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From the Richmond Examiner.

THE FAST DAY—SERMON OF REV. DR. MOORE.

In connection with the solemn celebrations of the recent fast day (Friday, the 15th instant), in the churches of Richmond, the Rev. Dr. Moore, of the Presbyterian church, preached a sermon of remarkable power and eloquence. On account of the interest manifested in the reverend gentleman's discourse (it has been sought for publication in pamphlet form), and its exceeding appropriateness to the solemn day, in respect of lesson and exhortation, we are induced to lay before our readers a brief sketch of it, taken from notes of its most remarkable passages:

The Reverend Doctor preached from second Chronicles, 6; 34, 35: "If thy people go out to war against their enemies by the way that thou shalt send them, and they pray unto thee towards this city that thou hast chosen, and the house which I have built for thy name; then hear thou from the heavens their prayer and their supplication, and maintain their cause." He said that four times since the autumn leaves of last year began to fall have we been summoned to humble ourselves before God in fasting and prayer—first by the Synod of Virginia, last November, before that fatal election which opened Pandora's box to our land; next at the call of the President of the United States, in January, that the cup which then seemed slowly filling with wrath might pass away; then at the call of the President of the Confederate States, in May, when the mighty contest had begun; and now again, by the same authority, after we have drunk of that cup of wrath, and are in the pressure of this terrible conflict.

War was a part of the agency by which God disciplines nations. So long as there was sin in the world we might expect to find this huge, colossal evil among men. But war was not wholly an unmitigated evil, terrible as its ravages were. A long course of peace and prosperity tends to emasculate and corrupt a people. Mammon worship becomes supreme. Everything assumes a money standard, and corruption creeps slowly into the very heart of a people. The refined and intellectual withdraw from political life to scholarly ease or the rapid accumulation of wealth, and leave the direction of affairs in the hands of selfish demagogues, while the fiery energy of the young is expended in revelry and dissipation. A worldly and epicurean expediency, that sneers at lofty heroism and sublime principles as Quixotic romance or impractical dreaming and barren speculations—a hard brassy nationalism that brings everything to the standard of dollars and cents, and a secret scepticism as to the value of everything but money, take stealthy possession of the public heart. War breaks up the tendency to Mammon worship, effeminacy and selfish expediency. It shows that there are higher aims in life than making money; that there are nobler things to be contended for than material advancement; and that certain great principles and truth, which underlie all prosperity, the sacrificing of the end will sap even material greatness; that heroism, daring, unselfishness and patriotism are realities, and not romances. As men encounter hardship, peril, cold and hunger in defence of their rights, there is generally a loftier manliness and a higher tone of character that will descend in kindling memories of noble deeds, as at once a heritage and a model to the coming generation. It was thus that the Hebrew Commonwealth gathered its enduring strength; that the Greek Republics attained their athletic sinew and symmetry; and that the wolf-nursed twins of Tiber became Imperial Rams, stamping in lines of iron her mighty image on all nations and on all time.

One of our sins heretofore had been a lazy dependence on the industry of others to do what we could and might have done for ourselves. We have allowed them to come and carry away our cotton, wool, iron, lead, copper, coal, hemp, our very cord-wood, to return them in other forms, whilst we paid for this double transportation and brokerage, commissions, per centage, exchange, insurance, discount, storage, and a list of charges whose name is legion, for the privilege of being dependent on them for the very necessaries of life. Separated from this people by the convulsive throes of war, all these ties must be broken, all these channels filled up, and a condition of commercial and industrial independence established, without which political independence would be a sceptre without a throne, a sword without an arm to wield it.

Another important effect of the war would be a feeling of oneness, a broad, deep national unity, binding together the separate sovereignties of the Confederacy, so that politically, while they shall be distinct as the billows, yet, nationally, they shall be one as the sea. Had the original thirteen Colonies separated peacefully, from Great Britain they would never have made that *E Pluribus Unum* under which they advanced to such peerless greatness, until the spirit and power of that revolutionary struggle became extinct in a race that knew not Joseph. It was necessary that these Confederate States should be put into the furnace of war, that they might be welded into one great united people; banded together by common weakness, common suffering, and common triumphs, having a common heritage of grief and a common heritage of glory; mingling the blood of the border States with those of the Gulf and great Valley on the same battle-fields, and thus creating memories so sacred, so deep, and so enduring as to fuse into one warm, loving, and enduring whole this new birth into the great sisterhood of nationalities.

