

# SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

S. HENDERSON, Editor.]

Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, Judge ye.

\$5 per Annum, Invariably in Advance.

VOL. 16—NO. 15

TUSKEGEE, ALA., THURSDAY, OCT. 13, 1864.

50 NOS. IN A VOLUME.

The South Western Baptist,  
A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER,  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
HENDERSON & CO.,  
PROPRIETORS.

The S. W. Baptist.  
TUSKEGEE, ALA.:  
Thursday, Oct. 13, 1864.

## Notice the Red (X) Mark.

Those whose terms of subscription are about to expire, will find on the margin of the paper a red cross mark. We adopt this plan to save the expense of writing and forwarding accounts. We will give some two or three weeks notice in this way, so that subscriptions can be renewed. Look out for the Red Cross Mark.

## East Alabama Female College.

THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL SESSION will be opened on Monday, Oct. 30, 1864, under the administration of  
REV. A. J. BATTLE,  
aided by a Board of accomplished instructors. The Musical Department will continue under the direction principally of the distinguished Southern Artist, Miss ALICE E. REESE.  
Tuition, (if paid in provisions at prices of 1860) will be reduced to one half the former rates; if paid in currency, will be charged according to the following scale:  
For Term of 3 Months.  
College Classes, \$100 00  
Preparatory Classes, 75 00  
Primary Classes, 50 00  
Music, 100 00  
Languages, 50 00  
Incidentals, 5 00  
Young Ladies are requested to bring with them text-books, as far as may be practicable. Board may be had in private families by paying in provisions, or equivalent rates in currency.  
Aug. 24, 1864. n12-tf

## Serving God without Distraction.

In the 7th chapter of 1st Corinthians, the apostle Paul gives sundry advices to his brethren, in times of great evil, when they were suffering the most violent persecutions, to the end that they might "attend upon the Lord without distraction." In view of present and prospective calamities, he even advises them against marriage, drawing a most affecting picture of the sufferings to which they were every day subjected. "But this I say, brethren, the time is short; it remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away." As if he had said, "The sufferings and calamities to which you are hourly exposed will soon dissolve all the relations you sustain to this world. Nay, they will convert these relations into occasions of more poignant grief. The husband will be torn from his wife—the parent from his children—the buyer from his property—for the pageant of this world passeth away. I suppose, therefore, that it is good—for the present distress—that ye will do well to abide at home—disconnected from all alliances that may tempt you from the path of duty. Preserve your freedom from all encumbrances for the present, that ye may attend upon the Lord without distraction."  
Every Christian knows how difficult it is to serve God "without distraction." When his mind and heart are filled with perplexing cares and anxieties. How many painfully repeated efforts it requires to preserve that mastery over the will, essential to hold it steady to the one great presiding purpose of life—devotion to God! How few there are in these times of trial and distress, who so possess their souls in patience, as not to permit these troubles and cares to obtrude upon the solemnities of this service! This only shows, dear reader, that "the powers of the world to come" have not yet secured a constant, habitual ascendancy over the powers of the present evil world. And does not this single consideration vindicate the wisdom and justice of those adverse providences which yet hang over our distressed and afflicted country, and our languishing Zion? Does it not develop the painful truth, that we are not yet "crucified unto the world, and the world unto us?" And have we any right to expect a favorable change in the divine administration, while we permit our inordinate solicitude about worldly things to distract our minds, and unfit us to "attend upon the Lord?" May we not rather expect that "the present distress" will continue, either until the cause of this distraction is removed, or until we rise above all subhuman cares, and give to our Lord the uninterrupted, undivided service of heart and life?

