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Chicago Times, March-November, 1862

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CHICAGO TIMES
March - November 1862

CHICAGO TIMES, March 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Extract from a private letter, communicated to The Times, dated

Savannah, Hardin County, Tenn}

March 12, 1862}

Dear Brother--We left Fort Henry at noon and ran up to the railroad bridge, sixteen miles distant ...We then proceeded on up the river.

... At most of the small plantations the people were out waving their handkerchiefs, and cheering us. I have do doubt but that the part of Tennessee through which we have passed is strongly loyal. It was really a charming sight to be greeted with so much good feeling. The negroes would be out among the rest and cheered right lustily. If the owners were not loyal they would not allow their negroes to do this. We ran until about midnight, and had to lie by on account of the fog until morning. We started late. It was a most beautiful morning, just like our June at the North, the birds singing and the canebrakes looking so fresh and green. The scenery reminded me much of the Upper Mississippi. It is the same broken ridges, rising abruptly, only not in as regular form as there.

We passed several iron furnaces and one extensive stone quarry. The villages are all small on the river, and from this fact I should judge the country not to be a very good one, or the landings would show more business. We passed Decatur and Brownsville, and came to Patriot, Perry county. Here we saw the nicest white house in our journey. The owners, a lady and gentleman, were out on the porch, well dressed, and gave us a handsome greeting, which we returned with cheers for our beloved Union. We stopped a short distance above the town to wood.

The fleet of boats in our division also stopped. The man who had care of the wood, and another young man came down to see about matters ... I asked him about the Union feeling. He said Perry county had always voted for the Union. At the election held on the first of March, the unconditionally Union candidate for Sheriff named Jesse Thompson, received a large majority. Coffee is one dollar per pound; no powder to be had; salt, four dollars per bushel; corn, two dollars and a half per bbl.; and wheat, one dollar per bushel. The principal crops were corn and wheat, but little tobacco, and some cotton. The farms are very small. The winter wheat looks splendidly well. You can hardly imagine a better sight to one from the North than the fields clothed in living green. We saw a deserted cabin which some of our boats had fired. Another one some unruly soldier had broken into and destroyed everything. This is inexcusable, and is directly chargeable to the officers in command. It will, if not stopped, hurt us beyond measure. Some of the boats called along on [illegible] soldiers jerked all the chickens &c. that they could find. One of our boats, the Argyle, with the Fifty-seventh Illinois, were fired into by a [?] of rebel cavalry at a place called Clifton, one man killed and two wounded. A squad of our forces landed and took ten of the inhabitants as hostages. They say it was a stray part, and they had driven them off during the day.

Savannah is a place of six hundred inhabitants. At the election the Union candidate had over 100 [?] votes, and the secession candidate, 13. I conversed with an intelligent gentleman, and feel assured that the Union sentiment here is strong. They could not procure any salt, and had to cure their pork with ashes and sugar. We have now here over sixty steamers and two gunboats. Pittsburgh, where they had a fight a few days since, is only four miles above.

We hear the enemy are in strong force along the line of the railroad. If so we shall shortly have a fight.

Our army have enlisted about one hundred men here already. The numerous regiments drilling and the busy preparations of various kinds, with the country and town people and darkeys gazing with astonished wonder, are a sight never to be forgotten. The weather is very mild. It is now, at noon, too warm for comfort with a coat on.

I don't think the opening of the rivers will actually help the price of produce much in the end. The reign of terror has left the South with no means to buy.

CHICAGO TIMES, March 21, 1862, p. 1, c. 3
Special Correspondent of The Chicago Times.

Savannah, Tenn., March 12.

The steamer Iatan, with the Third Iowa Regiment on board, left Cairo Sunday noon last, for some point on the Tennessee River. ...

Here at Savannah, nearly enough men have been enlisted to form two full companies. This, at a place but eighteen miles from the Alabama line, carries with it a good deal of significance. ...

There are here and hereabouts ninety-five transports, all laden with troops and materials for their use. You can form some idea of the extent of the force from this statement, and your estimate would probably be as correct as that of one on the ground. The Generals in command of divisions are Smith, Hurlbut, McClernand, Lew. Wallace, and Sherman.

CHICAGO TIMES, March 26, 1862, p. 1, c. 6
Special Correspondence of the Chicago Times.

Pittsburgh, Tenn., March 19.

The principal features of this town are a half dozen cabins, a burying ground, and a spring of living water,—the latter in itself being a sufficient reason for delaying a while here, even if the transport fleet could safely move farther south. The grave-yard dates from the first of March; at least I gather as much from the epitaphs printed on small boards and fastened to the trees. The only two inscriptions I could discover read as follows:

"Emile Herzog,
Killed March 1st, 1862,
At the Battle of Pittsburgh."

And in another part of the field a board was found bearing these words:

"1st Sergeant Meitzer,
Co. C, 32d Illinois.

The bodies of both Federals and rebels seem to have been buried together indiscriminately, and but little time could have been spent in digging their graves as they were in most cases under a foot deep, and none were deeper. Here our soldiers allowed themselves to be impelled by a morbid curiosity to the commission of a deed, an outrage rather, which should crimson their cheeks and make their friends blush for them. They assumed the character of resurrectionists. With pointed sticks, and now and then a spade, they removed the scanty

covering of earth from the bodies of those who might have been their comrades to-day but for the accident of this battle, exposing their countenances to view with comments like these: "He keeps pretty well," "By golly! what a red moustache this fellow had," and other like observations which one would scarcely expect to hear from the lips of men who, in another hour, might be lying dead themselves with no grave at all to rest in. Thus will a soldier's life eradicate many of those feelings of decency and humanity which should distinguish men from other animals. ...

You will perceive therefore that Pittsburgh, Tennessee, just now is not a very desirable place of residence, and I think its former inhabitants so regard it, as none of them could be found at home.

KENNEBEC.

From the Cincinnati Gazette of Monday morning we take the annexed extracts relative to important movements on the Tennessee River, having in view the cutting off of Memphis from railroad communication with other points at the South:

Southern Tennessee Unionism.

There was evidence through the day, that the practical Union sentiment along the Tennessee was not wholly a myth. "Reckon dad'll not have to run any more and hide around to keep from bein' hung," was the joyful comment of a hoopless but not uncomely Savannah Miss, as she gazed on the still increasing fleet. "Laws-a-mercy," replied her companion, "I knowed the Yankees was a wonderful people, but I never did see so many boats in all my born days before. Guess we will have peace now." More practical was the masculine response to the re-appearance of the flag. Some one hundred and fifty of the citizens of the town and county volunteered for the war to fill up the Donelson-thinned ranks of the Illinois regiments that were the first to disembark.

CHICAGO TIMES, March 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 8
Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.

Savannah, Tenn., March 28,
Via Cairo, March 29.

... Purdy Court-House is now full of Union men of that lace. The latter are fearful of having their houses and all their property destroyed. Squads of rebel soldiers are already seizing all their provisions and everything that can be of use to the army. Owners of cotton are particularly alarmed. For their benefit all the transports returning to Paducah are ordered to take down any cotton that may be brought to the river bank east of Corinth. ...

A man named Morris, one of the Jessie Scouts, was hung at Savannah on Sunday for horse stealing, and other depredations, from private citizens thereabout.

CHICAGO TIMES, April 5, 1862, p. 1, c. 3
Correspondence of The Chicago Times.

Camp Hitt--At the "Fair Grounds."
Savannah, Tenn. March 29.

The Fifty-third Illinois left Chicago on Sunday last, destined, as many supposed, for a short visit to Benton Barracks. Upon arriving at St. Louis next morning, however, we learned that orders had been given to proceed immediately on board the steamer Continental, along with the 25th Missouri (which carries "Lexington" upon its banner), for a trip to the "Sunny South." But precisely whitherward few could distinctly say, and these few were discreetly silent.

... We arrived at Fort Henry... As the night closes in the men tuck themselves away in nooks and corners, and the officers congregate in the cabins. They form parties for whist, euchre, "seven-up," chess, checkers, and general conversation, while in different parts of the boat are glee clubs of well-trained voices discoursing sweetly, and a string band with a flute accompaniment is breathing such pathetic strains of well remembered times that tears are dimming eyes that never blanched with fear. It is the most singular party of pleasure that I ever went on. They all seem bound to be joyful while they may; real concern does not appear upon a single countenance; and yet the absence of ladies, who usually grace pleasure parties (for there are on board but camp women); the soft beauty of the night into which the majestic steamer is crowding onward; the ignorance we are all in of our destination; with the grim suggestions of war all around us, combine to produce a singular variety of mental sensations.

We arrived here, the headquarters of General Grant, at noon. We await orders, and are told that we are to move on to Pittsburg Landing, nine miles above. Shortly the order is reversed; we are to disembark here and the Twenty-Fifty Missouri is to go on to Pittsburg. The time is not long before our small warehouse of luggage is emptied from the steamer and on the way to our camping ground--the "Fair Ground" again, located on a high knoll in the midst of an oak forest, about a mile from the town. As compared with our "Fair Grounds" these are of dimensions decidedly contemptible. It consists of a "circus" of about one hundred and fifty feet diameter, with galleries of benches surrounding and covered with an awning of "shakes," or riven clapboards, outside of which is space sufficient only for a carriageway and one row of our tents. This enclosed by a close board fence, completes the Fair Ground. It seems calculated for horse racing on a small scale and nothing else to speak of, but we're in Dixie. ...

I am unable to give any information as to other troops quartered here, other than that the remnant of the Eleventh is within a few miles, and that Dickey's Cavalry is camped about four miles off. One of the men whom I saw last evening told me that they spent their time in scouting and skirmishing with guerilla bands of rebels, and destroying now and then contraband property of secesh....

One of the Fifty-Third.

... No postoffice [sic] is established here yet. We have to depend upon the boats for sending and receiving our letters, though it is promised a postoffice [sic] will soon be in operation.

CHICAGO TIMES, April 14, 1862, p. 4, c. 6

[written by correspondent of Cincinnati Times] One thing has struck me as being very strange, and that is, that I have been able to find but few representatives of the press in this vicinity. Mr. Henry Bentley, of the Philadelphia Inquirer, Mr. Misener, of the Chicago Times, a correspondent of the Louisville Journal and N.Y. Herald, and myself, are the only specials I have yet seen. Whether an order has interdicted them I cannot say, for men are not expected, in this wilderness, to know much of what is going on in the civilized world.

CHICAGO TIMES, April 22, 1862, p. 4, c. 1

The Empress, Captain S. Rider, left Pittsburg Tuesday noon, with three hundred and fifty-seven patients, in charge of Major Aspell, Brigade Surgeon. Major H. A. Buck, Surgeon of the Fifteenth Illinois, was assigned to the Empress as Assistant Surgeon. These gentlemen were aided by Drs. F. Frazer Rumboldt, John E. Ennis, Martiens and Pollak, civilians and volunteers from St. Louis. On board was also a party of nurses and other assistants from St. Louis. During the passage a number of amputations were performed, and ten of the patients died.

In the midst of the scene of suffering and death, a woman on board, the wife of a missing soldier who was in the fight at Pittsburg, gave birth to a female infant. The woman accompanied or closely followed her husband to Pittsburg, and, on the second day of the fight, while the conflict was raging around here, was engaged in searching for him on the battle-field. While thus employed she received a gunshot wound--a flesh wound only--in the breast. Failing, at last, to find her husband, in despair she took passage on the Empress. Her child received the name of the steamer.

The missing father is said to be a Polander or Norwegian, with a long name, which our informants find it impossible to remember.

CHICAGO TIMES, April 23, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

From the Cincinnati Commercial, of Monday.

Mr. Bentley, correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, passed through this city on Saturday en route for Philadelphia. He was for some days previous to the battle with Col. Peabody, of the Twenty-fifth Missouri Regiment. ... Col. Peabody rode over a little ridge in front to join Major Pillow, who still had charge of the skirmishing party, and in a few moments fell dead, being shot through the neck. Major Pillow was also killed, and, our troops giving way, the enemy were at once among our tents in force. Mr. Bentley, finding himself in the presence of the rebels, and thinking the chances were that they would shoot him if he attempted to run away, stood still and surrendered. The rest of the day he was under guard a prisoner. He supposed, when he saw the vast numbers and headlong rush of the enemy, knowing as he did the unprepared condition of our troops, that we would be speedily and most disastrously defeated; and he listened all day, with awe and astonishment, to the incessant and terrific uproar of the battle. ... [on Monday] Our forces took the initiative, and drove them back. The fight raged dreadfully for hours, far and near through the woods. The rebels were soon sobered, and then despondent. Mr. Bentley was behind their right wing, opposed to Nelson, and was moved toward Corinth as our forces made headway. The rebels in that part of the field gave way at last, and fled, panic-stricken. There could not have been a more disorganized body of men. The guard over the prisoners became infected with the panic, it being reported that Buell's men were sweeping the field, and ran away, leaving them unguarded. Mr. Bentley, with others, dodged into the bushes on the roadside, and made his escape. He learned that the rebels who retreated on the main road did so in good order.

CHICAGO TIMES, April 24, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

The Horrors of the Battle-field of Pittsburg.

The most curious feature is a sort of neutral hospital just this side of their lines. In it are wounded from both parties, attended by the physicians of whichever side at the time has possession. To their comrades the rebels seem inhumanly inattentive. Not a day passes but numbers are brought in from the woods, some found close to their pickets. Half a dozen were carried by us this morning. ... They are generally dressed in homespun, or "butternut"--not showily, but comfortably. ... In company with Capt. Jewett Wilcox, of the Platte Valley, we yesterday passed again over the grounds. The terrible stench from its putrefying bodies is daily becoming more sickening, so shallow being the graves that poisonous gases escape easily from the mass of corruption and nestle down near the earth, seeming loath as those lately living to

leave it. Mile after mile we met the same graveyard atmosphere, and occasionally a head peered from some rude mound, or a limb, rigid and slightly corrupted, was thrust into view. ... For ages to come, the battle-field of Pittsburg, or, as Beauregard aptly terms it, Shiloh, will be a scene of melancholy interest. Five thousand died there, and other thousands will go through life disfigured, or linger out an existence upon sick beds. Had any great success been gained, the price weighed against the effect might not seem dear, but as it is our army holds the same position it did three weeks ago, and has lost a tenth part of its number in killed, wounded, and missing. ... --Cor. St. Louis Republican.

