy, and while they were talking a white woman, about 60 years of age came in and said, "Gentlemen, what is your business here?" They told her they had called to warm and inquire the way to Harrison's Landing. She said, "Go over the bridge, there are no pickets there." And then she seemed for the first time to notice their blue pants, when she said, "Gentlemen, you are Yankees, ain't you?" "Indeed," said they, "we are Virginians; have lived in Richmond." "But you don't talk like us," said the woman. "If you are Yankee deserters, you needn't be afraid to go through our lines; but if you are Yankees, you'll find it mighty hard." They returned to the bridge, crossed over and found a few negroes warning themselves by the fire, but they passed by as the priest and Levite did the poor wounded man between Jerusalem and Jericho, scarcely deigning to look at them. This was about 10 o'clock at night, and before they had travelled a mile farther, Bachelier felt an impression that it would be best to step aside and rest for a while. Thompson desired to go on, but he now found his companion fixed in his purpose, and they retired about two rods from the roadside, lay down and covered themselves with their carcases, which greatly resembled in color the dry grass around. The moon was shining brightly, and they had not lain there long before a man came along with a large white horse, his sabre hanging by his side. He accosted the teamster as an old acquaintance, and asked if he saw any strangers on the road. "No," was his reply; "are there any round?" "Yes," was the answer, "two suspicious looking fellows called at our negro quarters this evening, and mother stepped in and found them inquiring the way to Harrison's Landing, and she thinks they are Yankees." He then described their size, dress, &c., but the teamster had not seen such a pair of fellows for some time. After consulting the young man finally returned, and by the time they were fairly out of sight, the real Yankees were sufficiently rested, and resumed their journey, considering this as another of their providential escapes.

Six miles farther brought them to a farm house, and calling on the negroes, a man baked them a cake and asked them why they did not go to Wilson's Landing, only seven miles off, as there were Federal troops there. To this proposition they joyfully agreed, and he went with them a mile and a half, and put them on the right road. In less than two hours they came in sight of the Federal picket fires, and soon came to the pickets themselves, and they again safe within our lines.

With gratitude to God for his wonderful protection through their many hair-bread escapes, they recounted his goodness, and told their story. The next day they took the boat for City Point, were summoned to the headquarters of Gen. Ord, then in command, (Gen. Butler being absent on the Wilmington expedition,) and at his request, told the story of their imprisonment, and escape in detail as it has been here given. After hearing the account, the General congratulated them upon their courage, and success, and proposed a further journey to the north, and they were sent for their horses, and they were sent for to tell their story before both the brigade and corps commanders, and are now enjoying a happy visit among their friends in the Granite State.

The boys were immediately forwarded to their regiment, where the meeting was one of great interest. Papers for a thirty days' furlough were immediately prepared, and while going through the regular orders for the proper signatures, they were sent for to tell their story before both the brigade and corps commanders, and are now enjoying a happy visit among their friends in the Granite State.

HOLD UP JESUS.

A painter once, on finishing a magnificent picture, called his artist friends around him to regard it, and express their judgment concerning it. The one in whose taste the author most confided came last to view the work. "Tell me truly, brother," said the painter, "what do you think is the best point in my picture?" "O, brother, it is all beautiful; but that channel—that is a perfect masterpiece—a gem!" With a sorrowful heart

the artist took his brush and dashed it over the toil of many a weary day, and turning to his friends, said, "O, brothers, if there is anything in my piece more beautiful than the Master's face, that I have sought to put there, let it be gone." Thus, brethren in Christ, teachers in the Sabbath school, if, in your instructions, anything seems to stand out more prominent and more beautiful than the glory of Jesus, forget it all, dash it out. If, in your labours as a teacher, anything seems to reflect more loveliness, or excite more admiration or desire than Jesus, however beautiful the work may seem, blot it out. Let Jesus be all and in all. Hold him up to your own soul. Hold him up to your scholars, and your work shall be judged perfect in its beauty, and you shall fail of your reward. —S. S. Times.

THE SWEDISH SERVANT GIRL.

A few years ago there lived in the city of Stockholm a family, named Mollersvard, consisting of a father and two children, a son and a daughter, the mother having been long dead.

The father was a colonel in the Swedish army; an old, brave soldier, who had fought against Napoleon in the famous battle of Leipzig, in 1803, when he was shot through the body. He was a Lutheran by religious profession, but an entire stranger to vital godliness. The son was a light-hearted reckless youth, who, tired of the restraints of home, resolved to go to sea. He sailed in a ship bound for America, and was absent about two years. The father and daughter were thus left alone.

Shortly after her brother's departure, the daughter was invited to visit some friends who resided several miles from the capital. She accepted the invitation, set out on the journey, and in due time found herself in the midst of pleasant society in the country.

It is no uncommon thing in Sweden, where, as in other continental countries, the Sabbath is not observed as it is in England, to spend the latter part of that holy day in worldly pleasure. In the cities and towns the people attend the theatres and public balls; while in the country they indulge in such home amusements as their circumstances will allow. It was therefore determined by Miss M.—the daughter, that after her arrival, in honour of her presence, a number of the neighbours should be invited to a private ball, to be held on the following Sunday.

