

# SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

S. HENDERSON, J. A. BATTLE, EDITORS.

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

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The South Western Baptist,  
A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

HENDERSON & BATTLE,  
PROPRIETORS.

[From the Baptist Banner]

A Conversation About Dancing.

NUMBER 2.

"Well now," said little Bettie, "please tell me about my chapter, Uncle Arthur. I want to see where the dancing is in it."

"Well, where is your Testament? Oh, you have it still in your hand."

"Yes, uncle, and here is the chapter—the 8th of 1st Corinthians; and what I want to know about is this: If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world stands, lest I make my brother to offend."

"To understand this and many other things in the New Testament," said the old man, "you need to know something about the customs and circumstances of the first Corinthians.—The people in those days had all been worshippers of idols. The magnificent temples of idol gods stood in every city. A few had become Christians and ceased to worship the false gods, but almost all the people were still idolaters. When any of them killed a beef or other animal for food they were accustomed to carry the meat to the idol's temple and present it as a sort of offering to the god, and then after certain ceremonies of worship, to bring all or a part of it home to eat, or take it to the market—or shambles, as our version calls it—and offer it for sale. Now the question arose among the Christians whether they and their families might eat such meat. Some thought it would be very wicked, as giving a sort of sanction to idolatry; others thought the meat was just as good as if it had not been carried to the temple at all, and as they meant no harm by eating it, no harm was done. It seems that they wrote to the Apostle for instruction. In reply he told them, that an idol was nothing in the world—that is, the idol was no god. The meat was neither worse nor better for being carried where the idol was.—Though there were many things called gods, yet there was only one Being that was God. But every body did not fully understand this, and some really thought the idols were a sort of gods, and that to eat the meat offered to them made one partaker of the idolatrous worship. If they thought this, or even suspected it to be so, and yet continued to eat of it, they were sinners, because they did what they thought to be wrong.—The thing was not wrong in itself.—In the eighth verse he says: Meat commendeth us not to God. Our God does not require us to eat it. If we eat it we are no worse—so it is a matter of no consequence in itself whether we eat or not. It is a matter of indifference. But there is another thing to be considered—How will my eating or not eating affect other people? Take heed (he says) lest this liberty to eat or not to eat, just as you please, become a stumbling-block to them who are weak and do not see the case as you do. Some of the brethren thought it a sin. Now, he says, if they see you do it, they will be encouraged to do it, even though they feel that it is wrong.—Thus you would lead your weak brother, for whom Christ died, into sin. And doing this, you are yourself a sinner against Christ. I will do no such thing, says Paul; I had rather never taste meat in my life than to be the occasion of such sin in my brother. He took up the same subject again in the tenth chapter, and in connection with it charged them "whether they ate or drank, or whatsoever they did, to do all to the glory of God."

"But, uncle Arthur, what has all that to do with Dancing?"

"I am just ready now to tell you.—Your mother claims to think that dancing is an innocent amusement—she and Thomas and you may dance or not dance, just as you please, and be no worse for dancing or better for not dancing. I do not think so. I have seen too much evil from it to

admit this. But yet I will suppose it is actually so. Then if there were no persons but yourselves to be affected by it, you might dance, just as these Corinthians might eat meat offered to idols had there been none but themselves. But your mother knows as well as I do, that there are a large majority of her brethren and sisters in the church who conscientiously regard dancing as a sin against God. But when they see her—and intelligent an influential lady, and her family one of the most prominent and noted in the whole congregation—indulging in it, they will be tempted to violate their own conscience and sin against the Lord; for to them, believing as they do, it will be sin. Now, if dancing was a religious duty, something that she was sure God commanded her to do, she must do it she would not then be at liberty to dispense with it on account of others; but as it is not, she is expressly required, by the teachings of this chapter and the tenth, to give up her preference for the conscience of the other members in her church."

"I see it, brother Arthur," said Mrs. Sinclair; "I wonder I never thought of it in this light before."

"I am glad you see it, but I have not done with you yet," rejoined uncle Arthur. "The lesson taught us in this chapter is that Christians may not even in innocent things be the needless occasion of sin to others. Now you have always admitted that it was wrong to attend public balls. I heard you lecture Thomas severely, last year for spending the whole night at the hotel, dancing and drinking."

"Of course, brother, that was very wrong. I hope—"

"Well, never mind what you hope till I get done. I was going to say that these balls were not only wicked in themselves, but the occasion of a great deal of other wickedness. I don't mean simply the waste of time and money, the cultivation of a taste for extravagance in dress, and the exposure of the persons (especially of girls) to influences prejudicial to their health. These are sins of no small magnitude, and must appear so to every true child of God. But apart from these there are associations connected with ball room which tend to induce habits of dissipation, of drunkenness and revelry, which ruin the body as well as the soul."

"Certainly, brother, I know all that. But, you know, I never let my child go to a ball if I could prevent it; and you were just now saying yourself how bitterly I reproved Thomas the only time he ever went to one."

