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Atlanta Southern Confederacy, March 1861-May 1863

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SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA]

March 4, 1861 - May 23, 1863

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 7, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

The Importation of Opium.--One of the curious facts revealed by the publication of Custom House tables is that there was imported into the country last year, three hundred thousand pounds of opium. Of this amount it is estimated, from reliable data, that not more than one tenth is used for medical purposes. The habit of eating opium is known to be spreading rapidly among lawyers, doctors, clergymen and literary men, and enormous quantities are used by the manufacturers of those poisonous liquids which are dealt out in drinks in the saloons and groceries that infest every city and village in the country.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 8, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Mrs. Millington, of Selma, Alabama, has been committed to Dallas jail, without bail, on a charge of murdering a slave.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 11, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

"Will You Marry Me?"--On Sunday last was an occurrence in one of our churches hardly suited for the occasion. After service, a young man who carries the collecting plate, as usual put his hand in his vest pocket to place upon it a piece of money before starting to collect. He dropped, as he supposed, a quarter on the plate, and, without looking at it, passed around among the congregation.--Instead of silver, however, he had inadvertently placed a conversation lozenge in the centre [sic] of the plate, and all were astonished, at seeing the lozenge with the words staring them in the face, "Will you Marry Me?" The young ladies probably thought this was an unusual mode of "proposing!" but no doubt it was the sight of them which caused the mistake.--States & Union.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 12, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

Short Hair for Ladies.--Several Northern ladies have been advocating, through Godey's Book, the adoption of the fashion of short hair for ladies. We are sure no Southern lady will allow her head to be shorn, of "the glory" of "its fair length."

Now, hear what St. Paul says about the matter in 1 Corinthians, chapter X, verse 14-15:

"Doth not even nature itself teach you that if a man have long hair, it is a shame to him.

But, if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her; for the hair is given her for a covering."

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 18, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

The Grant Factory

This is one of the several Cotton and woolen Manufactories in and near Columbus. It is situated within the corporate limits of the city immediately on the Chattahoochee river, and was established about the year 1844, and originally known as the "Coweta Manufacturing Company." The proprietors now are Messrs. Daniel and John J. Grant, of this city.

The capital stock amounts to \$60,000. The disbursements per annum are as follows: For labor, \$12,000; sundry expenses, \$5,000; for Cotton, \$40,000; for wool \$10,000; making, in all,

\$65,000. The Company manufacture, per annum, 800 bales of Osnaburgs, 480,000 yards; 300 bales of yarn, 78,000 pounds; 200 bales of kerseys, 80,000 pounds; and 6,000 pounds of rope, thread, &c., &c. The total value of the productions amounts to \$81,000, from which taking the disbursements, \$65,000, leaves \$16,000.

The Company give employment to about 80 hands, male and female, the preference to the latter, for the excellent reason that it is much easier for males to shift for themselves; while by giving the preference in employment to females, many indigent widows and families are, we may say, rescued from absolute starvation. The operatives appear to be contented and are paid according to their competency to earn wages. Some can manage only one loom while others can easily manage from three to four. Many poor families, composed entirely of females, and dependent upon their manual labor, are thus secured adequate means for their support, and with proper economy, may gradually accumulate a competency.

The factory is located at the head of the Canal for bringing into requisition the water power to the city Factories, and has superior advantages on account of it. The articles manufactured are Kerseys and plain white Osnaburgs exclusively; but we learn that the Company intend, in the course of a few weeks, to commence the manufacture of Stripes, being already engaged in the necessary preparations. This improvement was demanded by the increase of their business and the growing demand for that description of goods.

During our visit, we observed that the gentlemanly and efficient Clerk and book keeper Mr. O'Keefe, was filling a large order for Osnaburgs for an extensive mercantile establishment in Selma, Ala. We are glad to learn that the success of the establishment warrants an enlargement of its business, and take it as an earnest of the continued prosperity which is destined to crown the manufacturing enterprises of this "Lowell of the South."--Columbus Sun.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 18, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Three girls, in Jacksonville, Vermont, braided thirty-six full sized men's palm-leaf hats in fifteen hours, one day last week. The quickest time in which they completed three, was forty-five minutes.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 22, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

From the Clayton Banner.

Southern Rights Song.

As Composed and Sung by Prof. Wilber.

Air--"Yankee Doodle."

Old Abe's elected, so they say,

And so is darkey Hamlin;

The Yankees think they've gained the day

By negro votes and gambling.

So let them have a happy time

With pumkin [sic] pies and clam-bakes,

Before they are through I'll bet they'll find
There's two sides to a pancake.

Old Abe, they say, is making hash,
And mixing up soft sodder,
With which he thinks to gull the South--
But we know corn from fodder.
So let them have, &c.

The Cotton States are full of pluck--
The border States advising--
The people all are waking up,
And the Lone Star is rising.
So let them have, &c.

From Rio Grande to big Santee--
From Gulf to broad Ohio--
From orange grove and cotton field--
From canebrake, creek and bayou,
The minute men are gathering round
Their firesides and altars;
Their hearts are touched, their blood is up,
Their hands will never falter.

We seek no quarrel with the North,
If they but keep their distance--
But choose to guide our own affairs
Without their--kind assistance.
And if they come across the line,
To gab, or act uncivil,
Or undertake to whip us in,
We'll thrash 'em like the d---l.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 29, 1861, p. 3, c. 1
A little son of Ira E. Betts, of Jackson county, about twelve years of age, was killed by being
thrown from a mule, on the 17th instant.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

That Flag.

The material of which it is made is Silk of a very fine quality, and has elegant silk fringe
all around it. It has a fine gold tassal [sic] and cord, attached to the top of the staff. On one side
of the blue field is inscribed: "Gate City Guards, from the Ladies of Atlanta, 1861." On the
reverse is, "In Hoc Signo Vincas," (by this sign you shall conquer.) The inscription on either

side is surrounded by seven gilt stars.

The Staff is an elegant piece of workmanship, and was made and mounted in the State Railroad shop.

The spear was forged by Mr. Thomas Hainey, and furnished by Mr. Jacob Staddleman, and the whole presented to Miss Hanleiter by Mr. John H. Flynn.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 1, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

A Sermon Before the "Gate-City Guards."

Yesterday morning, at ten o'clock, the spacious room in the City Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, to hear a sermon from the Rev. Dr. J. S. Wilson--well known and universally beloved throughout this community--before the "Gate-City Guards," previous to their departure for Pensicola [sic], which took place today at half-past one o'clock. It was a bright and glorious Spring morning, and the glorious orb of day seemed prodigal of his cheering light, as if in mockery of the sadness within many hearts at the parting with those who were near them, and whose patriotism called them to the point of their country's danger.--At half-past ten, the "Guards," with solemn tread, entered the room under command of Capt. Ezzard, and quietly took the front seats, which had been reserved for them. After some excellent vocal music, the venerable Minister arose, and, with evident emotion, read the morning lesson, which consisted of 1st, 46th, and 99th Psalms. He then offered up to the Throne of Grace a fervent, heart-moving prayer for the safety and protection of our gallant soldiers, the salvation of all his hearers, and the peace, prosperity and glory of our beloved land.

He selected his text from the 13th verse, 6th chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians: "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

The first portion of his sermon was addressed to the congregation at large, urging the necessity of all Christians wearing the armor of Godliness, with which successfully to fight the great battles of life and win the never-fading crowns of glory which are reserved for the faithful to the end. The learned Divine then took up the causes which have for forty years been agitating the public mind and exciting apprehensions for our safety on the part of the people of the South, and which have brought about our present difficulties. With a master hand he portrayed those causes, pointed out their remedies, and established the justice of our cause. He implored the blessings of Heaven on our threatened country and her gallant defenders. His features glowed with earnestness, and his eloquence and power as a pulpit orator are peculiarly his own. All who were present, listened spell-bound to his burning words, and were deeply impressed. Many mothers, wives and sisters of those who left to-day, earnestly lifted up their hearts in silent prayer for their safety. May their Christian spirits, like guardian angels, hover over and protect our gallant soldiers from every temptation and evil, and from all harm.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 1, 1861, p. 3, c. 2-3

Flag Presentation to the Gate-city Guards.

Within a few days past, it became known to a few that Miss Josephine E. Hanleiter had prepared a most elegant Flag of the Confederate States to be presented to the Gate-City Guards,

and that the presentation ceremonies would take place this morning, which it did, in front of the large building of the Franklin Printing Company. The sky was overcast with dense clouds at early dawn, which continued to grow more threatening till it terminated in rain about 9 o'clock. Notwithstanding this unfavorable aspect of the weather, early signs of preparation for the approaching ceremonies were observable in the rapid passing, to and fro, of men rigged out in military dress, and the gathering of a large multitude of people on the platform and under the eaves of the Macon & Western Depot, just opposite. The windows of all the surrounding contiguous houses were filled with ladies. The long verandah in front of the Franklin Building was crowded with ladies and misses, who stood there with umbrellas to protect them from the falling rain. Every window of the large building--and indeed almost every room in it--was crammed with human beings, all eager to get a sight of the interesting proceedings. There were also a large number of persons on the top of the house, despite the falling rain--so anxious were the people to see all that transpired.

At a quarter past 10 o'clock, the heavy roll of the drum and the shrill notes of the fife gave notice of the approach of the military. The procession was headed by the Fulton Dragoons, commanded by Capt. W. T. Wilson; next came the Georgia Volunteers, under command of Lieutenant Johnson; next the Fulton Blues, Capt. J. H. Purtell; next the Atlanta Cadets, Captain Wills Chisholm; and the Gate City Guards brought up the rear. It was a splendid and imposing military array, every way worthy of our city and the military spirit of our people.

The Dragoons took their position in the rear, fronting the Franklin Printing House--the Georgia Volunteers on the right flank, with the Blues and Cadets on the left. Into this hollow square, just in front of the Dragoons, the Guards were marched in fine style. The rain and the travel over the street had made any amount of mud and slush in the street, but the soldiers heeded it not.

When all were arranged, Miss Hanleiter, accompanied by Miss Emeline Shaw and Miss Mary Parr, emerged from Col. Hanleiter's residence and took their position on the front of the pavement. Miss Hanleiter bore in one hand the beautiful Flag which she had prepared, and in the other an elegant boquet [sic] of choice Spring flowers. She rested the flag-staff upon the pavement, while Gen. J. H. Rice, on the part of the ladies, made the presentation speech as follows:

CAPTAIN EZZARD AND SOLDIERS OF THE GATE-CITY GUARDS:

Why the assemblage here? Why peals forth the note of martial music? Why this Paraphernalia of War which I see before me? But a few short months ago, the citizens of what was then the United States of America, were living in peace and harmony with each other. But in the course of events a fanatical party usurped the reigns [sic] of Government, foisting themselves into power by the assertion of a principle that was destructive to our very existence, to-wit: the infamous dogma of an Equality of the White and Black Races. While I, for the sake of not being considered contentious, would admit that, in many respects, this doctrine would apply to many of the people of the Abolition States of the North; yet we of the South rightfully insist that the Black Race are, and should be, our Slaves, and we their Masters; and that such relative status was given by the decrees of GOD; and which law of our society was recognized by the Constitution of the United States, and which they were bound by such solemn compact to observe. Regardless of this compact--led on by their lust for power, and guided by their fanaticism, and relying upon our submissiveness, in consequence of our known veneration of the

Union of our Fathers--there was no indignity that was not heaped upon us; and, finally, the last feather was laid upon the camel's back. The Union was dissevered by them.--They forced us to resume our sovereignty. We have done so, and declared ourselves a free and independent State, have entered into a new alliance, and now, when we have a right to suppose that we would be permitted to depart in peace--as the consciences of the Abolitionists would be relieved of the sin of Slavery--they refuse to allow us so to depart, for fear their pockets will be depleted also!

For asserting our independence, the superiority of our Race, and the contracting of new alliances, the old and decrepid [sic] Government of the North is threatening us with war and subjugation!

It is, I am proud to know, in defence [sic] of this principle and this action--in defence [sic] of our own honor, and the honor of our own native South, that we now see you clad in the habiliments of war--ready, in a few hours, to take up your line of march for what may soon be a field of gory strife. To preserve unsullied and untarnished one's own honor, and the honor of his country, is the highest, the noblest ambition of the patriot soldier.

"For gold the merchant plows the main--
The farmer ploughs the *manor*;
But *glory* is the soldier's *prize*:
The soldier's wealth is *honor*."

Capt. Ezzard: As the humble representative of a few ladies of this city, I now have the honor of presenting to you, and through you to your noble Company, this Flag--the Flag of the Confederate States of America, in whose service you have enlisted. Under the guidance of those *seven stars*--the emblems of eternal Truth--you will march; and under its bright folds upon the field of battle, you will rally to meet the enemies of your country; there to

"Strike the North'n invader low;
A tyrant will fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow!
Soldiers! conquer, live or die!"

In conclusion, I will only say, that the fair daughters of Atlanta are proud of the Gate-City Guards--we are all proud of you--proud of such noble defenders. They already feel confident that upon the field of battle, this Flag will wave so long as one of the Guards survive, and I doubt not but that the remembrance of the fair donors will nerve the arm of each one of your noble patriot band to deeds of daring that the future historian will inscribe in letters of light upon the historic page.

And now, in behalf of the fair donors, and for myself, I bid you farewell! Put your trust in GOD, in Truth, and in Right. May His blessings attend you--His kind providence protect you, and vouchsafe to you a safe return to your homes, your kindred and your friends!

At the conclusion of his address, he took the flag from the hands of Miss Hanleiter and gave it to "*First Private*" C. A. Haralson, who received it on the part of the Company in an appropriate address, of which the following is the substance:

GENERAL RICE AND LADIES: It is a "well spring" of pleasure to me that I am called upon to receive, at your hands, this beautiful and well thought-of present. The ladies of the South have ever been heroic and true to their country, and thoughtful to provide for those who go forth in its defense. Their encouragement and cheering smiles have ever beamed on patriotic hearts; and it is peculiarly gratifying to us to receive from your hands this token of your regard for us, and for the cause in which we are engaged.

Ladies: The signs of the times indicates that we, perhaps, are not called upon to do duty

as mere peace soldiers; but that, with strong arms and stout hearts, we may have to meet our country's foes before our service shall end. The boast has been made that our homes and firesides should be invaded, our country despoiled and our manhood humbled in the dust. It is the duty of our young men to come forward, strike for the protection of our country--our homes--our wives, sisters and mothers; and, if necessary, die in their defense. We accept the issue, and with gratitude we accept this beautiful Flag which your fair hands have wrought. Our motto shall be that which was given by the Spartan mother to her son when he was departing to fight in defence [sic] of his country: "Return with this, or upon it!" Again, Ladies, accept our heartfelt thanks.

He then turned and gave the Flag to Sergeant Fish, the Standard bearer of the Company, and addressed him as follows:

Sergeant Fish: As Color bearer of our Company, I give into your hands for your safekeeping, this token of love and esteem from the ladies of this city; and I enjoin upon you to cherish and protect it, as you would a prized gift from a mother; and if the necessity should arise, do not hesitate to shed your blood in defence [sic] of the honor of this Flag.

And now, (addressing his Company,) brother soldiers of the Gate-City Guards, behold your Flag! I know you will never see it dishonored.

Brothers: This is a *gift* from "God's last best gift to man." If nothing else should inspire you to heroic deeds, the fact that this beautiful Flag has been wrought by the fair hands, and given us through the kind heart of woman, I know you will never suffer its folds to be sullied, or see it trail in the dust, while an arm remains with which to raise it, or a hand to strike. Cherish, then, our Banner; and should it be our duty to meet our foes in deadly conflict, let us show, by our valor, that we are worthy of the confidence which the ladies have reposed in us, and the Flag with which they have honored us.

Mr. Haralson's remarks were received with applause by the vast audience; and when he appealed to his gallant compatriots not to suffer the honor of the Flag to be sullied, a universal shout of "*Never!* NEVER!" was the response by the whole company.

When he had concluded, Sergeant A. G. Chisolm advanced, and, on the part of the Company, presented to Miss Hanleiter, to whom the credit of getting up, making and presenting this Flag is principally due, a beautiful Lady's Gold Watch, accompanied by an appropriate and elegant speech, which was handsomely replied to by General Rice, on the part of Miss Hanleiter. We have not space to-day for these two speeches, but will give them tomorrow. The Watch has the following inscription:

"Gate-City Guards, to Miss J. E. HANLEITER, April 1, 1861."

Three cheers were then called for, and given with a will by the vast throng, for the Ladies, and three more for the "Guards," after which the Company marched to their Armory, escorted by the "Dragoons," "Blues," "Volunteers," and "Cadets," and the crowd dispersed. [there followed a List of the Officers and Privates of the Gate-City Guards.]

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 12, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

The Zouaves.

The second company of Zouaves, under Captain de Bordenave, marched up from their barracks yesterday afternoon, and were reviewed on Lafayette square, preparatory to leaving for Pensacola. Their appearance--with their loose red trousers, leggings, gaiters, blue jackets and fez

caps--was decidedly unique, and withal very warlike. ...A very notable feature about the company was two pretty and graceful young girls, who go with them as vivandieres, or, to translate it into plain English, bottle-holders. They were dressed in the uniform of their company, and will share its dangers and glory on the battle-field. The Zouaves are becoming immensely popular with all the classes of our young men. We have heard of several connected with our best Creole families who have enlisted to serve in the ranks...--N.O. Crescent [sic], 5th.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 12, 1861, p. 2. c. 3

Bible Presentation to the Soldiers.