CHICAGO TIMES, April 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Camp of the Fifty-Third Regt., Ill. Vols.
Gen. McClelland's Division,
Near Pittsburg, Tenn., April 27.

To the Editor of the Chicago Times:

... For miles around the Landing it is a wilderness of woods, mostly oak, with here and there, at long intervals, a dilapidated log house with outbuildings in keeping--old cotton fields and orchards, which, though hanging full of young fruit, look long neglected, and as though the few inhabitants who lived here had been years from home. ...

...while the sending here of this multitude of sanitary committees, physicians, and nurses was prompted by the most humane of motives, the plan was necessarily a hasty and imperfect one, and many of the individuals sent, or, coming on their own account, particularly the medical gentlemen, were not only indiscreet, but in some cases gave very decided evidence of a want of good manners. A word or two will explain wherein. In the first place, the urgent necessity for additional assistance, beyond that with which each regiment is provided within itself, was immediately after the battle, while the multitudes of wounded were lying upon the ground for miles, almost covering it. Of course the immediate exigencies would be, in such manner as possible, provided for before strangers from abroad could arrive. After which, under the direction of medical officers, the important immediate operations were performed, and the survivors provided for in the hospitals prepared before hand at Savannah, or were placed on board hospital boats for transportation to different points North. To all of which hospitals and boats, competent medical officers, with nurses and attendants, were assigned, and who were personally responsible for their proper care, and whose duty it was to give them their personal attention and observation. Of course no part of these duties could be assigned by the medical officers, separately from the rest, to volunteer physicians while, even if these were desirous of accepting the positions of subordinate attendants, which, if any, they would necessarily be obliged to take, the business of supervising and instructing them in their duties so that these should be done in accordance with those inevitable "regulations" would of itself constitute a heavy additional burden to medical officers under the circumstances, with no compensating advantage ... Moreover, in this wilderness of woods, in this broken country, amid this multitude of regiments, covering miles and miles of country,--amid this multitude of boats, and hospitals, and officials in charge, new-comers are, of course, confused and confounded, lose their way, get fagged out with fatigue, and, finally, for the most part, and except in special cases, expend their energies fruitlessly. ... Surgeons have, uninvited, thronged about the camps of different regiments, not only proffering their services, but have even had the effrontery to intrude into their hospitals, making prescriptions, administering medicines, and even severely criticising [sic] and condemning the practice of the authorized Surgeons! ...

CHICAGO TIMES, May 1, 1862, p. 1, c. 7
Correspondence of the St. Louis Republican.

Pittsburg, April 25.

I made a visit this morning to Hamburg, three miles above here, and where General Pope's army is encamped, also a great number of cavalry. This place is a beautiful little village, shady and picturesque, full of inviting nooks for the stranger to seek shelter from the heat. Trees loaded with foliage and deserted gardens full of flowers line the short, wide streets. It had a population of two or three hundred--it now has none at all. An abandoned postoffice [sic] and store tell of some little former prosperity. The people of Hamburg were people of taste, so the thousands of roses that adorn soldiers' button-holes give evidence. The inhabitants have fled to the interior. ...

CHICAGO TIMES, May 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Mrs. Major Belle Reynolds, whose portrait we publish above, from a photography by Cole, of Peoria, Ill., is the wife of Lieutenant Reynolds, of Company A, Seventeenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, and the daughter of W. K. Macumber, Esq. Her native place is Shelbourne Falls, Massachusetts. The Seventeenth, to which her husband belongs, is one of the most popular regiments in our western army, being one of the earliest in the field, and during the whole war has been in active service. They met the enemy in a terrible encounter, and vanquished him, at Frederickstown, Missouri. They early took possession of Cape Girardeau; they also bore a prominent part, and were terribly cut up at the battle of Fort Donelson, and were in the thickest of the fight at the battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing. In these last two battles Lieutenant Reynolds was Acting Adjutant. During the greater part of the campaign Mrs. Reynolds has shared with her husband a soldier's fare in camp; many a night, while on long marches, sleeping upon the ground in the open air, with no covering other than her blanket, and frequently drenched with rain; and oftentimes, to the order "Fall in," she has hurriedly mounted her horse in the darkness of the night, and made long marches without rest or food except such as she might have had with her. She has at all times exhibited a degree of heroism that has endeared her to the brave soldiers of the Seventeenth and other regiments that have been associated with them and to the officers of the army with whom she is acquainted.

Gov. Yates, of Illinois, and his staff were at Pittsburg Landing to look after the Illinois troops, who suffered so severely in that fearful struggle, and learning of Mrs. Reynolds' heroic conduct on the field, and untiring efforts in behalf of the wounded soldiers, he commissioned her Daughter of the Regiment, to take rank as a Major, "for meritorious conduct on the bloody battle-field of Pittsburg Landing." Mrs. R. left Pittsburg Landing a few days after the battle to attend some wounded soldiers to their homes by the rivers, leaving the last one at Peoria--Capt. Swain, of Illinois, who died as the boat touched the wharf at Peoria. She remained at Peoria a few days to recover from her fatigue, and has left again to rejoin the army.

The following letter has been addressed to Gov. Yates by citizens of Peoria:

"Peoria, April 27, 1862.

To his Excellency Richard Yates, Governor, etc. Springfield, Illinois.

Dear Sir--Permit us to thank you for the honor conferred upon Peoria by your voluntary act in commissioning Mrs. Belle Reynolds, of this city, to take rank as Major of Illinois State Militia, showing your appreciation of valuable services so nobly rendered by a lady on the bloody battle-field of Pittsburg Landing.

And we take pleasure in bearing testimony to the high moral and Christian character of

the Major, believing that in whatever circumstances she may be placed she will ever honor her commission and the worthy Executive who gave it.

Respectfully yours,

CHICAGO TIMES, May 20, 1862, p. 4, c. 1

The Woman Major--A Row in the Family.

We have appropriately chronicled the fact that Gov. Yates has commissioned as Major in one of the Illinois regiments with Gen. Halleck the wife of a Lieutenant, who had shown both courage and devotion to the cause of humanity among the sick and wounded on the field in and after the battle of Pittsburg Landing. The correspondent of the Cincinnati Times tells us something further of her and the consequence of her appointment:

"I am sorry to inform you that there is at present some apprehension of a domestic difficulty, originating out of the late commission of a female to the rank of Major in the United States army.

"This worthy lady, whose bravery and Samaritan kindness to our wounded soldiers on the battle-field of Shiloh has won her the love and esteem of an appreciating public, and who has been promoted to rank by a grateful government is, I fear, about to fall victim to that most dreaded of delusions--jealousy. This lady is at present holding her headquarters on board on of the hospital steamers now lying at Pittsburg Landing, anxiously awaiting for the expected battle, to again render that comfort and aid known only to exist in the presence of angels and the attentions of lovely woman.

"But what is most unhappy in the case of this lady Major is, that her once adoring and loving husband, who now holds the rank of Lieutenant, insists on being made a Colonel, and gives as a reason that his wife now commands him, from the virtue of her rank--being a Major--and that this is directly contrary to the original understanding existing between them at the day of their nuptials. From this protest of the Lieutenant I fear that all law abiding wives will hold up their hands and exclaim, "Oh! the brute."

CHICAGO TIMES, May 21, 1862, p. 1, c. 5
Special Correspondence of the Chicago Times,

Battle-Field of Shiloh, May 16.

... We have a fair representation of the gentler sex here. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the authorities, ladies contrive to get up here, and, once here, they stay. The majority are waiting to see what fate betides their lords in the coming battle, and, in the meantime, are living on pork and beans at the rate of two dollars a day. Their endurance is rather heroic, for I have noticed that, as a general thing, hard fare brings down feminine resolution as quick as anything. They get along very well, however, with an entire ignoring of digestive organs, and manage to maintain a reasonable placidity of temper. The boats confine their culinary arrangements to the ordinary soldiers' rations, and, if anybody can imagine a more miserable diet, as a steady thing, I should like to see it. I am happy to say, however, that I have found an exception in the steamboat Tecumseh, where we get something to eat and pay what it is worth. My last abiding place was a steamboat which pretends to some degree of respectability, and, under ordinary

circumstances, would be regarded as under honest management. They fed me on salt pork, potatoes, and bread, and charged two dollars a day.

Gov. Yates' meteoric visit doubtless effected a large amount of good. He had a fine steamboat, all to himself, at the expense of the State, and gallantly did he charge at what good things were within reach. A large party accompanied him, consisting of ladies and gentlemen. Among the former was the Mrs. Reynolds, from somewhere in Central Illinois, whom the gallant Governor commissioned a Major for some heroic deed which existed in his warm imagination. She is said to be on the Governor's staff, which is likely enough, from all appearances. The admirable Executive was drunk, as usual, the most of the time while he was here.

W. P. L.

CHICAGO TIMES, May 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 4
Special Correspondence of The Chicago Times.

Battle-field of Shiloh, May 18.

Among the peculiarities of the camp are some privations which never enter into the calculations of the uninitiated. People have heard often enough of hunger, and cold, and wet, and hard beds, and like hardships, and with these items fill the measure of a soldier's miseries. Mistaken idea! There is one more trial reserved for the gallant warrior, and, my reputation upon it, I'll prove by a vote of a hundred thousand to none at all that it is the worst of them all. Fancy an army such as this one is, without a woman in it. Imagine two hundred and fifty regiments of strong, lusty men, and never a petticoat to be seen--not so much as a bit of ribbon fluttering in the wind. Further, call to mind the fact that a large majority of them have been in the field seven or ten months, and then realize the greatest privation of man's existence--the want of woman. A considerable portion of both privates and officers are married men, who know by experience how good or how bad it is to live within a woman's influence, and in them may be found notable examples of the restive spirit which argues so much in favor of the fair sex. There is another large portion who are within the limits of that age when men are instinctively drawn towards womankind, and give way to the pairing impulse. There are others still whose warm young blood is coursing in hot veins, and will not be denied; and of all these there is a united army. If Beauregard and his men, and Halleck and his host, were as united on national topics as they are on the desire to be wrapped in calico once more, bathed in dimity, smothered in glowing womanhood, I warrant you there'd be no more fighting. Peace would reign unmolested, and, in the briefest space of time, a quarter of a million pairs of brawny arms would find occupation more congenial than carrying muskets and bayoneting each other.

It would do you good to watch the countenance of a weather-beaten soldier who, on an occasional visit to the river, gets a glimpse of a woman, of whom there are a few there. I have seen a dozen of them sit on the bank an hour, watching with intense anxiety for the fluttering of a chambermaid's dress; and if a dainty bit of calico, of that ilk, happens to get ashore, to run around the bluff a little, she is in actual danger of being gobbled up by some big lusty fellow, and carried off to the woods by main force. Perhaps she don't know it, too, although that isn't saying she fears it, for I believe women take man's homage to their hearts, be it ever so rude or untutored. They may take much of it to themselves here, for there are scores of thousands whose silent thoughts are upon them every hour in the day, whose conversation tends towards them in their waking hours, and whose dreams fondly encircle them at night. Long absence is a sharp

appetizer. If the fair are as keen set as their lords and lovers, there will be a terrible coming together one of these days.

And a curious anomaly presents itself in the same connection. About the only women we have here are nurses, a class who are all very well in a humanitarian way, and not much in the line of attraction. They seem imbued, as a general thing, with the idea that there is nobody to look at them, and the customary attire is a faded calico loose gown, straight from top to bottom, ignoring waist and personifying the theory of the shirt on a bean-pole. The wildest imagination could not induce the divine admiration. If they only knew it--if they had the slightest idea how much medicine to a sick man there is in a trim, neat figure--how much relief there is in bright, sun-like colors, where all is dark and sombre [sic]--how much unutterable joy can grow under a sweet womanly smile--they'd never do it. I think Miss Dix made a great mistake when she prescribed gaunt females, over thirty, for the sick soldiers. I just think one fresh, plump little woman, with the light of kindness in her eyes, and the consciousness in her heart that she loves and pities men because they are men; because they are bold and brave, and unflinching in sickness or health; because in danger their strong arms stand between her and the whirlwind; because of the innumerable attributes that endear strength and hardihood to woman's nature, as naturally as the oak to the clinging vine,--one such woman, be she maiden, wife or matron, will do more good than all the doctors and drugs in the army dispensary. There are a few such, spite of Miss Dix and the "aged thirty" decree, and I have seen them among the sick here and elsewhere. I have seen tears rain down a soldier's brown cheek at the touch of one of those soft hands upon his feverish forehead, and have watched his eyes following the lithe, round form the livelong day, while health and strength stole upon his shattered frame like one of her own smiles upon the gloom of his solitary repining.

Let the fair believe that they are not forgotten. If ever their love and favors were cherished it is now, when distance, more coy than maiden modesty, renders them unattainable. Here, where we have a commonwealth of men, and away up yonder, where you have a community of women, the same desires and hopes are growing and strengthening--here a gallant array of bold, hardy men, there a host of loving, affectionate women--here a hundred thousand pretty, enticing portraits, there an equal number of well-cherished manly counterfeits. As I said before, what a coming together there will be.

W. P. I.

CHICAGO TIMES, May 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 4
Special Dispatch to The Chicago Times.

Cairo, May 23.

No news of importance from Pittsburg. ...

Gov. Yates and Mrs. Major Reynolds have arrived as passengers on the City of Alton.

The boat chartered by Gov. Yates to transport sick and wounded soldiers of Illinois regiments returned from Pittsburg empty to-day, not having accomplished the object of her mission.

Dr. McDougall, Medical Director of Gen. Halleck's army, it is reported, has refused to allow any of the States to bring away their own sick and wounded until after the impending battle, provision having been made on the field for all who need medical attendance.

CHICAGO TIMES, May 27, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

A woman attired without hoop skirts has been seen in East Tennessee. She was a secesh.

CHICAGO TIMES, May 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Cairo, May 26.

Governor Morton, of Indiana, arrived this morning from Pittsburg Landing, and is stopping at the St. Charles Hotel.