"Yes, I know. When you have taught your children to dance, and have labored hard to convince them that it is innocent and proper to indulge the taste which you have so carefully cultivated, you will then forbid them to indulge it where in their opinion it can be best enjoyed. You will, however, find it no easy matter to convince them, against the pleadings of their own inclinations, that there is any more sin in dancing in a large room than in a small one—in another person's house than in your own. What is the difference? The act is the same in both cases.—The object is the same. It is for amusement, for enjoyment, and they will feel that the object can be best accomplished in the public way.—Then when our pastor ventures to speak of these public revellings as sin, and to call upon the young to give them up for God and heaven, they will reply: There is Mrs. Sinclair; she is a good church-member; I saw her at the communion-table last Sunday—and she has balls in her own house, or dancing parties, which are all the same. She sends little Bettie to dancing school, so that she may be prepared to go to balls and become as dissipated as any of us as soon as she is old enough. Why don't he talk to her about dancing and frolicking?"

"But no, she is too good a member.—She says the preacher, and puts on a long face in church time, and goes regularly to prayer-meeting. It is all right for her and her children."

"Oh, brother Arthur! Don't talk so. You know I never meant to be the occasion of sin in these young people, and least of all to lead my own son and daughter into wickedness."

"No matter whether you meant it or not. This is the natural, not to say the necessary effect of your conduct; and this is really the way the wild and thoughtless young people have been talking about Thomas since the party at which he danced two nights ago. And worse than that. You know young Forester, who has been so much concerned about his soul's salvation for several weeks?"

"Yes, I noticed him at our last prayer-meeting. He seemed so attentive, so sad and tearful, I have great hopes of his conversion."

"You might have had, three days ago. He was at the party at the Colonel's, with Thomas, but he kept aloof from the sports and would not dance. But next morning he says, he had thought it all over. To him dancing seemed a sin. His mother had so taught him, and so had our pastor; and when Thomas Sinclair, who seemed so true a Christian, took the floor, he concluded there was nothing in religion, and has determined to go on in the old way and risk the consequences. I came to-day to talk with Thomas on the subject and persuade him, when he has repented himself, to pray for his lost friend."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

[From the Southern Presbyterian.]

Some one from Home.

"I am well treated here," said a sick soldier in a Confederate hospital, "but I would give anything if I could see some one from home."

No wonder, poor sufferer. You might have all the care and all the skill the world could furnish, the best surgeon, the most thoughtful nurse, the softest bed, the sweetest nourishment, the coolest drinks, and yet feel as much as ever the absence of "some one from home."

If your mother with her yearning tender love, or your sister with her deep gentle sympathy, or your father, or brother, or dearest of all, the sweet companion of brighter days, your wife, were here, you could bear, you think, in that atmosphere of love and tenderness your sufferings more patiently, more hopefully. Their presence would be better than comforts or medicine. You have been perhaps, at home, and find now how much their love and care lightened your load and hastened your recovery.

To home, sweet home, your heart turned even in health and strength, despite ten thousand opposing attractions. No wonder that, when sickness and pain darken all the world around you, your affections swiftly fly to that sweet centre of sympathy and love.

But, soldier, there is one near you who is just from your home. That God who watches over your dear ones, now far away, is here to watching over you. He knows what they are doing and saying. He sees their very thoughts; He cares for them and gives them every comfort, and measures every sorrow to them in mercy and wisdom; He preserved you when all were together, and now that you are separated, His goodness and pity are with you still. Of all who are around you, He knows best and cares most for your loved ones at home. Will you not look to Him as "one from home."

Perhaps He has still stronger claims to be regarded as "one from your home." Your family, it may be, are a little household of faith.—Those you love best, or some of them, have sought after God, and found Him. He has promised to abide with them forever. Your far off home is like the place where Jacob rested, a Bethel, a house of God and gate of Heaven? There they speak to Him, and He their loving Father, speaks to them. The pleading tones of prayer (often prayers for you), and the sweet songs of Zion are daily accepted by Him listening within those blessed walls. He cheers them in the troubles of the times and sorrow of your absence and peril. He who comes to you, your maker and your Lord, is a constant inmate of the hearts that love you so tenderly. With Him your wife or your father, or mother or other friends have daily communion of happy affection. They tell Him of you and pour out all their

anxieties and hopes concerning you, into His ready, attentive ear. Will you not too, call upon this blessed covenant-keeping God? Will you not humbly, thankfully greet Him as the God of your fathers and of your home? Will you not pour out your heart in sorrow for sin and humbly trust in His mercy.

He comes from your heavenly home. You are a pilgrim and a stranger here as all your fathers were; your earthly home is but the resting place of a few years. There is a better rest remaining for you, if you will choose and seek it, a heavenly home.

In that bright abode dwell many perhaps whom you have loved and love still. Perhaps your father, or mother, or sister, or brother, or friend is there already, and every year many others of "the excellent of earth" are called from earth's troubles, to that happy home. It is the only home where love and sympathy are perfect, where tears are never shed, where death never comes. God comes from that glorious abode, from the praises of that holy, joyful throng, to the dark sinful world; comes to you, and wishes you to seek and find a portion there.

Receive the visit of your father and God, "acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace." Humble yourself before Him as a helpless sinner; pour out your heart before Him. Prove the pity and tenderness of your best and greatest Friend.

CRESSING.