We copy the following from the Columbus Sun:

Appropriate.--On the eve of the departure of the "Florence Guards" from Florence, Alabama, to Fort Morgan, the ladies of the place presented each one with a copy of the Bible. In the presence of an immense assembly, a discourse was also preached to them by Rev. Dr. Mitchell, from the text, "Be not ye afraid of them; and fight for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives and your houses."--4th chapter, 14th verse Nehemiah.

While laying the foregoing before our readers we deem it appropriate to mention a pleasing incident connected with the departure of the Gate-City Guards, which has not yet been made public, and which is known but to few persons.

On the day of the departure of the Company, Col. C. R. Hanleiter presented each mess of the company with two copies of the Holy Bible.--There are eight messes in the company, and two tents to each mess. A Bible was presented to each tent. Each Bible had on it, in gilt, the following inscription:

"Gate-City Guards. Mess No. __. From C. R. H."

Besides these, a larger Bible was presented to the Officers' Mess, with the following inscription:

"Gate-City Guards. Officers' Marque. From C. R. H."

Thus, seventeen Bibles were presented to this company by Col. Hanleiter, out of his high regard for them, and his sincere wishes for their temporal and spiritual welfare.

These gifts of the Word of Life, coming from such a highly esteemed friend of the company were gratefully accepted by the company. We hope the perusal of those bibles will often bring comfort to the hearts of the members of the Company while engaged in the arduous duties of serving our beloved Confederacy at its point of danger.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 13, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Infallible Cure for Toothache.--Among the many diseases that humanity is heir to, there are scarcely any which in violent pain and acute suffering, rival the toothache. And yet, as far as we are able to judge, though the affection is common to all, but a few are aware of the fact, that other remedies exist besides the extraction of the tooth, which if only tried, will be found infallible. The following, for instance, suggested to us by a friend, will, if his experience and veracity are worth anything, prove invaluable in the relief of this torment: Take equal quantities of alum and common salt, pulverize and mix them, and apply them to the hollow tooth on a wet piece of cotton. The remedy is very simple, very cheap, and within the reach of all. If any one will try it he will find it infallible.--Petersburg Express.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 14, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Revenue Flag.

We are pleased to learn that those two accomplished ladies, Mrs. Dr. W. F. Westmoreland and her sister, Mrs. Bryan, are getting up a Revenue Flag, which, before many days, will be unfurled to the breeze over the office of the Collector of Customs in this city. This will be the first Revenue Flag made in Georgia.

The design of this Flag, as may be known to some of our readers, is that of Dr. Henry D. Capers, formerly a resident of Atlanta, and now employed in the Treasury Department at Montgomery. It embraces the main features of the Flag of the Confederate States--though distinctive in itself--the bars being reversed and the blue ground extending the whole length down; and we think it will be generally regarded as an admirable design, displaying the simplicity of true taste, and retaining all that is necessary for practical use in Government service.

We present the following diagram, to illustrate the features of the Flag: [sketch]

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

We recommend the following from a lady friend to the ladies of our own and other communities. Lint and bandages may become very necessary to the troops now marching to battle.

To the Ladies--A New Way of Making Lint.--On Saturday last at the Court House in this city, I noticed several ladies engaged in scraping lint with knives, it appeared to be very tedious business. After working away for some time trying different kinds of knives, Miss McKey, one of the party, suggested tearing up the linen into fine pieces, and then carding it. They all agreed to her proposition so she had some cards brought and it proved to be the very idea. It was not long before they had a large box of nice fine carded lint. I would recommend all persons who are engaged in scraping lint, to try Miss McKey's plan of carding.--Middle Georgian.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Another Florence Nightingale.--Mrs. A. E. Nicholson, a lady of fine attainments, and a graduate of the Parisian School of Medicine, is going to Pensacola to offer her services as a nurse for the sick and wounded, and has collected a quantity of suitable linen, lint, etc., to take with her. Her services may be greatly needed, and we think her good intentions will be appreciated by the officers in command there. Mrs. N. can furnish the highest testimonials of character and efficiency, and this will not be the first time she has manifested her public spirit, having done good service in the South during the ravages of yellow fever in 1853. Success to her in her noble mission.--New Orleans Crescent.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 27, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

The Duty of the Ladies

We welcome to our columns the following appropriate communication from "Ziola." Let every lady read it and act up to its suggestions. We hope "Ziola" will favor us often:

Our Vocation.

Just now the vocation of the men seems to be war. From every mountain and valley of the South they are mustering for conflict. Hundreds of women have already been called to part from husbands and sons, fathers and brothers; and hundreds more await, day by day, with strange comminglings of patriotic feeling for their country, and trembling love for their relatives, the summons that will leave their hearts and homes desolate. By our quiet hearthstones we muse on the horrors of war, and, reading the accounts of its commencement, we shudder to think what our eyes may see ere its close. We recall long-forgotten stories of the old Revolutionary times, told us years ago by our great-grandmothers, whose silken hair had clustered in glossy curls around their brows on the day when their brave sires fought at Bunker's Hill. The conflict at Sumter will be just such a memorable epoch to our descendants. We, perchance, run our thoughts back farther, into the dim era of British history, and read there, in the civil dissensions of the earlier periods, and in the wars of the red and white roses, what it is for brethren to strive together. But it is of no use anticipating trials that may never come, or, if they do, seeing we have Right on our side and God overhead, what need we fear? Suffering may oppress, but not daunt us; purify, but not destroy; and out of the furnace, many will come forth perfected into a noble womanhood, whose depths would never otherwise have been fathomed and developed. Should this war continue, the Southern heroines of '61 will be no whit behind their ancestors of '76. Meanwhile, what is our vocation? And the answer is, just to bring in to vigorous exercise the principles which, as intelligent Christian women, we have always professed. Now is the time to show our fathers that the education they have bestowed on us is not in vain; that it has trained our faculties to self-command, and made us the rulers, not the slaves, of our imaginations. Now is the time for the wife to show her husband that she can be a help-mate indeed; nor, by idle lamentations or tender persuasions, strive to detain him from the services of his country, in the hour of its danger. The sister may bid her brother farewell with an aching heart, the maiden part in anguish from her lover; but their fervent prayers will follow them to the field, and throw a shield around them in the hour of danger. And when the enemy's cowardly arm trembles with affright, and their dastardly leader quails at the tramp of our approaching legions, the thoughts of the dear ones at home, who cheered them to the last, will animate our soldiers to strike with surer, deadlier aim the blow of victory. Talk of coercion! It would be easier to overturn the everlasting hills, or force the ocean from its ancient channel, than to coerce those who fight for Liberty, Justice, Truth and Love. Were every man shot down in our ranks, there would not be wanting women who would shed their hearts' blood, rather than submit to the base invaders of our soil. As, however, there is no probability (I almost wrote possibility) of defeat, we can be content to protect ourselves at home.

It is a good idea, in fact, it is essential in such times as these, that women should understand the use of firearms. Every one who has a gun in her house, or can procure one, should learn its use. I heard, yesterday, from a friend in Tennessee, hitherto a most nervous, timid person, that she was acquiring this knowledge, though she hoped never to have occasion to apply it. Now, when danger threatens, is the time for

"Perfect woman, nobly planned,

To warn, to comfort and command;"

to arise--nerved and calmed by a trust in God--and show the power of religion to sustain and

endure trouble--the power of cultivated intellect to carry on steadily the course of its duties in the midst of turmoil and anxiety--the power of patriotism to arm one for self-denial, hope and courage.

Now is the period to cast aside fastidious prejudices, fashionable follies, extravagant vanities, and emulate the sterner virtues of an earlier age. There is work to be done at home. Of what nature, the patriotic exertion of the ladies of Charleston and Atlanta sufficiently demonstrate.

Many soldier leaves in his home a family poorly provided for--whose sole dependence, perhaps, was on his daily labor.

Let the wealthier daughters of the land become almoners to such as their larger portions, and, in relieving the sorrows of others, find a panacea for their own.

Our vocation now is to suffer and be strong; to trust and be calm; to pray and be fervent; for those who are defending our homes at the risk of their own lives.

"O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

ZIOLA.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 19, 1861, p. 1, c.2-3

Soldiers' Health
Interesting Suggestions and Recommendations.

The following article, on "Soldiers' Health," is from Hall's New York Journal of Health. It contains much valuable information for both soldiers and civilians:

1. In an ordinary campaign sickness disables or destroys three times as many as the sword.
2. On a march, from April to November, the entire clothing should be a colored flannel shirt, with a loosely-buttoned collar, cotton drawers, woolen pantaloons, shoes and stockings, and a light colored felt hat, with broad brim to protect the eyes and face from the glare of the sun and from the rain, and a substantial but not heavy coat when off duty.
3. Sun-stroke is most effectually prevented by wearing a silk handkerchief in the crown of the hat.
4. Colored blankets are best, and if lined with brown drilling the warmth and durability are doubled, while the protection against dampness from lying on the ground is almost complete.
5. Never lie or sit down on the grass or bare earth for a moment, rather use your hat--a handkerchief, even, is a great protection. The warmer you are the greater need for this protection, as a damp vapor is immediately generated, to be absorbed by the clothing, and to cool you off too rapidly.
6. While marching, or on other duty, the more thirsty you are the more essential is it to safety of life itself, to rinse out the mouth two or three times, and *then* take a swallow of water at a time, with short intervals. A brave French general, on a forced march, fell dead on the instant, by drinking largely of cold water, when snow was on the ground.

7. Abundant sleep is essential to bodily efficiency, and to that alertness of mind, which is all important to an engagement; and few things more certainly and more effectually prevent sound sleep than eating heartily after sun-down, especially after a heavy march or desperate battle.

8. Nothing is more certain to secure endurance and capability of long-continued effort, than the avoidance of everything as a drink except cold water, NOT excluding coffee at breakfast. Drink as little as possible of even cold water.

9. After any sort of exhausting effort, a cup of coffee, hot or cold, is an admirable sustainer of the strength, until nature begins to recover herself.

10. Never eat heartily just before a great undertaking; because the nervous power is irresistibly drawn to the stomach to manage the food eaten, thus drawing off that supply which the brain and muscles so much need.

11. If persons will drink brandy, it is incomparably safer to do so *after* an effort than before; for it can give only a transient strength, lasting but a few minutes; but as it can never be known how long any given effort is to be kept in continuance, and if longer than the few minutes, the body becomes more feeble than it would have been without the stimulus, it is clear that its use *before* an effort is always hazardous, and is always unwise.

12. Never go to sleep, especially after a great effort, even in hot weather, without some covering over you.

13. Under all circumstances, rather than lie down on the ground, lie in the hollow of two logs placed together, or across several smaller pieces of wood, laid side by side; or sit on your hat, leaning against a tree. A nap of ten or fifteen minutes in that position will refresh you more than an hour on the bare earth; with the additional advantage of perfect safety.

14. A *cut* is less dangerous than a bullet wound, and heals more rapidly.

15. If from any wound the blood spurts out in jets, instead of a steady stream, you will die in a few minutes, unless it is remedied; because an artery has been divided, and that takes the blood direct from the fountain of life. To stop this instantly, tie a handkerchief or other cloth very loosely BETWEEN the wound and the heart; put a stick, bayonet, or ramrod *between* the skin and the handkerchief, and twist it around until the bleeding ceases, and keep it thus till the surgeon arrives.

16. If the blood flows in a slow, regular stream, a vein has been pierced, and the handkerchief must be on the other side of the wound from the heart; that is, *below* the wound.

17. A bullet through the abdomen (belly or stomach) is more certainly fatal than if aimed at the head or heart; for in the latter cases the ball is often glanced off by the bone, or follows around it under the skin; but when it enters the stomach or bowels, from any direction, death is inevitable under all conceivable circumstances, but in scarcely ever instantaneous. Generally the person lives a day or two with perfect clearness of intellect, often not suffering greatly. The practical bearing of this statement in reference to the great future is clear.

18. Let the whole beard grow, but no longer than some three inches. This strengthens and thickens its growth, and thus makes a more perfect protection for the lungs against dust, and of the throat against winds and cold in winter, while in summer a great perspiration of the skin is induced, with the increase of evaporation; hence, greater coolness of the parts on the outside, while the throat is less feverish, thirsty and dry.

19. Avoid fats and fat meat in summer and in all warm days.

20. Whenever possible take a plunge into any lake or running stream every morning as soon as you get up; if none at hand, endeavor to wash the body all over as soon as you leave your

bed, for personal cleanliness acts like a charm against all diseases, always either warding them off altogether or greatly mitigating their severity and shortening their duration.

21. Keep the hair of the head closely cut, say within an inch and a half of the scalp in every part, repeated on the first of each month, and wash the whole scalp plentifully in cold water every morning.

22. Wear woollen stockings and moderately loose shoes, keeping the toe and finger nails always cut close.

23. It is more important to wash the feet well every night than to wash the face and hands of mornings, because it aids in keeping the skin and nails soft, and to prevent chaffings, blisters, and corns, all of which greatly interfere with a soldier's duty.

24. The most universally safe position after all stunnings, hurts and wounds, is that of being placed on the back, the head being elevated three or four inches only, aiding more than any one thing else can do, to equalize and restore the proper circulation of the blood.

25. The more weary you are after a march or other work, the more easily will you take cold, if you remain still after it is over, unless, the moment you cease motion, you throw a coat or blanket over your shoulders. This precaution should be taken in the warmest weather, especially if there is even a slight air stirring.

26. The greatest physical kindness you can show a severely wounded comrade is first to place him on his back, and then run with all your might for some water to drink; not a second ought to be lost. If no vessel is at hand, take your hat; if no hat, off with your shirt, wring it out once, tie the arms in a knot, as also the lower end, thus making a bag, open at the neck only. A fleet person can convey a bucketful half a mile in this way. I've seen a dying man clutch at a single drop of water from the fingers' end, with the voraciousness of a famished tiger.

27. If wet to the skin by rain or by swimming rivers, keep in motion until the clothes are dried, no harm will result.

28. Whenever it is possible, do, by all means when you have to use water for cooking or drinking from ponds or sluggish streams, boil it well, and when cool, shake it, or stir it, so that the oxygen of the air shall get to it, which greatly improves it for drinking. This boiling arrests the process of fermentation which arises from the presence of organic and inorganic impurities, thus tending to prevent cholera and all bowel diseases. If there is no time for boiling, at least strain it through a cloth, even if you have to use a shirt or trouser leg.

29. Twelve men are hit in battle dressed in red where there are only five dressed in a bluish gray--a difference of more than two to one; green, seven; brown, six.

30. Water can be made almost ice cool in the hottest weather by closely enveloping a filled canteen, or other vessel, with woollen cloth, kept plentifully wetted and exposed.

31. While on a march lie down the moment you halt for a rest. Every minute spent in that position refreshes more than five minutes standing or loitering about.

32. A daily evacuation of the bowels is indispensable to bodily health, vigor and endurance; this is promoted in many cases by stirring a teaspoonful of corn (indian) meal in a glass of water, and drinking it on rising in the morning.

33. Loose bowels, namely, acting more than once a day, with a feeling of debility afterwards, is the first step towards cholera. The best remedy is instant and perfect quietude of body, eating nothing but boiled rice, with or without boiled milk; in more decided cases a woollen flannel, with two thicknesses in front, should be bound tightly around the abdomen, especially if marching is a necessity.

34. To "have been to the wars" is a life-long honor, increasing with advancing years,

while to have died in defence [sic] of your country will be the boast and the glory of your children's children.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 21, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

A Soldier's Kit

At this time, when so many are preparing for the wars, a memorandum of the things necessary to take along as baggage will not be unacceptable. The desired catalogue is contributed, by an old soldier, as follows:

Two flannel shirts, red preferable; 2 stout hickory shirts; 2 fine shirts, if you can take them along; four pair of woolen socks; 2 pair drawers, white cotton or wool, indispensable; black silk neckerchief, very useful; pocket handkerchief, indispensable; 1 pair stout and easy boots, if you can, take a second pair; 2 towels, indispensable; 1 piece of soap; 1 fine and 1 coarse comb; 1 tooth brush; 1 butcher knife, (a good place for it is in the boot;) 1 quart tin cup; 1 button stick; 1 vial of sweet oil; 1 piece of rotten-stone; 1 button brush, (nail brush will do;) 1 flannel housewife, for and full of needles--throw in a few pins while you are about it; 1 pair small scissors; strong white and black threads in tidy skeins; 1 blacking brush, if you can take it; 1 box of blacking. Learn to pack your knapsack tidily, closely and conveniently for use.

To the above you may add all the grub you can stow away inside and out, and replenish when you can, without waiting for the stock on hand to be exhausted.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Soldier's Rations and Mode of Cooking Them.

The regular daily ration of food issued to the troops in the United States service, is three-fourths pound of fresh or salt beef; eighteen ounces of bread, or one and a fourth pounds of corn meal, and at the rate of one hundred rations of eight quarts of peas or beans, or, in lieu thereof, ten pounds of rice; six pounds of coffee, twelve pounds of sugar, four quarts of vinegar, one and a half pounds of tallow, or one and a fourth pounds of adamantine, or one pound of sperm candles; four pounds of soap, and two quarts of salt.

On a campaign, or on marches, or on board transports, the ration of hard bread is one pound.