Mrs. Major Reynolds is a guest of the St. Charles Hotel in this city, awaiting the return of Governor Yates, or the event of a battle near Corinth, it is not definitely known which.

CHICAGO TIMES, May 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Cairo, May 28.

Mrs. Major Reynolds made a sudden departure to-day for St. Louis. Her tarry here, it is said, was the occasion of too much remark to please her.

CHICAGO TIMES, May 31, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

From the N.Y. Tribune of Thursday.

It is now well understood that "unauthorized hangers-on" were excluded from the Army of Tennessee by Gen. Halleck, because the rebels managed to obtain intelligence of the disposition of our forces through some one with the army. The leaky individual, according to the correspondence of the Cincinnati Times, is a brother of Gov. Yates, of Illinois. The rebel agents, two fascinating sisters named Irwin, whose father owns any amount of broad acres and almost countless contrabands, and who have the enviable reputation of being the "most elegant ladies in Tennessee," reside at Savannah, and since the occupation of the place they have professed strong Union sentiments, and their parlor has been a general rendezvous for all the young gallants in the service.

No one questioned their loyalty, and in course of time they became as familiar with our position and strength as our own Generals. The principal portion of this intelligence was imparted by a brother of Gov. Yates, of Illinois. Immediately after an introduction to the Misses Irwin, he became fascinated, and from that moment his attentions to both in general, and one in particular, became unremitting, and the consideration he received, which he attributed to the high position of his brother and his own personal charms, led him to an indiscreet, not to say criminal, revelation of all he knew about the plans of the campaign and the strength of the army. He is reported as a vain man, and flattery rendered him loquacious, until the whole story was known to the sisters.

In the meantime the "erring brother" found the means of visiting his "loyal sisters" nightly, and what they learned during a day was known to Beauregard before a second dawned. Our authorities soon discovered that there was a leak somewhere, and the result was, a sort of persecution was instituted against newspaper correspondents, who are made to shoulder all the fatherless sins floating about the army. But after a while the whole matter was revealed, and the gallant young man found it very convenient to omit all further attention to the damsels, and seek a healthier climate further north.

CHICAGO TIMES, June 3, 1862, p. 1
Special Correspondence of The Chicago Times.

Shiloh, May 23.

Peculiarities of Enterprise.

On the river bank, not far from the landing, is a small tent, before which is fixed, on a forked stick, a sign-board which reads as follows:

"Rain Water with ice.
Five Cents a Glass."

Here, in the heat of these torrid days, people may repair and quench their thirst in good clear cool water. When one has drunk Tennessee River water for weeks and weeks, with its muddy, insipid flavor, heightened by the warmth that the sun has imparted to it, he will know how to appreciate such favors as the above. The speculator brought his ice and water from Cairo, and it is to be hoped, has made a good thing of it. In another place, a genius who has an inventive turn, having discovered a spring of water in the bluff, conducted it along by means of bark pipes to a convenient locality, where it flows over the bluff in a romantic little cascade, affording (for a consideration) drink and coolness. I have seen men bathed in heat, sitting under it for a bath, heedless of wetting and its consequences.

There are numerous bakeries in full blast in the woods; some of them made of primitive ovens built of stones and soda, and others of patent zinc concerns, which do the work in short order. The bread sells at ten cents a loaf, the loaf being considerably smaller than the six penny article at home. Another branch of industry displays itself in the daguerrean line. There are "artists" without number. They abide in tents and houses which they carry along with them, and may be found in the woods and camps, busy at work, taking the soldierly lineaments for wives and sweethearts at home. Soldiers have a commendable pride in themselves when the regimentals are on, and the peripatetic artists have plenty of business at high rates. Of course they take execrable pictures, but it is not expected to get the best of everything here, even at the highest prices.

The Luxuries of Life.

Soldiers do not want for the luxuries of life so long as they have money. The sutlers deal in everything, and, by due pertinacity in searching, anybody's wants can be satisfied. If the principle applied which rules in some classes of society, viz.: that what costs the most is most luxurious, then soldiers would be the most luxurious people in the world, for they pay immense prices for everything they buy. To begin with the primary luxury, whisky, costs a dollar a pint. A barrel brings the sutler from three to five hundred dollars, which may be reckoned a nice profit. They are allowed to sell to commissioned officers only, but the restriction merely necessitates the operation of passing the bottle and the money through a commissioned officer's hands. Under this arrangement the liquor does not become the curse it is at home. It is too costly and precious to squander, and men cannot afford to get drunk on it. Taken moderately, as a consequence, it braces them up, and answers a good medicinal purpose. Other luxuries are to be had in the shape of sugar, cheese, candles, lemons, and preserved fruits of all kinds. Sugar can be got at twenty cents a pound, cheese at forty cents, lemons at fifteen cents apiece, and pint cans of fruit at a dollar. The soldiers generally affect the sweets, being destitute of them in their regular food. I have seen them buy a pound of sugar and eat it without delay, and, in the purchase of dollar cans of fruit, they are quite zealous. In this line I must plead a fellow feeling for, after living on camp diet for weeks, I became so ravenous for something fresh and sweet that I rushed one morning to a sutler's wagon and bought a can of fresh pineapple, which I

straightway ate with great gusto—feeling the while somewhat guilty, for one of the rules of the camp is that no member of a mess shall appropriate to his individual enjoyment any rare eatables which come into his possession. Reasoning that I could not buy enough for all without a run on my funds, I silenced conscience and ate my dainty with an ineffable relish. Soldiers are denied even these costly luxuries a large portion of the time, for the deepest purse would soon give out with their rash expenditures, and they consequently have a keen appetite when the pay day comes around.

The Sutler's Tent.

The locality of this institution may be ascertained at any time by the crowd which surrounds it. Soldiers have an irresistible longing to look upon the good things of earth, and they congregate about the sutler's quarters as little neighborhoods sometimes convene at the village grocery. When they cannot buy, they derive pleasure from witnessing the transactions of others; and all day long, when off duty, they linger about this place of charmed associations. They are allowed, after spending all their cash, to go in debt to the extent of one-third of their pay. The temptation of seeing others buy is beyond their power of resistance, and, one after another, they clamor for something to buy. The sutler puts down the man's name for a dollar, and he begins to buy. He gets tobacco first, and then matches. Then he thinks he will indulge in a cigar, and he buys one for his chum. This proceeding is not only of interest to himself, but in matter of eager consideration to the bystanders, who discuss the merits of each purchase, and inwardly resolve to become equally blessed the first time the sutler's heart relents towards them. In the meantime the buyer has become confused at the field which opens before him, and he looks around in perplexity, not knowing which to choose. He thinks he will take a lemon, with lemonade in prospect. Then he decides on another box of matches and half a pound of cheese. Still lost in a sea of enticements, he demands in an absent way some more smoking tobacco, which in turn necessitates another box of matches. Then in a desperate way he calls for a pound of butter, but, finding that it costs half a dollar, he relinquishes the fond hope, and takes another lemon and some more tobacco. Sugar suggests itself in a moment of lucid thought, and a pound is speedily transferred to his haversack, followed, in the most natural connection, by some candy. The dollar is nearly expended by this time, and, as a last resort, he takes some more tobacco and matches, and goes off to sit on the ground and look over his purchases.

The great end attained in all this is that the sutler makes three and four times the first cost of his goods, and is sure of his pay, for Uncle Sam sees that he is paid before the men are. Many of them have ten and fifteen thousand dollars due when pay-day comes, besides the cash they have taken in. There are some risks, however, as in the case of the battle of Shiloh, where the enemy took our camps and, with them, all the sutlers' goods. Some of these traders lost three or four thousand dollars on that occasion.

The Accumulative Faculty.

One of the peculiarities of a soldier is his insatiate desire to accumulate all manner of property, by whatever means attained. The fact that he can neither send home nor carry with him this plunder makes not the slightest difference. For instance, in prowling about deserted camps and farm-houses, he finds thousands of dollars' worth of property without owners—which latter, however, is of no consideration with him, as owners are not recognized in his creed. He picks up

what strikes his fancy, be it clothing, books, crockery-ware, iron skillets, horse shoes, or anything else. Many articles happen in his way which possess great value, especially on a battlefield, and if at home would be worth more than all his wages for the three years' service, but he cannot send them home, and, as the next best thing, he takes them to camp and puts them in his knapsack. One or two foraging expeditions fills that receptacle to repletion, but his accumulative desires do not decrease, so he goes on picking up, and, to make room, he throws away the least desirable of his stock, and fills it with the novelties. In this manner a change goes on from day to day—picking up and throwing away, accumulating and discharging, and always keeping on hand a stock of heterogeneous articles, which nearly breaks his back every time he attempts to march, and is the source of much anxiety and p[illegible]. A little German who was connected with a regiment with which I was familiar on this field used to be a source of immense amusement to me. He was a surly, avaricious little wretch, and received [illegible] as a snapping turtle does familiarity. From being the smallest man in the regiment he had the largest knapsack and the heaviest haversack in the crowd, and was always to be seen when on the march, staggering along with reckless disregard of the [illegible several lines] appearance. The natural desire to irritate such men caused him to become the butt of the regiment, and sarcastic allusions met him at every step, which he received with sullen silence or a ludicrous burst of Teutonic wrath. After some weeks of toil, he wilted under it and the surgeon ordered his traps inspected and lightened. They took out of them three overcoats, several blankets, a lot of tin plates, some old iron, the running gear of a farmer's clock, two or three pounds of secesh cartridges, several fruit cans full of small articles, and other trifles *ad libitum*, and then left him a load equal to any other man in the regiment. He groaned in spirit at this ruthless destruction of his property, and refused to speak for several days.

The popular name for this species of acquirement is "cramping." It is a cunning evasion of the term stealing, implying that his fingers are seized with cramps at contact with the coveted article, and of necessity cannot unclasp. Ask a soldier where he got a fine sword belt or a twenty-dollar navy revolver, and he will say he cramped on it. This system is not confined to soldiers by any means. Officers make good "crampers," and seldom neglect their opportunities. There is many a one would be worth a hundred thousand dollars if he had his property at home.

Contrabands.

Numerous specimens of the darkey tribe are afloat in the vicinity, the majority of which are runaway slaves. The officers are well waited upon at a small expense, as the darkeys, ignorant of the value of their services, are willing to serve an indefinite time, with the prospect of being their own mater by-and-by. Little counter-jumping warriors, who never dreamed of such distinction while plying their trade at home, are waited upon by ebony servitors who quake with fear at the sound of their voices, and stand in perpetual dread of being hung up by the neck or flayed alive for petty misdemeanors. Not one in a hundred of these negroes has intelligence enough to know that his future will be, but they go on a blind supposition. None of them have any idea of the North, except that it is not the South. I asked one how many slaves his master had, and he said "fifteen or forty." Another sprig of about eighteen mentioned forty-nine as his probably age. Another, giving his reasons for joining the army, said his "massa done run'd away, an' he spec he scare to def, so he clar'd out fur de Yankees." One bright and shining light, conversing on the subject, remarked that "White folks have to look out mighty sharp for dem niggers. Either got to feed 'em a heap of vittals, or dey'll steal, eberyting yer got. Some mighty

mean niggers clar'd out of down dere, bress de Lord. De good niggers say to home." Their masters are very vigilant in looking them up, and through Tennessee most of the runaways were recovered. One, who escaped, was followed by his owner for a week. He rode in a camp wagon all the time, among the jumble of pots and kettles and mess chests, and, by the time he felt safe in emerging, was reduced to an incipient jelly. Almost all who get into the army are induced to enter the line of march by tired soldiers, who, seeing a stout nigger by the roadside, cannot well resist the temptation of loading their knapsacks and guns upon him, and trotting him along as a pack-horse. Once away from their masters they keep with the army, and will eventually escape.

W. P. I.

CHICAGO TIMES, June 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

[occupation of Corinth, May 30, 1862]

There were a few women about, of whom some were native to the manor, and the rest belonged to our army. I saw several ladies, who are wives of our officers, and have been in camp some time. I saw some others who were not wives, except after a very Frenchy fashion. The resemblance to the feminine encampment at Island No. 10 struck me, coupled with a surmise that our officers may have been improving on the idea. The native females did not shine resplendent in charms; they looked, in fact, like the remnant of Miss Dix's gaunt and thirty brigade and, from the numerous hospital colors that fluttered over the town, the supposition that they were nurses seemed a likely one. There were a few families in town, who professed Union sentiments, which were of probably a recent birth. Some were sincere, I have no doubt, but none had dared acknowledge such sentiments in the presence of the southern army, a few cases of assassination and lynching having demonstrated to a nicety what might be expected in all such cases. Newspapers were found, both in town and in the camps. The latest northern papers were in their possession, through the medium of our own soldiers, the pickets having been in the habit of exchanging papers for some time. The discipline of the army amounted to that much.

The college for young ladies, styled the Corona [? can't read on fold] Female College, is by far the most imposing building in the place. It is built on an eminence, a mile or so from town, and is a fine structure of brick, planned in the usual style of college buildings. The young ladies had fled long since, and the glory of the place was departed. The proprietor remained with his family, a matron of uncompromising secession sympathies, and two daughters who were inclined to follow in the footsteps of their mamma. The principal, a man of intelligence and education, was strongly southern in his sentiments, and claimed to be on terms of close acquaintance with Beauregard during his stay there. He said Beauregard's only design in evacuating was to draw our army further south where it would melt away with the summer fevers and the diseases already fixed upon it. Another object was to draw us away from our river transportation and the gunboats. This gentleman, like all other southerners, asserted, and reiterated, the impossibility of subjugating the South. Animosities never to be smothered had grown up with the contest, and a never-dying hatred must exist so long as the North asserted its supremacy by force. It was upon this building that the flag was raised on the occupation of the place by our troops. Being invisible at the time of my visit, I took it for granted that the ladies, whose sentiments were so much averse to it, caused its downfall. They certainly looked upon it as the emblem of all diabolical things.

W.P.I.