Another result of the war was far higher than the one just stated. Never was an army, since the days of Cromwell, in which there was a more pervading sense of the power of God. When we saw boys, yet warm from their mothers' heart, stand like veterans in the iron fleet of Bethel, or the Thermopylæ gorges of Rich Mountain; when we saw squadrons of raw volunteers and militia stand as stone walls, while the hurricane of flame swept over the red plains of Manassas and Springfield, or the green hills of Carnifax Ferry and Leesburg; when we saw the very storms of the sea and the stars in their courses seeming to sweep disaster on our enemies we could not wonder that many a brave man has found all of these battle-fields to be "Bethels" and said, "surely the Lord was in this place, and I knew it not;" and that many a dear child, when he paced his lonely round as sentinel, or stood in his perilous post as picket, beneath the silent stars; has found his place to be a Manasseh, and that there has solemnly risen there to his memory words that he has heard amid the sweet scenes of home, from lips that may be even then in the deep silence of midnight, moving in wakeful prayers for the brave and beloved boy who is far, far away.

The proper resort of a people, in time of war, was to God. We should pray that the sins which have caused the chastening may be removed. We should pray that we may be delivered from evils that must weaken us. And we should pray that we may have direct strength on high for this conflict.

A brave people who are fighting for their liberties in the fear of God can never, never, never be conquered. God will maintain our cause. He has maintained it. Starting in this conflict as unfurnished for battle as the stripling boy of Bethlehem going forth to meet the gigantic Philistine, nothing but the power of Jehovah could have made the arms of our beardless boys to lay prostrate again the stupendous preparations of our enemies, and in that God he will continue to trust.—Those brave, heroic boys may fall; and though many a weeping parent may not say with the noble stoic of England, "I would not give my dead son for any living son in Christendom," they will say, "If God desired that I should lay him as a sacrifice on the alter of my country, I bow to his will in meek, unrepining submission, rejoicing that though he has perished the cause has not and will not and cannot perish, for God will maintain it to the end." Then to every prophet of evil, to every croaking Cassandra at home and abroad, who tells us we are too weak and must perish at last before our powerful enemies, we reply, not trusting in our own might, but in the strength of our God—

"Down soothless insolence, I trust not the tale,
For ne'er shall our brave men a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with defeat.
Though their perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
They still, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in their bosoms remains,
Shall as victors exult or in death be laid low
With their back to the field and their feet to the foe,
And leaving in battle no blot on their name,
Look calmly to Heaven from the death-bed of pain."

Brutalities of the Yankees.—The Federals continue their outrages and atrocities in Kentucky. The Louisville *Courier* says:

Among the Kentuckians who have been arrested by Lincoln's hirelings and taken to Northern States and confined in Bastiles, for no other reason under heaven than that they were in all their instincts, feelings and sympathies Kentuckians and Southern, are, we are told, the venerable Joseph Shawhan and Judge Curry, of Harrison county—both of them men between *seventy and eighty years of age*. As they, with other prisoners, were passing through Hamilton, Ohio, Judge Curry, who had stepped upon the platform, was surrounded by a crowd of Yankees, who, despite his age and defenceless condition, attacked him with the cry of "Kill the rebel!" He was knocked down and stamped, and two of his ribs were broken. And this occurred in what is claimed to be a Christian and enlightened community! God save us forever from any connection, either social or political, with such a people!

A Provisional Government for Kentucky.—The intelligence we receive from Kentucky is that the Sovereignty Convention, assembled at Russellville, has adjourned after forming a provisional government. The Hon. George W. Johnson, a strong Southern rights man, was chosen Governor, and Bowling Green selected as the temporary capital for the future meeting of the Legislature.

The Convention, before adjournment, appointed Messrs. H. C. Burnett, William Preston and W. E. Simms as commissioners to negotiate for the admission of Kentucky into the Confederate States.

Richmond Examiner.

Correspondence of the Richmond Examiner.

THE WAR ON THE SEA-COAST.

THE YANKEE RAID IN S. CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 22.

There is a lull in the hostilities on our seaboard. General Sherman having planted the Stars and Stripes on the sand forts built by us, and which lie under the guns of his fleet, and having issued an eminently benevolent proclamation to the "loyal" folk, whose houses he has invaded, plundered and desolated, is now quietly making himself and his Yankee regiments comfortable on the island beaches, waiting for the Palmetto prodigals to come in and "take the oath." Like Com. Dupont, he has written a report which is certainly calculated to "satisfy the expectations of the country," as far as arrant falsehood and Falstaffian bombast can avail to secure satisfaction among the starving thousands who swarm the lifeless marts of Northern commerce and manufactures. He alludes in the pleasantest style possible to the non-occupation of Beaufort, and seems to consider it an exhibition of special magnanimity. Now the truth is, that though Beaufort is really deserted by every white inhabitant, the Yankees are sorely afraid to occupy it. With their instinctive dread of masked batteries, they suspect that the place is a trap. Therefore they take care never even to visit the charming little town, except in broad daylight and with a flag of truce. Nor can it be said that their apprehensions are altogether unreasonable. By refering to the map, it will be seen that Beaufort is situated upon Port Royal island, which, of the entire group of important islands in that neighborhood, is the one nearest to the main land and farthest from the ocean. Only one inconsiderable stream need be crossed by our troops if they desired to make a demonstration against a hostile garrison in Beaufort.—And then, too, Port Royal island is admirably adapted for partizan warfare, especially in a case like the present, in which our men know every creek, marsh and cover, while the enemy's soldiers, occupying a strange country and one in which, in its topographical features, must be altogether new to them, will surely be bewildered and lost, whenever they venture from their lines. As General Sherman is, no doubt, impressed with a lively sense of these considerations, and as it will not do for us to post troops at a point where they are at any moment liable to be saluted by bomb-shells from the Yankee gunboats, Beaufort is now, and will be, likely to remain debateable ground, until the Yankees either are driven off from the island altogether, or succeed in "subjugating" the main land contiguous to Port Royal island. This latter contingency, I need hardly say, is not deemed here very likely to occur.