Fresh beef, when it can be procured, should be furnished at least twice a week; the beef to be procured, if possible, by contract.

Receipts.

1st. Soldier's Soup for 25 Men.

Take 15 quarts of water to 25 pounds of meat, 2 small tablespoonsful of salt, half a one of pepper; about 2 pounds of rice, put in while boiling, and what vegetables, fresh or preserved, that can be procured--say three pounds.

2d. Pork Soup for 25 Men.

In 6 gallons of cold water put 12 pounds of pork, 3 quarts of beans, 2 pounds of rice, season to suit; let boil one hour and a half; soak the beans overnight.

3d. Irish Stew for 25 Men.

Take 25 pounds mutton, veal, beef, or pork, cut into pieces six inches square, 4 pounds of onions, 8 pounds of potatoes, 4 tablespoonsful of salt, 1 of pepper, 8 quarts of water; cook it from 1 to 2 hours, slowly, thicken the gravy with flour mixed into smooth paste with water or potatoes mashed fine.

4th. Tea for 25 Men.

Allow 12 quarts of water; put the rations of tea--a large teaspoonful to each--in a cloth tied up very loosely, throw it into the boiler while it is boiling hard for a moment; then take off the boiler, cover it, and let it stand full 10 minutes, when it will be ready for use; first add sugar and milk, if to be had, at the rate of 3 pints or 2 quarts of milk, and 1 or 1 1/2 pounds of sugar.

5th. Pork with Peas or Beans for 25 Men.

To 14 pounds of pork add 6 pounds of peas or beans, put them in a cloth to boil, tying it very loosely; place them both in the boiler, let them boil about 2 hours, then take out the pork, add some flour to the gravy, and put the peas or beans in it, with two or three onions cut up fine; let it boil a little longer, mash up the vegetables very finely, and serve them round the dish with the meat.

6th. Plain Stewed Meat for 25 Men.

Take 14 pounds of mutton, beef, veal, or pork, cut it into chunks and put it into the boiler; add 4 quarts of water, 2 quarts to a teaspoonful of salt, and half teaspoonful of pepper, 8 or 10 onions cut in pieces, let it boil half an hour, then let it stew slowly from half an hour to one hour longer, adding one pound of rice, potatoes, or any vegetable that can be obtained; thicken the gravy with flour mixed to a smooth paste in cold water.

7th. Stewed Salt Pork or Beef for 25 Men.

Wash the meat well, let it soak all night, wash out the salt as much as possible; 8 pounds of salt beef, 5 pounds of salt pork, one-third pound of sugar, 2 pounds of sliced onions, 6 quarts of water, and one pound of rice; let it simmer quietly for two or three hours.

8th. Salt Pork with Potatoes and Cabbage for 25 Men.

Take 15 pounds of pork, extract the bones, 3 pounds of potatoes, 2 winter cabbages, let it boil for two hours, 10 quarts of water, serve the meat with the vegetables round it; the gravy will make a good broth with peas, beans, or rice added, also a little onion. Ship biscuit, broken into the broth makes a very nutritious [sic] soup.

9th. To Fry any kind of Meat.

Get your frying pan very hot, put in some fat pork which will immediately melt, then put in the meat you wish to fry; (a small teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, to every pound of meat;) when done, lay the meat on a dish, add one pint of water to the fat in the frying-pan, a few slices of onion, or two teaspoonfuls of vinegar; thicken it with a little flour, and pour it over the cooked meat. Any sauce, or a few chopped pickles may be substituted for the vinegar or onions.

10th. Coffee for 25 Men.

Take 12 quarts of water, when it boils add 20 ounces of coffee, mix it well, and leave it on the fire till it commences to boil, then take it off, and pour into it a little more than one quart of cold water, let it stand in a warm place full ten minutes; the dregs will settle to the bottom, and the coffee be perfectly clear. Pour it then into another vessel, leaving the dregs in the first. Add sugar, four teaspoonfuls to the quart. If you can get milk, leave out five quarts of water in the above receipt, and put milk in its place.

11th. Peas or Bean Soup for 25 Men.

Take 14 pounds of pork, 8 quarts peas, or beans, 20 quarts of water, 25 teaspoonfuls of sugar, 12 of pepper, and several large onions; boil gently till the vegetables are soft--from four to five hours.

12th. Receipt for a small quantity of Mashed Meat.

Cut the meat in very small pieces; heat the frying-pan, put into it one pint of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of flour, and let it cook fifteen minutes. Salt meat must be cooked the same, omitting the salt, in its place putting a small teaspoonful of sugar, spices, or pickles, chopped fine. Dish it on some ship biscuit. Steak, chops, sausages, bacon, slices of any kind of meat can be cooked in a frying-pan, with a little melted fat at the bottom. Salt meat should always be soaked.--Veile's Hand Book of Active Service.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 8, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Texas Troops.

The "Palmer Guards," company C, Texas Battalion, Captain A. G. Dickerson--80 men--passed through here yesterday morning on their way to Virginia. They are well armed and drilled, and are capable of doing the best of service. Capt. D. was accompanied by his beautiful and accomplished bride, who is the daughter of Ex Congressman Coleman, formerly of Kentucky, but now President of the Vicksburg & Shreveport Railroad. They were married but a few days since. The patriotic lady says she has *enlisted for the war* and will share the destinies of her gallant husband, whatever they may be.

The company also had a *pet* along that attracted no little attention. It was a standard bearer in the person of Madmoeselle [sic] Jennette Warde' from New Orleans--dressed *a la*

bloomer, or soldier fashion, and belted with revolver, Bowie knife, &c. She was sprightly, shared and seemed to enjoy a soldier's fare.--The beautiful flag which she carried in her hand was much admired.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 19, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Pretty Severe.

The editor of the Bainbridge Press is down on the boys of Decatur County, because none of them have gone to the war. Only hear him:

The ladies of Chattahoochee present the young men of Decatur with a pair of HOOP SKIRTS--and in return would be pleased to receive a pair of breeches. Packages sent to the Press office, and directed to the "CHATTAHOOCHEE NANCY HART ASSOCIATION" will be forwarded promptly. The Association intending to take the field in defence [sic] of the men and their firesides, have concluded to adopt the *breeches* during the war. The *Can't Get Aways* will please notice, and we would respectfully ask,

Is it true, that Georgia's daughters
Are compelled to meet the foe,
While her sons, in safer quarters,
Gallantly refuse to go?

Is it true, when home's invaded,
And the tears of sorrow flow,
Georgia women feel degraded,
Because their sons refuse to go?

Is it true, Decatur's yeomen,
Woman dares the coward foe,
And would crush the tyrant foeman,
While *bravely*, you refuse to go?

Then let the Chattahoochee fair,
Who send the HOOPS and are not slow,
Of the BREECHES have a pair,
Of every *Brave* who will not go.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

This evening I had the pleasure of seeing two young ladies from Northwestern Virginia, who are worthy to be the sisters of these heroes. They are Miss Mary McLeod and Miss Addie Kerr, of Fairmount, in Marion county. Hearing that the enemy had reached Fairmount, en route to Philippi, they informed themselves of the number of his forces and the hour of his departure, and then mounted their horses and rode day and night, unattended, until they reached the doomed town. They were frequently stopped on the road, and various difficulties were thrown in their way, but brave and resolute as Nancy Hart, they surmounted every obstacle, and at last arrived at Philippi, having ridden a distance of thirty-five miles without once stopping for food or rest.

Had their timely warning been heeded, Philippa might have been saved. But disastrous as the affair at that place was, it might have been much worse; for it has been ascertained, that but for the heroic conduct of these brave girls--not yet out of their teens--the whole Confederate force at Philippa would have been captured.

All honor to Mary McLeod and Addie Kerr!

A.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 30, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

At the flag presentation on the 25th May, at Bellefonte, Ala., to the Jackson Hornets, the following young ladies stepped forward, one by one, representing the seceded States as they left the old Confederacy, carrying with them all those rights and liberties bequeathed to them by our ancestors of the Revolution, repeating the following beautiful, appropriate and patriotic lines, written and composed by Laura Lorrimar, one of Tennessee's most gifted poetesses:

Miss Matilda Fennel--South Carolina.

First to rise against oppression,
In this glorious Southern band;
Home of dead and living heroes,
South Carolina takes her stand.

Miss Lucinda Frazier--Florida.

And I come with greeting, sisters,
Where, amid orange bowers,
Waves fair Florida her sceptre [sic],
Crowned with rarest, sweetest flowers.

Miss Alice Eaton--Georgia.

Lo! and Georgia uprising,
Burning with the blood of yore,
Sends her children forth to conquer
Peace from haughty foes once more.

Miss Kate Fennell--Alabama.

In the new born arch of glory,
Lo! where shines the central star,
Alabama, and her radiance
Never cloud of shame shall mar.

Miss Connie Caperton--Mississippi.

Sisters! room for Mississippi!
Well she knows the martial strain;
She has marched of old to battle,
She will strike her foes again.

Miss Sallie Snodgrass--Louisiana.

A voice from Louisiana!
Lo! her brave sons arise,

Armed and ready for the conflict,
Stern defiance in their eyes.

Miss Pathenia Bryant--Texas.

Texas, youngest mid her sisters,
Joins her earnest voice to theirs;
Forth she sends her gallant Rangers,
With her blessings and her prayers.

Miss Sallie Fennell--Virginia.

Wave, wave on high your banners!
For the Old Dominion comes,
With the lightning speaks the thunder,
Lo! where sound her army's drums!

Miss Sallie Carter--Arkansas.

Long Arkansas waited, hoping,
Clinging to the flag of stars,
Now, she tears it down forever,
Ho! away then for the wars.

Miss Jennie Armstrong--North Carolina.

Over vale and over mountain,
Pealing forth in triumph high,
Comes a lofty swell of music,
The Old North State's battle-cry.

Miss Kate Mattox--Tennessee.

Last, but far from least among ye,
Spartan band of brave and free;
Like a whirlwind in her anger,
Wheels in line old Tennessee.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 10, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Whiskey.

Of all the plagues that scourge mankind,
There's none that so impairs the mind,
And renders it to virtue blind,
As whiskey--

What is the cause of every ill?
That does with pain the body fill?
It is the oft-repeated gill,
Of whiskey.

What is it some do love so well,
For which their bodies they would sell,
And send their souls to lowest hell?

'Tis whiskey.

What is it poisons all their lives,
And makes men curse and beat their wives,
And thousands to destruction drives?

'Tis whiskey.

What makes chill penury prevail,
Makes widows mourn and orphans wail,
And fills the poor house and the jail?

'Tis whiskey.

There's nothing causes so much woe,
Or lays so many good men low,
And therefore should be hated so,

As whiskey.

Oh whiskey! thou'rt the greatest curse,
To soul, to body, and to purse,
Pandora's box held nothing worse,

Than whiskey.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 12, 1861, p. 2, c. 4
[Letter from "A Daily Purchaser" to the newspaper, Camp McDonald, July 8, 1861, Brig. Genl. Phillips, Col. M. A. Stovall]

Our camp is almost always alive with the fair sex--they cheer our lonely hours, and the soldier feels that he has something to fight for at each exhibition of their smiling faces. Let the girls come and see us *and "bring their knitting."*

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 13, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement--it won't hurt you. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't [sic] expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these ten years, but it will do her good for all that, and you too. There are many women to day thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil, they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers, and husbands become to their monotonous labor, that they look for and upon them as they do on the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Homely, every day life may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very homeliness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if

you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally. It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they are so selfish in their feeling. They don't come out with a hearty "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife;" or "I'm obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for giving "fits;" they thank the man in the full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves in the concert room; in fact they thank everybody and everything out of doors, because it is the custom; and then come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if the wife asks them to hold the baby, scold if the fire has got down; or, if anything is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say "I thank you." I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility towards those common articles of housekeeping, your wives--if you gave the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the badinage about whom you are going to marry when number one is dead--(such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes)--if you would cease to speak of their faults, however banteringly, before others--fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your cold and so so ish affection. Praise your wife, then, for all the good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

A Camp Incident.

Camp Walker, Decatur, Ga.,
July 17th, 1861.

Editors Confederacy: An incident worth relating occurred in the camp of the Upson Volunteers on yesterday evening. Miss Gay, the authoress of "Poems by a Georgia Lady," with two other ladies, visited our camp, and when they took their leave and were passing out of the camp, Miss Gay noticed one of the boys very awkwardly preparing his supper. She quietly offered her assistance, and made the dough for bread--observing that she was willing to do what she could for a soldier. It was all done with perfect modesty, and without any attempt at display. Nothing can be more encouraging to volunteers, than to see such spirit shown by the ladies.

An Upson Volunteer.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 41 [sic], 1861, p. 3, c. 3 [preceding paper is Saturday, July 20, following is Tuesday, July 23]

For the Southern Confederacy.

Garden Seeds.

Messrs. Editors: Our usual supply of seeds from the North being cut off by Lincoln's blockade, it behooves our house-wives and horticulturists, in the Confederate States, to save all

the seeds they can, and preserve them for the next spring's planting--such as early corn, beans, squashes, cucumbers, carrots, parsnips, onions, etc., etc. The Yankee nation is not the only country or *terra firma* that grows vegetables, and whence garden seeds can be procured. The best seeds I ever planted in this country were grown in Holland, and imported into Georgia by a gentlemen who for many years was a successful merchant, both in this State and in South Carolina. Let, then, the growers of Connecticut "*Shaker Garden Seeds*" go by the board, and let us of the South go to ---the Dutch--to Holland for our need in this line. Cannot our enterprising Druggists in Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans, who may import their medicines from Europe, cause to be brought over into our country a full supply of seeds for field and garden purposes in the South? I think the idea a feasible one, and that the enterprise would be profitable. I have no doubt, Lincoln's people are already reaping rich harvest of *grain (over the left)* by his blockade; and let the people of the south do all in their might to swell the accumulations and profits of wooden nut megdom.

Alpha.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 26, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

From Our Special Texas Correspondent.

Approach to Huntsville--A city set on a hill--Female colleges--Female education in Georgia--Texas progress--The penitentiary--Number of convicts--State and foreign representation in the "institution"--The everlasting nigger has the best record--Solitary confinement--Old Sam Houston to take the field in the Confederate Army.

Huntsville, Texas, June 17, 1861.

Editors Southern Confederacy: On yesterday evening I arrived at this place, about which a good deal of interest is sometimes manifested in the Lone Star State, as being that particular locality at which our State prison is situated. As you approach the town upon the North, and first get a view of it, you fully realize the truth that Christ uttered upon the Mount, that a city set upon "a hill cannot be hid." While you are yet a little distance from it, you have a much better prospect than you can ever get of it again, and your opinion of its beauty is much better than when you enter the very heart of the town itself. The principal buildings make a very good appearance, and one would suppose he were drawing near quite a city; but, without having the census, or the necessary statistics before me, I would set the number of inhabitants down at fifteen hundred.

There is a very good female college here; but what number of students it has, I have not been able to ascertain--but the condition of the institution is represented as very flourishing. The want and scarcity of female colleges in the State, are generally recognized as the most serious obstacles to the progress of Texas; and, although there may be more institutions of this kind than I am apprised of, yet I think there are only three places that can boast of female colleges, and they are Huntsville, Chapel Hill and Fairfield, which last place is in Freestone county, and adjoining Limestone. There are doubtless several excellent schools for ladies in the State; but, if my recollection serves me correctly, there are none of them, except those mentioned, that rise in

dignity and importance sufficiently high to be called colleges.

The condition of Georgia at the present time, and the high intellectual culture of her fair daughters, attest the powerful influence that institutions endowed for female education have upon the career and destiny of a people.

But it could not be expected that in such a short time, Texas should be able to rival the older States in the number and excellence of her schools. It was only in 1845 that she established her State Constitution, and, in the same year, she united herself with the United States, which are now the "ilium fuit" of such political dreamers as Seward and Lincoln. In that length of time, she has made rapid strides in civilization and prosperity and wealth are acknowledged facts in political economy. Her railroads are being extended into the heart and center of the State--her towns are rising here and there, dotting the beautiful prairies like "Sea Cybeles, fresh from ocean," and her common schools are numerous, and of the best character.

But another institution has risen at this place, which also may be set down, in some measure, as a necessary consequence of growth and expansion, and slightly referred to before. I mean the Penitentiary. A great many curious facts may be collated from the reports of the Directors and Superintendents of the several State prisons, and, as Texas is, and has been, the resort of all "nativities," a few of these curiosities (not natural, animal or vegetable) may possess a passing interest with your readers.

The gentlemanly Superintendent informed me that there were 216 convicts at present.-- This is a larger number than in any year since its foundation. Up to the 31st of August, 1859, there had been 412 convicts, in all, since the year 1850, which makes the very decent average of $45 \frac{2}{3}$ per year for the said years.

Georgia is an enterprising, energetic State--the Empire State of the South--and Georgians may be curious to know if they have a fair proportion of representatives in this department of the Government--and I am very sorry to say they have. But I think it can be accounted for upon a very rational hypotheses--perhaps I should call it a *fact*--that they are a people who have progressive notions, upward, onward, keeping pace with the "star of empire;" and this characteristic has led more Georgians than almost any other class of people to come to the "far distant West." This same characteristic, perhaps, has landed 23 of them in the State prison of Texas; Alabama, ditto; Texas ditto; and Tennessee has outstripped all her sister Southern States, and has 33, (which is a better numerical representation than she used to have in the old United States Congress,) while Kentucky and Virginia, not so high in the pictures, have each 16 here.-- The puritanic States of the North are pretty fairly represented, and doubtless the only reason why they have not more here, is because they think it would not be profitable, as they never embark in any enterprise that won't pay; for they are "indociles paupericue puti," and for this much, an honest confession would commend them.