CHICAGO TIMES, June 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Mrs. Major Reynolds.--Mrs. Major Belle Reynolds, who has been on Gov. Yates' staff, seems to be having rather a rough time. The recent reports concerning her and Yates have caused them to part company for the present, and she was last heard of in Missouri. The Hannibal Herald says that on Thursday evening, the 29th, two rowdies, formerly under Price's command, then under the influence of whisky, appeared at the quarters of Mrs. Major Belle Reynolds, at Hannibal, and demanded "an unconditional surrender," which was "declined." After taking another drink they proceeded to make "a regular investment of the Major's entrenchments," and, "having gained favorable positions," commenced an attack with brickbats and paving stones. While thus amusing themselves they were set upon by a detachment of police, captured and placed in limbo. The next morning the Major appeared against the miscreants, and they were fined according to their demerits.--Rock Island Argus.

CHICAGO TIMES, June 7, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Field of Shiloh, May 27.

. . . These wiseacres generally make rules to suit themselves. One day you can go anywhere you choose, and the next you can go nowhere. I can make my way for a week among negligent soldiers and officers, but I run the risk of being snapped up at last by some puppy who may take offence unaccountably, and snake me all over the field of Shiloh, not from a consciousness of duty, but from an insane desire to show authority. Gen. Halleck's order expelling newspaper correspondents amounted to nothing, had they chosen to evade it,--a fact which is proved by the presence, at this time, of eight or ten of them in the camps. No civilians are allowed in the lines, and yet civilians go and come as they choose. No ladies are allowed to come to the Landing or to remain with the army, yet there are fifty here at the said Landing, and, to my certain knowledge, they travel between here and the camps whenever they see fit. There are a hundred women in the army to-day. There are a thousand civilians enjoying the same privilege, and yet none are admitted. Truly your military orders are grand and efficient.

W.P.I.

CHICAGO TIMES, June 7, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

Mrs. Harlan, the wife of Mr. Senator Harlan, of Iowa, returned to Washington a few days since from Pittsburg Landing, whither she repaired immediately after the bloody actions of the 6th and 7th of April last, to minister to the sick and wounded of our army, by whom her labors are spoken of in the highest terms of praise. Was Mrs. Harlan the author of the letter in the World describing the eccentricities of Gov. Yates and his fair Major?

CHICAGO TIMES, June 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Cairo, June 9.

Mrs. Major Reynolds arrived here to-day, en route from the Tennessee River to St. Louis. The Governor was not with her.

CHICAGO TIMES, June 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

A Genuine Love-Letter of the Ultra-Southern Pattern.

The following letter was found by a member of the Nineteenth Illinois Regiment in a southern mail captured by a detachment of that command near Huntsville. We print it, as near as possible, *verbatim*. It serves to show that the rude blast of war has not deadened all the finer feelings of our "cantankerous" southern brethren, but that they are still susceptible to the witching ways of Dixie's fair daughters. We hope Miss Mary will be able to receive the letter from her swain through our columns:

Corint Miss March 29 day 1862

dear Miss—I tak the oppportunity to seat mi self to drop you a few lines to in form that i am Well at the present and hoping When these few lines reaches you they may find you ingoying the same grate blessing. I would bee verry glad to see y ou miss Mary Sullivan my pen is bad my ink is pail, and mi love to you never shall fail i Would like to see them sparkling eyes Them rosey cheaks that i loe so Well Miss Mary. When i am asleep i am dreaming about you. When i am a wack i am Thinking about you O that pain Across mi peaceful breast I have bin in love With you along tim bee four I left home but I never could git a chance to Whilsper it in your year Miss Mary if I ever git to come home on a fer low i am acoming to see you if you have no obJecT miss Mary Tel izic that i Will mak a swoop With him i Will give him elizbeThe for miss Mary silivan miss Mary Tel all of the purty girls handy for me but if i ever git over this War i Will make my way back to the gal i left behind me. Miss Mary i send you this hear long ballot four you to learn and sing hit to me When i git over this War and come home and Miss Mary uf you please send me som of the purest song ballet that you have got love songs or any other that is purty. And sweet is you look Miss Mary if you pleas send me som of your hair I will send you som of mi hair I want you to rit to me as soon as you received mi letter direct y our letters to Carinth mississippi in cear of Capt Crain battery I gave mi best respects to iazic and the balanc of the famly so nothing more at present tim only remain your respective trulove until deat to miss Mary silivan.

M. G. Beemen.

The song referred to by this ardent lover, which he wants Miss Mary to sing when he "gets oer this war" and returns home, is a stirring war song by Albert Pike, called "Southrons, Hear Your Country Call You."

We quote a few verses to show its character: . . .

CHICAGO TIMES, June 13, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

All the movable framework, roof, &c., of the church at Shiloh, near Pittsburg Landing, have been carried away as trophies, and nothing remains but the logs, which are already being cut up in pieces to be removed by seekers after mementos from the most famous battle-field of the rebellion.

CHICAGO TIMES, June 14, 1862, p. 4, c. 1-3
Special Correspondence of the Chicago Times.

Field of Shiloh, June 6.

About Mules.

No small ingredient of warlike efficiency is the component which is made up of that most thoroughly condemned and well-abused species, the mule. Indeed I sometimes convince myself that an army could not exist without them. No animal can be found so well adapted to the purpose, so patient, so enduring, so willing, so hardy and strong under circumstances which

would tire out any other muscles and destroy any other animal constitution. They transport the entire sustenance of this great army, from the steamboats to the lines, over roads which no persons ever dreamed of except those who have followed an army. They live upon short rations many a time when a full stomach would not sustain a horse or an ox, and day in and day out, and often through the live-long night, they toil on, dragging through the mud, and over logs and stumps, the heavy loads which are necessary to supply the army. In doing this, they are sometimes exposed to hardships which break them down, but in the main their iron frames endure anything the indifference of men can inflict upon them, and live to begin their labors again the next day. As a general thing they are well fed. Government furnishes an abundance of corn and, when it can be got at, they have all the corn and hay they can eat; but hard work uses up the sustenance thus acquired, and, eat however much they may, they are at best but racks of bones.

Mulish Obstinacy.

Coupled with their patient and enduring qualities are the better known, but little understood, attributes of obstinacy and viciousness. "Stubborn as a mule" is a proverb of world-wide celebrity. And yet the term is not to be applied in so sweeping a sense. Mules, like all animal nature, not excepting the human, are endowed with a due degree of willfulness. To overcome this, and render them tractable, nothing is necessary but patience and gentleness—qualities which not one man in a thousand possesses. As a natural consequence, perversity begets perversity. The mule loses his temper over trials that would have driven Job to distraction, and the drier pelts him over the head with a club, and seeks by violence to subdue a disposition which rebels more and more with every blow. So they fight it out; the driver beating and cursing, and the mule kicking and plunging, and never doing right while there is the slightest chance of doing wrong. They are driven in teams of six, with but a single rein, attached to the bit of one of the leaders. With so indefinite a guide, they are apt to get entangled in the labyrinth of mire and forest through which their road generally lies, and to flounder about, until they either sink down exhausted, or stop in sullen obstinacy and refuse to pull toe load any farther. Then a congregation of drivers ensues, each with whips and oaths ready to order, and with one at each mule, they are beaten and mauled into acquiescence, and after mountains of effort, started on their course once more.

Wagon Trains.

They go in trains of from ten to a hundred wagons. When the army moves, of course they are all on the road. Imagine six or seven thousand teams on the road at once, all laboring through a wilderness of mud, tumbling over logs and stumps, and threading their way through heavy woods, and you have an idea of the scene. From their immense numbers they cannot follow any common roads, the bad spots in which soon become blocked by broken and disabled wagons, and the trains diverge and strike across the country. Everything goes down before them. Fences, underbrush, and cornfields are alike served. Small rivers and creeks are filled up with timber, or fence-rails, and onward they go, like an army of locusts, sparing nothing, and stopping for nothing. Thus a space of country ten miles in width will become a vast roadway for the passage of this animal host; in the track of which crushed forests, obstructed rivers, and leveled fences show the energy of its captains, while an enormous debris of wagons, dead mules,

broken chains, harness, and other paraphernalia remain as the handiwork of reckless and violent drivers. Over all, like a cloud, rises an uproar of struggling men and beasts, of crashing wood and iron, of dire profanity and execration; as though this panorama of wild disorder were incomplete without the soul of anathema to animate its movements.

The Model Mule-Driver.

Men who are possessed of the spirit of patience and gentleness will drive these same obstinate animals with perfect ease, and at the same time save them great labor. As a general thing, the ordinary drivers kill a mule with hard work every time a season of extra labor comes on. They are tumbled aside to rot, and another is put in, to go through the same course. But drivers who are men of judgment, and who exercise careful treatment drive their teams through everything, and not only keep them alive but in good condition. When they go wrong, instead of cursing and beating, they get down and lead them aright, and, by the least bit of soothing and kindness, coax away their ill temper, and make them as willing as they are strong and hardy. I always like a man who can exercise this forbearance. If he is nothing but a mule-driver, he is a man superior to the petty malice of sudden passion; a man of cool judgment and counsel; a man, for all the world, to make a good husband and a kind father; for, as there are no greater trials to the human patience than mule-driving, so there are no more admirable minds than those who calmly surmount its troubles. Philosophy, you see, may be extracted from all things.

The Corral.

One of the curiosities of the mule business is the method of catching, harnessing and breaking them. They are brought up the river by steamers, hundreds at a time, and turned into the corral on the river bank, where they await their turn. Several thousand will thus become collected in a single troop. They are sleek, wild creatures, with timid, deer-like eyes, and small legs and feet, more like those of an antelope than any other animal. Agility is no name for their movements when they are in this free state. They spring, or turn, or roll over like a cat. Throw one down, and he will be on his feet before you realize that he has been off them. Surprise them by coming close unawares, and a cloud of dust thrown in your face will be the only evidence left to your astonished vision. In the art of kicking they are most perfect. They generally use one hind leg for this purpose, and a most effective weapon it becomes. They use it so handily, and in so pliable a manner, as to excite the wonder of the beholder. Launching out with it, they deliver a blow that often breaks a man's legs. Then they let fly a quick motion which reaches the point with nicety, and inflicts more alarm than damage, and when in a playfully cross mood, they put it out, as an elephant does his trunk, and administer little taps and pushes in a quick succession, to warn the intruder against too much familiarity. All this occurs when they are among their own kind. When they have become worn down in body and temper by hard work, their playfulness vanishes, and they kick at each other, and at their drivers, with a savage ferocity which is death to all the human kind. They are consequently never cleaned, for a man's brains are in danger of being knocked out every time he touches their legs with a curry comb. For the same reason their tails are shorn of hair, in order that they may not carry about with them a huge mass of mud in that appendage.

Catching and Breaking.

When a requisition is sent down from division headquarters for teams, preparation is made by selecting the wagons and harness, all new, and putting men into the corral with lariats or lassos to catch the mules. Immediately a commotion exists. The vigilant animals are on the *qui vive*, and commence running and plunging to avoid the well-thrown noose. It is a matter of skill and science between the mules and the men, the former to dodge and the latter to catch. Amid such a multitude, the lasso must occasionally fall over a mule's head, and then ensues a contest of strength. The men run with the end of a long rope to a stake or tree or a wagon-wheel, and pass it around so as to draw upon the mule. Three or four pull here, and another dries him up. If he be a refractory one, nothing can exceed the fierceness of his struggles. Plunging to the end of the rope, he bounds hither and thither, rushes back and forth, throws himself upon the ground like a mad creature, rolls over and over, kicking and biting, and screaming with rage, until by degrees he is brought up to the hitching place, where he is secured by a chain, and left to struggle and fight until he is tired out. This sometimes requires hours before he can be approached, much less harnessed. Imagine twenty or thirty of these miniature devils raging in concert, with hundreds more racing and plunging about the corral, and add to it the dust of many feet, the shouts and curses of the lariat men, and you have a picture of the mule corral in catching time.

[illegible] tamed animals have to be harnessed and driven. By dint of half a day's work, with their heads tied up close to a tree which they cannot pull up by the roots, the harness is put on. They are then hitched to the wagon with [illegible] precautions to avoid their dangerous [illegible] with all the wheels locked and [illegible] rope at each bit, they [illegible] Such another [illegible] never was witnessed. Six unbroken mules [illegible] in harness which they never [illegible] before, and allowed to have their own way. They plunge forward, rush in opposite directions, kick, bite, and scream, lie down and roll over, and, in every other imaginable way, give vent to their ugliness of temper. This lasts an hour or two, and then they get up and go off calmly and peaceably, a little awry at first, but gradually sobering down into the traces, until every vestige of waywardness is gone, and, from that time on, they are fully broken. One cannot but be astonished at the ease with which they are conquered, and subdued into drudges. Thenceforward they lose their sleek coats, their keen bright eyes, and their agile and graceful movements. The harness wears broad marks on their skins, hard work reduces them to poverty of flesh, and mud plasters over their bodies; in everything they become the poor and degraded servants of mankind, born to drudge for a few months, and then to die and be cast aside. They are but the merest cattle in harness, leaving to the horse, whose spirit cannot be broken, the nobler duties of the species.

My Experience in Horse Ownership.

Speaking of horses reminds me of some experience I have had in that line during my pilgrimage with the army as a journalist. It is a matter of some importance that every correspondent should have some kind of a riding animal at his command, otherwise he will find himself deficient on emergencies when haste is essential. My first idea of the proper thing was a gallant charger, gaily caparisoned, prancing high and low when crowds were about, and always holding himself in readiness for a public exhibition. That is the officer style of doing the thing. I found that the article was difficult to procure, and expensive to keep, having no soldiers at my

command to guard a fine horse night and day to prevent his being "cramped" and carried off. Before I had done with experiences in this line, I was contented with more modest pretensions.