The service of God must be observed despite all possible embarrassments. The "sanctified" declares the glory of God, not by passing in his course because clouds may obstruct the rays he sends out upon the earth, but by describing his circuit with unwearying tenacity. And shall the Christian be less intent upon glorifying his Lord, because the world, the flesh, and the devil may attempt to obstruct his course? Is it not his duty to move on in his sphere, like the glorious sun, as if there were no obstacles that impeded his onward progress? Others have passed honorably through such trying scenes as those which now try our faith and patience. Others have "taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves that they had in

heaven a better and more enduring substance." Others have risen above the murky, prescient atmosphere of this world, and vindicated their claims to that faith that overcomes the world. And why not we? Have not we as much at stake as they? Do we not serve the same God? Let us realize that fact, that no claims of this world, whether patriotic, social or domestic, however pressing, can be allowed to interfere with our obligations to "attend upon the Lord without distraction." If we yield our minds up to float on with the current of events, to be absorbed in the cares and anxieties of the hour, we in a sense become "distracted"—mad—re-as, on becomes in some sort dethroned—and we become the sport of every idle rumor that exalts or depresses the giddy multitude. O Christian! stay your mind upon God! Rise above the infirmities of your carnal nature, as well as the embarrassments that surround you! Ascend to that higher and more tranquil atmosphere, that sun light of the soul, from which you can master the world, and look down upon its shifting scenes, and see "all things working together for your good." Strive to gain this Pisgah—this "delectable mountain"—and then your service of God will be "without distraction."

## Yankeeism.

Since the Goths and Vandals overrun and desolated Italy in the beginning of the fifth century, the word "Vandal" has come to signify the most atrocious forms of barbarism. "Vandalism" is the synonym of desolation and ruin. But it is a word of European coin. It fails to set forth the refined cruelty which marks the footsteps of puritanical America. This war will give to the pages of history another word, expressive of a still deeper dye of depravity than Europe ever dreamed of. It is "YANKEEISM." It means the most heartless cruelty to old men, women and children. For since the dawn of Christianity, we challenge the world to produce any parallel to the atrocities which have followed in the wake of the Federal army. From the many instances of the kind which have occurred during the present campaign, we select one which the reader will find in another column. A private letter from a soldier in Gen'l Early's army, details quite a number of similar scenes more barbarous if possible than the one we publish. And while we write, still another act in this horrid tragedy falls under our eye. A minister of the gospel in East Tennessee, the Rev. Mr. Eagleton, was ordered by a Federal officer to quit preaching. Believing that it was better to obey God rather than man, he continued to discharge his duties as pastor to his charge in New Market. For this, he was taken out at night by this officer—Sizemore—and two other men, stripped, and whipped him until he literally fell to the ground from exhaustion. Pandemonium itself could scarcely exceed in cruelty these abandoned wretches, if it were to disgorge its fallen spirits upon the earth. A just God will yet avenge his own elect that cry unto him daily.

And yet, in the face of all this, there are some, we hear, in some localities, who are hinting at "reconstruction!" Out upon such a puerile notion! If we were to give up our arms to day, the veriest coward in the South would fight with his fist before he would submit to the insults of his Yankee masters. He would curse the day that he laid down his musket. Have these persons seriously thought what "reconstruction" means?

In the first place, it means that you henceforth have no rights, civil, political or religious, but such as your masters shall grant to "traitors," as they call you. In the second place, it means that your country shall be filled by Yankee tax gatherers, backed up by Yankee soldiers to eat out your substance, and hold you in bondage. In the next place, it means that the graves of your brothers and sons, who have fallen in this struggle, shall be kicked at and insulted; and their names shall be execrated as "traitors!" It means, in a word, that with your eyes open, you go into a vast consolidated despotism, which will practically obliterate all your State lines; you place every right which is dear to freemen, at the feet of fanaticism, inflamed by a sense of the many defeats our noble armies have inflicted on them, and burning for revenge;—you dash the cup of political salvation from your lips when it is within your grasp. Again we say, out upon such an ignoble sentiment! "Reconstruction" is morally and physically impossible; and the sooner these men who are whispering it learn this, the better. With the blessing of God, we can and will succeed. Our armies are buoyant, hopeful, confident; and if the people at home will do their duty, success at an early day is inevitable. The plain English of "reconstruction" is submission; and the man who counsels this, counsels treason.