It is not to be understood that the States mentioned have the above number of citizens in the penitentiary at the present time, but have had, (including those now in confinement) since 1850. Nearly all the States of the old Union have more or less "nativities" here. Mexico, with her low flung greasers, and her rare and high-strung hidalgos, has had 92 subjects in the State building, and, to see them as they are, looking so contented, one would imagine that they never had strung their harps and sung such words as these:

"Ay de mi! un ano felice
Parece un soplo ligero;
Pero sin dicha un instante
Ees un siglo de tormento."

But, passing on, Ireland, next to Mexico, numerically, has 26 Paddies, "all the way from the bogs of ould Ireland;" Germany has 16 dear lovers of sour krout, and sable Africa has only one in the "Huntsville Brick House."

There was one convict who had been sentenced to solitary confinement for life; but the last Legislature, at its regular term, repealed the law, so far as to allow the Governor, upon a proper representation of the case, to commute the punishment to "hard labor in the penitentiary for life," which speaks highly for the humanity of that august representative body. Col. Caruthers, the Superintendent, informed me that, by his intercession with the old hero, Sam Houston, (while Sam was Governor,) he succeeded in having the solitary confinement commuted, as the law so wisely prescribes.

There are many things of interest to be seen and found here, the details of which would weary you; but this I may be permitted to say, that the financial condition of the penitentiary is as good, or better, under old Sam's administration than it has been for a long time. It could not be otherwise when such efficient officers have been appointed; and this is not written for the purposes of disparaging others that have administered the "*machine*," but to do justice. By the way, an intimate friend of his told me that old San Jacinto had written him a letter, in which he said that they would doubtless soon meet in the Southern army in defence [sic] of their common country, and all he (Sam) asked of his bitter foes was to keep up with him, and turn a little of that malignity they had harbored for him against the enemy of our institutions and liberties.

Old Sam will redeem his pledge to take the field. He is a powerful friend, but, if an enemy, he is to be dreaded. Adios. L. J. Farrar.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 26, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Home-Made Blanket.

The Athens Watchman speaks of having seen a magnificent home-spun blanket, manufactured by Mrs. Frank M. David, of Jackson county, and presented to Capt. A. C. Thompson, of the "Oconee Guards" of that county. It is worth, he says, half a dozen common blankets. Our fair country women can now do essential service to the country by reviving the industrious habits of their mothers in the fabrication of useful articles.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 26, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

The Ladies of Atlanta.

Including the Ladies of the Soldier's Relief Society, are requested to meet at the City Hall this (Friday) morning, at 9 o'clock, prepared with needles and thimbles, to make up uniforms for Capt. L. J. Glenn's Company, which leaves in a very short time for the seat of war.

Uniforms are all ready cut out. Sewing machines will be furnished at the Hall.

It is hoped that ALL who can, will come and assist in a case like this.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 7, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

A Female Spy.--The correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, writing from Western Virginia, says a female spy has been discovered in the First Kentucky Regiment. She is from Georgia, and enlisted at Cincinnati. She was detected by writing information in regard to the

movements of our troops to the enemy. She is a member of the Knights of Golden Circle, says she knows the punishment of a spy is death, and is ready for her fate. She is to be sent to Columbus.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 9, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

A Woman's Offering.

Beverly Home, Near Vicksburg,
July, 1861.

Editor Mississippian:--As you enter into our all glorious struggle for freedom with an earnest zeal which signalizes you as devoted to the cause, I select you to answer an enquiry which may or may not interest it. Could the jewelry belonging to the ladies of the South be used to advance the common cause? If so I well know it would pour into the coffers of our Confederacy.

For myself I have long ceased to wear jewelry, and save a chain, a birthday gift of a beloved and honored father, whom I had the misfortune to lose in infancy, and a diamond, the parting present of my husband, I have nothing of value; but these tokens so precious of my heart, I will gladly bestow. My means are very limited, an invalid, I cannot even sew for our soldiers and my soul longs to do something and this is the only mode I can think of.

Please let us have an answer soon.

Yours very respectfully,
Mrs. Wm. Cox.

Reply.

[The spirit which animates the patriotic ladies of the South is well illustrated by the foregoing generous proposition. When they have freely surrendered to the dangers and privations of war those who are dearest to them on earth--husbands, sons and brothers--more dearly prized than gold or diamond, no stronger assurance is needed that they are ready to make every sacrifice upon freedom's altar. As yet the necessities of the South do not require that the ladies should divest themselves of their jewelry, the sacred tokens of friendship and love. They will have done all that patriotism can require if they will persevere (as they doubtless will) in their present noble work of providing necessities and comforts for the gallant volunteers]--
Mississippian.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 10, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

A Lady with the Right Spirit

A lady friend in this city has favored us with the perusal of a letter written by her sister residing in Texas. We have read but few letters since this war commenced, from which we have derived such pleasure as this one, and we appreciate the privilege we have of making the following extract. Its pure and lofty patriotism, will find a hearty response in the breast of every lover of his country:

* * * "Phil was in Richmond when he last wrote, but *where* he is this Holy Sabbath day, (14th July) who can tell? Perhaps upon some field of battle! I feel sometimes that he is lost to me forever. I try to be resigned to the will of Heaven in all things.--If my country had claimed the sacrifice of *my own* life it would have been willingly given; but my boys were more to me than all else on *earth*--dearer, far dearer, than my own life. But they are gone--two of them--for Creed left me two days ago, at the Governor's orders to go into camp, preparatory to his departure for the seat of war. He tried to reach home in time to go with Philip, but was prevented by sickness. I could have borne it better if they had gone together, but they will probably not meet during the war, and I may not see Creed again before he leaves Texas.

"Swan and John belong to a company, but they will not leave the State, as they expect to be sent to the coast, which is threatened by the Lincolnites; so you see this war will fall *heavily on me*, as I have so many sons. Patriotism prompts me to give them up to my country, but there is no joy in it. I feel as if the light will have gone out of my house *forever* when they leave it.

"I love the South--my old State (Georgia) most of all--and if it is to be blotted out from the face of the earth, as our enemies boast, *I hope to perish with it*; and before the day comes when such a race as the Lincolnites shall overrun and subdue the South, I hope the last Southern man on earth--my sons among them--may fall on the field of battle in deadly fight for their own, and their country's honor. I had rather, a thousand times, see their heads laid low in the grave, than live to see them submit to the infidel North. If the men were willing to accept of peace on such terms, Southern women would drive them from their presence with *scorn and contempt*. My sons would never return to me after such servile submission, nor would I have them do so.

"This may seem to you unnatural, and so it is; but the North has driven us to this unnatural war, robbed me of my sons and brothers, and made for me days of weariness and nights of sorrow. They have gone to fight for their country--their rights and honor, and all that we held dear, and I have no wish for them to survive these."

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 14, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

Bravo for Her.

From the Petersburg Express.

Charles H. Foster--To the Public.

Murfreesboro', N. C.,

Messrs. Editors: As a woman true to the South whose heart beats in unison with those of our patriotic sons now struggling for our altars and our firesides, and as one whose sympathies and prayers are enlisted in behalf of a free people, now threatened with subjugation at the hands of corrupt functionaries, and mercenary outlaws, I am prompted to write the following lines, however embarrassing and unpleasant it may be to thus bring my name before the public. I am desirous that my indignation and contempt should be known for the course of Charles H. Foster, formerly of Orono, Maine, late of this place, and now of Washington city.

All persons know, who have been acquainted with Mr. Foster, for the last six months, that he left this place in the month of February last, for his desk in the Post Office Department at Washington--a position obtained under Mr. Buchanan's administration, and remained there until

the 3rd of May last, when he returned to this place. His presence to this town caused great excitement immediately upon the fact of his arrival being known, as his conduct in a great measure, I am frank to confess, reasonably justified. He was accused of being untrue to the South--a Black Republican--and some went so far as to believe him a spy, sent out directly from under the roof of the White House. *To all* of these accusations he plead *not guilty*, and went so far as to say to me that he intended to return to Washington *and prove himself a Southern man*.

Mr. Foster finally did return, and to my great surprise, I have found that man upon whom I had centered my whole affections, and who had won the confidence of my heart, has proved himself recreant to his pledges, false to his vows, and indifferent as to the life or death of his own wife and child.

From the *Sunday Morning Chronicle*, published in Washington, I learn that on the occasion of a serenade given to Mr. Foster soon after his arrival, he said in addition to other odious things, that he intended to head a Brigade as soon as arrangements could be made, and come to North Carolina to relieve the oppressed friends of the Union living among us. The import of which language is that he would see my own people exterminated, our own homes outraged, desecrated and destroyed. Without reference to anything else that this man has said or done, which has proven him a traitor, to his adopted home, I conclude this card by saying, that as painful as a separation would be under other circumstances that I now declare every tie *severed* which has heretofore bound me to Charles H. Foster, and from this day I consider the relation formerly existing between us as husband and wife, virtually dissolved forever.

I shall no longer bear his name and will take advantage of the earliest opportunity offered by our laws of having it legally changed to what I now sign it.

SUE A. CARTER.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 14, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

Improved
Metalic [sic] Burial Cases.
[illustration]

Also, a general assortment of WOOD COFFINS, including Rosewood and Mahogany.

Marshal's Sheet Metalic [sic] Burial Cases,

An entirely new article, nearly as light as wood, and closed up with India Rubber--air-tight--for sale at my Rooms, in Markham's New Building, on Whitehall street, upstairs.

L. Robinson.

Residence on Bridge street, near Col. John Collier's.
Orders, by telegraph, or otherwise, promptly attended to.

Jan. 15, 1861.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 14, 1861, p. 2, c. 2-3

Special Correspondence from the Georgia Volunteers.

Goodson, Va., Aug. 9th, 1861.

. . . The boys of our whole Battalion are all well, and they are continually singing "Oh, me! oh, my! the sun of Independence is a shining," "Root Hog or Die," &c., &c. . . .

Yours,
T. D. Wright.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 14, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Augusta, Geo., Aug. 12, 1861.

To the Public:

Under an appointment made by our fellow citizens, we have been sometime acting in the management of a Hospital Fund, which has been raised, and is being raised in our State, and applied for the benefit of the sick and wounded of the Georgia forces in the field.--this has been called the "Georgia Soldiers' Hospital Fund," . . .

We append a list of the articles, arranged in the order which (if the subscription should be in such things) will be found most useful:

Sheets, pillows and pillow cases, handkerchiefs, hose, jackets, drawers, socks, shirts, towels, blankets, coverlets, tea, coffee, arrow root, rice, sugar, corn starch, isinglass, lime juice, medicines of all kinds, bandages, wines, brandies, licorice, rose water and flax seed.--Shirts.--Two breadths of unbleached cotton, 1¼ yards long, 1 yard wide, open at bottom ½ yard; sleeve, length ¾ yard; armhole, length 12 inches; length of collar 20 inches; length of slit in front 28 inches; a piece 4 inches wide lapping under, fastened with 4 ties; short bed gowns, as shirts only, only 1 yard long and open in front. Cotton drawers, 1¼ yards long, with breadth of 1 yard in each leg, with hem and draw string around each leg and the waist; length of waist to crotch 12 inches on the back, front 11 inches, with 3 buttons and button holes.

E. Starnes, }
G. W. Evans, }
H. F. Russell, } Com.
H. Moore, }
J. M. Newby. }

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 15, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

The Gate-City Guards.

On Monday evening a number of recruits for this company left here for the head quarters of the regiment at McDowell, Highland county, Virginia.

A beautiful flag was presented to the company by Mrs. W. F. Westmoreland on the part of the ladies of the city who made a new one for them--the one given them when they first left here in March last, having been lost in the retreat from Laurel Hill. The presentation took place at the residence of Dr. W. F. Westmoreland.

Last night Capt. Ezzard left on the State road to join his command.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 16, 1861, p. 2, c. 4-5

Special Correspondence from the Georgia Volunteers.

Camp Davis, Lynchburg, Va.,
Aug. 13th, 1861.

Dear Confederacy: ...

What a spirit animates all the people here! They even shed tears on our arrival, cheered us all the way; and when they heard we were from Georgia, all along the line of railroads at every station the people flocked and gave us the best their stentorian lungs could afford. Every house had a flag; everybody had a flag, and the ladies had their dresses made like flags, with the red and the blue predominant. I began to think that secession flags was one of the produces of the soil, or of spontaneous growth. The girls *would* talk to the boys, and the boys *would* talk to the girls, and with no parlor reserve either; but they would utter sentiments of the heart, and coming, as they did, from pretty, pouting lips, and beautiful women to say them, no wonder the boys (some of them) lost their hearts, and will leave them with the Virginia lassies, instead of those of dear old Georgia. Well, no matter, our women and children are all we are fighting for in this war, and if future generations will reap the benefit and thank us for it, 'tis all we claim. . . .

T. D. W.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

To Make an Excellent Pickle.--Soak them in brine for two days. At the end of that time, take out and pour over them boiling vinegar; lastly, put them away in strong vinegar, adding the usual seasoning. To each vessel containing about one gallon, add about three-quarters of an ounce of muriatic acid, and you will have a beautiful green pickle that will keep for a great length of time.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 25, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Something We Like.

On yesterday we had the pleasure of "showing up" The Franklin Printing establishment to a party of ladies--among them Miss T., the daughter of an old friend--dressed in beautiful checked homespun; white, blue, copperas, and "Turkey Red" colors were beautifully woven into the fabric. It really was refreshing. Then it fit right. It was not only spun and wove, but cut and fit by the accomplished wearer, who has just completed a collegiate education.

We hope every young lady in Georgia will follow this example. Let the abominable Yankee pianos be laid aside, and give us some more of the music from that old time-honored but now almost obsolete instrument with *two* ????ings--one about fourteen feet long, and the other lengthened at pleasure with the lady's ?? *hand*. It does not make the variety of sounds that a high squeaking Yankee piano does; but the strains are a gentle humming, indicative of thrift, contentment, and independence, and has a soothing cheering effect upon the husband. These old rusty instruments are called *Spinning Wheels*--Let them be brushed up made to ???g.

Let us have more homespun dresses--enough at least to destroy the novelty; and let us have more good warm jeans for gentlemen, and for our soldiers to wear this winter.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 27, 1861, p. 1, c. 1 [left edge in fold]

How to Get Coffee.

Greensboro', Ga., Aug. 23, 1861.

To the Editor of the Chronicle & Sentinel:

Having heard you were great coffee drinkers, and always relished a good cup, and knowing that you desired to run Lincoln's blockade into nonentity, to obtain a good cup, such as you have no doubt often tasted at the French market, New Orleans,) I enclose you the receipt--the very latest--for making the very best domestic coffee. This coffee, when made by the receipt, is of excellent flavor, and very nutritious. It is of sufficient strength, and not excitable in its action. It is mild, healthy, persuasive, and sufficiently exhilarating for any epicure. When you smell it, you will say, "I believe it's *Java*;" when you taste it, you will say, "I think *it is Java*;" when you drink it, you exclaim (foreignly), "I'll pe tamn [sic?] if it isn't Java coffee." It is true, it has not that foreign *accent*; but by adding a little milk or cream, it *speaks* almost the foreign tongue. Try it, as an antidote for the blockade.

Receipt.

Take the common garden beet, wash it clean, cut it into small pieces, twice the size of a bean of coffee; put into the coffee toaster or pan, and roast as you do your coffee--perfectly brown. Take care not to burn while toasting it. When sufficiently dry and hard, grind it in a clean mill, and take half a common size coffee cup of the grounds, and boil in one gallon water. Then settle with an egg, and send to the table, hot. Sweeten with very little sugar, and add good cream or milk. This coffee can be drank by children with impunity, and will not (in my judgment,) either impair sight or nerves. Col. Wm. W. D. Weaver and myself have tried it, and find it almost equal, when properly made, to either the Java, Brazilian or Mocha coffee. I am indebted to the Colonel for this excellent substitute; and as every man has his beet orchard, so has he his coffee. And like Cuffee, we exclaim, "Bress God for dis blockade. Nigger now get him plenty of kophphee, and Mr. Lincoln am no where."

R. J. Dawson.

P.S. There is a per centage of water in the beet, which is extracted as you toast the coffee particles to a nice brown.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 27, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Air-Tight Fruit Jars:

A small lot for sale by T. R. Ripley.
aug.18-1w.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Useful Hints to Planters' Wives.--Editors Rural:--The following recipes are at your service:

Corn Starch, or Farina.--Grate well filled green corn from the cob into a tub of clean water, say a bushel into each tub. Let it remain a few hours, then strain the contents of each tub into fresh water. The finest hair sifter or fine muslin must be used for a strainer. After straining into fresh water, let it remain twelve hours or more; then pour off the water--the starch will be precipitated to the bottom of the tub, which must be spread on a clean cloth, and dried in the sun. It must be kept stirred to prevent it from molding.--When thoroughly dry put it into glass

jars.