During a period of four months I have been owner and sole proprietor of five horses. The first of these was a relic of the Donelson fight. He came from somewhere in the mountains of Tennessee, and, from a habit of climbing rocks and holding on by his nose, he was much addicted to standing on his hind legs, without regard to who might be in the saddle. This was a favorite feeding position, and grass being scarce at that time, and hay and oats scarcer, he was accustomed to take his meals in the tops of small trees, where his cultivated taste taught him to find tender twigs and juicy buds. This nutritious food gave him a frame like a clothes-horse, and his legs, to use an apt phrase, were as fat as a rye straw. His back-bone split a new saddle in two, and cut a hair-cloth blanket into shreds. I could have got along with this, but he constantly brought me to shame and disgrace by going on his hind legs for browse on state occasions, to say nothing of a propensity for climbing every steep cliff he came to, and sliding me over his tail in the operation. He was a good horse to go bird nesting with, or, in case of emergency, to run up the side of a house and get out of danger, but he was so far from my idea of a perfect horse that I sold him for thirty dollars, as Floyd's veritable war charger, to a trophy seeker who wore blue spectacles and carried a portfolio. As I saw him afterwards, in company with five others as poor as himself, dragging an army wagon, I conclude that the purchaser was not sufficiently vigilant to elude Uncle Sam's watchfulness and get him home. My last glimpse of him was as he stood upon his hind legs, with his fore feet on a rail fence, apparently reaching for browse in the moon.

My next attempt was in the mule line. A friend in the Quartermaster's Department insisted upon presenting me with a superb riding animal which had come into his possession, he didn't say how, but suppositively by the cramp process. The beast had a prepossessing exterior. Ears as long as my arm, a head like a butter-firkin, pipe-stem neck, body as comely as a sugar hogshead, and legs not to exceed eighteen inches in length. With this inviting exterior, he had a disposition still more outre and perverse, if possible. The first time I mounted him, he kicked up his heels, and landed me over his head, some twenty feet in advance. The next time, he sat down on his haunches, and slid saddle and all over his tail. Then he laid down, and rolled over and over, faster than a Bengal monkey could have followed him; and, finally, he resorted to every trick an animal could be guilty of, to show his perverse temper. He had a way of making a great fuss when the saddle-firth was buckled—putting on a deplorable countenance, and groaning dismally, as though his life was being squeezed out. You might pull and tug for ten minutes, straining the girth up to the last notch, and fairly tiring yourself out with exertion, when, upon stepping back with a malicious consciousness of having brought the ugly brute to terms, you would see his body collapse, and the girth hang suddenly limp and loose, while he looked askance with a cunning leer, as much as to say: "How do you like that now?" He never failed to inflate himself like a balloon when the saddle was to be put on, and then collapse for the satisfaction of having it turn around and unseat his rider at the first mud hole he came to. I rode him for the spite of the thing for two long weeks. I got a pair of spurs with rowels an inch and a half long, and flayed his sides with them whenever he ventured to flap his ugly ears at me, and I finally had the satisfaction of seeing him tumble down a bluff a hundred feet high, and break his neck.

Having had enough of vicious horses, I determined to try a quiet one next time. I accordingly invested in a demure specimen of the pony breed. He proved all I could ask, for, from that time onward during my term of ownership, I did no hard work except to urge him to a

due sense of his duty as a horse, and more especially a journalistic horse. The arguments used in this controversy were clubs of the largest possible size, sharp-pointed sticks, spurs at the rate of several a day, building fires under his tail, and, on occasions of emergency, felling good-sized trees upon him as a starting impetus. He was patient under these afflictions, and never suffered anything to disturb his equanimity except the last two alternatives, which were always reserved for an impending battle, or a sudden movement to the rear. He was the best horse in the world to lead an army with, for he was sure to be behind and out of danger, but the very worse for a retreat, for obvious reasons. I was finally obliged to succumb to his pertinacity from a scarcity of timber and spurs, the soldiers having used the former for fuel, and his ride having demolished all the latter that were available in ten regiments. I sold him to an army chaplain who was too much reduced by bad whisky and the Tennessee quickstep to exert much physical force, and he was taken prisoner while going at a mad gallop of fourteen miles in fifteen hours, with several thousand howling Texan rangers in the rear.

I then determined to live upon my wits, so far as horseflesh was concerned. So I found myself sometimes in possession of a borrowed animal, sometimes riding a mule, sometimes bestriding a picked up [illegible] from the woods, and not unfrequently disgracing myself and my profession by resorting to the corral of rejected and broken down government horses. Sometimes I had a saddle and no horse; other times I had a horse and no saddle; again I had both and no bridle; and, as a consequence, during the majority of the time I wandered about disconsolately, carrying a saddle and bridle, and looking for a horse, or leading a horse and searching wrathfully for a saddle and bridle.

Of my next attempt at ownership I can say but little. I had reason to believe him all my fancy pictured him. He had unlimited style and action, enlarged capacity for getting over the ground, and a generally prepossessing demeanor, but the next morning after I became his owner the picket rope was found out, and the horse gone, while to the stake was attached a paper containing an original drawing of a school-boy horse on the high prance, mounted by a man composed of two rotundities for head and body, and four straight lines for legs and arms. Underneath was the pithy announcement, "Off for Dixy." The picture was remarkable for the expression of the countenance, where the artist had forgotten to insert the usual organs of vision and taste, and for the three erect hairs which composed the tail of the horse. It was also remarkable for the effect produced on my mind on finding it in place of my valuable horse. By a singular coincidence, a secesh deserter who had been pressed into the rebel service, hung several times, and periodically starved to death, and who brought information that the rebels were greatly disaffected, and had nothing but corn bread and molasses to eat, disappeared and never was heard of afterwards. It was insinuated that he was a spy, but I believe Gen. Halleck does not allow spies within his lines—at least that was why he turned the newspaper correspondents out. I lost forty dollars by that operation.

I now rejoice in the possession of a *chef d'oeuvre* of horse flesh. I paid ten dollars for him, saddle, bridle, and all, and I feel safe in saying that Uncle Sam hasn't money enough to buy him. He left the Texan Ranger Association on the occasion of the late battle, in consequence of his rider having met a cannon ball and stopped to cultivate its acquaintance while he went on in pursuance of previous orders and never passed until he had gone clean through our ranks, and found a mule in the rear, which he proceeded to masticate with all possible speed. He brought along several specimens of his master, in the saddle bags and holsters, which he seemed to regard with sanguinary affection and, having [illegible section] He never loses the opportunity to go the wrong road, to [illegible] and unexpectedly in the direction of the enemy's pickets, to

run over general officers and their staffs, to kick up his heels despitefully at military persons of great airs and dignity, and, above all, to indulge in the delight of his heart—thrashing a mule. With these and numerous other amiable qualifications he has endeared himself to my heart, and money cannot buy him.

With a change of scenes it is fit to bring about a change of names. In memory of that historic spot where for months I have burned the midnight oil, and eaten hard bread and bacon, I subscribe myself

Shiloh.

CHICAGO TIMES, June 18, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

The Fashions
The Style in Paris for June.

From Le Follet of Paris.

Notwithstanding the [illegible] of the [illegible] great preparations have been made in elegant [illegible section] and we are glad many new and beautiful materials added to those we have already referred to. The new styles are not half so extravagant as sometimes represented, the art consisting in knowing how to select and suit them to the wearer. Any lady of refined taste can easily distinguish that which is really elegant and bon [illegible] from the [illegible] and caricatures and exaggerations sometimes presented to her as the latest Paris fashion.

Plain china and Pompadour silks, moire antiques, silk gauzes and grenadines are selected for toilettes elegantes. For in doors or out of door morning dress woolen mohairs, bareges, alpacas and foulards are the materials most suitable. The colors most in vogue for this season are gray, chamois and Havana.

The fashion of ornamenting the bottom of the skirts is far from being on the decline; we may make the same remark with respect to their size and fullness.

Many new designs in foulards have been lately introduced. Among the most elegant are those of a light ground with very narrow colored stripes, or covered with a grecque pattern; this is very pretty in drab and blue, or stone color and green; others in the Pompadour style are in black, white, or pale buff, with little chine bunches of flowers.

Pearl gray is very much in fashion, and is suitable to almost every material, as it can be trimmed either with its own color or any other.

Wide flounces seem decidedly to have been discarded in favor of smaller ones, ruches, turrantes and other styles of trimming which are only worn on the bottom of the skirt.

Binding is still much worn, and on almost all fabrics to which it is suitable.

Black silk dress, soutaches in color, are very pretty, and, if simply made, elegant, and well adapted for young ladies. Lyons or Irish poplins are in good taste, and are generally braided or trimmed with ruches.

The fashion of opening dresses at the seams over another skirt, has been decidedly adopted, and is as elegant in light fabrics as it was in winter dresses. When made in grenadine, gauze de Chambery, and silk gauze, the underskirt is made of silk of the same color as the outer one. In some cases, we have seen both skirts made of the same material, the upper one plain and the under one flounced or ruched.

Muslin and thin dresses are made with low bodies. Two pelerines are made for these dresses, one high, the other low; both trimmed to correspond as far as possible with the skirt.

Bodies are made either round or pointed, but the points are considered more dressy. Many elegant dresses are made with two points in front and one behind. Square or open bodies are much worn; if for out of doors they are accompanied with a chemisette of muslin or silk, the same color as the trimming of the dress.

The sleeves are not very large, and generally open either at back or in front. For thin dresses the prettiest sleeve is a large full one, set into a band at the bottom, large enough to pass the hand through. This sleeve is drawn up in the front seam, so as to make it shorter before than behind.

Loose white bodies will be much worn; the newest and most elegant accompaniment for them being a small silk body pointed behind and before, both at top and bottom. In the front the top upper point reaches up to the chest and slopes gradually off till quite narrow under the arms; the back also rises in a point, but not so high as the one in front. A strap of silk goes over the shoulder on each side. Those little bodies are trimmed with ruches of pinked silk frills; they are very elegant in black silk, and can, of course, then be worn with any colored skirt.

Mantles are very much smaller than was fashionable a short time ago, and are worn off the shoulder if intended for toilette habillee. Small shawls, with deep lace, are also very elegant for out of door dress. For the morning, small paletots of the same material as the dress are worn; but this style is not adopted after noon, when they are replaced by totally different shapes. There are two other styles of mantle which are made in the same material as the dress—the casaque, nearly high fitting, and the long circular cloak.

We are happy to state that the form of the bonnets is definitely and decidedly altered; they are no longer worn standing up in a high point but are much flatter and squarer, going off rather narrow at the ears, and do not advance nearly so much on the head. The curtains, also, are narrower. Flowers are placed outside, either quite at the top in front or on one side of the crown; the former is more suitable for young ladies. The cap is very full, especially at the top, and the flowers or ornaments are placed either in a foray [sic] at the top or at one side, whichever is the most becoming to the wearer.

Small or large curled feathers are very elegant for married ladies, and are often mixed with flowers. For young ladies the most recherche ornaments are roses very little open, moss rose buds, moss and green heath. We have remarked one very elegant bonnet in this style; it was made of white crape; the crown tight, as was the passe; the rest was drawn, and a small plaiten frill stood a very little beyond the crown. The passe was covered with a frilling of white tulle. Two half-opened roses, small moss rosebuds, moss and a little heath, formed a slightly drooping spray, which was placed at the top of the bonnet; and the same in the cap, with the exception of moss rose. The curtain was of crape, with a small frill; a single moss rosebud was placed in the centre-fold of the curtain, and the strings were of white silk, very wide and pinked all round. This bonnet was intended for a young lady.

Another, meant for an older lady, was of rice straw, with a wreath of violet azaleas placed on the passe. A drapery of tulle and blonde was fastened under the flowers, and descending on each side of the bonnet, was tied behind even the curtain, from whence it fell in long ends.

We remarked a full dress bonnet, made of two deep white laces. One, placed on the top of the crown, fell to the bottom of the curtain; and the other, sewn on the edge of the bonnet, fell a little down the crown. The foundation of this bonnet was white tulle, the edge of the bonnet and of the curtain being of light blue silk, of which there was also a band round the crown. Two small curling and blue feathers were placed near the front, at the top. In the cap was a small feather and a large, half-open pale yellow rose, with a long branch, from which hung a smaller

rose. Blue silk strings, pinked at the edge.

A very neat bonnet, made for a very young lady, was of white tulle bouillonne, with [illegible] of tulle on the passe. Very small loose crown, and curtain of the same. In the interior was a small pouff of white lilac and small black and red seeds.

Among the dresses prepared for this season we notice a few well worthy of remark, one or two especially, which we select for description.

One was of black silk, very graceful and original. Round the skirt were three rows of narrow black flounces, edged with violet, set on in the form of pointed festoons. A space of seven inches was placed between the flounces, with a narrow band of violet silk, braided in black. The body was high, and closed with a band of violet silk, embroidered in black braid down the front, and three narrow frills, like those on the skirt, descended from the shoulders to the waist. The sleeves were open and rather wide, trimmed with a chevron of narrow frills, headed by a band of violet and black.

Another dress, intended to be worn at a wedding, was of apple green silk, a very fashionable color. The skirt had nine narrow flounces, very full, and placed in rows of three at equal distance. Above each row was a small grecque, about five inches wide, in braid of a darker shade of green. The body, high and closed, fastened by buttons of the same color as the soutache, and trimmed on each side by a grecque, diminishing in width towards the waist. A wide sash, trimmed in the same manner, with small frills round the ends.

A black silk dress was ornamented on the skirt by three bands of violet silk soutaches, with black, and disposed in festoons. Above each band of silk was a soutache of violet. The body was square, with two points in front and one behind. Round the opening was a band of violet silk, braided in black; the sleeves were open, not very large, and ornamented in the same manner.

We remarked one very elegant evening dress, composed of apple-green gauze de Chambéry, with an under-skirt of silk of the same color, with five narrow pinked, and fluted flounces. The second skirt, of gauze, was shorter than the silk, open at each seam, trimmed round and up the opening with a ruche of narrow black lace. The body of silk was low and pointed, and with it was a pelerine of gauze fastened behind and trimmed with ruches; the sleeves were alternate frills of silk and ruches of lace.

Ball dresses, of course, are made in as light materials as possible, and either colored or of white, trimmed with some color. Net is becoming fashionable for this purpose, being firmer than tarlatane, and not so easily destroyed. White tarlatanes, stamped with colored flowers, are suited to young ladies, and are by no means expensive. We noticed one with a plain skirt, most beautifully ornamented in wreaths and bouquets of flowers, and intended to be worn over a white silk dress.

The tunics of lace are very elegant, and are generally raised at one side by a bunch or garland of flowers; similar flowers are worn in the hair. The bodies of some ball dresses are made with one point in front and two behind; others with four points—viz.: one in front, another behind, and one at each side; this is rather becoming, but requires a small waist to produce the desired effect.