REVIVAL IN ECUFAULA.—We understand that a meeting of interest has been going on in Ecufaula ever since the Association. Bro. Reeves, the pastor, writes under date of Oct. 1st, that the night before he baptized five: "Congregations very large and attentive." We trust the good work will go on with increased interest.

## War News.

The news foots up quite well since our last issue. General Forrest, unquestionably the greatest cavalry chieftain of the age, has suddenly turned up in Middle Tennessee, captured three thousand Federal prisoners, one thousand negroes, twenty-five hundred stand of arms, seven hundred horses, besides killing and wounding many others, and effectually destroying the Rail Road between Athens, Ala., and Pulaski, Tenn., which is said to be Sherman's main dependence for supplies. He also appears to have cut the road between Chattanooga and Nashville, as the cars have ceased running. It is

also understood that Wheeler has captured Rome, Ga.

In Virginia, Grant has made another effort to extend his lines around Petersburg. He succeeded in advancing them one mile, which cost him a loss of five thousand, seventeen hundred of whom were captured by our army. On the north side of James' river another advance was made, by which he captured and held one of our principal outposts, with heavy loss. Our entire losses in these operations is said not to exceed five hundred, from all causes.

Gen'l Hood has struck Sherman's rear between Acworth and Big Shanty, captured four of his supply trains, and effectually blockaded the Rail Road at that point. Sherman will be forced to retreat, or come out from Atlanta and fight before many days. Affairs in Georgia are looking up.

In the trans-Mississippi department, things are moving on well. Price is in the heart of Missouri, where he is recruiting his army rapidly. The whole State of Missouri is in a perfect blaze of excitement.

General Echols has defeated a heavy force of the enemy in the neighborhood of Saltville in South Western Virginia with heavy loss, and driven them back. Generals Cosby and Vaughn have repulsed and driven back the enemy in the upper part of East Tennessee with considerable loss.

On the whole, the tide seems to have turned in our favor most signally. God grant that it may so continue until the enemy shall be driven from our soil!

For the South Western Baptist.

BRO. HENDERSON: While in Ecufaula last week, little Jonnie Gaston handed me ten dollars for himself and little sister Adie, as a contribution to the Orphan Asylum.

On reaching home I asked my little Jimmie and Lula how much they wanted to give the poor little orphans who have no papas to send them to school. Jimmie said he would like to give ten dollars; Lula said she wanted to give four. I handed each the money, which they will give at a suitable time. These amounts were mentioned without the least promptings.

Here now are \$24 made up by Jonnie and Adie, and Jimmie and Lula. I would like to see how many more children will join this list and send up their donations to the Convention in November at Montgomery.

Let each church bring the cause before the children of their congregation; either in a public or private way as may be deemed best, and let the parents furnish the amounts desired by the children to be bestowed. Let each Sabbath school also do likewise, and a good amount of ready money may be brought up to the Convention for this glorious enterprise. The good effect which such a course would have is more to be desired than the amount of money raised. Meanwhile will not all others, churches and individuals, send to the Convention liberal subscriptions for this good work.  
W. WILKES.  
Independence, Sept. 21, 1864.

For the South Western Baptist.