Corn Starch Blanc Mange.--Take a teacup full of the starch, mix it up with cold water perfectly smooth; add this to a quart of milk which must be boiled, stir in the starch while the milk is boiling; it must be stirred while it is boiling to prevent it from burning. Let it boil up once or twice, then take off and pour it into moulds [sic]. This Blanc Mange must be eaten with loaf sugar and cream.--Any seasoning, such as lemon, or vanilla, can be used to season it; and if preferred the Blanc Mange can be sweetened while it is boiling.

Mrs. W. P. W.

Auburn, near Laconia, Arkansas.

[Southern Rural Gentleman.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 30, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

The Virtues of Borax.--The washer women of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines, (required to be made stiff,) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water; all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 31, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Chicken Fried in Batter.--make a batter of two eggs, a teacup of milk and a little salt, and thickened with flour; have the chickens cut up, washed and seasoned; dip the pieces separately in the batter, and fry them in hard lard; when brown on both sides take them up and make a gravy as for fried chickens. Lard fries much nicer than butter, which is apt to burn.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], September 27, 1861, p. 2, c. 1-2

Ladies' Relief Society.

September 24th 1861.

At the meeting of the "Society" this morning only one report from committees to visit the poor was submitted--that one from Mrs. Holcombe, Mrs. Harden and Mrs. L. P. Grant, the committee for 3rd Ward. They reported [illegible--16?--on the fold] families whose husbands were in the Confederate service. Several of those families are partly composed of small children. All of them manifest a perfect willingness to do any work the "Society" may give them, to aid in their support. Others appointed, not understanding the wards, made no report, though they visited several families. . . .

Much good can be accomplished by these visits to the poor; by giving them help, advice,

and encouragement. We hope the several committees will give a written report of their labors at our next meeting, which will be at eight o'clock next Tuesday. . . .

The Ladies of the "Society" are to have a "Fair," next Tuesday evening, and hope for the sake of the cause prompting it, to have a full attendance. Tickets for admission 25cts. The ladies will appear in southern homespun.

Contents of boxes sent to "Hospital" were:

22 bottles blackberry wine.

3 jugs blackberry wine.

6 bottles blackberry cordial.

3 bottles blackberry shrub.

2 jars blackberry jam.

1 jar blackberry jelly.

1 jar quince marmalade.

4 bottles brandy.

1 bottle grape wine.

1 bottle scuppernong wine.

2 demijohns syrup.

36 blankets, 3 coverlets, 24 comforts, 2 bed ticks, 6 pillows, 20 pairs sheets, 29 pairs pillow cases, 2 bolster cases, 60 towels, 31 pairs drawers, 60 shirts, 36 bundles eatables, 2 bushels dried apples, 1 bag rags--old linen and cotton. . .

Mrs. W. F. Westmoreland,
President.

Caro. Yancey,
Assistant Secretary.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], September 28, 1861, p. 2, c. 1-2.

A Word to the Ladies.

God bless them! We always love to write, or talk, to and about the dear creatures.

The men love you all--this you know. They have told you so a thousand times.

But these are war times, and we must give up romancing for a while. We desire a short business chat with you this morning--have but a few moments to spare from our constant labor--you have no idea how hard we work. Then to the point. Don't be excited, we are not courting.

We want you with a ready hand and a willing heart to help your husbands, fathers and brothers protect our sunny homes from an invading foe, who are waging a cruel and relentless war upon our sacred rights--seeking to deprive us of all that men hold dear--liberty of person, rights of property, and peace at home.

We do not expect you to shoulder a gun. Oh, no! not yet; but you can be very useful, nevertheless. You can work. You can card and spin; you can weave; you can cook; you can wash, (your Sunday clothes, at least); you can iron; you can "clean up" your house; you can knit, sew, quilt, and we could not, in a month, think of the thousand and one useful things you can do, which you never dreamed of when you were at boarding school.

But you say, "what's the use?" You have servants to do all your house work. Very well; but this is the idea: Send all the male servants to the farm, to raise provisions, and all your house girls to the garden and field to work, and you do all you can at home, while they make something

out doors to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Your husband will love you more, and esteem you as a priceless jewel--far above all rubies--and labor all the more to make himself worthy of such a treasure.

But you say your husband does love you, and ought to love you anyhow. Granted; but dismiss your careless, negligent servants; pitch in and do your work yourself, and see how much more attractive home will soon be to your husband! The coffee will be better--not as *unsettled* as usual, the cakes will be browner, the waffles more tender. It won't take half as many eggs; the sugar will last longer; you won't have so many chipped cups and saucers; you won't have so many dishes and glasses broken; brandy peaches and preserves will hold out longer; pickles won't disappear so fast; and we don't know what all will be the better.

Make your children sweep the yards and gather your vegetables for dinner, it will improve their health and elevate their character. Encourage them; speak kindly to them; never scold them, and keep them at their lessons, or at work, a good deal more than you do. (Let them play some, of course--just enough--not too much.) It will make them feel proud that they can help you and do something useful; and when grown up, they will not be the poor helpless creatures that the victims of wicked servants, careless parents, and idle bringing up, always are, when they leave you to take charge of a home of their own.

Then, again; by performing the duties we have indicated, yourself, you not only have everything nicer and more satisfactory and agreeable to yourself, your husband, and all concerned; but you will be better pleased with *yourself*. You will sleep better, be better contented, have less use for Spalding's Glue and Cephalic Pills. You will enjoy better health, have a sweeter temper, feel more independent, be a better wife, a kinder mother, and be more useful to your country. You can save money; have more to give away to those in need, and thereby cherish and cultivate one of the most lovely and distinguishing traits of christian character--charity.

If you cannot at once enter fully into the plan we have marked out, you can do this: less extravagance in dress. The fact is fine dressing is becoming hateful to all sensible persons, and the extent to which it was carried by some, before the blockade, never was genteel. If we can get salt and powder enough, it will not matter if we are blockaded till every old French hat and gaudy flower is as dim as a faded dogwood blossom. You can re-trim, the best of you, three or four cast off bonnets. You can cut up your last fall dresses, and out of the skirts make the children nice new dresses; and, rather than miss doing a good thing, you can wear some of them yourself this fall and winter.

You can "take in" your hoops (to suit the hard times--shorten sail in this storm,) and save several yards in making a new dress for yourself. There are a thousand little plans which a thrifty house-wife can adopt to save money, and look well too.

With these remarks we will close on the part of the married women, for the present. At our earliest opportunity, (by your permission,) we will have a half hour's chat with the young ladies.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], September 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Written expressly for the Southern Confederacy.
Soldiers' Relief Society.

These organizations are springing up thickly around us; nearly every county in the State has one, and some have half a dozen. So far so good--we cannot do too much for our soldiers. But just where there are so many societies, there is, strange to say, great danger that the least good will be done. This arises from the fact that while they are in the same county, formed for the same purpose, and working, perhaps, for the very same companies, there is a lack of disposition on the part of the members to have any correspondence with each other, or to establish a communication in common with some central Society, through which unanimity of action, and equality of distributions to each Company might be secured.

A letter has just been handed to me, written by a friend in a distant part of the country, who is resident in a large town where one of these Societies has been organized; and she tells me that though it is at the county site, and is a most advantageous point for transportation, it is difficult to obtain any cooperation from the smaller district associations. There appears to exist among them a species of jealousy--a fear lest they should not get due credit for their contributions in money and clothing, were they forwarded through other hands than their own. More counties than one are afflicted with false notions on this head, and a serious affliction it will prove to be, unless they can be done away with. Is there not a different, a more correct view?

Suppose an association has been formed in a central village, for the whole county: It does not supersede the necessity for District Societies, nor do its members arrogate to themselves any superiority over such societies--Neither would they take one iota of the praise which their efforts deserve. All they ask is for full information as to their proceedings.

"Let us know," they say, "what you are doing and for whom. Some of you are in portions of the country far from the railroad and find it inconvenient to transmit your packages. If you will send them to us, with the names of the donors attached thereto, and the names and location of the soldiers for whom they are designed, we will carefully pack them for you and forward them exactly according to your order. We do not want the name of doing your work, but we want to prevent confusion that must arise if we work in a scattered, unsystematic way. We will take special pains to have it known that the donation is yours, *not* ours."

Correspondence and cooperation in some such manner is absolutely necessary. Several companies go from one county. Each society works more or less for these, as choice and fancy dictate. The consequence is, that in one company there is a deficiency of clothing that the society of which it is the favorite cannot supply; in another a superfluity of garments has been provided by a wealthier association, while yet another is but poorly accoutered, even by the utmost efforts of some little band devoted to its service. Now, if this were reported at the headquarters of a central association, and the distribution of clothing regulated accordingly, the extra quantity might be so divided, and the individual efforts of the association so applied as to furnish every company with what is needful, without waste of money or effort. And we should remember that if this war continues long, every cent uselessly expended may prove a bitter loss--every misdirected effort will be a cruel mockery of the wants of some perishing soldier.

My friend's letter has furnished me a text for the times. Is it possible that *now*, when everything depends upon united, energetic action, some people are standing aloof from one another, in fear that, if they band together, some *little scraps of credit* may be detached from their good deeds as individuals! And, after all, some of them have only half fulfilled their real duty. For shame!

Our volunteers appeal to us for aid--"Yes, yes, you shall have it, all we can give; but we will have no connection with this society, and that shall not know what we are doing, and we

cannot promise you much." So, the winter closes in, and these rambling donations are sent off. An ill-assorted variety, they are worse divided--some soldiers are amply supplied, others are almost destitute.

As one by one they yield to the effects of the piercing blasts, and the soil of Virginia is dotted with the graves of those slain, not by the sword, not by pestilence, but by exposure alone, whose will the fault be?

Had this principle, established by some of our aid societies, prevailed in our political administration, we should have to-day no combined forces to oppose our foes, and no united leaders to command them, were they banded. David would stand aloof from Stephens and the Cabinet; Beauregard and the rest of the Generals would be wrangling for the "credit" of the victory of Manassas Plains, and ere the last Autumn sunset could cast its shadows over our landscape, Lincoln would be triumphant, and the "Southern Confederacy" live only in dreams.

Cooperation is indispensable to harmony of action; harmony is the soul of collective energy and efficiency.

Unanimity and success, discord and failure, or, at best, but partial achievements. There is our choice.

ZIOLA.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], September 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 2.

Concert and Tableaux at West Point.

West Point, Ga., }
September 22d, 1862.}

Messrs. Editors: As we have no press in our little village, will you allow me the use of your columns as a medium of informing the public of what our liberal and patriotic citizens are doing for the cause of Southern independence. On last Friday evening, the 20th inst., a Concert and *Tableaux Vivants*, were given for the benefit of our soldiers, by the "Ladies' Relief Society." Mr. Croft kindly tendered his Hall to the ladies, gratuitously. The Concert opened with the *Tableaux* of the "Coronation of the Fairy Queen." Miss Mary W. Erwin had the honor of receiving, from the hands of a fair attendant, the rural crown; and gracefully acknowledging the homage of her little subjects, as they reclined around her throne. The appearance of this *Tableaux* was quite charming; and, if scenes in fairy land seem but half as beautiful as this, it must, indeed, be a delightful land to inhabit.

"The Confederate Wagon," sung by Miss McNeill, was much applauded. "Old Cabin Home," sung by Misses Cherry and Harrington, was exquisitely sweet. The rich tones of the singers' voices, mingling with the strains of a fine instrument, in the chorus, left an impression upon the hearts of the audience that will not soon wear away.

"The Soldier's Dream," a *Tableaux*, was next performed. The wearied soldier is represented as lying in the arms of balmy sleep, dreaming of a sweet home and loved ones left behind; or, perchance, with heart swelling with "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

"The Female Auctioneer" was sung by Miss Ellis, with a clear and articulate voice. This was followed by the National "Root Hog or Die," sung by Miss Cherry. The words were suited to the times, and I think it would have affected "Uncle Abe" with a distressing attack of "dry grins," to have heard it. Then came the little mocking bird of all, Miss Sue Sheppard, with the song of "Wake up in de mornin'," which produced roars of laughter.

The *Tableau*, "Pocahontas and Captain Smith," was *faultless*. "I forget the Gay World,"

by Misses Reed, Erwin, Harrington and Cherry, was a soft and pensive air. "I should like to change my Name," was artlessly and sweetly sung.

The Tableaux, "Bell of West Point, and Flower of the Family," was impatiently looked for; in fact, every one was in a breathless state of anxiety, to see the two beautiful "Misses" who would appear, in evident consciousness of their superior charms! The audience breathed freely once more, as the curtain rose and displayed to their curious eyes a common brass bell(e) and a fine sack of Family Flour (Flower.) It was universally thought to be a good "chaw."

"Hear me Norma," played and sung by Miss Fanny Harris and Miss Sallie Reid, was perfectly magnificent, unsurpassed and *unsurpassable*. The *Marseillaise*, sung by Miss Annie Erwin, was really soul-stirring. The Tableaux of "Fuss in the Family," was quite ludicrous; and, no doubt, was as familiar as "household words" to some unfortunate individual, who had placed himself "outside" of too much of the "juice."--"Dixie's Land," by Misses Ellis, Sharp and Walker, was fine; and the class of little girls joining in the chorus, waving their small Confederate flags, made one's heart beat with proud emotion. "The Ivy Green," by Miss Susan Cherry, was soft and plaintively sweet. It was sung with the power of art. Miss Fanny Harris, on the Piano, and Prof. _____ on the Flute, charmed the audience with the exquisite and intoxicating air of "Then you'll remember me."

The performances closed with the "Confederate States," a Tableaux. Each State had a representative, all of them together forming a semi-circle with their hands clasped. In the centre [sic] stood Miss Sallie F. Reid, representing the Palmetto State, with a large Confederate flag in her hand. It was certainly a brilliant galaxy of sisters. South Carolina's representative, like herself, was prominent and peerless!

The Concert was urged to a successful issue by the patriotic efforts of Mrs. Mary Erwin, and Miss Sallie Fannie Reid. A cause supported, as ours is, by such ladies, can hardly fail to succeed; but heaven knows that when the ladies who support that cause are as tireless and self sacrificing as Miss Reid, and as indefatigable as Mrs. Erwin, it must be *doubly* sure of success.

SPECTATOR.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], September 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 2-3

The Tomato Catsup Question Up--Who Will Settle It.

Editors Confederacy: Having seen a call through your *valuable paper* for a receipt for making good Tomato Catsup, I send you one that I have tried for the last ten years, and it has proved good. I have made and kept Catsup by this receipt three years, and found it as good as when first put up.

Take one peck of large, ripe tomatoes; having cut them up, put them into a preserving kettle; let them boil half an hour; then press and strain the pulp through a hair sieve; put back into the kettle and add one ounce of salt, one ounce powdered mace, half ounce powdered cloves, one teaspoonful of ground black pepper, the same of Cayenne pepper, and eight tablespoonsful of ground mustard. Mix the ingredients with the tomato pulp, and let it boil slowly four hours. Then put it in a tureen and let it stand until next day uncovered; when cold, stir into it one pint of best cider vinegar. Put it in bottles and seal the corks. It is then ready for use.

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. H. C. Holcombe.

Atlanta, Sept. 26th, 1861.

September 27th, 1861.

Mr. Editor: I enclose you a receipt to make Tomato Catsup, which I have used several years, and have seen none better. If you are fond of it, try it; I think you will be pleased with it. I think many of our soldier boys would relish it finely, and their friends ought to make a double supply.

S.V.H.

Tomato Catsup.

Have your fruit perfectly ripe; wash and mash it; boil it well; when done, strain it through a sieve, and to four quarts of the liquid, add one quart of good vinegar--apple is preferable--also, two tablespoonsful of ground mustard, two of fine salt, two of ground black pepper, two of whole allspice, one of cloves, two large onions cut fine, three pods of green pepper, and half pound of sugar. Boil it to a proper consistency; then strain again, bottle and cork tightly.

I will send you another which I prefer to Catsup, and no doubt would be much relished among our sick soldiers.

[You have told us how much vinegar, mustard, salt, pepper, &c., to use, but you did not say how much tomatoes. We suppose you meant "right smart."--Eds. Confed.]

Green Tomato Sauce.

Slice a peck of green tomatoes; sprinkle each layer lightly with salt; let them stand all night; next morning, wash them, and if too salt, let them stand a short time in cold water; take them out and let them drain; slice 12 or 15 large onions, put them with the tomatoes in a kettle, with 3 pods of green or red pepper, cut in thin slices; also, a half pound of white mustard seed, once ounce of ground allspice, half ounce of mace, two ounces of cloves, one ounce of ground black pepper, and half a pound of sugar. Cover the whole with good vinegar, and boil rapidly until the tomatoes are done. Then add two tablespoonfuls of ground mustard and stir it in well.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], September 29, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Pop-Corn.

Gen. John H. Rice has presented us with an ear of Brazilian Pop Corn. It is a very deep red, well-filled ear. The General gathered 26 ears from the same stalk--all sound, full-grown, and well-filled.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], September 29, 1861, p. 3, c. 3
Novelty. The young ladies of Montgomery are wearing aprons made like the Confederate Flag.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Showing Her Colors.--A Gentleman from Cheat Mountain tells the following:

A squad of Indiana volunteers, out scouting, came across an old woman in a log cabin, in the mountains. After the usual salutations, one of them asked her:

"Well, old lady, are you secesh?" "No," was her answer. "Are you Union?" "No." "What are you then?" "A Baptist, and allers have been." The Hoosiers let down.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 1, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

The Ladies' Fair.

