

# SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

S. HENDERSON, EDITOR.

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TUSKEGEE, ALA., THURSDAY, MAR. 30, 1865.

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

The S. W. Baptist. TUSKEGEE, ALA.: Thursday, Mar. 30, 1865.

East Alabama Female College.

THE SECOND TERM OF THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL SESSION will be opened on Monday, Jan. 24, 1865, 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.

Boarders to the number of twenty or more, can be accommodated in excellent private families at a charge of \$125 to \$150 per month. Dec. 1, 1864. n12-1f

Sunday Schools all winter.

All Baptist Sunday Schools in Alabama, that intend to continue to meet throughout the winter, are requested to inform Rev. W. E. Chambliss, Selma, who wishes to publish a list of them in the S. W. Baptist. Please state name of school, county or town, and Association.

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.

Tuskegee Loyal Confederate Society.

On Friday evening last a meeting of the citizens of Tuskegee was held preliminary to the organization of a Society of Loyal Confederates, the object of which we understand to be to furnish aid and comfort to our country's cause, in every way that may be in our power. The Hon. W. W. Mason was called to the chair, and W. C. McVey, Esq., and Capt. J. H. Smith were requested to act as Secretaries.

A committee of five was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, who reported through the chairman, W. P. Chilton, Esq., Jr., in substance, that we are affirmed our unalterable determination to stand by our government in woe or woe—that we pledge our all to secure the independence of our country—that it is expedient to form a Society, similar to those in other localities, to sustain the Confederate Government in all its efforts to prosecute the war to a successful termination—and that the ladies be invited to form a similar Society to act in concert with us in this great work. The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

A committee of six was then appointed to draft a constitution and by laws for the Society, to report on the first Tuesday night in April, at the Chapel of East Alabama Female College. A meeting for the organization of a ladies Society was appointed to be held at the Baptist Church on Tuesday evening the 27th March, at 3 o'clock.

Addresses were made by the President of the meeting, the Rev. Mr. Elliott, and W. P. Chilton, Jr. A collection of some five or six hundred dollars was made for Dr. Brooks, of Lewis' Kentucky Brigade, to purchase socks, blankets and clothing for that command.

We hope that similar organizations will spring up throughout our whole country. There is but one opinion now, as to what must be done. There is, there can be but two sides to the question—Independence or subjugation. We may differ in opinion as to the measures of government, and as to the policy of our military commanders; but as to the great overriding question of liberty and independence, there can be but one sentiment—cherished by every man who is not a traitor. Let us then band ourselves together as brethren, resolved by the help of God to wrench our independence from our foes, or perish in the attempt. "That man," says Cicero, "has lived too long, who survives the liberty of his country."

War News.

On the 19th and 20th of March, Genl Johnson encountered the army of Genl Sherman at Bentonville, N. C., between Goldsboro' and Fayetteville, and after an obstinate contest, drove him from his position, inflicting a heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. He also captured three field pieces. Our loss is said to be light. No news from that quarter since.

Last week, a raiding party struck the Montgomery and Mobile railroad near Evergreen, and captured and destroyed two trains. We have not learned the extent of the damage they did to the road.

No news from Richmond and Petersburg.