For the benefit of those who are sufficiently remote from Port Royal not to appreciate the ridiculous character of that atrocious fabrication published in the Northern papers that the "South Carolinians, in large numbers, are professing loyalty to the (Lincoln) Government, and are soliciting arms with which to organize and defend themselves against the rebels," I will state that, of the entire population of the invaded region, only one white man consented to link his fortunes with those of our enemies. This was an ancient and incorrigible Unionist, who was always opposed to the course and sentiment of the State, and whose political faith remained unchanged, even through the potent baptism of blood and fire through which the South has already passed, and which has banded her sons in a common cause to meet a common fate. In the confusion and bustle incident to the abandonment of Beaufort, this hoary old traitor betook himself to his boat, and, skulking down the river, paddled off to the fleet. We wish the Yankees joy of their acquisition in this solitary South Carolina Tory of 1861.

A soldier from the fleet has been caught prowling about the islands in a boat, and was yesterday brought to Charleston. He seems half fool and half knave. He has been assigned to quarters with the Bull Runners in the jail here. By the way, Colonel Cochoran, who is to be hung when the news of the execution of the convicted "pirates" in Philadelphia reaches us, has been placed in the dungeon reserved for condemned criminals. The other prisoners of war have likewise been placed in separate cells.

The burning of the cotton and other produce and the buildings on the island is progressing bravely. Let European looms look out for their supply of long staple cotton, even when the blockade is opened!

President's message has been received here with general pleasure and approval.

Q.

No one who is bold enough to look events in the face can deny that we are now in the very pinch and tug of this war. The enemy has been cured of the illusion and delusion that he could overwhelm the South with numbers, and march from field to field, from Washington to Richmond. Manassas and Leesburg have taught him a lesson which is not without danger to ourselves. The Government of the United States has consented to take its military plans from the brain of Scott, instead of the pages of the New York *Tribune*, and attempts to put in operation the scheme for the subjugation of the South, which that traitor invented and which the ablest heads have since continually recommended.

By that plan a great army was to be rolled down the Mississippi to New Orleans, while a fleet blockaded the coast from Hatteras to Mobile, bombarding the cities of the shore and leaving fortified camps at other points, till it met the army, with full supplies, at the mouth of the Western river. The Southern Confederacy would be crushed in the embrace of these two arms.

Such is the campaign, to the execution of which the United States now lends all its strength and strains every nerve. Certainly, it promises more than any of its predecessors, and if successfully and entirely completed, might effect the conquest of the South, if the war continued to be conducted with the present military organization and on the actual defensive system. We should be surrounded by a line of fire, and consumed by its slow and inevitable approach. Hence, the operations of the enemy are regarded with more apprehension at this moment than they have ever before been by the patriotic portion of the public; while the concealed traitors, of which the country is full, are quickened into life by their renewed hopes, like vipers at the approach of the summer's sun. An illustration lies on the table where these lines are written. It is an anonymous letter addressed to the editor, containing slips cut from the columns of this newspaper six months ago, expressing certain decided and uncomplimentary opinions of Yankees and of Lincoln. The accompanying note contains only these words—*Read, and pray for your sins.* The whole bears the Richmond post-mark, and there is little doubt but that we have hundreds of like wretches in this Southern city, protesting not less loudly than Letcher himself their devotion to the Southern Government, their efforts for the cause, who have carefully filed away every scrap of evidence on which they hope one day to hang us all, and appropriate our property, who believe in this moment that the good time is at last coming, in their long silence soon to be broken.