The Ladies' Soldiers' Relief Society (one of the most useful and patriotic institutions in the city) will give an elegant and well-arranged Fair, at the City Hall, to-night--the proceeds for the benefit of the soldiers.

Now, young gentlemen, and old gentlemen, too, here is a chance for you to show the stuff you are made of. Every pretty young lady in the city (and that includes all) will be there; will have beautifully decorated tables with all conceivable sorts of pretty, nice articles adapted to a *bachelor's den*. Every imaginable article that female ingenuity can invent or hunt up, in the way of *little bit o' caps, shoes, hoods, robes, cloaks, &c.*, all made expressly for and just suited to the *baby*.

Go and buy these nice things. In the first place, the soldier fighting for your safety will get the money, or its worth, and more too, in what they need. In the second place, you will cheer and encourage the ladies in their noble efforts to do good--to clothe those who face the bleak winds of winter in Virginia, as well as the cannon's mouth, in defense of your homes and firesides. And last, you can, by carrying some of the little things back home, make your sweet little children happy for days and weeks, and bring a smile to the sad face of your dear good wife.

If you won't go now, why just stay away--keep your pelf *and die by it*.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 2, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

Half Sheet To-Day.

And *brown* at that. The paper maker has disappointed us. We have made every possible effort to get paper, and have failed. It is not at the mills, or elsewhere within our reach.

We have no assurance of paper--even for a half sheet--for tomorrow. We have it promised to us for Friday's issue. We shall get it earlier, if possible; but if you get no paper tomorrow, you may know it is for the want of paper.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 2, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

The Catsup Question.

Messrs. Editors: I see, in your last issue, some receipts for making Tomato Catsup. I send you a bottle of catsup, which I hope you will do me the honor to try, and, if you think it worthy, you can publish the following receipt by which it is made.

Tomato Catsup.

To every gallon of peeled tomatoes, add 4 tablespoonfuls of salt, 4 of black pepper, 2 of allspice, 8 pods red pepper, 4 spoonfuls of mustard seed. Bruise your spices and add to the tomatoes; then boil slowly three hours; strain it and boil it again, till it is thick enough, when you take it off, add one pint of vinegar to the gallon, and bottle.

I also send you a jar of "Axejar Pickle," which I think would be more desirable for our soldiers than catsup.

Try it at dinner to-day, and see if you can't agree with me. It requires only vinegar enough to keep it moist, and could be sent without doing damage to any other articles in a box, which you know is preferable to other pickles and sauces, which require a quantity of vinegar to keep them. If you would like to publish the receipt, I will send it to you with pleasure.

Respectfully,

Mrs. S. B. Robson.

Monday Morning, Sept. 30, 1861.

[The catsup and the Axejar are both very fine as we learn by testing them. Please send us the receipt for making the pickle.]

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 6, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Wooden Shoes.--We have received, from Mr. McKinlay, a pair of shoes, very simply and ingeniously made of a species of gum wood, of which our swamps contain an everlasting supply, and which, when seasoned, combines the lightness of white pine, the strength of hickory, and, to some degree, the elasticity and endurance of horn. They can be made water-proof by the addition of a coat of oil or varnish. In the present scarcity of leather, the suitability of these shoes for plantation use is a matter of grave moment. Specimens of the shoes may be seen in our office--Charleston Mercury, 2d October.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 6, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Rags.--Save all your rags--cotton, flax, hemp, &c., and send them to market where you can realize three cents a pound.

The South wears out more such goods than two such Norths, and yet the North saves double the quantity of rags for making paper. Let this be changed hereafter. Save the rags to make paper, and thereby make money.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 9, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Recipe for Dysentery and Flux.

We have the following from Mrs. E. C. Jennings, of Oxford. She is a highly intelligent lady--well known to us, and we place every confidence in her recommendation:

Take sweet gum bark and make a strong tea; to one quart add one gill of brandy and an ounce vial of laudanum, with a little sugar to make it palatable. Take a teaspoonful until the disease abates. I have known *one* dose to effect an immediate cure of the worst case I ever saw, and I know it to be a *never-failing* remedy.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 12, 1861, p. 2, c. 4.

Abraham Lincoln.

"Dan Tucker."

Abram Lincoln! he was born
In old Kentuck, one cloudy morn;
And ever since that hour unlucky
There's been a "*cave*" in old Kentucky!
 Yaw! yaw! ye bold Bull runners
 Wait a wee for the Terrell gunners.

Abram Lincoln got elected!
Bigger fool than we expected!
Tried to run the old machine,
Smashed it to a smithereen!
 Yaw! yaw, etc.

Abram Lincoln made a pledge,
To save the Union with a *wedge*!
Drove it in! but the more he hit
The worse the glorious Union split.
 Yaw! yaw, etc.

Abram Lincoln! Who but he!
Thought to crush our liberty;
Sent McDowell to harass us
Over the left around Manassas!
 Yaw! yaw, etc.

Scott, he came to Bull Creek ford,
Rolled up his sleeves and pulled out his sword;
Winfield Scott! with his cheeks a puffin,
Next thing he knew he didn't know nuffin.
 Yaw! yaw, etc.

Abram Lincoln vowed and swore
To "plant his foot" on Southern shore;
And if he *did*, the white folks say,
He planted it with the heel *this way*!
 Yaw! yaw, etc.

Lincoln lives in Washington,
In the breech of a "long-tom" gun,
Bye and bye as I'm a-thinking,
They'll touch it off! and good bye Lincoln!
 Yaw! yaw, etc.

Abram Lincoln he must feel
Mighty mean with his Bastile,
Such a load upon his stomach
Better not cross the old Potomac.
 Yaw! yaw, etc.

There's a pile of pickinniny
Lying round in old Virginny,
Waiting 'till he comes along
To greet him with a cannon song.
 Yaw! yaw, etc.

Harness strong! and horses stead!
Brasses bright, and bullets ready,
Powder dry and hope before us,
Wake, my boys, the cannon's chorus!
 Yaw! yaw! ye bold Bull runners,
 Yaw! yaw! ye bold Bull runners,
 Yaw! yaw! ye bold Bull runners,
 Wait a wee for the Terrell gunners.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 20, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Mayor's Court.

Several cases were before the Court on Friday.
. . . 4th, Lucy and Matilda, two colored ladies, were arraigned for impertinent language to white persons--postponed on account of the absence of testimony.

5th, Lucy a slave girl--for the same offense--sentenced to 39 lashes laid on her bare back by the Marshal.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 30, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Wanted: Recruits for the Atlanta Amateurs

Messrs. Editors: I wish through your journal to call the attention of the patriotic musical talent of our city to the fact that they can materially aid, with their abilities, the cause of our country, relieve, to a great extent, the wants of the soldier's family, and minister to the comfort of our gallant boys who are now upon the battlefield.

The organization, known as the Atlanta Amateurs, was formed here last May, and, as all are aware, have, in every instance, responded to the call of their fellow-citizens, and with what success, I leave to our audience to determine. Many of our members, since we commenced, have left our association and gone to the defense of their country. As these, one by one, left us, I called upon the ladies of our city to supply their places. A few responded, and to them is our city mainly indebted for the handsome sums which, from time, we have obtained by our entertainments and devoted to the support of the good cause.

From our organization to the present time, we have been actively employed. Over \$4,000 has been procured by this pleasant method and distributed to the different companies and relief fund, and while our motto is "In for the War," a due regard for the health of the noble band, of which I have the honor to be manager, shows me the necessity of applying for recruits, and earnestly soliciting the assistance of others, in order to relieve those who have been so incessantly engaged, and also to add to the interest and brilliancy of our entertainments.

I trust, therefore, that the ladies and gentlemen Amateurs of our city will consider this a special invitation to assist us. If there is honor in fighting the battles of our country in the field, it surely is not discreditable to endeavor, in this pleasant manner, to sustain our soldiery and assist their families. One is as imperative a duty as the other. Both must be performed. We have all the talent here that we could wish, and it only needs being brought forward, and where could it be displayed to better advantage, or for a more laudable cause.

Ladies and gentlemen who take an interest in our success, and are willing to assist, will please send in their names to the Club.

Wm. H. Barnes,
Manager.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 31, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

Splendid Flag.

Yesterday we were shown, by the artist, a most beautiful Confederate Flag which was prepared for the Stephens Regiment--Col. E. L. Thomas--now at Walton's Spring, near this city. It is of the finest silk, and ornamented. On one side of the blue field is the coat of arms and motto of the State of Georgia, and the words "35th Georgia," upon the arch.

On the other side is a fine painted likeness of Hon. A. H. Stephens, and under the words "Stephens Rifles." It is by far the handsomest flag we have seen since this revolution commenced.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Peach Leaf Yeast.

Hops cost \$2 00 per pound, leaves cost nothing, and peach leaves make better yeast than hops. Make it thus: Take three large peach leaves and three medium sized potatoes, boil them in two quarts of water until the potatoes are done; take out the leaves and throw them away, peel the potatoes, and rub them up with a pint of flour, adding cold water sufficient to make a paste, then pour on the hot peach leaf tea, and scald for about five minutes. If you add to this a little old yeast, it will be ready for use in three hours. If you add none, it will require to stand a day and night before use. Leaves dried in the shade are as good as fresh ones. As this is stronger than hop yeast, less should be used in making up the dough. I have tried this often, and I am

A LOVER OF GOOD BREAD.

[We find the foregoing in the Richmond Whig of the 23d October, and would take great pleasure in commending it to our readers, if it had only told us whether sweet or Irish potatoes were meant.--Eds. Confed.]

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 1, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Glad to See It.

A large number of the young ladies and misses, pupils in Prof. Mayson's Institute, have ladies off their *hoops*, and walk our streets with perfect safety from short corners, awkward pedestrians, &c. We hope to see the last hoopskirt *confiscated*. They are very convenient to *some*, but a great *growing* and *spreading* deception to the public--that is, to all gentlemen admirers of real grace and lovely form.

But if a total abandonment of their use is more than can now be accomplished, we suggest a compromise. Let all the married ladies wear hoops. That would save the trouble and danger of a gentleman falling in love with a married lady. Then the young ladies and old maids and *children*--if that term be not offensive--can go minus hoops.

They will be much more comfortable, and be less liable to accidents by fire in a schoolroom, than when flying around with distended skirts.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 3, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

A Spicy Letter.

Messrs. Editors: I noticed in your paper of the 1st inst., (we take the "Confederacy") an article about hoops, and some of your suggestions thereon.

Now, sir, I don't know how to quarrel with an editor, as *quarrelling* is, apparently, a part of their business; but I must and *will* express my mind. You have, in that article, been guilty of gross partiality. You say, "let the married ladies wear hoops!" Oh yes! That is very magnanimous on your part, (both of you married gentlemen, are you not?) Are you *afraid* to carry your suggestions too near *home*? Verily, from your strategical skill in this affair, you would make excellent Generals. I wish you were near the Potomac.

Let "young ladies, old maids and children go minus hoops!" Indeed! Now wouldn't that be a pretty show! Show "real grace and lovely forms!" Pray tell us what you have got to do with, or say about "lovely forms?" True, I wear No. 1½ gaiters myself, but it's none of your business; and you have but little to do, in my opinion, to try to limit the circumference of young ladies' or old maids' skirts, either. If they want to "*spread*," let them SPREAD.-- The world's plenty big to hold everybody and their hoops, too; and I intend to wear my hoops just as long as they are fashionable; and if awkward pedestrians don't like it, let them get out of the way.

Just think of it! Wouldn't my new silk look a *fright*, all *tucked up* to keep it out of the mud! and then, if it were not for hoops, how could I and my two dear class mates fill up a whole pew at church and keep out all common folks from jamming down by us, and hearing what we say, if we *happen* to whisper a little!

Then what else but hoops can we wear to make our dresses stick out and shape right?

You certainly don't know how costly homespun is these war times; and then you don't know how heavy seventy-five or a hundred yards of goods are, to carry around one's waist; and the old fashion of stuffing about with cotton is ridiculous.

I can't write all I feel upon this subject; but if it does snow this winter, (and I hope it will) and you ever ride that little black Indian pony near the College, he will have to make better time than usual, or one Southern editor will get snow-balled, certain, hoops or no hoops.

Now, if you have any sense of justice, you will publish this piece, and not burn it, like another *smartie*. You can do just as you please; it won't hurt.

Jennie Freedom.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 5, 1861, p. 2, c. 4.

Directions for Keeping Sweet Potatoes Through the Winter.
by Samuel Johnson, of Desoto, Mississippi.

A good method of keeping them is to dig them, without cutting the potatoes, as soon as the leaves are bitten by frost, and the same day they are dug put them in a hill, which should be elevated six inches at the bottom above the surrounding earth, and also place under the hill a floor of boards and a heavy coat of cornstalks, on them, and the potatoes on the cornstalks. As many as one hundred and fifty bushels may be put in a hill with safety. Form the hill as near a circle as convenient, and also have it tall in proportion to its base. Then cover it well with cornstalks, next a course of boards which are dry, and then a light coat of dirt, commencing with the dirt at the bottom of the hill and going half way to the top of it. The hill should then be sheltered and well drained, eighteen inches deep, all around it. Ten days from the time the hill is put up, cover it all over with dirt four or five inches deep, and if the winter be a cold one cover still deeper. I have kept sound every year for eighteen years on the above method, and think it a good one for general use.

I have known the potato kept well in a cellar under a brick house. The house was twenty feet square, the wall twenty inches thick, and went into the ground two feet--the floor two and a half feet above the level of the ground, one half of it next to the fire place was tongued-grooved, the other half was made of plank as it came from the mill--the room over the cellar was used regularly the year round as a cook house, had two doors and two windows to the room above the cellar--the wall which surrounded the cellar had a few small air holes in it, which were left open until the potatoes went through a sweat, and were then closed.

I have heard from reliable authority that the sweet potato has been preserved in a high state of perfection, the year round, in the town of Covington, Tennessee, by placing them in a cellar under a brick house, and filling, as they are heaped, with pulverized charcoal, and also covering them sufficiently deep to prevent the cold or heat from damaging them. I am fully convinced that the small potato may be kept well, quite cheap, and kept in such a way as to undergo a small amount of freezing and thawing, and yet not be damaged by it. If so, our army and navy should have the benefit of them, this coming fall, without fail.

The method of preserving them, as last alluded to, is this: take the potatoes, pile them, when dug, in a [sic] ordinary house, cover them a few inches deep with crab grass, then let them remain in that condition about ten days, at which commence and bake them in a good brick oven, having its heat just enough to blister the potatoes, but not so hot as to scorch them, laying only one layer deep of potatoes on the bottom of the oven. Each oven full should remain in the oven from the time they are put in until it is cold. After baking them, box them in shallow slated boxes, and they are ready for transportation.

Potatoes raised and saved as first directed, cost about twenty cents a bushel; yield an average of one hundred and fifty bushels per acre. The cost of seed, cultivating, digging and putting up, about eighteen dollars, per acre; there are raised annually in the State of Mississippi

perhaps three millions of bushels, and in North Mississippi, I think I may safely state, fully half of what are raised annually, rot from imperfect keeping; and as they are worth in every family fifty cents a bushel, the State loses annually, by not preserving them well, over a million of dollars, yet might, if they be kept with certainty by baking, be made an article of commerce in so preparing them.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 7, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

How to Get the Very Best Coffee at About Ten Cents a Pound.--In these war times it is quite an object to make economical investments in this article, but aside from this, the coffee that you can make from this recipe will be found far superior to the very best you can get anywhere, either North or South, and those who give it a fair trial will be unwilling to go back even to the best Java.

Take sweet potatoes and after peeling them, cut them up into small pieces about the size of the joint of your little finger, dry them either in the sun or by the fire, (sun dried probably the best,) and then parch and grind the same as coffee. Take two thirds of this to one third of coffee to a making.

Try it, not particularly for its economy but for its superiority over any coffee you ever tasted.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 8, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Milledgeville, Monday, Oct. 5, 1861

[going to the state legislature]

Nearly all of the members had on clean shirts. Some of them had new clothes; most of them were dressed in Georgia jeans--blue, black and brown.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 14, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Southern Made Bonnet.

Yesterday we were shown a bonnet made by Mrs. Mary A. Young, of Covington, which was far more beautiful than any Northern made article of the kind we ever saw. It is a sunbonnet, made of *culm* or *scape* of the common field crab grass, which Mrs. Young wove herself and then fashioned and trimmed the bonnet. It is highly creditable to her genius, taste and skill; and we have not doubt the cost of a bonnet made by her would be no greater than that of a Yankee made article, while it is far *more* beautiful.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 20, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Knitting vs. Novels.

Twelve months ago, every young lady who had "traveled," whom we saw on the cars, steamboat, stage line, or omnibus, had, as an indispensable article of traveling elegance, one or more yellow-backed novels, or Yankee "Lady's Books." Now, we see nothing of the kind.

The other day we were noticing the nimble fingers of a beautiful young lady in the cars, who industriously added to the length of a white wool sock, all the way from Macon to Atlanta. At first, we did not recognize her, but finally, with a modest smile she made herself known to

us. She was the daughter of an old friend, and of a highly respected and talented family. She was a little girl when we last saw her. She informed us that she had been in Southern Georgia, teaching for two years; that she was now returning to her home to attend her sister's wedding; that her brothers were in the army, and she *must* send them socks, which was her excuse for shilling away the hours of travel with knitting instead of a novel.

Can men who have such sisters be conquered? Never! never!!