## War or Subjugation.

It is not without reason that our most thoughtful and wisest men have declared that the present war with all its horrors, sacrifices and hardships is a thousand times preferable to peace based upon subjugation. History is full of instruction on this subject. We have the authority of Xenophon for saying, that when Sparta triumphed over Athens thirty magistrates were named to whom all authority was committed, who armed their satellites, condemned and executed arbitrarily, confiscated property at will, sacrificed every thing that resisted their fury, and put more citizens to death in eight months peace, than the enemy had slain during a year of thirty years! Such was subjugation then, and such will it be in these Southern States, if we fail in this struggle. And the reasons are obvious. Every fanatical spirit north will have his vengeance to wreak upon some rebel—a class of supple tools, known in history as "informers" will spring up among us, whose trade it will be to lodge information against every Southern man whose life or property may be coveted by the hatred or lust of some Yankee master—his case will be reported to some "satrap"—a process similar to the famous French "Lettres de Cachet" will be issued—the unhappy victim will be hurried away to prison to languish and die, or be summarily executed—and his property will be confiscated to enrich the "informers" and his master. This will become a trade. Oppression, desolation, and annihilation will spread over the country like a pestilence. Law will be suspended—justice will be a figment—these satraps, appointed to rule with a rod of iron, will unite the legislative, the judicial, and the executive departments of government, and the completest despotism that ever cursed humanity will be established in our very midst. In addition to this, trained bands of assassins will dog the heels of our people wherever they go. In their desperation, the people will rise up and smite their oppressors—this will be the signal for a still more indiscriminate slaughter, until "expiring humanity gives way, and palpitates under the strokes of the most frantic despotism." The man who doubts that this will be the result of our subjugation, is as ignorant of history as he is of human nature.

But what will be the fate of the women of the South in such a catastrophe? Infinitely worse than that of the men! Death will soon release the men from this "reign of terror."—But the noble women, our wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, will be consigned to a living tomb—made the slaves of our masters and the companions of negroes—until their suffering and degradation will be so intense as that they will exclaim with Job, "My soul chooseth strangling rather than life." For no oppression will be too horrible for women who have, in obedience to the noblest impulses of the human heart, sent their husbands, fathers, sons and brothers to protect them from such a doom.—Their very virtues will be made a crime which their voluptuous, cruel and suspicious tyrants can never forgive. They will gloat over their ruin with fiendish joy. Their wails and lamentations will be the sweetest music which can regale their ears.

Now, this picture, so far from being overdrawn, falls infinitely short of the dread reality, should it ever come. And we put it to the candor of every man and woman of the South, whether the most horrid war that ever desolated a country is not infinitely preferable to peace upon such terms? So long as we maintain the conflict, we have at least a chance to triumph—we are cheered by the consolations of hope, and enjoy the consciousness of doing our duty and deserving success. But the moment we succumb, impenetrable darkness settles upon our destiny. We have no future. Existence, robbed of all that can make it desirable in this world, becomes a curse. No suffering that war can entail, can compare with that which follows subjugation. Men of the South! it is not a question as to whether you shall own this, that, or the other kind of property; but whether you shall be freemen or slaves! Women of the South! it is not a question as to whether you shall drink tea and coffee and wear silks and satins; but whether you shall drain the cup of Yankee wrath to the dregs, and wear the chains of Yankee servitude! Choose your destiny while you may—and O, let not your conduct now add remorse to those untold sufferings which indolence and treason entail! We yet have it in our power, with the blessing of God to avert this dire calamity. If we will all do our duty, we have nothing to fear; but if, through despondency, fear, and treason, we yield the struggle, we forfeit the sympathy and respect of the world, the favor of God, and load our memory with the curses of posterity!

## Iniquity the Precursor of Ruin.

To the spiritual perception of the intelligent and pious Christian, calamities do not come without their portents and warnings. Iniquity is their aid precursor—the dark shadow they throw in advance. Thus, when the Jews anxiously cried "peace! peace!" the prophet of the living God saw sudden destruction. Pursuing their own schemes of aggrandizement and pleasure, they saw nothing in the signs of the times to awaken their fears, at the very time that "the abomination of desolation" was about to be set up in the holy city. And such is human nature to the present day. Nothing so stultifies the human mind as sin. It gives to the most absurd delusions a ready passport to our hearts, and cheats us with the delusion that all is well when disaster is at hand and inevitable.