[From the Soldier's Friend.]

Gaming at Cards.

I do not know who was the inventor of this practice, neither do I know how long since men began to play with them. I do not know how many young men have been beggared thereby, how many have ended their lives in disgrace from this practice. But this I do know, that the practice is a bad one, and leads to greater temptations. There are, no doubt, many in the army who now play at cards, that never lifted one at home. Young men, for the sake of your mother, for the sake of that young lady whom you may marry, and above all, for the sake of the salvation of your own soul, refrain from this practice.

J. M. S., Dalton, Ga.

Funds for Foreign Missions.

We are gratified to state that remittances have been made by the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board, which will administer timely relief to our brethren abroad. They were sent, not in the shape of Bills of Exchange, (in which case three dollars would scarcely perform the work of one), but in the shape of Sea Island Cotton, (and in this case one dollar will perform nearly or quite the work of three.) The vessel into which the cotton was admitted by the courtesy and generosity of the gentleman who own or who chartered it, sailed several weeks since from a Confederate port, and, at the last advices, had reached Nassau in safety. It is hoped that future opportunities of this kind will not elude the enquiries and exertions of the Board. The churches, therefore, will see that their contributions towards the conversion of the world need not be suspended, under the persuasion that they cannot be employed at present for the promotion of that great work. We cannot doubt that their liberality will make a prompt, their faith a joyful response to this call of Providence.—Religious Herald.

The Soul's Portion.

What is there in the world that can fill the vast desires of my soul, but only He, who is infinitely above me, and my desires too? Will riches do it? No; I may as soon undertake to fill my barns with grace as my heart with gold and as easily satisfy my desires with wealth. Do I hunt after pleasures? These, may, indeed, charm and delight my brutish senses, but can never be agreeable, or proportionate to my spiritual faculties. Do I grasp at honor and popularity? These, again, are as

empty and unsatisfying as the former; they may make me high and great in the eyes of the world, turn my head giddy with applause, or puff up my heart with pride, but they can never fill up the measure of its desires. And thus if I should have the whole world at my command, and could, with Alexander, wield both sword and sceptre over all the nations and languages of it, would this content me? or rather, should I not sit down and weep with him, that I had not another world to conquer and possess! Whereas God, being an infinite God: it is impossible for me to desire any thing which I may not enjoy in Him and His mercies. Let me, or any other creature, extend our desires never so far, still the graces and blessings of this infinitely beyond them all; inasmuch that though ten thousand worlds are not able to satisfy one soul, yet one God is able to satisfy ten thousand souls; yea, and ten millions more to them, as well as if there was only one soul in all the world to satisfy.

Come, therefore, my dear Lord and Savior, while thy servant is breathing after Thee, and possess my heart with the spiritual blessings of grace and faith, peace and charity; and let none of these empty and sad transient delights of this world stand in competition with them! Thou art the source and centre of all my wishes and desires; even "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." When shall I appear in Thy presence? When—when shall that blessed time come that I shall see Thy sacred majesty face to face? This is a mercy, I confess, which I cannot expect whilst imprisoned in the body; but howsoever, though I must not yet appear before Thee, do thou vouchsafe to appear in me, and give me such glimpses of Thy love and graces here, as may be an earnest of the bliss and glory I am to enjoy hereafter.—Beveridge.

[From the Confederate Baptist.]

Heavenly Recognition.

"Shall we know our friends in heaven? Or are the sweet fountains of love which lie down deep and pure in every heart to be frozen forever by the chilling breath of death?—Are we to live a strange, isolated life in heaven, unknowing and unknown? And walk about the streets of gold brushing carelessly by those whom we have loved so dearly here? Is the voice of our mother, that was wont to be so sweet and musical to us on earth, to fall unheeded by us here? Oh that there are any who can so mistrust God as to feel for one moment that we are not to know each other in heaven. David's hope then, were in vain, when in a calm voice over the dead face of his child, he said, "I shall go to Him." And our Saviour's promise to bring again those who are asleep in Him, is also vain. Even the poor benighted heathen looks away from the dim shadowy present to an eternity spent with beloved ones, and shall our faith be less than theirs? Of all the dear tokens given us of our Redeemer's love, none is more delicate and touching than the manner in which He speaks of our loved dead, "He is not dead but sleepeth," the precious missing ones from about our hearthstones are not dead, but simply laid down awhile to rest. The weakest soul ought to grow strong, leaning upon this promise, "Them which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him?" bring in robes of white with starry crowns shining upon their foreheads, but still we shall know them. The caressing touch of a father's hand will rest once more lovingly upon the head of his poor, fatherless one, and the dove eyes of our mother will smile down upon us as of yore. The sweet, young bride whose gay, bridal robes were changed into grave clothes, will come with the little, blue eyed boy whose stay with us was so brief and fleeting, and the dear, young band of brothers and sisters who, one by one, went away from the old homestead to follow the angels into "that land that is very far off, where the King is seen in His beauty," shall return with Jesus, when He cometh again in the clouds with

His holy angels. Many who have dwelt together here in the sad homes of earth will spend eternity in the same white mansion in the skies.—We have held, cold, icy hands ours in and wiped the damp sweat from the white, marble face; we have bent down to catch the last sigh from silent lips, and watched the love-light fading away from eyes which have never looked coldly upon us; and what sustained us? Nothing save God's promises and our hope of a sweet meeting in "the house not made with hands eternal in the skies." When death comes to bear our spirits away upon that long "journey from which no traveler hath ever returned," he will not come alone; but some of those loved ones that have gone on before will come to meet us as with trembling feet, we traverse the dark valley of shadows, and we shall go with them, not to a strange, unknown country, but home, yea, home to our Father's house.—We shall not have to search them out, for they will be our guides up to the shining gate, where Jesus stands waiting "to welcome travelers home." HETTIE.