The wreath has entirely disappeared from the catalogue of fashionable head-dresses. Flowers are now mingled with the hair, or placed in little bouquets according to the taste of the wearer.

The large bouquet in front en diademe, and smaller bouquets under bandeaux, is a becoming style, to some faces, and should only then be adopted. The large bouquet should be

placed in front, and another behind the nape of the neck, with a branch of very small foliage attaching the bouquets on either side of the head. The most elegant in this style that we have seen was composed of grapes formed of large pearl beads. A branch of vine attached the front to a large bunch at the back of the head, with drooping tendrils.

For the bouquet in the hair, pink geraniums are much worn, and when well imitated are very pretty.

Very open flowers are not considered suitable for young ladies, either for bonnets or headdresses; for the latter fuchsias are very graceful, and can be worn quite low, so as to droop on the neck. If flowers are worn as ornaments for the dress, those in the hair should, of course, be of the same kind; for elderly ladies they can be intermixed with lace or feather.

CHICAGO TIMES, June 25, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

The act of knitting has hitherto been esteemed merely industrial; but, by a verse in a most stirring war song, we see that it is now numbered among woman's more poetical doings. Thus stands the knitting needle in immortal company:

"Soldiers brave, will it brighten the day,
And shorten the march on the weary way,
To know that at home the loving and true
Are knitting, and hoping, and praying for you?"

CHICAGO TIMES, June 27, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Female Secessionists.

The feminine portion [Memphis] are especially bitter. They confine themselves to their houses, and seldom appear in the street, but, when they do so, it is impossible not to understand the prevalent feeling among them. Walking down Main street a day or two since, I saw a naval officer, one of the most unassuming and gentlemanly men in the service, passing in such a manner as to overtake three ladies. As he approached them, the outermost quickly stepped in front of her companions, making room for him to pass, at the same time sweeping her skirts away from him with a most ungraceful and dowdyish gesture. Being a man who has seen the world, his demeanor did not indicate that he saw the motion, and she was not honored with a glance even. A short distance further on she tried it again on a calm and imperturbable gentleman, who wore the army uniform, and was again rewarded with an entire absence of recognition, unless a slightly contemptuous movement of the corners of the mouth might have been called such. The only result of all these efforts was to attract the stare and coarse remarks of the street crowd, generally accorded to a different class of women.

Women of the Town.

Of the latter class I can only say that, if Memphis suffered any diminution in numbers when the rest of her citizens stampeded, she must have been supplied beyond any chances of dearth. The streets are conspicuous with their gaudy and flowing drapery, whose amplitude is only equaled by the breadth of misapplied maternal attractions. They promenaded the streets in front of their residences, in evening costume, and walk to the corner bareheaded, arm and arm, to see what is going on out of doors; and the commonest thing in the worked is to see one arrayed

in the fleeciest and scantiest of magnificence, sailing down the main thoroughfares, preceded by a little negro girl in all the colors of the rainbow, to carry the parasol and other small equipments--the said small African being, as a general thing, a personal investment of several hundred dollars in cash. That is the style of advertising goods in this country. ... Shiloh.

CHICAGO TIMES, July 1, 1862, p. 1, c. 4
Special correspondence of the Chicago Times.

Memphis, Tenn., June 26.

. . . Personne, the correspondent of the Charleston Courier, thus describes Gen. Price and his army: ... "The army of General Price is made up of extremes. It is a heterogeneous mixture of all human compounds, and represents in the various elements every condition of western life. There are the old and the young, the rich and poor, the high and low, the grave and gay, the planter and laborer, farmer and clerk, hunter and boatman, merchants and woodsmen--men, too, who have come from every State, and been bronzed in every latitude from the mountains of the Northwest to the pampas of Mexico. Americans, Indians, half-breeds, Mexicans, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, Spaniards, Poles, and, for aught I know, Hottentots,--all mixed in the motley mass who have rallied around the flag of their noble leader. It is a 'gathering of the clans,' as if they had heard and responded to the stirring battle-call of my poetical friend, Harry Timrod.

"Nor is this wonderful army less picturesque in point of personal attire and weapons.

"Every man has come from his homestead fitted with the best and strongest that loving mothers, wives and sisters could put upon him. And the spectacle presented as they are drawn up in line, whether for marching or inspection, necessarily forms an arabesque pattern of the most parti-colored crowd of people upon which human eyes ever rested. Some are in black--full citizen's dress, with beaver hats and frock coats; some in homespun drab; some in gray, blue and streaked; some in nothing but red shirts, pants, and big top boots; some attempt a display with the old-fashioned militia uniforms of their forefathers; some have banners floating from their 'outer walls' in the rear; some would pass for our friend the Georgia Major who used to wear nothing but his shirt collar and a pair of spurs.

"Some are in rags,
Some in bags,
And some in velvet gowns."

"Take them all in all, they rival those fantastic shapes that hang upon the walls of memory in a poet's dream."

CHICAGO TIMES, July 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

The Oath of Allegiance at Memphis.

The Memphis Avalanche finds serious fault with the form of the oath of allegiance prescribed by Gen. Grant. It says it has been taken by but comparatively few of the old merchants, citizens, and property-holders. The objections are thus stated:

"The uncertainty of the results of war, with the changes and vicissitudes of fortune, in such contests, constitute, with many, grave objections to taking the oath as prescribed; and, with many other peculiar circumstances connected with their affairs and business, it presents to them

almost insuperable objections. One objection offered to our people is, that the oath compels persons to swear to certain political views as to the nature of the relations of the States to the Federal government which the great mass of our people do not believe to be correct. To them, under the circumstances, the oath seems to contain false tenets. Now, a person may not believe in the right of a State to seceded, yet, at the same time, he does not believe that the Federal authority is *paramount*. He may believe that the Federal authority is only paramount to the extent of its *delegated* powers. This has been from the foundation of the government up to the present revolution and war, the construction placed by a large majority of the people of the United States on the Federal constitution. Not only this, the adjudication of State and Federal have given the same construction to the powers of the Federal government; yet the oath as prescribed requires the citizen to swear irrespective of this distinction. It does seem to press the conscience a little too much where such political convictions be honestly entertained.

"If it were not for the required oath, we are satisfied that a considerable trade would spring up with the back country. Many little lots of cotton would come in, if the planters were permitted to ship it without having the oath put to them. They would cheerfully give their *parole of honor*, and observe it with punctilious fidelity not to carry information to the hostile forces, if they were permitted to escape the oath. We learn that Gen. Grant, to accommodate the objection stated, has determined to modify or change the oath. We will lay it before our readers as soon as we may procure a copy of it."

CHICAGO TIMES, July 19, 1862, p. 4, c. 3

Fashions for July.

From Le Follet.

For traveling there is nothing better than plain foulards or alpacas. In the latter material a drab shade is very much liked, and certainly is a very convenient color for tourists, who always suffer more or less from clouds of dust. Alpaca dresses are generally made in the redingote style, and closed down the front with a row of steel buttons. Foulards have, above the hem, a trimming formed of nine rows of braid—black, brown, China blue, or Solferino. This trimming is also carried up the front of the skirt, and on the body, with a row of buttons of the same shade up the centre. With a foulard robe, as well as with the alpaca, the small paletot, called *sante en barque*, is indispensable. It is always made of the same material of the dress, and trimmed to match; indeed, whatever may be the shape of the mantle for the country, or sea-side, it is more stylish when made of the same material and shade as the dress than of any contrasting color.

Muslins are of very charming designs this summer. The patterns which have had so much success in foulard during the spring have been reproduced in cool and gossamer-like material. Those most in vogue are in double stripes down the dress, alternating not only in shade but in design—the one stripe being plain, and the other chine. It may be trimmed with three flounces, at equal distances, but slightly differing in width. The body, low and full, is completed by a fichu pelerine of the same material as the dress. The sash should be of taffetas ribbon, to match the deepest shade of the dress, and tied behind with long ends. The sleeves half long, and moderately wide, trimmed like the skirt.

Among the novelties of summer out-of-doors wear are the shawls of yak lace—a white woolen lace. It is a very pure, brilliant white, and the texture soft and fine. These shawls are made in the richest Brussels designs. Small paletots are exceedingly fashionable.

Hats are so universally adopted, especially for traveling or country wear, that our modistes are giving much attention to their make and trimming; a description of a few, therefore, will be acceptable.

The "sailor's hat" is deep in the crown, the edge moderately broad and nearly straight. It is not, however, adopted without some opposition, many finding this shape rather masculine; and we are far from thinking they are wrong in their opinion.

The belle-poule is of black straw, with a ruche of feathers inside, and an aigrette of black and white ostrich feathers quite in front. A black velvet ribbon is tied round the crown, the ends being trimmed with lace.

The Florian hat is of Italian straw, edged with black feathers inside, and trimmed outside with black velvet ribbon and bunches of heath. A Pompadour veil of Chantilly lace, falling in a point over the face, tied behind with two ends.

The Watteau, of white straw, has the edge falling over the eyes, and the back part bent down, with a fringe of white and black feathers mixed with black lace fastened round the crown by a small rouleau of colored velvet and tied behind.

The Chapeau imperatrice stands first in attraction. It is trimmed with feathers and falling from the front. They are sometimes white and black, or a mixture of drab, gray, and black. As a rule, the shape and style of the hat should be chosen to suit the face; yet we may state that the chapeau Imperatrice is more becoming for married and the bateliere and cloche for young ladies.

CHICAGO TIMES July 21, 1862, p. 4, c. 1

A literary lady of New York says that Gen. Butler might have found a better way of reaching the rebel women of New Orleans than he employed. He should have taken with him a quantity of fashion magazines, and appealed to their tastes; the most savage specimen of female rebeldom would soften at the sight of a new hoop, the improved *tournure* of which, after being blockaded for a year and a half, she would be able at once to appreciate, and would wilt right down at the touch of a new French bonnet or mantilla.

CHICAGO TIMES, July 25, 1862, p. 4, c. 3

The Fashions.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Paris, July 4.

To describe French modes we must journey to London and take a peep into the World's Fair. The *annexe* of the vast building which has become appropriated to French exhibitors makes a brilliant display of novel and varied productions of art and industry. The tapestry is unique; the Gobelin fabrique waves a great banner hung aloft, which attracts every eye by its gorgeous coloring and faithful reproduction in wool of Titian's picture of the Assumption. Again, there are two wonderful fruit pieces, the manufacture of Beauvais. The Gobelin is all wool, the Beauvais is partly silk, and, in order to graduate perfectly the lights and shades, two threads of the silk of slightly different tints are always in use. At the head of the ceramic show stands the magnificent porcelain of Sevres; the royal blue, turquoise blue, rose Dubarry of the Sevres of former days are more than rivaled by the famous *celadon* and *celadon changeant* of modern Sevres (dating from 1855). The color is a dull sea green of many shades which pervades the paste, and on it the artists have succeeded in penciling with a similar but white paste various

designs, chiefly leaves and flowers, which stand out in gentle relief upon the vase or cup, white upon the *celadon* ground. The effect is very beautiful, especially in a variety of the *celedon* which is called *changeant*, because of the singular manner in which it reflects local color. By gaslight this *celadon* looks pink. The most interesting portion of the porcelain exhibited for the housekeeper is the pure white china of Limoges. The material is beautiful, and although the articles are very thin and semi-transparent, they are strong and don't break more easily than common earthenware.

The French fabriques of silk hold undisputed sovereignty; the stall in which the celebrated house of *saran a la Scabieuse, No. 10 Rue de la Paix* [?] has draped its tissues, offers beautiful specimens of silk materials. We notice particularly the taffetas with wide stripes of grey and *gris sarde* and black; *les dix milles carceaux blanc et noir, le taffetas quadrille et raye, gris garde et noir*; the gauze de Chambéry *gris perle, lilas fin Pervenche, &c.* Voilard's collection of laces bears away the palm from all his competitors. In the exhibition there is nothing to equal the fineness of the web of the beauty of the designs of his flounces, tunics, shawls, mantles, and barbes, in point de Alencon, point d'Angleterre, and Chantilly laces.

There is quite a change coming over the fashion of chaussures in Paris; black kid boots, stitched with white, or with brownish red, when out of doors on foot, are still worn; but for indoor wear, hardly a black boot is to be seen; red, green, or violet morocco shoes, according to the color of the dress, are universally adopted. With these, white cotton stockings with small flowers or dots in the same color as the morocco shoes are used; but when the slipper is made of silk or satin, then the stockings should be of silk, with clocks at the sides in the same color as the shoe. There are pretty morning slippers, grey alpaca, bound with a small black and white check silk, about an inch in depth, with a long bow; extending almost the breadth of the foot in front. This [illegible] is exactly the shade of the alpaca of which the shoe is composed, and has a jet buckle in the centre.

The small paletot called *Saute en barque*, either in black silk, or of the same material as the robe, is decidedly the most favorite form, for out door coverings; there is also the *camail*, a species of deep round cape. These should be trimmed with deep lace; they are often made for grande toilette, in white taffetas and trimmed with black lace. The main black scarf is also much worn in Paris. With a white dress we see the white cashmere *camail*, bordered with deep white lace. Bonnets are out of fashion for the summer season, even the pretty creations of the modistes, all crape and lace and flowers, look *outrés*. The hat is the reigning coiffure, not only for the sea side and country life, but the fair occupants of the brilliant equipages on the Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne are all decked with one of the many varieties of hats. The "sailor's hat" is deep in the crown, the edge moderately broad and nearly straight. The *bateliere* is still more becoming; the crown is lower, and the edge slightly raised and pointed in front. These hats are trimmed with a bouquet of flowers, or of ostrich feathers in two shades placed in front, and are fastened by a tulle or lace scarf tied behind in a large bow.

French gentlemen who are bound on country excursions and country sojourns discard cloth altogether, and adopt in its stead either foulard or alpaca. Black, grey, and violet alpaca paletots, with large metal buttons upon which are the initials, are worn. The short pantaloon of the same material is fastened round the knee with a garter of Russian leather.

CHICAGO TIMES, July 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Memphis, Tenn., July 23.