It is one of the profound mysteries of depravity, for which reason and philosophy can never account, that the human heart will cling to its idols and sins with increasing tenacity

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

just in proportion as those very idols and sins are about to prove our ruin. Old age but increases the grasp of the miser upon his ill-gotten gains, though he knows it will cost him an eternity of woe—the drunkard clings to his bottle, until he literally staggers into hell—the swearer lies down upon his bed of death, insulting Jehovah with his blasphemies, at the very instant he is about to endure the penalty of his crimes. These would be incredible phenomena of our fallen nature, did not experience and observation verify them. The hardened sinner "waxes worse and worse" as he approaches the last great catastrophe.

And what is true of individuals is true of communities and nations. In the days of the French revolution, popular iniquity and popular blindness went hand in hand, increasing in the ratio of their calamities. Just at the time that devoted people were about to suffer the penalty of their crimes as no other nation has suffered in modern days, they pronounced the edicts that "there was no God, and that death was an eternal sleep." To all their other sins, they added that of Atheism, which was a virtual repeal of all moral law, obliterating all distinction between vice and virtue, sin and righteousness. This repeal of the divine law dethroned both reason and conscience, and passion ruled the hour. The result is seen in the darkest chapter of oppression and suffering that history has yet recorded.

Now, in looking over our own country, bleeding at every pore, the mind of the serious and thoughtful Christian is painfully impressed with the conviction, that if we do not suffer the same dreadful penalty, it will not be because our sins do not merit it. If we have not by legitimate enactment declared that "there is no God," we are, many of us, acting as if there were no God. What law of the decalogue have we not violated with a high hand? What law of Christian duty is not set at naught every day even by those who profess to recognize its binding force? Go to many of our churches, and let their vacant houses of worship on the Lord's day tell how little their members regard the divine injunction "forsake not the assembling of yourselves together!" Follow their pastors into their homes of penny and want, and let their scanty fare determine how far they (the churches) regard "the laborer worthy of his hire." Visit their families, and how few of them are likely to escape that "curse" which is to fall "upon the families that call not upon the name of the Lord!" If we could obtain the ear of these churches, we would exhort them with more than common emphasis, "Awake, O sleepers! and call upon your God! Strengthen the things that remain and that are ready to perish! The Master is at the door, and threatens to remove your candlesticks from their places! Delay is ruin, hopeless and irretrievable!" If we could gain the ear of the ministers of religion, we would remind them of their ordination vows in tones of deepest earnestness—"Ye watch for souls as those who must give account! Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins! Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them." And if we could obtain a moment's audience from our rulers, civil and military, we would beseech them by all the solemn behests of patriotism and Christianity, to rule in righteousness and in the fear of God! We would say to them with humility, yet with candor—"You are the administrators, and not the makers of law.—You rule us by combining our wills with yours. You only hold power by interesting us in its preservation; and if you desire that we should be attached to you, you must give us proofs of a reciprocal attachment. Your interest and your duty go hand in hand with our interest and our duty. Our hearts revolt at manifest acts of injustice and tyranny—therefore be just and fear not: let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's."

We have yet to see the man of any political party in the Confederacy, who doubts our ability, with the blessing of God, to achieve our independence, if every man, at home and in the army, would do his duty. Let us then renounce our sins, buckle on the armour, and putting our trust in the Lord of hosts, endure unto the end, and we shall be saved!

## The Prayer-Meeting.

There is not a more accurate gauge of piety in any church than that furnished by its prayer meetings. These occasions bring together the living piety of the churches. As communion with God is the sole entertainment of these occasions, we may reasonably conclude that none but those who appreciate that privilege attend them. The promise of our Saviour applies with peculiar force to these gatherings. "Who e two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." It were to be expected, therefore, that where the Lord himself has promised to be, those who love and serve him would certainly assemble. Alas! how many professing Christians prefer the society of an earthly friend at the hour of prayer, to the presence of the King immortal! Christian! do you attend the prayer-meetings? Do you love the presence of your Saviour?