CHICK SPRINGS.

Awakened by a Hymn.

A few years ago, as I came down from the pulpit, a man approached me before I left the church, evidently deeply agitated in his feelings, and asked me, with the deepest emotion, to pray for him. I took his arm and went to his house, and we there knelt down in company with his wife, and I prayed with him as he requested, and followed it up with an earnest conversation on his personal salvation. I have seen the man many a time since, and he seems to be a consistent Christian. Presuming from the time and the manner of his addressing me in the church, that his state of mind had some connexion with the sermon, I questioned him at his house, and to my surprise, and somewhat to my mortification, found that he knew nothing about the sermon. The subject of it was the "Worth of the soul." The hymn sung just before preaching was the following one of Watts—"Man hath a soul of vast desires," &c. It was the reading and singing of this hymn that put him in the state of mind I have described. It was apparently the instrument of his conversion.—He told me, that while they were singing that hymn, it was next to impossible for him to press an audible outburst of his feelings; and yet he was a man of cool temperament, and of sober judgment.—Cor. Central Presbyterian.

KINDNESS.—In whatever manifestation of its influence the exercise of kindness may be considered, it will always confer a rich blessing upon the individual who directs it and the individual upon whom it is brought here. Genuine kindness never carries blight and ruin with it, like the tornado; it always goes forth like the light and heat of the sun, bearing peace, joy, and sympathy, to all whom it reaches. And when it returns to him who has exerted it, the rewards which early things can form, are given him—or if he is not in a situation to require assistance from those who have felt the gentle dew of his affection, his soul is filled with the calm and steady, but ecstatic thought that others have been made happy by his actions. Kindness rewards its followers abundantly, by cultivating their affections and increasing their desires to become instruments of good in their pilgrimage of life.

If your circumstances are bad, consider how much worse they would be, if they were as bad as you deserve.

Genius has an orbit of its own; if it moved through the orbit of common-place lives, it would not be genius, but common place.

When fame is regarded as the end, and merit as only the means, men are apt to dispense with the latter, if the former can be had without it.

God hath given to man a short time here upon earth, and yet upon this short time eternity depends.—Taylor.



The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.  
Thursday, April 2, 1863.

AGENT.

B. B. DAVIS, of the "Book Emporium," Montgomery, Ala., is our authorized Agent, to receive subscriptions and dues for our paper.

AGENT FOR THE S. W. BAPTIST.—The Rev. A. BROADBENT, employed by the Colportage Board to collect money for Testaments and tracts for the soldiers, is also authorized to act as agent for the S. W. Baptist.

Notice the Red Cross (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.

Results of the Late Campaigns in Kentucky and Tennessee.

It were a bootless task to undertake a paper defense of any of our Generals. Much of our newspaper criticisms upon the military operations of our Generals, have proved about us profound and candid, as those of the renowned "Fadladeen" in "Moore's Lalla Rookh." The "wooden-headed" and blundering Generals of one year be come the heroes of the next. Every body remembers what a storm of abuse was heaped upon General Lee after he failed to "bag" Rosecrans in Western Virginia. Now, he is the "Washington" of the revolution. The fact is, military character is carved with the sword, and a kingdom of goose quills cannot write it down. A truly great man can afford calmly to await in silence the inexorable logic of facts.

General Bragg is no more a favorite of ours than any other General in the Confederate army. We are neither a volunteer nor a subsidy in his defense. But he is entitled to the credit of facts. We have believed for months that when his campaign through Kentucky and Tennessee shall be viewed in the sober light of history, an enviable place will be assigned him in the annals of a greatful country.

Toward the latter part of last summer, he moved from Chattanooga, Tenn., towards Kentucky, with an army of about forty thousand. By the first of September, he had relieved the whole of North Alabama; and the most of Middle Tennessee of the abolition army. Simultaneously with this, General Kirby Smith moved upon Kentucky from Cumberland Gap, and in a short time forced the enemy to evacuate that point. These, however, were simply the results of strategy. His achievements in the field are almost incredible. Beginning with the battle of Richmond, and the taking of Mumfordsville, and closing with the battle of Murfreesboro', his army has killed, wounded and captured over sixty thousand of the enemy—more by several thousand than his entire force ever was at one time. They have also taken between seventy and eighty cannon, some thirty-three thousand muskets and Enfield rifles, thirteen hundred wagons, besides thousands of horses, mules, commissary stores, &c., &c. He subverted his entire army for two months without charge to the Confederate government. He has also procured clothing and provisions for the army for at least six months, besides bringing out of Kentucky about five thousand recruits. If any army in the Confederacy has done better than this, it has never been given to the public. He who expects more, will scarcely be satisfied while mortal agents occupy this world. To all this must be added, that he has to-day one of the best organized and equipped armies ever marshalled.

