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Atlanta Daily Register, March-April 1864

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ATLANTA [GA.] DAILY REGISTER
March - April 1864

ATLANTA [GA] DAILY REGISTER, March 19, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Rags! Rags!

The highest price paid for rags, or value given by crediting subscription to the Register. We will buy all cotton rags brought to this office.

Feb. 22--1 mo.

ATLANTA [GA] DAILY REGISTER, March 19, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Wytheville, Va.,
March 5, 1864.

Editor Register: Sir--You will confer a great favor upon Dr. J. M. Boyd, who is now somewhere in Georgia or South Carolina, by announcing in your paper that his wife and family are out of East Tennessee and are remaining in this place until they hear of his whereabouts. Your ob't serv't,

P. Lea Rogers,
of Knoxville, Tenn.

ATLANTA [GA] DAILY REGISTER, April 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

For the Knoxville and Atlanta Register,
My Loving Husband,
Who would rather look at me than the Yanks.

My husband is a daring man,
I'd like to find his match,
But sure I think that can't be done
Unless you find "Old Scratch."

Now ever since this war began,
The man is in a fright,
To be in town at all by day,
Or on a moonlight night.

Sometimes he comes into the house,
Trembling with fear all o'er;
At first I hid myself, and thought
That he was "half seas o'er."

But soon I ascertained the cause
Of all his trepidation--
A *conscript officer* was seen
At the next railway station!

To stay at home, I never saw
 So many projects tried;
Once, when he thought he'd *have* to go,
 The fellow fairly cried.

I told him that I would not be
 A *coward* for my life;
He said, "My dear, I'm not *afraid*--
 But--I *can't leave my wife!*"

He's stingy as the mischief;
 But to all the poor about
He gives small bribes of meat and flour,
 Lest they give his secret out.

He's "Agent for the Government"--
 So I oft hear him say--
His *papers* I have never seen,
 They must be hid away!

One day he swears he'll run blockades
 And quit this wretched nation;
The next, he turns up safe and sound,
 On his "bomb proof" plantation.

He tells me every hour and day,
 "I'm d----d if I will go,
Those cursed d----d Yankees
 Do *shoot* a fellow so."

Oh, dear! I wish I was a man,
 I'm sure I would be brave.
The highest I would wish, [sic?]
 To fill a soldier's grave.

And when I tell him so, he says,
 "Twill do right well to talk;
But what's the use of honor,
 When one's shot so he can't walk?"

Will no one as a favor,
 Make my husband take a bite
At some enrolling officer,
 Who'll take him to the fight?

Oriana.

ATLANTA [GA] DAILY REGISTER, April 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

The Morgan Hat.--We approach the subject of woman's apparel with fear and trembling, knowing, as this local thinks he does, that it is a lady's prerogative to dress as she pleases, without dictation from the sterner sex, but our fair readers, the

"Girls whose golden curls,
Are mingled with our dreams"

will doubtless be rejoiced with a joy unspeakable when this local announces, which he now does, with all the mighty consequences staring him full in the face, that he respectfully begs leave to differ with the "Spirit of the Press" in his tirade against the MORGAN HAT, and *women's rights* generally. And he now takes up the pen (not the sword) to defend the good taste of the many pretty girls who it has been his pleasure to see promenading Whitehall street, wearing this beautiful and *captivating* hat. "The *Spirit* of the Press" being an old man, well stricken in years, should remember that Lincoln's blockade has rendered it impossible for our fair young friends (and their name is legion, so far as this local is advised, up to present writing,) to obtain their usual supply of bonnets, and instead of abusing them for adopting the Morgan Hat he should have commended them for their noble and independent zeal and industry in making themselves independent of Yankee tricks.

You are right, girls, and in the language of the *immortal* Davy Crocket, this local says, "Go ahead."

ATLANTA [GA] DAILY REGISTER, April 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

Correspondence of the Knoxville and Atlanta Register.

Gen'l Hospital Montgomery Ala.
March 30th, 1864.

. . . While the coffee and eggs were being prepared we were amused by hearing some pretty sharp sparring between a Quartermaster and a Doctor. The Q. M. began the attack by asking the Dr. if he had heard the latest definition of the letters M. S. which the Drs. wear in groupful embroidery on their caps. The Dr. had not heard the definition and was informed that the M. S. stood for man slayer. The Dr. looked a little crest fallen, but soon recovered and came back at his foe in this style. "Well Captain, you hit us pretty hard. I believe I can give you a new and truthful definition of the letters which make the handle to your name, A. Q. M., C. S. A., means A Quartermaster Can Steal Anything.

The Q. M. retired from the fight and the crowd were inclined to believe that Aesculapius rather had the advantage of Mercury. . . .

All my ideas of hospital life have vanished. I shared heretofore the common prejudice against our hospital system, and thought our sick and wounded soldiers were neglected, half starved and cruelly treated. I find the reverse to be the case. From Dalton to Montgomery the hospitals are characterized by order, cleanliness and comfort, the Doctor's attentive to the wants of their patients, and courteous in their manners, the nurses kind, quick and obliging, the food nutritious and well cooked, the beds clean and every possible arrangement for the comfort of the patients. This (the General Hospital), is a model for cleanliness, comfort and regularity. Its [illegible] economy moves with the system of clock work. Dr. Keyes [barely legible] who has charge of the officers ward, is one of the kindest and most thorough physicians I have seen. In addition to the other and varied excellencies of this hospital, it is attended by the Sisters of

Charity--those dear souls whose whole life is a systematized sacrifice of self on the altar of the good of others. An abnegation of personal comfort, a tender ministrations to the sick and suffering, a Samaritan like charity characterize this holy Sisterhood. God's blessing must surely rest on the Church that is the parent of such an institution. Their lives of abnegation have their reward even in this world. The grateful prayers of those whose wounds they have dressed, whose fevered brows they have cooled, whose sufferings their mild ministrations have alleviated, must constantly go up to God as a sweet incense from the altar of their charity.--The hand that pens these lines must be cold in death when I cease to feel a tender gratitude for Sister Prudentia. Long may she and her noble Sisters live to scatter the blessings of charitable lives on suffering humanity.

Montgomery, like all other towns of the South, is crowded with fashion and finery.-- Splendid horses, handsomely dressed officers, (bombproof fellows), and magnificent women make a lively panorama of the streets.

It is hard to realize in looking on this seething surface of elegance, that beneath it rages a volcano--that the very liberties of these fair butterflies are trembling in the scale, and that a few months will inevitably and eternally decide the destiny for weal and horror, or woe and chains. Unfortunately for the South too many of her children are blind to the big issue of national life or death that now confronts us, or selfishly struggling to secure their ease in the hour of their country's peril. "*Dulce et decorum et pro patria mori*" is a sentiment supplanted by "*Vive la bagatelle*." It is a matter of more moment now to get a soft and easy place far in the rear than it is to rush to the front, in defense of all that should be sweet and dear to a freeman's heart. I long again to see and hear the ragged heroes in front; to read in their bold, bright eyes, and defiant bearing the resolution that makes men freemen, to hear past perils talked of, and coming campaigns canvassed, instead of the eternal discussions of tax [sic] currency, that favor the staple of conversation out of the army. . . .

Cassius.