. . . There are some inside phases connected with these matters [all men between 18 and

45 must take oath or leave city] which never come to the knowledge of the people of the North; influences which are vigorously at work now on the hesitating and yielding votaries of southern rights. People know pretty well by this time what the sentiments of the southern women are on this question. They must use their imagination to come up to the reality which exists here in Memphis, where the women have not only invested their hearts in the cause, but are subjected to practical banishment from those in whom their interest is centered. It is not my place to rail against women for exhibiting those characteristics of their nature for which, at home, we would take them to our arms; neither do I conceal my disgust at public and unlady-like exhibitions of spite, of which, I am glad to say, there has been but little here. They are as God made them, firm adherents to the fortunes of their husbands, fathers, and brothers, and we can never expect them to be otherwise, be they of northern or southern birth. People need not be surprised, then, to hear that the feminine population of Memphis is very bitter. They are incorrigible partisans, one and all. The forms of society are still kept up, for there are whole circles which are unbroken, except by the absence of a portion of its male members, and within these the subject is agitated unceasingly and unrelentingly. I must say that, so far as my knowledge goes, I have seen no reason to envy the male secessionists of Memphis. They have much at stake. Property, personal preferences, and natural aversions incline many to remain and become loyal citizens. The female secessionists, on the contrary, have nothing to bind them except their sympathies with the personal investments already made in the southern cause, and they are truly merciless. To the bold and resolute, they are gracious and winning. Words could not proclaim in plainer signification that none but the brave deserve the fair. To the wavering, they are by turns conciliatory and denunciatory. To the recusant, they are ripe with sneers and sarcasms which would make a resolute man grow fierce with indignation, and burn the good intentions of a weaker mind to ashes. Many a man has thus been driven into support of the Southern Confederacy. A young lady I happen to know of took her lover to task as soon as the order was issued, to know which course he proposed to pursue. Her preferences were not a matter of a moment's indecision, for her whole family are in the southern army. When it came to sending her lover there also, a pang crossed her mind, and she hoped with all her heart that the order would be rescinded; but to consent that he should go North, or take the oath of allegiance, she could not. She was young, and beautiful and rich. What a position to place a young man in! Multiply the incident till it includes the whole Southern Confederacy, and, in various modifications, all its young men and women, and you have a fair sample of the social influences everywhere at work. . . . Shiloh.

CHICAGO TIMES, August 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

One day last week the Washington Provost Marshal had before him two soldiers in uniform, of a light form, who excited his suspicions. After being questioned they admitted that they were females, and had been serving as privates in a regiment now in Pope's army for many months. They were furnished with proper apparel and sent northward.

CHICAGO TIMES, August 18, 1862, p. 4, c. 5

The Fashions for August.

From Le Follet.

The fashionables are gradually disappearing from Paris, but the toilettes with which they

provide themselves plainly declare they have no desire to leave fashions behind them. Our large houses are now busily employed in the manufacture of dresses expressly designed for the watering places.

For the morning, or for traveling, simple dresses, as we have before said, are more in good taste than anything elaborate. White is in great favor just now. It is worn not only in muslin, jaconet or picque, but also in alpaca. Indeed, white alpaca is very fashionable, and suits both fair and dark complexions, which white de laine will not do, as it casts a slight yellow tinge, rendering it impossible for a brunette to wear it. The dress is completed either by a Spanish veste or a sante-de-barque. We would advise a blonde to have hers trimmed with three rows of mauve taffetas, each about two inches wide, round the bottom of the skirt. If the Spanish veste is adopted, it must be trimmed with one band of mauve; if the sante-en-barque is preferred, that must have three rows round it. But a brunette should have her white alpaca made with three narrow fluted flounces, each headed with a black velvet. The pockets also trimmed to match.

When a high body is worn it is trimmed so as to appear like a veste, and with it a band made with a double point behind and before. This kind of band is made in black taffetas, so that it can be worn with any skirt. The body being only fastened at the throat, a chemisette of plaited or embroidered muslin, or of jaconet, is worn under it. They are sometimes made in red cachemere, very short, with a chemisette of white jaconet or nankeen foulard, and trimmed with a passementerie of chenille put on with an embroidery of jet. The sleeves are short and trimmed to match; long sleeves can easily be added if required. Sometimes the chemisette and long sleeves are made of white foulard, braided in red.

Amongst the novelties we may notice bands made of Russian leather. They are worn with different dresses, but above all with the chemisette and vest. Nothing but Russian leather is considered in good taste, and no buckle must be worn; it is simply fastened by a flat double bow. Very narrow straps of perfumed Russian leather are also formed into watch chains, and take the place of gold chains (for a season, at least,) with silk dresses.

The trimming of skirts are not worn higher than the knee; frequently only a single flounce set on deep plaits, with a space left between and not wider than four or five inches, or sometimes seven or nine inches in width, but always with a heading. They continue to trim the bottom of skirts with a narrow plaited ribbon, rather more than an inch wide, and, as it is placed inside and reaches a little below, it preserves the bottom of the skirts from cutting, now they are worn so long. Three rows of narrow flounces, two or two and a half inches wide, are worn trimmed with three rows of braid, a deeper shade than the ground of the dress, or of a color suiting that of the design. Above each flounce are put three rows of narrow ribbon, about half an inch wide, and a row of braid, or sometimes they cut the flounce on the bias, which, when in striped material, produces a pleasing effect; and flounces thus cut are edged by several rows of braid, the color of the stripe.

Skirts made with one flounce have that trimmed sometimes at the bottom with three or five rows of narrow velvet or galon, waved with a velvet of four or five inches wide, with three narrower on each side of it. This kind of trimming is always put upon the dress in tunique fashion.

Summer dresses are made generally with a scarf round the waist, tied at the side, or very frequently behind, and always trimmed to match the rest of the dress.

Visiting bonnets are extremely elegant and light. The following are among the most admired:

A bonnet of drawn white tulle, with bands of black lace upon the curtain, which has a

blue ribbon hemmed in the edge. Upon the edge of the front a scarf of tulle illusion is gracefully folded forming a coquille in the middle of a bunch of blue feathers. The inside is trimmed with a diadem of blue flowers. White strings.

Another bonnet is of Belgian straw, with a white crape front covered with Chantilly lace, which descends on either side, forming strings. Curtain or [of] black silk, edged with white. Strings to match. Coquilles of blonde, black lace and large rose buds on one side.

A pink crape bonnet, the edge trimmed with ruches of crape, forming deep curves on either side in the style of the Marie Stuart. A band of plated [sic] pink taffetas is placed on the front. The curtain is of pink taffetas, covered with white tulle. Strings of pink ribbon. The inside is trimmed with white blonde, pink eglantine, and roses.

Hats are universally worn in this country. The shapes and styles differ slightly. The most aristocratic are the most simple—mostly made of very fine Leghorn, trimmed with white and black feathers. A black lace scarf is tied round the crown, and falls over the shoulders. Some are lined with pink or white taffetas, and edged with black velvet, a bunch of tea roses, with foliage. A curled white feather lightly covers the flowers.

The imperatrice hat is trimmed with feathers of two colors, and fall of lace; or with a taffetas scarf, edged with lace and the front covered with flowers.

The sailor's hat is also seen and is becoming to some faces. The white horsehair, lined with pink or white silk, trimmed with white feathers, and a fall of white lace, is usually worn with a muslin or light colored silk dress.

We have seen some very pretty coronets for summer ball-dress, composed of bunches of fruit mixed with flowers; they are placed round the comb encircling the knot of hair. Other coiffures in the Watteau style, are now of myosotis mixed with moss rosebuds, or hearts'-ease interlaced with small bunches of trees and foliage.

We can also recommend the summer nets, which are cooler than the chenille, and after the style of those worn at Fontainebleau under the Carotier hat. This net is of passementerie, like a broad open braid; the prettiest are of blue, with a velvet bow to match. There are also very pretty ones in black and straw, with straw-tassels; but we can only recommend those on account of their being worn by some elegant ladies, not that we usually admire pendants on the coiffure.

Some very artistic caps are composed of blonde, with a scarf falling behind; the front is trimmed with ruches of taffetas, in which are mixed very small flowers of honey-suckle and rosebuds. Others made of white and black blonde are trimmed with coques of pale green ribbon; these coques fall from small tufts of grass, in which is placed a small flower or white rose.

Wreaths are not quite so much worn as tufts of flowers. Green and colored leaves are much employed, either as trimmings for dresses or coiffures; moss also forms a favorite trimming. Black velvet is much used to connect the tufts of flowers of [or] leaves, and forms a very pretty ornament. Lobelia is now being imitated most beautifully, and is an exceedingly elegant trimming, being even lighter and more supple than the myosotis.

CHICAGO TIMES, August 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

From Jackson, Tenn.

A Visit to the Country,
Cotton-Ginning.

A Southern Unionist on Democracy
and Abolitionism.

&c.,

&c.,

&c.

Special Correspondence to the Chicago Times.

Jackson, Tenn., Aug. 12.

In company with a cotton buyer, I yesterday paid a visit to the country. He was after cotton, and I after sight-seeing. The roads of this country were laid to accommodate the farms and the "lay of the land," and therefore they go winding around hills, across valleys, and through the woods, decidedly in contrast with the checker-board arrangements of the northwestern States. Hot and dusty as it was, the ride was not without points of interest. The land is considerably rolling; the valleys and flats are of considerable extent and fertile; while the hills seemed of a light sandy soil, and, where they had been cultivated, to be pretty much worn out. Indeed, some of them had been abandoned, and the rain had washed great gulleys [sic] down the declivities. Such a thing as feeding the land with manure, or clovering it, never seemed to have entered into the arrangements of the farmers. The barn houses, yards, stock, implements, fruit trees, fences, gardens, &c., would not compare very well with the like possessions of a northwestern farmer of equal wealth. The few apple and peach trees were breaking down under the weight of their load of fruit; but, in the way of varieties, they were just such as sprang up of their own accord. Grafted apple trees and budded peach trees have not been yet extensively introduced. But the abundance of fruit on the few trees we saw proved the adaptation of the soil and climate to these productions.

After a six miles' ride, we turned from the wood into a lane, and made slowly for a cotton press and gin we saw in operation, three-quarters of a mile distant. We found the location on the highest point of land we had attained, and we could look off in the valleys in every direction, and see hundreds of acres covered with growing corn. Not a stalk of cotton could we see, or had we seen during the day. There is a pleasant grove of oak around the house of a former proprietor, and near by the gin and press necessary to prepare the cotton for market. The present proprietor had added this farm to his estate, and the house was tenantless. The proprietor was at his house, a mile distant, and a little nigger was mounted on a little mule to inform him that some gentlemen wanted to see him about his cotton. Four negro men, three boys and three girls, were at work in ginning and baling cotton. The gin house was a log structure, placed on stilts, eight feet above the ground, under which was the lever power and the big wheel to propel the gin, to which was attached four mules, with a little nigger on the end of each lever to keep the mules in motion. As the cotton came from the gin, it fell into a lean-to at one end, while the seeds were thrown back into the room. One nigger fed the gin and took care of the seeds. The press, when the screw was turned off, stood full 25 feet high, with heavy timbers morticed together, through the top piece of which the screw was worked. The screw was of wood, and 14 feet long and 14 inches in diameter. From the top of the screw came down two long bowing swaps, to which horses or mules are attached to turn the screw. Below, under ground, is a box the size of a cotton bale, put together and taken down by clasps. Above this is a stationary box, connecting directly with it. One half of the bailing is spread upon the bottom, which is groved [grooved] to admit the passage of the rope that finally binds the bale. About 500 pounds of cotton are then weighed and put into the boxes and trampled down as much as possible, when the other half of the baling, with its edges rolled up, is placed on top. The follower, attached to and turning on the lower end of the screw and filling the length and width of the boxes, is adjusted, and one horse set to

trotting around the ring to send the screw to its work. After a little, the pulling becomes two hard for him, and a pair of mules are detached from the gin and attached to the end of the other lever, and soon the screw is down; the cotton is all squeezed into the lower box, the sides and ends of which are now taken off, the bailing adjusted and sewed together, and the ropes passed around the bale through the grooves and drawn tight and tied, the screw is turned the other way, and the bale is rolled out ready for market.

I remarked to one of the "intelligent contrabands" that it was pretty hot work for such a day.

"Yes," said he, "but we's in a mighty hurry."

"What makes you in a hurry?"

"Cause we want's to get massa's cotton out of de way so's we can gin on em. We's afeard dem Confederate soldiers is coming again, and dey'll burn it all up. Does you tink dey's comin' soon, massa?"

"Guess not, my boy. How much cotton have you?"

"I reckon we boys have about seven bales, and we's mighty skeered that we shan't get it sold. When will dem Confederates be here?"

"Not for the present. You will have plenty of time to get your cotton off."

"Does ye think so?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Dat's good!"

And, evidently much relieved in his mind, he commenced hurrying up the work. I thought, considering "massa" had but eleven bales, that seven was a pretty good share for four "boys," and at thirty cents per pound, which it is now bringing, it would make them quite a handsome pile.

"Mary" grinned beautifully at the sight of fifty cents, the promise of which set her off in a hurry to fill our small bag with peaches. Two little fellows looked wistfully, and scampered after her in the hopes of dividing the spoils. When they returned, they plead for five cents each because they had climbed the trees. Thus in these little black children, less than a half dozen years old, the love of money was developed as strongly as in white children.

The proprietor arriving, a gentleman who had passed his three score years and ten, my cotton friend soon disposed of his business. On being introduced to him, I found him quite deep, yet fully as inquisitive as a Yankee.

"Do you live at Jackson?" he said.

"No, I reside in Chicago."

"In Chicago! You are a northern man, then—perhaps an officer in the army?" looking at me with a very great degree of astonishment.

"No, sir."

"You will take no offence if I ask you your business?"

"No, sir. I am a newspaper correspondent."

"Oh! you write letters to the newspapers. Is there any chance for the democrats to beat the abolitionists up there?"

"I hope so."

"You are a democrat, I reckon. If you could only beat the abolitionists, we democrats could soon fix up this war. I have opposed it all the way through—opposed secession—and have always been in favor of the old government. The democrats always conducted the government successfully and harmoniously, and, if they should beat the abolitionists at the North, the old

government will soon be restored."

"I think so."