We say then, with due deference to all the "Fadladeens" in the Confederacy, let General Bragg have the credit of all the substantial fruits of his hard and perilous campaigns. The country will respond, in the spirit of the divine injunction, "honor to whom honor is due." We have good reason to know that General Bragg's management of these campaigns meets with the hearty approval both of the Government and of that prince of all strategists, General Joe. E. Johnson. And we humbly submit that these parties are capable of rendering a correct judgment in the case, at least as much so as some editors, we wot of. Indeed, we are strongly inclined to the opinion, that if the relative claims to ability between our generals of the quill and our generals of the sword could be thoroughly canvassed, there would be found to be at least as many "wooden-headed generals" of the former as of the latter.

We have said thus much out of simple justice to General Bragg. He doubtless, has his faults, and for aught we know, they may be grievous ones. Some other generals might have done better in Kentucky than he. It may be that some daring military genius might have whipped out the whole Federal army in that State, marched into Ohio, and annexed the whole

North Western States to the Confederacy with an army of forty thousand against a force three or four times their number. But for ourselves, we know too little about military matters to venture an opinion upon so grave a question. We have not sufficient sagacity to say what the famous "Rock Mountain" of Georgia would have been, if it had not been granite. Nor can we determine what General Bragg would have done, if he had not been General Bragg. We have always thought it the best dictate of wisdom to make the most both of our successes and disasters. So long as General B sustains his present relations to the Confederate army, he is entitled to the charitable sympathies of our people.—If his acts are obnoxious to criticism, let that criticism be dictated in a spirit of candor. But in the name of our suffering country, let not him, nor any other general be subjected to a heartless and indiscriminate abuse for every thing they do.

The Provision Question—Once More.

An intelligent farmer in our county, who had arranged a few weeks since to plant as much cotton as the law permitted, returned a few days since from the army in Tennessee perfectly satisfied to plant no cotton, and lend his whole energies to raise provisions. He says he is perfectly satisfied that that is our only point of danger—that so far as fighting is concerned, we have nothing to fear—that the only anxiety among our soldiers is in regard to bread for themselves and for their loved ones at home. "Are the people planting corn?" is almost the first question asked by our brave boys.—The state of things in Tennessee forbids us to hope that anything can be done there in this respect beyond the support of its own people, if that.—Virginia and North Carolina are largely overrun by the enemy; and we again say to our people by all the claims of patriotism and humanity, plant nothing this year but what is essential to the subsistence of our people. If we raise an excess of corn, and peace should be restored this year, (of which there is but a slender prospect,) why it will be on hand next year, and enable our planters to raise then a heavier crop of cotton. The amount of cotton on hand now will bring as much money at the end of the war as if we had double the quantity. There is therefore no prospect of our losing anything by planting all our lands in provision crops—there is every prospect of our gaining every thing by that policy. Surely there is sagacity enough in our people to take the safe side. Let this be done, and no man need doubt the result.

DAILY COMMONWEALTH.—We commend this interesting Daily to the public.—Here are the terms:

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.	
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" six months.....	7 00
" three months.....	4 00
" one month.....	1 50
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Address J. S. Peterson & Co., Atlanta, Ga.

For the South Western Baptist,  
Richmond, Va., March 24, 1863.

Messrs. Editors: The secular papers keep you so well posted as to what goes on here that I shall in this letter merely touch on matters of which they make but little mention.

There is nothing of special interest in religious matters here. The churches are merely "holding their own," as the phrase goes. We are waiting for the war to close before making any direct aggressive efforts for the spread of the Gospel—hence prayer-meetings, Sabbath schools, missionary concerts, &c., excite much less interest than formerly. This seems to be the general feeling among Christian people throughout the country. "Wait till the war closes," is the reply to every suggestion for increased efforts to save souls. But alas, how many of us will have passed to our last account before this war shall cease. While waiting for a more favorable season many a one has already been called to exchange time for eternity. How many too, of those in regard to whose salvation we ought feel, deeply and constantly, will pass into their eternal home ere this war shall close. Though we suspend active operations to save souls, death will not suspend his work. Nor will the Destroyer of souls suspend. He will but redouble his efforts because of our supineness and indifference.

Happening in at the 1st Baptist church a few days since, I found among the teachers a Congressman from your State; and learned with great pleasure that whoever else is absent or grows weary of the work, brother Curry is never absent, and that his zeal knows no abatement. He has however consented to leave the Sunday school for the rest of the session that he may spend the Sabbath of each week in attending, with a friend, the churches around, in the towns and in the country, to plead in behalf of our brave

boys. Thus, though never absent from his place in the House, he will be enabled to raise from one to five hundred dollars every Sabbath to aid in supplying the army with temporal and spiritual comforts, clothing for the body and food for the soul. I think you will agree with the writer that such a representative deserves a large place in the hearts of his constituency and of the good people throughout the Confederacy.