There is a certain fact, however, which should allay the apprehension of timid friends and quiet the arrogance of exultant traitors. The line which the North desires to draw, the campaign on which it has entered, is one of the longest and most complicated undertaken since Napoleon's march on Moscow; it not only extends over enormous distances, but must be executed over territories so diversified that it will involve a greater amount of different equipage than any hitherto known. It is in fact exposed to all the chances of sea and land; and should it fail at one point it is a failure of the whole, and must all be begun again. Now, history does not show an instance of one such enormous and prolonged military project arriving at a successful conclusion. The greatest genius that the world has ever seen has been applied to their arrangement; and they have uniformly failed in the execution because too many individuals who must fulfil their parts at the appointed time, too many circumstances that must come out right, are involved in them. Like *Rouge et Noir*, it is a game in which chance ever defeats the gambler, however cunningly he has calculated his martingale. These huge campaigns invariably fail because some one point is not executed, and because the whole of a line is never stronger than its weakest part, either in mathematics or in war.

If Napoleon could not execute his plan for the conquest of Russia with the ablest generals and the most perfect army ever seen, the probability that the Yankee Government, with its mob of volunteers, yesterday taught to shoulder a musket, and not yet capable of marching in a line, will succeed in subjugating the South by literally surrounding it, is exceedingly small. Indeed, their plan has failed at its inception. Belmont was the first step; and Belmont was a defeat. On the success of that first movement depended the insurrection in Tennessee; and Belmont having failed, the bridge burnings were premature. Thus has fared the great army of land; the armada of the sea has done but little better. The loss of twenty vessels compensates its success at Port Royal; and Pensacola was a second miscarriage, for which the fleet did not arrive in time.

We have little fear of any military project, whether for a single battle or a campaign, which involves many agencies, a multitude of distinct commands, and large spaces of the earth's surface. Human means, even at their best, are insufficient to accomplish those thin spun webs of the brain. They have all failed hitherto; and this, the most gigantic, and difficult, and hazardous of all, in inexperienced hands against a desperate and powerful adversary, promises to be no exception to the constant law of nations.—*Richmond Examiner.*

From the Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche.

IMPORTANT FROM EAST TENNESSEE.

The late expedition against the Cliff's Union Camp, near Sale creek, was not altogether unsuccessful. The Union men had been so hard pressed that they had to leave their camps, camp equippage, cooking utensils, &c. One of Cliff's Union men had a furlough, and so sudden and unexpected was their departure, that he returned to the camp only to find it occupied by Confederates. He was of course taken prisoner, having refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. Cliff's house was visited, but he had not been there for several days. Several other houses were visited, and three-fourths of the men were missing.

We have some additional items from East Tennessee. There is great activity among the Confederates in arresting and bringing to justice the Union men. Some seventeen Union were arrested and brought to Chattanooga, where they are now confined. The 7th Alabama regiment has moved to Tyner's, about seven miles from Chattanooga, where they are still doing good service in keeping the traitors down. Col. Looney's and Col. White's regiments are in Chattanooga, and another regiment, name not recollected, are in Chattanooga. Several of those arrested have already taken the oath and been released. Among these is William Crutchfield, a noted citizen of Chattanooga, one of the seventeen recently near Sale creek; he told all the secrets about the bridge burning. The Union men living at Tyner's were in Chattanooga on Saturday, and the town being under martial law, and he being unable to get home and unwilling to take the oath, deliberately cut his throat.

The people of East Tennessee have no doubt of their ability to put down the traitors in their midst, but the conviction seems to be forcing itself upon them that they may have to hang some of them before peace is secured.

Gen. Zollicoffer and staff were in Knoxville on Saturday night.

LATER FROM EAST TENNESSEE.

We have later advices from Eastern Tennessee. Some fifteen or twenty Union men had been arrested near old Cliff's camp, near Sale creek. Two of them have been taken to Nashville, as engaged in the bridge burning. The feeling at Chattanooga is represented as having cooled down very considerably. Some two or three arrests are made daily. Cliff's Union men, near Sale creek, had been broken up and the Union men had escaped to the mountains, caves, &c., each man, it is supposed, dispersing to his own quarters in his own way. William Crutchfield, a noted Unionist at Chattanooga, had taken the oath to support the Confederate government, and was besides held to bail in the sum of $35,000 to answer for his offence. Capt. Vaughan, another noted Unionist, had also "caved in," and swore to support the Confederate government. The presence of our Confederate soldiers has had a most beneficial effect. Gen. Carroll's brigade was in Chattanooga, and affairs were calming down rapidly.

A Bridal Party.—A New York paper says that a wedding party passed through Elmira, a few days since, which never had its prototype in the whole train of Hymen's devotees. The following items in regard to this peculiar couple will satisfy every one that "matrimonial sweets" were never measured out on so small a scale before. Their respective ages are 21 and 20 years. Their respective weights are about 65 and 33 pounds. Their respective heights, three feet five inches, and two feet eleven inches. The gentleman is a brother of the celebrated General Nutt, Tom Thumb's great rival. The lady is known as the Fairy Queen, formerly Miss Sarah Belton. The happy pair were on their way to the little lady's home from their bridal trip to Niagara Falls.