"Yes, the first thing to be done is to vote down the abolitionists."

The cotton-weighing then proceeded, and I amused myself in watching the playing of the little boys and girls in the loose cotton.

As we were about to leave, I drew from my pocket a tin foil paper of tobacco to replenish my "quid," the dong of which attracted the attention of the old gentleman.

"What is that you are putting into your mouth?"

"Tobacco. Will you have some?"

"What, do you have tobacco cut up in that way? I never see the like before. Don't you swallow it?"

I assured him that gentlemen "up north" did not use any other kind, and that, although the article I had was of rather poor quality, yet, if he was a lover of the weed, he would find that it would not hurt him; upon which he appropriated a small quantity, the girls took a quid, and, amid invitations to call again, we departed. It was so late in the afternoon that we concluded to return immediately to quarters.

The old gentleman had resided on the farm more than thirty years, scarcely ever getting out of sight of it, and never but once getting twenty-five miles from home, when he took his first and only railroad ride to see a sick relation. He is a devout Christian belonging to the Methodist Church and is known in the neighborhood as being "gifted in prayer." If the country was full of such citizens, there would be little chance for demagogues to drag us into civil wars.

J. M. G.

CHICAGO TIMES, September 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Another man running away in woman's clothes.--A person dressed in female apparel, who left Rochester on Saturday's train for Niagara Falls, was observed to set [sic] in an uneasy manner, and on examination it was discovered that the person was a man in woman's clothes, and was making for Canada to escape the draft. He was put under arrest at Lockport. His name is Tallman; he is from Tallmansville, Pa., and was a postmaster under Buchanan.

CHICAGO TIMES, September 22, 1862, p. 4, c. 5

Paris Fashions for September.

From Le Follet.

In the list of fashionable materials foulard still retains its reputation. The robe peignoir and burnous are very generally made in this article, and taking into consideration the variety of patterns and colors in which it is manufactured, it is not surprising that it should continue so much in favor. Those of Indian manufacture in gold, maize, or dust color, form charming toilettes, more or less dressy, according to the style in which they are trimmed. A skirt of plain foulard of a superior quality, trimmed with two narrow tinted flounces, and a vest burnous or saute-en-barque, with one narrow frill, forms a simple toilette, which may be worn equally by the most distingue lady of fashion, or by one of less pretensions.

A plain violet foulard, braided in a large pattern, forming a wreath and a saute-en-barque body, and a veste braided to match, constitutes another style in which this article is becomingly made up.

No more elegant morning dress can be imagined, in this material, than a white ground with bouquets of flowers scattered over it. It is also now worn for evening dress in the country or at watering-places. They are very suitable for young girls, when made with sash tied behind, and two long ends, and the skirts trimmed with the two narrow flounces so generally worn. They are edged with white or colored taffetas. If the body be made low, it should have a small fichu of tulle, trimmed with blonde or lace, not reaching lower than to meet the sash behind, made open and terminating in front with two points. With the Pompadour foulard, when the body is low, it is usual to wear with it an embroidered muslin veste trimmed with lace, or with a muslin ruche edged with very narrow Valenciennes.

Many drab dresses have been worn, trimmed with blue. The cornflower has been very much in vogue this summer, but this color is only suitable for the long days, as it loses all its beauty at night.

The burnous, saute-en-barque and rotonde are the only out-of-door garments worn just now. Shawls are quite out of favor, though we believe this is only for a time. The saute-en-barque is made of the same material as the dress, but it will now begun to be worn also in black silk. There are some very pretty models for the autumn. Those of thick corded taffetas are generally trimmed with a full pinked ruche. It is not carried round the bottom, but up the front and round the throat and sleeves only. Another style of paletot is made of plain guipure, lined all through with lilac, white, or amaranth. The Rotonde is a decidedly fashionable form. For the watering places, it is very frequently made in white cashmere, lined with colored taffetas, and black lace laid round it, under which is a band of the same color as the lining. It is very stylish and, above all others, most adapted for young ladies. It is also made in an article resembling white plush, with colored stripes and gold threads.

We observed a rose colored taffetas with narrow white stripes; the skirt trimmed with plisees, but on in a lozenge shape, and reaching up to the knees. Each plisse is edged with a narrow rose and white fringe. The body open square showing a chemisette, with a rose-colored ribbon run through the hem around the throat, and closed down the front by six pearl buttons. The sash of ribbon to match the dress in color, trimmed with fringe, and tied in a large bow behind. The sleeves open, with a seam at the back, are also trimmed with fringed plisses like the skirt.

Another effective dress was of maize-colored gauze de Chambéry, with small checks of brown silk. The skirt has a wide flounce round the bottom covered with six narrow ruches of brown taffetas, and headed by a fluting of the same color. The *a la* Raphael is rather higher upon the shoulders, very low in front, and trimmed round the top with brown taffetas plisses. Under it is a chemisette, formed of tucks and guipure insertions, with a ruche round the throat, and an insertion threaded through the velvet. The sleeves, nearly tight, are open all the length of the seam at the back of the arm, and caught together by bars, between which are introduced buillottes of tulle and ruches of brown ribbon.

A charming dress of Chambéry gauze, in a pale shade of Solferino, with little black spots embroidered over it, particularly attracted our notice. The bottom of the skirt, made with these narrow flounces, gauffered, trimmed with very narrow black guipure, and the flounces separated from each other by insertions of guipure. The body is trimmed round with a quilled frill and double insertions of guipure. The sleeves, which are very wide, trimmed *en suite* with the skirt. A long guipure sash, tied behind, or simply of the same material as the dress, edged with guipure.

An elegant ball dress of white tulle illusion, over rose-colored taffetas, produced an

excellent effect. It is made with two skirts. The bottom of the lower skirt is covered with buillionnes on the bias, which are separated by a light branch of pink and white briar roses. The second skirt forms, in appearance, a rather long tunique trimmed with a wide flounce of white lace, above which winds another branch of briar roses. The body low, with a berthe of lace, and a wreath of flowers round the shoulders.

Another ball dress is of white tarlatane; the bottom of the skirt trimmed with a flounce of rich black guipure, headed by a tarlatane ruche, which is edged with a narrow guipure; the second skirt, caught up by a wreath of field flowers, is bordered with a ruche, headed by a flounce of guipure falling in festoons, just over the ruche. The body, trimmed with guipure, is crossed by a wreath fastened on the shoulders with a bouquet.

The hats of this season, which are not precidesly chapeaux de ville—as it is the only exception to see them worn in the town—are of four different shapes, and comprise the capeau bataliere, which is the largest; the chapeau marin, of smaller dimensions; the chapeau Tudor, with raised sides; and the chapeau Imperatrice, which is flat at the sides, slightly falling before and behind, and a raised crown. The month of August has added a fifth, which seems to be gaining favor. We allude to the Maria Antoinette form, the crown of which is small and high, and the brim narrow and flat. It is very much trimmed with feathers and flowers, placed just on the top of the head. The hair is drawn back and crimped with large curls on each side of the head and plaits at the back. Those made in black and white crinoline or Lausanne straw are much used for traveling and are generally trimmed with small bunches of flowers or fruit.

The head-dresses for the present season are much lighter than those worn in the winter. The jardiniere made of delicate wild flowers mixed with different grasses, is perhaps the most elegant. Some of the best houses are introducing lace and velvet to mix with the flowers and feathers; they have a charming appearance made with black and pink, white, or lilac marabout. A beautiful wreath or dinner-dress is composed of bunches of serbler [sic?] mixed with black velvet; another with eglantine and green velvet; and a third, of black and white grapes, with foliage in shaded green velvet. Very elegant wreaths are also made of white roses, with their buds forming detached boquets [sic], joined together by a wreath of vine leaves. The leaves must be quite young and small, or the color would be too sombre.

CHICAGO TIMES, October 25, 1862, p. 4, c. 1

Paris Fashions.
Modes for Autumn.

From Le Follet.

It may be considered quite a settled thing that small mantles and cloaks will be very much worn this autumn and winter. From the numerous models shown we will choose some of the prettiest to describe. Before proceeding, however, we would mention a new material destined to meet with great success. It is of very fine wool, thick and soft. They give it the name of velvet in consequence of its brilliant and silky appearance, but, above all, the richness and beauty of the color in which it is manufactured produce a charming effect. It is made in light violet, blue or golden brown, of shades hitherto unequalled.

One mantle, of a graceful shape, is round, longer at the back than the front. It has several seams from the shoulders down to the waist, causing it to sit well over the shoulders. It has

armholes, but no sleeves, and the top is finished off by a collar, pointed in the front. The mangle is trimmed round with a thick fringe. On the seams and round the openings of the arms a passementerie is placed. The material employed is a woolen velvet of brown, violet or blue; the passementerie and fringe black.

Another cloak is similar to the last, but made with sleeves. A light passementerie forms a pelerine, and is edged by a row of hanging ornaments formed of cut jet beads. Some of the same trimming is placed on the sleeve, forming a cuff.

The Fakir is of the round form, but reaches down to the bottom of the skirt. A double band of the material, through which the hand is passed, forms a sleeve. The mantle is ornamented, in front and at the sides with medallions of rich passementerie. Similar medallions form ornaments on the shoulders and down the back, terminating in black silk cord or tassels. It is also fastened at the throat with cords and tassels.

The Natchez, of brown woolen velvet, is not so long as the last, and divided up the back with an insertion the whole length of the mantle, made of medallions and cords of passementerie. A kind of stole of passementerie is placed over the shoulders. The front is trimmed with rich buttons.

The last mantle we will mention is of black silk velvet. It is very wide, and rather long behind like a rounded train. It is folded from the shoulders to the waist. Wide bands of black guipure form ornaments on the sides. The sleeves are shaped and rather small. Cords and tassels and buttons are used as fastenings.

Italian foulard is one of the materials especially suitable for autumn. It may be trimmed with taffetas, quilted or not. It is as strong and as pretty as taffetas, and thicker. We have seen it in brown, with narrow black stripes; or with little violet flowers, or quite plain, fawn color—a shade very fashionable just now; and, indeed, in sufficient variety of colors and patterns to suit all tastes; but sombre [sic] patterns are most *a la mode* this season.

One of the leading Parisian houses uses but little trimming of negligee dresses; but seems to favor buttons, bows or rosettes of passementerie. For the cold days of autumn, quilted trimmings, stitched in the same color as the material, will be fashionable. Stitchings in white must be discarded; they have become so thoroughly common. Bands of fancy braids or velvets will be much worn also.

Some very elegant trimmings have been made for handsome dresses. One was on a dress of thick Lyons taffetas violet de Parme color. The skirt is trimmed with five bands of black velvet, edged on each side with a quilling, made in large plaits of the same taffetas as the dress. The contre, or third band is the widest, the narrowest being about four inches wide. The quillings are edged with a narrow black velvet.

Other dresses, of jaspe (a kind of brilliant [illegible] ngled) taffetas, of silver-grey color, were trimmed with five rows of black velvet, of different [illegible] round the skirt. Across these bands an [illegible] velvet was laid on, in the figure of 8, reaching from the top of the bottom, and at every point where it crossed the straps underneath a button of rich passementerie and jet beads were sewed.

[section accidentally not copied]

Dress of alpaca, butter color. Eleven rows of narrow black velvet placed above the hem, and carried up the front to the shoulders. The sleeves, which have turned back cuffs, are trimmed to match.

Buff alpaca dress, trimmed above the hem with three bias folds of black silk about an inch wide, and fastened on at the top only. Each fold is headed by three rows of narrow black

braid, and placed a little distance apart. Paletot of the same, trimmed to match.

White muslin dress, with plain skirt. Above the hem, a pattern worked in black wool. Scarf, with wide hem, and trimming to match the dress. Sailor's hat of Leghorn; trimmed with a scarf of black tulle, and a bouquet of field flowers in front.

We have not been permitted to describe the newest shapes and materials employed by our most fashionable milliners, although allowed to penetrate into their secrets; but, if we betray their confidence in a small degree, the readers of our journal will thank us, and we courageously brave the reproaches of our obliging artistes.

The Mexican blue, in velvet, crape, or royal velvet is the finest shade that can be seen. An almost imperceptible shade separates it from the azure blue, yet the difference renders it decidedly preferred for dresses, bonnets and flowers.

Another beautiful and sombre [sic] color is a dark slate, made in velvet for bonnets—a most useful shade, as it harmonizes with all colors.

The shape continues raised on the forehead, but not to the extreme; indeed, in the good houses, it is a distinguishing feature that nothing eccentric or exaggerated is to be found.

Among the most graceful and becoming we have seen is a terry velvet, called the elours d'Egypte. The color is Egyptian earth—a new shade, destined to meet with great success. The top of the crown is covered with a band of velvet to match; this band is edged round with a fringe of white blonde. On the front is placed a plume of light white feathers, mixed with a bunch of white pinks, with small leaves and black shining buds. The same ornament inside the cap is of blonde, embroidered with narrow black velvet. The curtain is covered with frills of white blonde. The strings are of taffetas, to match the velvet.

Another bonnet is of embroidered black tulle, trimmed with plaited blue ribbons, crossed with bands of black velvet. The curtain is of black velvet, lined and edged with blue. A tuft of black and blue feathers is placed on the edge of the front. The inside is ornamented over the forehead with black lace, corn and black and white small branches of trees. The cap is white, edged with black. The strings are blue.

A third bonnet is drawn in white taffetas. The shape is slightly raised in front, and edged with a ruche of white taffetas, in which is placed a profusion of small black heath, the flowers composed of gilded feathers. The same trimming in a kind of coronet, with a bouquet of white jasmine in the middle, encircles the forehead. The cap at the sides is formed of coquilles, edged with black velvet. The crown is soft, and made of terry velvet, with bows of narrow white ribbon. The curtain is also of terry velvet, edged with black. The strings of white taffetas ribbon.

Another bonnet is of Napoleon blue terry velvet, of the Marie Antoinette form, very raised and rounded. The crown is of plain white tulle, covered with a crossing of velvet. The outside and inside of the front are trimmed with bouquets of moss rose buds, with dead leaves and white lace. The curtain is of terry velvet, lined with white taffetas. The cap is edged with narrow black velvet; blue strings.

End--Oct. 28, 1862