The great question with us now in Virginia is the "bread and meat question," what we shall eat and what we shall drink and wherewithal shall we be clothed, the latter point is less important than it was a few weeks ago, as the days are growing longer and warmer. Our hope is that a kind providence may give us fruitful seasons and incline the planters to determine to plant neither corn nor tobacco.

You have heard of the great revival at Fredericksburg—one hundred and forty soldiers have professed conversion and hundreds are crying for mercy. All who have thus far joined any church, have connected themselves with the Baptist and Methodist Denominations. Elder Carroll of Selma, Ala. has been very efficient in this revival, and has baptized a great many. Bro. C. is greatly beloved by the soldiers and works admirably. Can't the Marion Board send a few more of the same sort to our Virginia army.

My sheet is filled and I will close, probably you will hear from me again if what I write is deemed worthy of a place in your excellent paper. D.

For the South Western Baptist,  
Southern Baptist Convention,  
Place of next Meeting.

The Southern Baptist Convention held in Savannah, Ga., May 1861, adjourned to meet with the Baptist church in Columbus, Miss., on Friday before the second Sunday in May, 1863. For various reasons it has been thought inexpedient to hold the meeting in Columbus, and at the request of the two Boards of the Convention, the place of meeting is changed to Columbia, S. C.

The church has extended a cordial invitation to the Convention to hold its next session with them. We hope to see a full delegation of our brethren present.

B. MANLY,  
T. STOKES,  
P. H. MELL,  
Vice Presidents of the Con.  
March 19, 1863.

For the South Western Baptist,  
Office A. Q. M., 40th Ala. Vol's  
CAMP NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS.  
March 14th, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE: After so long a time, I have at last seated myself to redeem my promise to you, which I have deferred from time to time, for the want of something sufficiently interesting to communicate. And not having so far, been presented with any thing, which I thought calculated to repay you for the loss of time in reading one of my letters. I have concluded, that perhaps much, which is swallowed up in the dull monotony that pervades our camp, might prove more interesting to those not subject to this monotony than I had imagined.

Vicksburg is properly called, the city of Hills. For nature seemed to have been quite fond of heaping up piles of earth in this peculiar vicinity. It seems to me that in the first place, One large hill was made, with base extending for miles around; afterwards numerous "little ones" were made and cast promiscuously on this mother one, and they, in scrambling each for supremacy, have assumed their present positions. Their shapes are indescribable, sky parlor, I believe, claims to have attained the greatest height, though the point is strangely contested by Castle Hill, and some others whose names I have not yet learned. From these eminences I have gazed upon the mighty Mississippi, whose sight has filled many a heart with admiration, as its maddened waters rushed on in grandeur and magnificence to their mother ocean. These numerous hills are the "natural fortifications," so often spoken of in the papers—they are truly great barriers to the enemy. And are rendered so very formidable by the "big mouthed" cannon upon their tops and sides, and the numerous "glistening bayonets" in front, in rear, and generally scattered all around, handled by "Southern boys," whose hearts are warmed by a love of "liberty and home," feeling as they go through with the various military duties 'Tis for thee my father, 'tis for thee my mother; for thee, my wife, my sister, and my country, 'tis for thee too, I am here to drive back a cruel and invading foe.

The enemy have occupied position on the Louisiana side from 6 to 10 miles distant above and below the city.—Their camps visible from many points. Their "canal project," I think has proven a failure. From some cause many of them have gone up the river within

the last few days. Some think, for a faint, some, that they have given out of attacking the city at present, some, that they are run out by the water's spreading over their camps—some, that they are going to force their way from some other point. Some, that they are greatly encouraged with their "canal project," to Tensas Bayou, and are going there: and some think that they have become alarmed about Kentucky and are going up there to reinforce that army. So you see, conjectures are so various, 'twould be hard for me to conclude which is right, and I have concluded to take 'em all in, and I'm sure to be right.

I suppose you are well posted in regard to the capture of the Queen of the West and Indianola, by our men—Shucks! I know you are, for that's been in the papers for a long time—I saw the crew that were taken on the Indianola. To my astonishment they were generally fine and intelligent looking men. They were sent Eastward from here, a few days ago.—Genl. Stevenson ordered the steamer Grand Era up from below a few days ago; but having heard that the enemy had planted a battery in a position commanding the river for a short distance against "wood boats," he thought she might be running some risk, and desired to get her word in some way, not to come any further.—Well to bear this important dispatch, he took two men from our regiment and furnished them a little "dug-out," which being too small to carry both, and only one could go, and Sergt. Macon was the messenger—off he paddled, down the stream, towards the evening the river began to have so many different currents, he was somewhat puzzled to know which to take. He therefore hauled up to make inquiry, of a farmer, who lived near by. The farmer told him it would be impossible for him to go down wright, during the night—persuaded him to remain over, which he did; sitting upon the banks watching for the aforesaid boat. Morning having dawned he began his journey; at length he sees the vessel coming up on the other side of the river, and he began to turn his course; but his "dug-out" turned over, and he was found grappling in the water, holding on to his paddle, he managed to get hold of his canoe, crawled upon her, and began paddling away with boat bottom upwards—calling out with a loud voice, "steam boat aho!" which after awhile was heard, and a skiff was sent out to his relief. Nearing the steamer, the Captain inquires from whence he came and for what purpose. "Despatches sir, from Genl. Stevenson." "Despatches! who would send a despatch to a steam boat, in a dug-out?" &c. &c. This is but one little incident of the war—of which there are many.