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 21, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Milledgeville, Nov. 14.

. . . [at the Georgia legislature] To-day the galleries in the House are filled with ladies--the pleasant weather draws them out. We will just mention, for the benefit of our spicy correspondent "Jennie Freedom," that all *belles* at the Milledgeville Hotel are *minus* hoops; and that of evenings, while entertaining their gentlemen acquaintances, they are busily engaged in knitting gloves, comforts, socks, &c., for the soldiers. This is as it should be.

By this suggestion, we do not mean to intimate that we desire any communication from Miss Jennie on the subject; for the thought of her and those snow-balls, make us shiver.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 24, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Corned Beef.--A lady asks us how to cure beef for plantation use, as the "cattle upon a thousand sandhills are about to be sacrificed on the alters [sic] of secession." An unexceptionable recipe for corned is the following, which we have always used:

"To every twenty five pounds of beef, put one ounce of saltpetre [sic], one pound of brown sugar, and one quart of salt. Molasses will do as well as sugar. Rub the beef well with the mixture, and place it in a barrel, so that the liquor exuding from the beef will cover it. Turn it every day, and in a week you will have fine corned beef. No water should be used. To preserve it for a long time, after a week, pour off the liquor, boil it a short time, until the scum arises, remove that, and when cold, pour it again upon the beef. Beef so prepared will keep for many months, and be equal to the best "Boston Mess." For family use, there is no better recipe than the above; for plantation use, a little more salt may be used. Beef so prepared may be kept for a long time without becoming hard.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

To Make Good Candles.--A lady correspondent of the Houston "Telegraph" furnishes the following receipe [sic], which, in our present condition, will be found universally useful:

"To Harden Tallow, Suet, or Lard for Candles.--Take a half pound each of Alum and saltpetre [sic], pulverize coarsely, pour on it a quart of boiling water; take from 12 to 20 pounds of tallow, according to its firmness. The former quantity for the oily tallow, we get from a fat beef in summer, or for lard, and the latter for tallow that will stand in a cake; put in an iron vessel near the fire, and when melted, stir in the dissolved alum and saltpeter, and boil until the water is all expelled from the tallow. Have wicks made smaller and of rather smaller and finer thread than is usual for home made candles--dip them in a strong solution of saltpetre [sic], and when perfectly dry, mould [sic] the candles in the usual way. If any one, after giving the recipe a trial, goes in darkness, it is because their deeds are evil."

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], December 2, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Valuable Recipes.

The following recipes are furnished by one of the most experienced house-wives in our State, and we can assure our readers that they are good.

These recipes have been going the rounds of the press with a very material error in one of them, which we now correct--our attention being called to the mistake by the excellent lady who furnished them.

How to Make Tallow Candles.

For every ten pounds of tallow, have one pound of alum; dissolve the alum in two gallons of hot water; boil the tallow first in clear water two hours. After it is perfectly cold, cut the tallow out, scrape off all the sediment from the bottom of the tallow, and boil it in the alum water two hours, skimming it well. After it becomes cold, again scrape off all the sediment which adheres to the bottom of the tallow; and simmer until all the water is out of the tallow, which may be known by any one accustomed to boiling lard or tallow. After every drop of water is out, it is then ready to mould [sic]. To make the tallow still more firm, though not so white, add three pounds of beeswax to every ten pounds of tallow, and boil it with the tallow in the alum water. As the common candle wick is too large, split the wick and put it in the moulds [sic].

For Corning Beef or Pork.

To one gallon of water, take 1½ pounds of salt, half pound of brown sugar, half ounce of saltpetre [sic]; [Here our correspondent says the following ingredients should be added: to every half gallon you put in half ounce of Soda ash in two ounces of Carbonates of Soda.--Ed. Con.] in this ratio, the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled until all the dirt is skimmed off.--Then throw the pickle into a large, clean tub to cool, and when perfectly cold, pour it over the meat, which must be in a tight barrel or box, which will not leak. After three or four weeks it is cured. The meat must be kept well covered with the brine, by putting something heavy on it. The meat must not be put in the brine until it has been killed at least two days, during which time it must be spread out and lightly sprinkled with saltpetre [sic]. Twenty gallons of water, 30 pounds of salt, 10 pounds of sugar, and 10 ounces of saltpetre [sic] will fill a barrel. The same brine can be used a second time by boiling and skimming it well.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], December 4, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

How to Cure Bacon with Little Salt

To 5 gallons water, 7 lbs salt, 1 lb of sugar or 1 pint molasses, 1 tea spoonful saltpeter; mix, and after sprinkling the flesh side of the hams in the salt, pack in a tight barrel--hams first, then shoulders, lastly middlings. Pour over the brine, and if not enough to cover, make another draft of the above and repeat till all is covered--leaving the meat in brine from 4 to 7 weeks according to size.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], December 13, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

For the "Southern Confederacy."

Prices of Domestic Manufactures.

Messrs. Editors: It is complained that the manufacturers of woolen and cotton fabrics are taking advantage of the national calamity to reap rich harvests from the necessities of the government and the people. This may be the case in some instances, but then there are honorable exceptions that should be noted.

There is a mistaken notion abroad, however, that goods cost manufacturers no more now than before the war. This is a great mistake. It should be recollected that wool is selling at over one hundred per cent. higher than last year. This is not the fault of manufacturers, as it is to their interests to keep the price down. And what can be said of dyestuffs, oils, and every description of findings, that enter largely into the cost of both woolen and cotton goods? These articles are only to be had at from four to eight hundred per cent. above last years prices. The writer has no interest in the manufacture of either woolen or cotton goods, but desires that justice should be done, and blame should not be laid at the doors of those who are blameless.

The proprietors of the Ivy Woolen Mills, at Roswell, Ga., the Messrs. J. R. & Thos. E. King, have done, and are doing, all that lies in their power to furnish goods for our soldiers at a low price. They have scarcely been making the usual manufacturing profits. At the rate of five hundred yards per day, they have been furnishing an excellent article of cadet gray for the army at eighty-five cents to one dollar per yard, and in every instance where it was possible, *directly* to the soldiers. Unfortunately, however, in many instances they have been compelled to let speculators and dealers have the goods, in order to get their wool and other materials.

Sweeping assertions denouncing all woolen manufacturers as speculators upon the public necessity, are therefore improper, and a discouragement to the worthy and honorable.

To my certain knowledge, the Messrs. Kings have been offered a large advance on their regular prices, for their goods, by speculators, which they have refused. Such instances of patriotism and fidelity to our common cause should be favorably remembered by the people of Georgia when happier times surround us, and should now be made an exception to sweeping assertions of venality,

Maize.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], December 20, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Candles! Candles!!
Atlanta Candle Manufactory!

I am now prepared to fill orders for the best article of Stearine Candles on very reasonable terms for cash.

J. J. Thrasher.

P.S. I am still paying the highest market price, in cash, for good Tallow.

J. J. T.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], December 27, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Christmas Day.

Was clear and pleasant, and everybody seemed to enjoy it more or less. The usual number of fire crackers and sky-rockets were exploded by the boys in our streets. The

fantasticals paraded, and every boy or negro in sight or hearing went screaming and huzzaing after them. A few persons who had never seen such an exhibition of "masks and faces," long chapeaus, forked tails and woolly hair, stared, trembled, and ran affrighted like "Major Jones" at the Female College Commencement at Macon, and were laughed at for it by all who observed them, the same as "Miss Mary" did at "the Major."

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], January 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

How to Make Candles.--Mr. N. A. Isom has discovered a new and valuable process for making good candles from tallow, equal to the star. It is this: To a quart of tallow add two or three leaves of the prickly pear, and boil out all the water that may gather. When of the right consistency, mould [sic] in the usual way. We are of the opinion that a little alum would improve the candles. Try it, everybody. The prickly pear grows abundantly in this neighborhood.--[Oxford Intelligencer.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], January 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

--A soldier's food should be well cooked; (no tainted meat) his meals at regular hours; no violent exercise after eating; a hearty breakfast, and at least one meal of animal food a day, with plenty of vegetables, as carrots, onions, rice, etc., ripe fruit, and after exposure or fatigue, good hot soup, cleanliness observed, and the feet kept dry if possible. He should have coffee once or twice a day, but if not to be got, the substitutes are, acorns stripped and roasted, ground sassafras nuts [sic?], grated crust of bread, rye or wheat, parched with butter, beech root, horse beans, etc. The substitutes for tea are--the yopon [sic], rosemary, strawberry leaves. But the best home tea is made of good, well made meadow hay (infusion). While on the subject, I'll say that starch can be made of frosted potatoes, and the tops make good potash when burnt; and the myrtle, glycerine [sic], etc., will furnish the other component of soap.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

From the Mississippian.

To Preserve Dead Bodies.

Take 2 lbs. common salt, 2 lbs. alum, 1 lb. saltpetre [sic]; dissolve in 6 gallons water and keep the shrouding wet with the solution.

I have used this preparation on all necessary occasions for the last thirty years. It will, in a great degree, prevent the offensive odor from dead bodies, and while the remains of so many of our deceased soldiers are being transported such a distance, it may be of service to publish.

A Physician.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

The New Flag of the Confederacy.

We learn that the Committee of Congress, charged with determining and reporting a design for the flag of the Southern Confederacy, have adopted one which we reproduce in the sketch below: [sketch]

It will be seen from the sketch that the flag is to be a blue "Union" on a red field; the stars

being white, the national colors of red, white and blue, being thus reproduced. There are four stars disposed in the form of a square within the Union.

The Committee have chosen the design from a great number and variety submitted to them. The collections of the designs offered to the Committee is quite curious--beehives, snakes, temples of liberty, and all sorts of devices figuring among them.

The design adopted, it is understood, is almost unanimously approved by Congress, with the exception of the stars and their arrangement, for which some of the members propose to substitute the Southern Cross. It is understood that the other parts of the design will certainly be adopted by Congress.--Richmond Examiner.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

To Destroy Lice.

Messrs. Editors:

The following simple method for destroying lice, those troublesome little insects of the genus *pediculus*, has been frequently used by my mother with success: Roast an egg done, mix only the yelk [sic?] with just enough lard to produce a salve. Grease the head thoroughly, and in twenty-four hours, or less time, not a live louse or nit can be found.

If you think this recipe will be beneficial to our soldiers, you may and should publish it in your paper.

Very respectfully,

ALABAMA.

Feb. 27, 1862.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 4, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Bravo for the Girls.

We have just heard of an incident worth narrating, as showing the patriotic, lofty spirit actuating our Southern girls. Many of the most beautiful of our Memphis beauties reside on Court and Madison streets; and we, therefore, need not say on which street the incident which we are about to relate occurred.

One of our "nice young men," who thinks more of the fashion in which he should wear his hair than of the duty he owes his country in this hour of her trial, proposed calling on some of our Court or Madison street girls, one evening last week.

He sought company, and soon found another "nice young man," who, like himself, was *some* in torch-light processions, and all "fancy" things, but who has an invincible aversion to shouldering the musket and going into the ranks beside better men. They put on their Sunday clothes, perfumed their handkerchiefs and hair, and started out on an "exploring expedition." 'Twas soon after the fall of Fort Donelson was known, and when the town was ringing with the noble daring of our soldiers at that point, these young "bloods" called at an elegant mansion on one of these streets, rang the bell, and having given the servant their cards, they were ushered into the parlor, where they anxiously awaited the presence of the fair girls whom they deigned to honor with their smiles.

Presently the servant returned to the parlor with the request that the gentlemen would

please name on their cards the regiment to which they were attached.

This took them aback, as they had not yet screwed up their courage to join any regiment, or face any enemy. "Do the young ladies see no company unless it be of the army officers?" they inquired of the servant. "Oh yes, sir, but they see no YOUNG gentlemen, unless they belong to the army," was the rather haughty reply of the servant.

They took up their hats and left.--The proud spirit of women had made them conscious, for the first time in their lives, that they were not acting the part of MEN.

[Memphis Avalanche, 25th ult.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

The Ladies! The Ladies!

Are earnestly requested to meet every day at the City Hall to make comforts for the sick soldiers. Come with thimbles, needles and a strong will. Come! Come!

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Railroad Accident--A Sad Romance.--An accident occurred on Wednesday evening, on the E. T. & Ga. Railroad, by which several persons were injured, one fatally. The train which was bringing the 23d Alabama Regiment to this city, ran off the track, a few miles this side of Cleveland, wrecking the train badly. A girl, in uniform, who was with the rest of the soldiers without revealing her sex, but who did not belong to this regiment, was sitting on the platform of one of the cars, and had her legs so badly crushed that amputation was necessary, and both were taken off, but without avail; and death put an end to her sufferings last night. She gave her name as Lilly White, and told a sad story of woman's wrongs. She had disguised herself in male attire, and joined this regiment with the expectation of finding her deceiver, who is in the army, and avenging her shame. A few of the soldiers were slightly wounded but none others seriously. This poor girl's fate is another warning against the danger of sitting on the platforms of railroad cars in traveling.--Knox. Reg. Feb. 28th.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Country Brown Jeans Wanted.

I wish to purchase for the "Confederate Continentals," 500 yards best brown Jeans, delivered immediately at my store; also, for same, 500 yards Georgia Plains and 100 pair cotton and woolen Socks.

mar6-2t

A. K. Seago.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 13, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Drums! Drums!
H. Braumuller,
Manufacturer of Drums,
and Dealer in

Musical Instruments,
Atlanta, Georgia

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 23, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

The Nashville Ladies.

The Yankee papers furnish us abundant evidence that the presence of the armed mercenaries of Lincolnism have not caused the ladies of Nashville to abate one jot in their patriotic devotion to the sacred cause of their own South. They are represented by the Yankee letter writers as being haughty and defiant, and almost without exception as disdainfully refusing to renew old acquaintanceship with Federal officers who have sought the privilege of visiting them.

As confirmatory of this, we are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter from one of the most charming, intelligent and fascinating belles of that city to a lady friend here. She writes:

Nashville, March 15, 1862.

The Yankees are as thick as blackbirds in May, here now. I could annihilate them, soul and body! Thank Heaven, there are no Union men here, and the Yanks are very sorry to see how bitter every one is. Ladies especially, give it to them right and left. They have the audacity to call upon me, and I have the independence to send them word that *I am a rebel, and have no desire to see Vandals!* When we meet them on the streets we invariably cross over, lower our veils and hurrah for the Southern Confederacy. Gov. Andy Johnson is now here. You should have seen the reception I gave to the arch-fiend and traitor when he attempted to speak to me yesterday. He quickly discovered that his friend of two years ago, and the person then before him were quite different persons.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 25, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Corn Beer.

Take one pint of corn and boil it until it is soft, add to it a pint of molasses and one gallon of water; shake them well together and set it by the fire, and in twenty-four hours the beer will be excellent. When all the beer in the jug is used add more molasses and water.

The same corn will answer for six months, and the beer will be fit for use in twelve hours by keeping the jug where it is warm. In this way the ingredients used in making a gallon of beer will not cost six cents, and it is better and more wholesome than cider. A little yeast greatly forwards the "working" of the beer.--Augusta (Ga.) Cultivator.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 22, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Noble Women.

We met a gentleman the other day who informed us that he had recently passed thro' several counties in North-West Georgia, and constantly found women in the fields engaged in planting corn--some ploughing [sic] open the long furrows, and others covering with the hoe the corn

which the children had dropped. When asked why it was that they were so engaged, they answered in every instance, "the men folks here have all gone to the war, and we intend to make our bread."

The husbands, brothers and sons of such women can never be subjugated.

After such examples of self-sacrificing patriotism on the part of the women of the country, the women of our towns and cities should redouble their efforts to furnish hospital stores, and administer relief to the sick and wounded soldiers.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 26, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

The Manufacture of Saltpetre [sic].
How to Ascertain the Presence of Saltpetre [sic] in Earth.

Take the earth that you may wish to test, and pass water through it; then add lye--made of common wood ashes--to the water until the clouding ceases; afterwards boil down the water until it is thick, then immerse a slip of paper in the water, which, when thoroughly dried, apply to a live coal of fire--if it burns with a cracking noise the earth has more or less saltpetre [sic] in it. Nearly all the limestone caves in East Tennessee and Western Virginia, that are free from running water or drips, contain more or less saltpetre [sic].

How to Make Saltpetre.

Put up four hoppers, such as are used in making lye, fill them with pulverized saltpetre [sic] earth, pass the same water through No. 1 twice, and once--it being the third time passed through saltpetre [sic] earth--through No. 2. After the beer, as it is called by saltpetre [sic] makers, has settled, draw it off into another vessel and add common ley [lye] to it until it ceases to curdle or cloud, then it may be boiled until it thickens, or until a drop of the beer thrown on a cold surface crystallizes. The beer should then be suffered to cool, when the saltpetre [sic] will form, in beautiful white crystals. The saltpetre [sic] should then be dried in the sun, and afterwards put up in bags or boxes for shipment.

The mother beer--after the crystallized saltpetre [sic] has been taken out--should be put back in the boiler again, for it contains considerable saltpetre [sic] not crystallized. Should the saltpetre [sic] have a dingy color, it is because too much ley [lye] has been put in it. The petre [sic] may be purified by soaking it in a tub of clear water, and in that case the water should afterwards be put into the boiler, because it contains a great deal of the saltpetre [sic] in solution.