LIBERTY AND DESPOTISM.—Not to possess the property of one's effects, says a celebrated magistrate, "is to be a slave; not to possess the liberty of one's person is the greatest slavery with which human laws are acquainted.—Humanity degraded to this point supposes the completest despotism." Highway robbery is outlawed, and therefore limited by its very excesses; but civil plunder is nothing but legalized robbery. It is oppression systematized;

and therefore silently and effectively spreads like contagion through the whole jurisdiction of authority. Its pretenses are as numerous as the caprices of tyranny itself. Like the Roman inquisition, it covers its designs under the sacred veil of secrecy, and the first evidence we have of its approaches, is in the outrages we suffer in person and property. It never confronts the accused with the accuser. Without any knowledge of the allegations against him, he is hurried away to a loathsome prison to experience the last outrage of tyranny. And what punishment is more dreadful than this lingering, solitary torture of mind? It is not the sharpness, but the duration of pain, that produces the greatest effect upon the mind. We may nerve ourselves against a single transient emotion; but when the impression is to be "repeated indefinitely, it requires more than common manhood to preserve that calm equanimity of soul that never despairs.

For the South Western Baptist

WILSONVILLE, SHELBY CO., ALA., March 10th, 1865.

DEAR BRO. HENDERSON: Some interest has been manifested to know my whereabouts. Correspondents may hereafter address me at the above place. I am with a few hands, attempting to settle a farm near this place, in the neighborhood where I was brought up. My papers may, for the time, be sent to LaGrange, Ga., as heretofore, where my family will remain until about the last of May.

I retired from the pastorate of the church at LaGrange, with the close of the past year, in consequence mainly of the latitudinous notions of some as to popular amusements, and the general relaxation of discipline. I could not hope longer for prosperity, and was unable to control what I regarded unwholesome tendencies. I wish to say nothing in disparagement of that church. There are many excellent Christians within its pales.—As a whole, I have never been connected with a better church.

I have accepted the care of the church at Montevallo, and hope soon to make arrangements to be fully occupied. Possibly I may take no other pastoral charge for a while, and give unoccupied Sabbaths to desolate places, irrespective of church organizations.

If I had the ear of our excellent Governor, I would suggest that some more efficient means be employed to secure the transportation of supplies to poor soldiers' families in these upper counties. Necessity compels many of the women of these families to go to the canebreak in person for corn, giving out the impression of painful destitution. Their presence in and about Selma, I am informed by the Commandant of that post, is doing more to demoralize the country than anything else. I do not know who is to blame, but I do know that the parties responsible fail to secure the transportation of adequate supplies.

I may add, that by June I expect, D. V., to rejoin the loved brethren of Alabama, with whom my early ministry was spent. My associations with the Georgia brethren, for the last ten years, have been most pleasant. I leave them with pain and sorrow of heart, in which my late charge have a large part. Grace, mercy, and peace upon all! E. B. TEAGUE.

## Election.

There are some who say, "It is hard for God to choose some and leave others." Now, I will ask you one question. Is there any one of you here this morning who wishes to be holy, who wishes to be regenerate, to leave off sin and walk in holiness? "Yes, there is," says some one, "I do."—Then God has elected you. But another says, "No; I don't want to be holy; I don't want to give up my lusts and my vices." Why should you grumble, then, that God has not elected you to it? For if you were elected you would not like it, according to your own confession. If God, this morning, had chosen you to holiness, you say you would not care for it. Do you not acknowledge that you prefer drunkenness to sobriety, dishonesty to honesty? You love this world's pleasures better than religion; then why should you grumble that God has not chosen you to religion? If you love religion, he has chosen you to it. If you do not, what right have you to say that God ought to have given you what you do not wish for? Supposing I