## Good News.

BURNT CORN, ALA., Sept. 20, '64.  
MR. EDITOR: On Friday last we closed a meeting at Salem Church, Monroe county, of seven days' duration; a description of which it would be vain to attempt; it is perhaps, the greatest outpouring of the Spirit of God that has ever been felt by this Church. The Church has been greatly revived; sinners were awakened, mourners were comforted and eternity probably will only unfold the great good to the people resulting from this meeting. There were added to the church 32 willing converts; and the entire congregation, which was very large, aside from the professor came forward for prayer day and night and appeared to be anxiously inquiring the way to life. True, every non-professor did not come forward for prayer every time an opportunity was given; but at times all came that I could see. I think I never have witnessed a more glorious meeting. Nearly all that united with the church professed conversion during the meeting. The day I administered the ordinance of baptism, the scene was delightful, to see the young converts going down two by two into the water, and in one instance a mother and two daughters went hand in hand into the water and after their baptism, came up out of the water in like manner. The Salem church truly has been blessed. I had no ministerial aid. It has been my pleasure to baptize into the fellowship of Salem church, during the last few years about 200 persons.

The present year at all my churches about 150.

We can truly say, "God has done great things for us, whereof we are glad." All honor to His holy name.  
Yours in Christian bonds,  
GEO. L. LEE.

## Hunter's Brutality.

The following letter, not written for publication, is from the daughter of a gentleman in Clarke county, Virginia, whose house was lately burned by the enemy. He had previously been despoiled of all his sheep, cattle, horses and hogs by the invaders. It tells of coarse brutality and fiendishness unequalled in civilized warfare:

CLARKE COUNTY, VA., Aug. 24th.

My Dearest Sisters:—Since that terrible day that we were deprived of house and home, I have neither had time nor nerve to write you, but now that an opportunity offers to tell you of our personal safety, I must try to tell you of all that has befallen us. I feel almost frantic to think of it, and night and day the horrors of the scene are present with me. To-day two weeks ago, my aunt, Mrs. S., was taken sick, and day after day she grew worse until, on Thursday night last, at half past twelve o'clock, she breathed her last. Poor mother was with her and wrote immediately to father and myself to come, and just as I lighted the lamp to read the note the report of fire arms reached our ears, I immediately extinguished the light as we were surrounded by the enemy, and from what we had heard in the evening we conjectured the shots proceeded from the picket post which Mosby had attacked. Of course father and I could not go to mother until morning, he then went and mother returned with him. Just at the moment of return, sixty Yankees dashed up to the house. One of their officers seized the horse mother rode and demanded to know where she had been, mother was completely overcome and could not answer. I replied "she is just from the death bed of her sister and if you have any heart or manly feeling tell me quietly your business, and I will attend to it." He turned to father with an expression of Spanish delight on his countenance and said, "I have orders to burn every house on your farm." Father demanded the charges against him, and he (the Captain) replied "Because Mosby murdered one of our pickets last night, and there was a light seen in this house, and we know Mosby's men came from this house." We protested they had not, and told him the reason we had a light for a minute. Father then begged to be taken to Gen. Custer as a hostage, and asked him to spare his house on account of his sick wife, sick son-in-law and two helpless little infants. The Captain replied, "Men to your work; take what you want and fire as you go." "Guard that man down here, and carry him up to headquarters." "That man" was my sick husband, and in my agony I fell on my knees to that brute and besought him to spare my sick husband and take me. With a mocking laugh, at my request he sent his surgeon to examine him, and, thank God, the surgeon had a heart, and, instead of saying anything to Dr. B., said to me, "Come, go with me, and I will help you to save some clothes." The house was then on fire and the men plundering and firing as they went. My poor old father and myself went back to the Captain and besought him for God's sake, to come and stop the men until we could get even a change of clothes. He replied, "My presence is not needed," and at last, when we began to throw some things out the windows, and he thought he might pick up some valuables he came up to the house. Nearly everything we threw out was stolen—clothes, jewelry, silver and something of everything they carried off. Some of them had bundles as large as a child before and behind them. One of them swore I should not take from the burning house my dear little boy Charlie, who was asleep, because they said he would grow up to be a rebel. I pushed by the man and told him, as soon as he was large enough I would put a gun in his hands and tell him of all we had suffered, and he would not fight with an unquelled bravery he would not be my son. One of the brutes held my mother in the store room while some others rifled it and then set it on fire. One took me by the shoulders and threw me from the top to the bottom of the steps. The last time I was in the house I seized my box of jewelry; a man, or rather a devil, jerked it from me, and scattered the contents on the floor. I caught up one of my diamond rings, the bracelet sister C. gave me, the children's bracelets and several other things, when the wretch seized me and held me and got them from me.