Our regiment is now in better health than it has been for a long time. The greatest complaint that I hear among the boys, is shortness of rations.—From some cause, I know not what, unless it be mismanagement in the Commissary department, some where. Our men do really suffer occasionally for something to eat. Our Division has just been paid off, and now the cake, tobacco, and pie sellers will have a fine time, till money gives out again, which will not be very long at the present rate. Pies of the size of a common saucer, without sweetening or flavoring, at \$1.00 each. Other things in proportion. I never buy anything but bacon or something equally substantial.

I am sorry to say there is but little attention paid to religion in this part of the army. Leisure hours generally spent in some idle amusement, as soldiers say, to kill time and break the "dull monotony," for getting that "it is not the whole of life to live nor all of death to die."

Our regiment has been without a chaplain for the greater portion of the time; another appointment however was made a few weeks since, and as he seems to be an energetic sort of man, I hope that a change for the better may soon take place, and that more importance may be given to "things eternal." He made a good private for over 12 months and I hope will make equally as good a chaplain.

This Mississippi country is a great country for mud and rain; but as the budding of the trees, the cheerful songs of the little birds, and the balmy sunshine, admonish us of the approach of spring time, we hope to have less of both in future. The last few days have been real corn planting weather. I doubt not, but that many have been, the seeds lately sown in hopes of an abundant harvest, and God grant that it may be so—for with plenty to eat we are invincible by any force, which our enemy can send against us! How it is that so many can even doubt our final success and look upon the dark side of the picture, while the other is so resplendent with ultimate victory, I can not conceive. If 1-2 millions have done comparatively so little, can 3 millions subjugate us? I say never!

never! Southern blood is too pure, too warm to be congealed by the chilling tide from the north. As the iceberg melts before the tropical sun; so meet the cold blooded hordes of the North give way before the bold Southerner. The Southern soldier enters the army feeling that his cause is just, and that if his wife and little ones are cared for at home, he can ask no more till his country shall have been freed from her troubles, and her rights and liberties acknowledged and respected. Then whence cometh the idea of subjugation? Either from ignorance or base cowardice—I am forced to say. But lest I weary you, I must bring this letter to a close.

Tell Bro. H. I have distributed all of those tracts which he gave me when I first started out, and that I hope that some good may result from them. Tell him to write to me. I would like so much indeed to spend a few weeks among my old friends, and with my wife and little ones at home; but for reasons above stated I am here, and feel it my duty, cheerfully to stay and bear my part in the "great struggle." My position, though laborious at times, is pleasant and far preferable to many of higher rank. As ever your  
Friend and brother in Christ,  
H. W. B.

For the South Western Baptist.

Messrs. Editors: I have been solicited by many of our citizens to become a candidate for the office of Judge of the Probate Court of Macon County. These solicitations have come mostly from executors, administrators and others who had business in the Court during my term of office. Fully appreciating their situation, and the interest which they have in the business of the office, I do not feel at liberty to decline. You may, therefore, announce my name in your paper as a candidate.

I would here take occasion to say that I have recently seen a card published by one of the candidates for the said office, in which he speaks of the expense of the administration of estates, and is particularly solicitous in regard to those of deceased soldiers. I make no comment upon his statements; but let some should be induced to believe that abuses existed during my administration I will refer them to Mr. Jack Drakeford, who acted as my clerk for more than half of my last term of office. I do this because I am averse to speaking of myself or of my acts in a favorable connection; and because Mr. Drakeford was perfectly familiar with all of my business, and altogether disinterested.

If elected, I will endeavor to discharge the duties of the office to the best of my ability.  
LEWIS ALEXANDER.  
April 2, 1863. It

For the South Western Baptist.

Child's Index.

DEAR BRO. HENDERSON: Please alter the price of the Child's Index in my advertisement to:

50 cents per copy to one address, when four or more copies are taken.

One dollar for single copies.

Address,  
S. BOYKIN,  
Macon, Ga.

I am determined to keep the paper going, and on good white paper; but must increase the price or lose money. When the war ceases I will reduce the price.  
March 19, 1863. St-paid

Seizing Instructions.

ADJ'T & INSP' GEN'L OFFICE,  
RICHMOND, MARCH 19, 1863,  
General Orders, No. 31.

In consequence of numerous applications made by various persons to the War Department, it is obvious that some misconception in regard to the instructions of the Secretary of War in relation to the impressment of supplies must exist on the part of the people or that the agents of the Government have violated their instructions; now, therefore, for the purpose of removing such misconception and to prevent any violation of these instructions, it is hereby ordered.

I. That no officer of the Government shall under any circumstances whatever, impress the supplies which a party has for his own consumption or that of his family, employees or slaves.

II. That no officer shall, at any time, unless specially ordered so to do, by a General commanding, in a case of exigency, impress supplies which are on their way to market for sale on arrival.