had in my hand something which you do not value, and I said, I shall give it to such-and-such a person, you would have no right to grumble that I did not give it to you. You could not be so foolish as to grumble that the other has got what you do not care about. According to your own confession, many of you do not want religion, do not want a new heart and a right spirit, do not want the forgiveness of sins, do not want sanctification, you do not want to be elected to these things; then why should you grumble; You count these things but as husks; and why should you complain of God who has given them to those whom he has chosen? If you believe them to be good, and desire them, they are there for thee. God gives liberally to all those who desire; and first of all, he makes them desire, otherwise they never would. If you love these things, he has elected you to them and you may have them; but if you do not, who are you that you should find fault with God, when it is your own desperate will that keeps you from loving these things—your own simple self, that makes you hate them? Suppose a man in the street would say, "What a shame it is I can not have a seat in the church to hear what this man has to say." And suppose he says, "I hate the preacher; I can't bear his doctrine; but still it's a shame I have not a seat." Would you expect a man to say so? No; you would, at once say, "That man does not care for it. Why should he trouble himself about other people having what they value and he despises?" You do not like holiness, you do not like righteousness: if God has elected me to these things has he hurt you by it? "Ah, but," say some, "I thought it meant that God elected some to heaven and some to hell." That is a very different matter from the gospel doctrine. He has elected men to holiness and righteousness, and through that to heaven. You must not say that he has elected them simply to heaven, and others only to hell. He has elected you to holiness if you love holiness. If any of you love to be saved by Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ elected you to be saved. If any of you desire to have salvation, you are elected to it, if you desire sincerely and earnestly. But if you don't desire it, why on earth should you be so preposterously foolish as to grumble because God gives that which you do not like, to other people?

## Conversation of Christians.

Where the conduct of professing Christians is consistent, let me ask a question—Does not the conversation of many a professor lead us either to doubt the truthfulness of his piety, or else pray that his piety may be revived? Have you noticed the conversation of too many who think themselves Christians? You might live with them from the first of January to the end of December, and you would never be tired of their religion for what you hear of it. They scarcely mention the name of Jesus Christ at all. On Sabbath afternoon all the ministers are talked over, faults are found with this one and the other, and all kinds of conversation take place which they call religious, because it is concerning religious places. But do they ever talk of what he said or did, and what he suffered for us here below? Do you often hear the salutation addressed to you by your brother Christian, "Friend, how doth thy soul prosper?" When we step into each other's house, do we begin to talk concerning the cause and truth of God? Do you think that God would now stoop from heaven to listen to the conversation of his church as once he did when it was said, "The Lord harkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written for them that feared the Lord and thought upon his name? I solemnly declare, as the result of thorough, and I trust, impartial observation, that the conversation of Christians, while it cannot be condemned on the score of morality, must almost invariably be condemned on the score of Christianity. We talk too little about our Lord and Master.

## Dead Capital.

Who can estimate the vast amount of dead capital in all of our churches? From every point of observation, and in reference to every enterprise of the church, we see slumbering energies, buried talents, forcing the conviction upon the mind that the great mass of professing Christians are "at ease in Zion." Many may never put forth any effort to persuade men to come to God. They are waiting for the Church to do the work that they are required individually to do, and under the delusion that the Church has duties separate from those of individual members, may excuse themselves from all personal effort. This is a fundamental error of the age, a practical heresy of most pernicious and deadly influence. The church was never designed to absorb so as to neutralize the personal element but to render it more effective—that every energy, and influence, and power, might tell in the great work of saving souls. And yet in every church, the dead capital is great, while the comparative amount of active Christians who are arduously and earnestly interested in advancing the spiritual interest of the Church, how small!

Reader, has God given you talents, energy, and means which lie a dead capital? Remember the slothful servant.— True Witness.

## The Dying Soldier.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." 2 Tim. iv: 7.

"But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. xv: 57.

After this it was noised about that Mr Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons, and had this for a token that the summons was true. "That his pitcher was broken at the fountain." When he understood it, he called for his friends and told them of it. "Then," said he, "I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who will now be my rewarder." When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side, into which, as he went, he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And, as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

and so! The hour of victory draws near. And conquered now in every foe. And I have borne me in the strife. As true and fearless warriors ought, And heavily to the last have fought, Through all the wars and woes of life.

The day is coming when, if you had a thousand worlds, you would give them all for a "hiding place."