In less than fifteen minutes the flames had enveloped the whole house. The labors of mother and father for thirty-three years were destroyed in fifteen minutes. They rifled father's secretary, where all his public and private papers were, and then set the piece of furniture on fire. The officers went off loaded with the richest part of the plunder. Not a carpet was saved, not a comfort, not a bureau, not a washstand, but one pitcher and basin. They stole two dozen handsome silver spoons, nearly all the jewelry belonging to mother and myself, twenty-six pairs of linen sheets and three hundred pounds of sugar were burned and stolen.

Oh! the worst is yet to be told! When the flames burst from every part of our dear old comfortable home, my darling mother's reason gave way. For twenty-four hours she was a raging maniac. She haunted away time after time; and after she became sensible, it would have touched a heart of stone to have witnessed her sorrow. She grieved for the home where her children had been born and bred and died, where she had seen sorrow and pleasure. Every corner and spot in it and every thing in it was associated with some dear remembrance. My poor father bore it like a hero, and with tears streaming down his face said: "Oh! my child, you have let the Yankees shake your confidence in God." In my agony I had called out, "Oh! God, why hast thou forsaken us?" Oh! no words can describe the horrors of that day. The next day (Saturday) we had to place the remains of my dear aunt in the grave without a word. The vandals would not permit a minister to come out of Berryville or from the neighborhood, we had to send to Loudon for a coffin and to put the grave in the garden. We had a supply of flour which could have been saved but the wretches knocked the heads of the barrels out to prevent our moving it. The trunks containing the winter clothes were rifled. I lost nearly all my clothes. What they did not carry off they set on fire. A handsome silk dress which mother had given me and had been made but a few weeks, one of them took, and said "he knew he was going to take that to his old woman." I was reaching to the top of a press, getting down some house linen, when a demon took a large scrap bag and two cambric wrappers and set them on fire just under me. I saw my danger and sprang over to save my life, though now I feel the desire of the bested flies. Tell brother T. I fought for his picture, and when I found I could not save it I broke it

to pieces. Some days afterwards mother and I went to Gen. Custer's headquarters to try to recover some of father's papers and some of the silver. Of course we got none. But we told him of the conduct of his men and officers, and told him we would publish it to the world. They burned three houses; ours was the first. A short time after they left our house, Mosby passed by and overtook them and killed it, is said, thirty of them. Even my purse was stolen with every cent of money we had.

## Signs of Peace.

The best signs of peace are those which indicate that the blessing of "God is upon us. Have we such signs? Can we find them in our own hearts? Do they appear in the reformation of our manners as a people? Do they shine forth in the life and zeal of our Christian communions making Zion to rejoice, her light having come and the glory of the Lord having risen upon her? As to our enemies, they have plans of peace for us, too, but what those plans are, whether we can wisely and honorably accept them, are questions yet unanswered. We must not forget that we are dealing with a subtle and cunning foe, who is guided only by selfish and low considerations. He is utterly unreliable. We are not at liberty to believe hardly half he says. In our anxiety for peace, which we have not tried to conceal, he sees an opportunity for seeking an advantage and making overtures, which perhaps are equivalent to hail brother and a cowardly stab under the fifth rib. Let us not put our trust in a false and bitter foe for peace. Continue to look to God for peace, and look to him not in the neglect of those wise efforts which have already accredited us with character abroad, and even, to some extent, among our very enemies, as a people resolved to compromise no principle and ready for any sacrifice for the sake of that which is right and good.