The Sunday arrived; and after their return from church, the ladies of the house began to prepare for the evening's pleasure. The dress in which Miss M.—wished to appear needed some slight alterations; and a young servant, a decidedly Christian girl, was desired to assist in making the alterations needed. While she was reluctantly obeying the command which had been given her, one of the ladies who stood by said to Miss M.— "This silly girl thinks it wrong to have balls on the Sunday. She looks upon us as very great sinners. Is it not so, Maria?" she added, turning to the girl.

Maria, thus appealed to, replied with modesty, but decision: "Yes, I think it strange that persons professing to be Christians should go to balls and theatres at all." This testimony called forth a religious conversation on the great subject of personal religion ensued. The servant girl grew bold for her divine Lord; she pressed upon the ladies the claims of God and the necessity of regeneration; and concluded with the impressive words addressed by our Lord to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

"What do you mean," asked Miss M.—, "by being born again?"

"To be born again," she replied, "is to have the life of Christ begotten in the soul."

The dress was finished and put on. The conversation ended, and the servant girl withdrew to attend to her other duties. The invited friends assembled, and at the hour fixed the dancing began. The scene soon became one of gaiety and exciting pleasure. The arrow of conviction had pierced the conscience. The awakened mind was seeking light.

The clergy of the Lutheran church sometimes share in the evening amusements of the Sabbath. They consider their duty done when the service of the morning is ended. There were three of them among the guests on the present occasion. As soon as Miss M.—saw them, she resolved to seek, even in that unlikely place, spiritual instruction. Presently a favourable opportunity offered itself, and she said to the eldest of the three, a venerable man with flowing silver hair, "Pastor F.—, would you allow me to ask you a question?"

"Certainly, my child," he said; "I will answer it for you, too, if I can." "Pray, sir, what is it to be born again?"

"My dear child," he replied, "I will answer your question another time." "Sir," she replied, "you must tell me now." "Well," said he, "I must tell you, I must. To be born again is to be reformed in life. When a person who has been very wicked amends his ways, and forsakes the vices he formerly followed, then he may be said to be born again." She thanked her teacher; but his answer did not satisfy her.

In the course of the evening, Miss M.—found an opportunity of speaking to another of the ministers present. Hoping that his answer would be more appropriate to her state, she again inquired, "What is it to be born again?" As long as he could, he refused to answer the question; but no evasion was allowed. At length he replied; and the explanation he gave affirmed that all who are baptized are born again, and have the life of God in their souls. This exposition was more unsatisfactory than the former; for she knew that she had not been living the life of God, and was convinced that, whatever benefits her baptism had conferred upon her, it had not made her a true Christian.

The remaining clergymen was a young man, foppish in appearance, gay in disposition and manner, and clearly more at home in a waltz or a quadrille than in preaching a sermon or ministering to the distress of a sin-sick soul. There he was an ordained minister, and he might be able to solve the problem. His answer, however, to her question showed such ignorance and frivolity that she turned away in disgust.

As soon as the guests had departed, she retired to her room. There was little sleep for her, however, that night. The next morning she began to read the Bible as she had never read it before. She sought instruction from the servant girl.

Above all, she prayed earnestly to him who has said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." She remained a week longer with her friend, and then returned to Stockholm.

After her return, she continued to pursue her inquiries. Gradually the darkness disappeared. She saw herself as a guilty, polluted, wretched, ruined sinner. She was led to accept Christ Jesus as her only all-sufficient Saviour. And at length she rejoiced in him as made unto her "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

And now, she who had so recently been converted through the instrumentality of a poor servant, was to be employed by God in the conversion of her aged father. A few months after the memorable visit to her country friends, the officers of her father's regiment decided on giving a ball to the aristocracy of the capital. This decision was announced by Colonel M.—to his daughter, accompanied by the observation, "Of course, my dear, you will be there." The words fell on her heart like a thunderbolt. She immediately threw her arms round her father's neck, and with tears besought him to allow her to absent herself from a scene which had now lost all its charms. "I will obey you in anything else," she said, "that is not sinful, like a dutiful loving daughter; but, dear papa, my Bible and my conscience tell me that it is not right to attend balls."

With an air of military sternness, the old soldier replied, "You must go. I command you. You talk of the Bible, and by the Bible I order you. The Bible says, 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is the Lord's commandment, that ye shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your strength, with all your mind, and with all your power; and ye shall love your neighbour as yourself.'"

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the solemn words of Scripture, "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold we knew it not; doth not that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?" (Prov. xxiv. 11, 12.)

What encouragement is afforded to those who are engaged in private efforts to do good! The feeblest Christian can do something. The reader of this narrative may be one of those who say, "I can do nothing. Who will heed my words?"

You do not know, my friend, what you can do until you try. Faithfully and diligently employ your means and opportunities, however small, and God will give his blessing. "Let not the weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Reader! are you regenerated by the Holy Spirit? Have you repented of your sins? Are you a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ? Do you, through faith in his finished work on the cross, possess a good hope of everlasting life? If not, hearken to the words of the great Teacher: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3). "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).

With an air of military sternness, the old soldier replied, "You must go. I command you. You talk of the Bible, and by the Bible I order you. The Bible says, 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is the Lord's commandment, that ye shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your strength, with all your mind, and with all your power; and ye shall love your neighbour as yourself.'"

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