III. These orders were included in the instructions originally issued in relation to impressment by the Secretary of War, and the officers exercising such authority are again notified that "any one acting without or beyond" the authority given in those instructions will be held strictly responsible.

By order,  
(Signed) S. COOPER,  
Adj't and Insp. Gen.

Give God His Day.

Reader, do not be a robber. He that steals, breaks God's eighth commandment. Above all, do not rob God.—Sunday is God's property. Give God his day.

I do intreat you, for your soul's sake, not to profane the Sabbath, but to keep it holy. Do not buy and sell, or idle your time on Sunday. Let not the example all around you, let not the invitation of companions, let none of these things move you to depart from this settled rule, that God's day should be given to him.

The Sabbath is one of the greatest blessings which God has given man. Do not make a bad use of this blessing. He that cannot give God his day is unfit for heaven. Heaven is an eternal Sabbath. O, while you live, give God his day.

Once give over caring for the Sabbath, and in the end you will give over caring for your soul. The steps which lead to this conclusion are easy and regular. Begin with not honoring God's day, and you will soon not honor God's house; you will soon cease to honor God's book; and by-and-by you

will give God no honor at all. Let man lay the foundation of having a Sabbath, and I am never surprised if he finishes with the topstone of a God.

It is a remarkable saying of John Hale, "Of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes, while was upon the bench, he found only a few who would not confess upon inquiry, that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the Sabbath."

Reader, resolve, by God's help, that you will remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Honor it by a regular attendance at some place where the gospel is preached. Settle down under a faithful ministry, and once settling let your place in church never be empty. Give God his day.

Don't be Hasty.

1. Because you will be likely to lose quite lightly two very good friends—your reason and conscience—who will not have a chance to speak.

2. Because you will have to travel over the same ground in company with one sober second thought, who will be more likely to have with him a whip of scorpions than a bunch of flowers.

3. Because the words and actions involved in it are more likely than otherwise, to be misunderstood, and therefore to be severely judged.

4. Because this is one way to please and give great advantage to a great enemy of yours, one powerful enough to be called "the prince of the world," and who has caught more people than can be counted in this very trap.

5. Because in so doing you are likely to be a fellow-traveler in such company as follows: "He that is hasty with his feet sinneth." "He that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly." "Seest thou a man hasty in words? there is more hope of a fool than of him." "The thoughts of every one that is hasty tend only to want."

6. Because such a fire may be kindled that it cannot be put out even by all the water a whole engine can throw, with second thought for their shipwreck.

PRAYER FOR THE SAILORS.—Last Sunday as I came out of the pulpit, a gentleman met me very pleasantly, and said—"Mr. H., I shall have to ask you, as a naval officer, an uncle of my wife asked her, why is it that preachers always pray for the soldiers, but never pray for the poor sailors? Here you have been, very rightly thanking the Lord for another naval victory at Charleston, and yet you did not pray that God would bless these gallant sailors that achieved the victory!"

I confess that the rebuke was to me very kind and wholesome, and I intend, hereafter, to heed it, by remembering the gallant men that go down to the sea in ships, and see the wonders of God upon the great waters. And as I form this personal determination, I would have others to "go and do likewise." I have noticed, that there seems to be a great remissness of duty on our part in this respect. It is true, we have a very small navy, but it makes it more imperative upon us to remember them in our prayers.—Christian Observer.

ONE WAY YOU DID NOT LOOK.—A man took his son with a bag into a corn field for the purpose of stealing corn. Looking all around, not seeing any person, he commenced, when his son said, "There is one way you did not look? Holding his breath and asking, "Which way?" The boy said, "You did not look up; God sees you." He dropped the corn and returned home, taught by the child.

SOON—VANISHED.—The religion of too many is like the new moon, which shines a little in the first part of the night, but is down before half of the night is gone.

Secular Intelligence.

Augusta, Ga., March 23.—A special dispatch to the Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel, dated McMinnville, Tenn., March 27th, says General Morgan had a severe fight with the Federals near Milton, March 20th, which lasted five hours. The Federals were repulsed and driven eight miles. Our loss 15 killed and 70 wounded. Federal loss about twice that number. They advanced to drive our forces from Liberty, but they were compelled to fall back to Murfreesboro.

Richmond, 28th.—The following was received this morning: Tulahoma, 27th.—General S. Cooper—Gen. Van Dorn, supported by Forest, made a successful visit to Brentwood with his division. He burnt the bridge, destroyed and took all the property and arms, and captured 800 prisoners, including 33 officers. He lost 3 killed and 5 wounded.  
(Signed) BRAXTON BRAGG.

MOBILE, March 25.  
Official intelligence has been received of the evacuation of Pensacola, by the enemy. They occupy the Navy Yard, Forts Barrancas and Pickens. The garrison of the town, and all others that could be spared, have been sent to Gen. Banks.

Vicksburg, March 25.  
Two of the enemy's boats attempted to pass down the river this morning. Our batteries opened upon them with effect. One of them was sunk opposite our batteries. The other was badly riddled, and now lies opposite our canal batteries. It is expected she will be sunk. She was set on fire but appeared to be extinguished. The firing of our batteries was splendid. Almost every shot took effect.