Our prayers must not cease because our foe talks insidiously of peace. He will give us no peace unless the providence of God defeat him in war. He greatly prefers his own ends by war to ours of peace. He will only choose peace when war becomes impracticable. Let us continue to pray God to render it impracticable. What does Lincoln care for us? What does Fremont care for our peace? What does McClellan care for our Confederacy? What do all the people of the North care for our interests or our happiness? We need no prophet to look into the mystery of their feelings and interpret them for us. The past three years—indeed the past thirty years—reveal the mind of the North in a series of expressions unmistakable and clear. If we have peace it will be because of God and not the good will of our enemies. They have no love for us. Let us bind the sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar. It is no time to cease our Christian efforts and dream of returning sanity or dawning justice in the mind of our foes. It is no time to relinquish our hopes in God and trust to the policy of the North; or the conflicts of antagonistic parties there for peace. After we have humbled ourselves and fasted and wept and prayed and suffered the deep sorrows of war for long bitter years, it would be shameful for us to become beggars of peace at the hands of those who in wardly laugh at our concern and mock at our Christian prayer for peace by confounding it with a panic of fear and an expression of conscious inability to maintain our self-defence. The spirit of faith in God is the spirit of power and peace. Let us look to God—Richmond Christian Advocate.

## The School of Christ.

This celebrated institution is of great antiquity, and enjoys a wonderful prosperity, and a well-deserved celebrity. The founder and head was a teacher come from God, in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. He has never resigned the presidency of his thriving institute, nor will he ever grow old or incompetent. He ever lives to watch over its varied interests, and make it a nursery of every excellence. The plan of this school is perfection itself. Its design, and principles, and rules are deserving of all praise. The terms of admission are very gracious and inviting: repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. The tuition and discipline

are both faultless. Instruction is given in the science of redemption, and the wisdom is thoroughly taught. The course of study is complete, and infinitely varied, from the simplest rudiments to things hard to be understood—from the plainest propositions to mysteries so profound that the angels desire to look into them. The lessons in every department of learning were expressly prepared for, and adapted to human thought, and emotion, and research. There are invaluable aids and helpers for all diligent students; and it is the business of life to become acquainted with the knowledge, and versed in the culture there imparted.

The glorious doctrine and themes of this unrivalled seminary of instruction are worthy of all acceptance. For all who excel, it offers prizes and distinctions which may well incite the enthusiasm of the human soul, and stimulate the holy ambition of those who seek for glory, honor and immortality. Its influence upon the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind has always been most decided and salutary. The world could not do without it. It is a great power for good in the earth, is indispensable to the life of the soul in this unfriendly realm, and is the only agency adequate to the social elevation of the race. It is the centre and source of light and refinement, and every grace—the home of things lovely and of good report. There is no parallel to the eminent position it has attained, and the beneficent influence it has ever exerted.

Its pupils are a happy and innumerable company. They are under culture for the skies, preparing for the university of heaven. The excellent of the earth have there received their training. It has been an "alma mater" to saints made perfect. From its dear halls numerous graduates, of every age, from infancy to hoary hairs, have gone up higher. And its doors are still open for new comers. There yet is room for more. The Heavenly Teacher is waiting to bid others welcome. Will ye also be his disciples?

## ANECDOTE OF DR. CHALMERS.

While busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him, under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him that he called under great distress of mind. "Sit down, sir; be good enough to be seated," said Dr. Chalmers, turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing-table. The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchizedek being without father and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end, "Doctor," said the visitor, I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way." At once the object of his visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in a very quick retreat, from the study to the street door, these words escaping among others—"Not a penny, sir! not a penny! It's too bad! it's too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchizedek!"

CHEERFULNESS.—There are not a few, who, even in this life, seem to be preparing for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gaiety from their hearts, and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me, and all that pass, such a rayless and chilling look of recognition, something as if he were one of heaven's assessors, come down to "doom" every acquaintance he met, that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and have gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off, if he caught her playing without. Please tell me who taught her to play with it?—Holmes.