It will be remembered that the beer, followed through the entire process of manufacture, was first passed through hopper No. 1 twice, and then once through hopper No. 2. This was done to give a beer holding a large quantity of saltpetre [sic] in solution, and thereby making the boiling process that much less. Now, to keep this up, pass the water through No. 1, then through No. 2, and afterwards through No. 3, and thence to the boiler. Now, No. 1 has been dripped three times, and is exhausted of saltpetre [sic], and may be emptied and refilled with new earth. While this is being done to No. 1, pass water through No. 2, then through No. 3, and lastly through No. 4, and then to the boiler. No. 2 may now be refilled, and while it is being done, pass water through No. 3, then through No. 4, then through No. 1, and then to the boiler. By this mode you always have one hopper being refilled with new earth, and making the beer for the boiler without a stop. You can increase the number of hoppers to twelve if you have three hands,

and then you can make a proper division of the work--one engaged in boiling, one refilling the hoppers, and third making lye. When the earth contains an average amount of saltpetre [sic], three hands can make about one hundred lbs. per day.

The government is giving 50 cents per po'd for all saltpetre [sic] delivered at any depot on the railroad, in good condition for transportation on the cars, until the first day of January, 1863, and payment will be made on the receipt of the depot agent, by any quartermaster in the Confederate system.

P.S.--Common alum may be used to crystallize the saltpetre [sic] instead of lye, but the writer is not familiar with the use of alum in making saltpetre [sic], and therefore cannot give the quantity to be used. The manufacturers can experiment until he gets the proper proportion.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Affairs at Nashville.

Beersheba Springs, Tenn.,
April 28, 1862

Editors Memphis Appeal:

I have just returned from Nashville. A perfect reign of terror exists there. Andy Johnson says the people of Tennessee need expect nothing from here. . . .

If you remember, Johnson, in his speech at Nashville, thanked the ladies for their attention. There were just four women present on that occasion. Two of them were Dutch singing teachers, one an old blind Irish woman, and one a Yankee "g'hal"--I supposed so from her dress.

. . . The officers have their families with them. The women are common, red-haired, grey-eyed specimens of Yankeedom--diminutive bonnets, large hoops and Balmoral skirts. Leather gloves are all the rage.

Almost every lady in Nashville is a secessionist. There are a very few, however, of the lower class, who are against us. They have nothing to lose, and are probably related in some way to those miserable wretches. I could write you a number of amusing incidents, but shall not tire your patience.

W.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 23, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Our Special Correspondence from Rome.

Rome, Ga., May 15, 1862.

. . . A *female* woman arrived in our city a few days since, dressed in the *male* uniform of a Confederate soldier, accompanied by a gentleman who represented himself as an officer in the Confederate army. Suspicions were excited and the parties arrested and examined, when they told a plausible tale about being in pursuit of a spy, &c., and were released. I learn that they have since been arrested in Chattanooga, Tenn., and are now held in limbo. I am teetotally opposed to women "wearing the breeches," and hope our city authorities will permit no more feminines to pass through the city in that sort of disguise. It is an infringement upon the "rights of men" that ought not for a moment to be tolerated. . . .

What Not.

Editorial Correspondence.

Exchange Hotel, }
Montgomery, May 26, 1862. }

I took the train in Atlanta at 3 A.M., this morning. . . .

As soon as we had "*more light*," I commenced looking around for an *item*. Imagine my surprise when, upon surveying the crowd in the cars, I observed two sick soldiers upon one seat, in as uncomfortable a position as even a well man could easily be placed in, while just in their rear, alone, on one seat, sat a well dressed, complacent looking lady, while her feet and band-box occupied the seat in front--the back of it being reversed. That was just three more seats than her ticket called for. She, however, was enjoying them, while both of the two sick soldiers just before her were in pain, worn down, and nothing would have been more grateful to them than a whole seat, so as to allow them to recline and take some rest.

About five berths back of the lady sat a black waiting "gal," who had doubtless been trained to take her place at a respectable distance from her "missus," and whose delicate olfactories would not be offended by the too close proximity of the double distilled essence of the extract of African spices.

Another woman had the car window up, and industriously applied to her mouth a filthy swab, well saturated with saliva and cheap Maccaboy, and squirted the juice out at the window, while the cool wind drove in over the face of a melancholy, emaciated looking soldier.

Now is this right? The ladies--God bless them!--should have every comfort and courtesy that is necessary; but they should not be selfish and inconsiderate, and take advantage of the gallantry of the sterner sex, to the very serious discomfort of so many others--especially sick soldiers; but you know I must not be too severe on the ladies. . . .

At Loachapoka a number of soldiers came on the train. With them was a fair blue-eyed girl, dressed all like a "brave soldier boy," who had determined to kill a Yankee. *She* or *he* (the voice was that of a female, though dressed out in soldier's toggery) said all the *boys* had gone from about Hayneville, and it was no longer any place for her. She was going along with the boys. She also stated that other girls from her section had already gone to the war. The Alabama girls are quite plucky, but I think at the expense of discretion. On arriving here, she was turned over to the Provost Marshal. . . .

G.W.A.

A North Carolina Amazon.--The Charlotte Democrat has been informed by a soldier from Kinston, of rather a novel incident which occurred there recently. A short time ago some recruits were brought into camp for a company from Caldwell county, among whom was a man named Blaylow, who was drafted in Caldwell. Week before last Blaylow got a discharge, and immediately another soldier applied for a discharge, stating that he (or she) was the lawful wife of Blaylow. It appears that when Blaylow was drafted, his wife cut her hair off, put on men's clothing, and went with him into camps and enlisted for the war. She drilled with the company and was learning fast when it became necessary to make her sex known in order to accompany her husband home. The boys were sorry to part with such a good soldier, but they were unable to determine which she loved best, Blaylow or the Confederacy; but it was unanimously voted that Mrs. Blaylow is "some pumpkins."

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

To Make Black Ink.

Editor of Southern Confederacy:

Dear Sir--According to your request, through your Daily, for a receipt to make good Black Ink, I have the pleasure of offering to you the following, which is excellent: 1 gallon soft water, 1 ounce Extract of Logwood, and a half ounce Carbonate of Potassa.

Respectfully,

J. J. Cohen.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Editorial Correspondence.

Battle House, Mobile, May 29.

Wednesday morning after a good night's sleep and an excellent breakfast at the Exchange Hotel, I left by rail for this place. . . .

I was but one "item" on the train from Montgomery here, worthy of record. When I got aboard the train, as I passed down the car, I observed a rather pretty and fashionably dressed young lady, and her "band box" on one seat, and a fancy looking gaudily dressed, soldier youth, alone on the seat facing her--both doing their best at the agreeable.

At the rear end of the car, by the door of the state room, my companion, *Nick*, and myself got a seat. Just before us sat a refined and pleasant looking lady, having an infant and her two servant women in the seat before her. She had a large quantity of white Jessamines and other beautiful flowers. On the next seat was a modest country lady, alone.

At the second station, a poor weak, sick man came in with a bed quilt over his shoulder like a shawl, and slowly made his way down the passage. Pretty gal never saw him; fancy soldier had *no eye* for a sick fellow; country lady was quiet--she had never traveled, and did not understand such matters as well as other people; not to be expected of her.

But our real lady, who had the sweet flowers, emblematic of her pure and refined heart, upon seeing the sick man tumble down exhausted on the floor, asked the lady in front to move over and sit by her--took her child in her lap, and told the sick man to get up and take the seat thus vacated. This was the prompting of a noble heart--one that can feel for another's woes. This lady and her servants left the train at Greenville, the residence of Hon. B. F. Porter, the Alabama poet, who is an occasional contributor to the CONFEDERACY. She was met by her husband, a portly happy looking gentleman, evidently a large planter, who escorted her to a carriage in waiting to convey her to her home, where we know she is an "Angel in the household." . . .

G.W.A.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Cargo Sale at Auction of 4731 Packages of
English Goods, direct from London, put up
expressly for this Market.

by R. A. Pringle,
At No. 137 Meeting Street,

Charleston, S. C.,
J. H. Taylor, Auctioneer.
On Wednesday Morning, June 11th,
1862, commencing at 10 o'clock.

Groceries.

500 sacks Liverpool Salt
3000 bags Stoved Salt
250 boxes Crown Mottled Soap
250 boxes Crown Soap
12 boxes Cheshire Cheese
10 boxes North Welsh Cheese
1 box Shelton Cheese
6 chests Congou Tea
10 1/2 chests Young Hyson Tea
20 hhds. Claret
5 hhds. White Claret
58 casks Ale
20 casks Porter
5 boxes Cochin Ginger

Drugs.

6 casks Lump Alum
50 barrels Soda Ash
50 barrels Soda Crystals
50 kegs Bi-Carbonate Soda
12 cases Old Brown Windsor Soap

Hardware.

76 kegs Cut Nails--sizes 1 1/2 to 3 inches
1 cask Screws
2 casks Bastard Files
4 cases assorted Hinges and Butts
4 cases assorted Tacks
2 cases Forks, Spoons and Scissors
1 case Steel Pens and Pencils.

Stationery.

19 cases Letter, Foolscap and Note assorted Paper
7 bales Letter, foolscap and Note assorted Paper
82000 assorted Envelopes

Boots, Shoes and Hats.

29 trunks of Ladies' and Gent's fine Boots and Shoes
17 cases of assorted Magpie Kip and Army Bluchers
1 case Gent's Tweed Hats and Caps
1 case Gent's Brazilian Hats
1 case Gent's Brown, Drab and White Brazilian Felt Hats

Clothing and Furnishing.

1 case 445 pair Men's Black Alpaca Pants
1 case 280 pair Men's Brown Grass Cloth Marine Jackets
1 case 584 pair Men's Brown Drill Trousers [sic]
1 case 90 pair Shepherd Plaid Suits
9 pair Child's Dress Plaid Suits
7 pair Men's Melton Melbourne Jackets
1 case assorted Men's and Children's Suits
1 case Men's Shirts, Linen Fronts
1 case Boy's Shirts, Lay-over Collars
1 case assorted Gloves--Drab, French & Lisle
2 cases Youths Brown Cotton Half Hose, and Men's do.--assorted.
1 case Women's White Cotton Hose
2 cases Men's Gauze and Merino Shirts
2 cases Men's West End Collars and Regatta Shirts
1 case Drawers and Chemises
3 cases Men's L. Cloth Shirts

Dry Goods.

39 cases Fancy Madder Prints
10 bales Brown Denims
8 cases Brown Linen
1 bale Towels
3 bales Brown Union Drills
1 case Granville Mixture
8 bales Blue Denims
13 cases Printed Muslin
1 case Crossover Muslin
1 case Fancy Printed Muslin
1 case Twill Checks
3 cases Printed DeLaines
5 bales Indigo Blue Twills
1 case Printed Cotton Handkerchiefs
3 bales Bordered F Tweeds
2 bales Fancy Twist Tweeds
1 bale Angela Check

1 bale Cambroons
1 bale Check Tweeds
1 bale Striped Tweeds
1 bale Light Twill
1 case Men's Alpaca [sic] Coating
1 case Black Lustre
1 case Black Cordroys [sic]
1 case Nainsook
2 cases Brown Hollands
1 case White Linen
4 bales White Croydons
4 bales White Stouts
1 bale Universal shirting
2 cases Drab Imitation Drills
3 cases French Denims
7 bales Grey Domestics
1 case Cambric Prints
2 bales Blue Mottles
2 bales Heather Denims
2 bales Printed Twills
2 bales Union Tweeds
1 bale Coatings, Union Check Drills and Gambroons
1 bale Grey and Fancy Tweeds
1 case Colored Cobourgs
1 case Striped Brilliants
1 case Tape Checks
6 bales White Long Cloth
122 bales South and Fine English Grey Shirting
40 cases pure English White Shirting
7 bales Blue Twill Regattas
4 bales Cotton Ticks
20 bales India Grey Domestics
10 cases Fancy Prints
2 cases Brooks Glace Sewing Cotton
2 bales White Cotton Quilts
1 case assorted Needles and Buttons
1 case Musquito [sic] Netting
1 bale Stripe Checks
1 case Mixed Pins
1 bale Towels, Bleached Dowlas, &c.
8 cases Clark's assorted Black and White Glazed Spool Cotton--2,200 dozen 100 yards
3 cases George Mosley's 3 Cord Colored, Black and White Glazed Reels--100 and 200 yards
2 cases assorted Black, White, Brown, Drab and Machine Flax
1 case Silver Flax, Imperial, Chinese and Dutch Tape
1 case Colored Patent Silk Gloves and Gaiters
2 cases Expansion Skirts

N.B. Catalogues will be ready for delivery on Friday, June 6th, for any parties desiring to forward to friends in the country. The sale will commence at 10 o'clock, and continue until 2 o'clock each day until finished. The Goods will be sold in order of Catalogue, commencing with the Groceries and concluding with Dry Goods.

There is no *impediment* to the transportation of Goods per Railroad.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

We are requested to state that all resident females, children and servants, leaving the city, will be furnished with certificates, which will entitle them to pass over the railroads in this State at half the usual rates of passage charged on the said roads, upon application at the office of Jas. Tupper, Esq., 74 Broad-street, between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock, and 4 and 6 of each day, except Sunday.--Charleston Courier.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Empress Eugenie's Grand Coup d'etat in a Petticoat.

The London Herald of the 28d of April gives the following interesting piece of news for the ladies:

The Empress has just adopted a new style of petticoat, which is the despair of nearly all the women of moderate fortune who are ambitious of bearing on their person the latest novelty that is to be found at the celebrated *modistes* of Paris. Her Imperial Majesty is not ambitious to popularize the *agreements* of the toilette. She detests everything that is common, and lately begged of her tire [?] woman to invent something in the shape of a petticoat that could not be worn by every *bourgeois*. That marvellous [sic] garment has been at last brought out. It does not altogether supercede [sic] crinoline, but greatly circumscribes it, and its peculiar virtue is that, get it up in the cheapest manner, it must be as dear as seven or eight ordinary petticoats, and cannot possibly be washed and smoothed for less than as many francs.

Petticoats are a very sacred object, and in any case difficult things to treat of, but the *jupon Eugenie*--that is a subject of serious disquietude to so many women--is particularly so. Nevertheless, as it is destined to limit that terrible bore--crinoline--to try and make public its peculiarities is a task that should be attempted. Beneath a ball dress it produces an effect so charming as to call forth a torrent of the most flattering adjectives of which the French are capable. It certainly forms a graceful contrast when its wearer dances, to the light skirts of some other lady coming in contact with the stiff steel bars of the cage she carries about her.

This wonderful petticoat is said in most instances to be made of cambric muslin, so that washer-women cannot stiffen it too much. Its circumference is six yards at the widest point, and it is covered by nine flounces of still greater circumference. The lowest of these flounces is by all accounts, a mere frill; the second, a few inches longer and considerably wider; completely covers the first; the third does the same to the second, and so on till one great flounce falls completely over the other eight, each one of which, to arrive at the standard of imperial elegance, must be hemstitched like a lady's pocket handkerchief, and the outer one in addition be nearly covered with the embroidery done by the women of the Vosges.--This invention also sets its face against the sewing machine, as nearly every part of it must be hand-work. It was purposely so designed to prevent an immense number of seamstresses being suddenly thrown out of work by the increased demand for machine sewing, which is not yet capable of effecting hem-stitching or

embroidery.

The Empress' new petticoat is thus calculated to be at the same time a very exclusive institution, and one that will give as much employment to the poor needle-women as the new streets and boulevards do the blouses.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Cotton Cards.--The article of Cotton Cards, so useful to the South, has, we are informed, been stopped in its exportation from Northern ports, the officers of the Yankee Government refusing to clear any vessels with these goods on board, and have, in several instances, required ship-masters to take out a considerable part of their cargo in order to get these articles out before a clearance would be given.--Charleston Courier.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 3-4

Editorial Correspondence.

Gayoso House, Memphis, May 31.

I left Mobile at 4 o'clock, P.M., on the 29th, by the Mobile & Ohio R. R., which runs northwardly nearly parallel with the Tombigbee river, through a poor piney woods country. . . . Rigid military orders have closed all the drinking saloons and bars in hotels or elsewhere, on the way. A toddy cannot be had in any of the towns through which I have passed, for love or money. Juleps, smashes, cobbler, and all the delightful and exhilarating beverages are as scarce as *old Java Coffee*, and as difficult to find as a pair of cotton cards in a country store. .

G.W.A.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Editorial Correspondence.

Mobile, June 5, 1862.

. . . On my return [from Attalaville to Jackson, MS], I met a strange looking trio, consisting of an aged Indian hunter, an Indian lad, and a "Miss Indian" about 14 years of age, minus hoops, shoes, and stockings. The party was accompanied by *seven dogs*--had one curly maple stocked rifle, a bundle of fishing tackle, and all were loaded with bear, deer, 'coon, and other wild varmint skins that would make John Holbrook smile lovingly for a week. I learn that in Leake county, Mississippi, there are about 800 Indians, who still remain on the hunting ground of their fathers, and live by hunting and fishing, as did their ancestors for centuries before them. A sure enough Indian, is, now-a-days, a rare sight, and awakens many reminiscences of border life and wild romantic incident. Having some *Ingin kin*, the sight of this inoffensive party did not make me as mad as the man I heard of once who saw an Indian for the first time, but it revived the memory of old times, when Indians were all over Cherokee, Georgia, and were frequently at my father's cabin in DeKalb county, no great distance from the bustling Railroad city of Atlanta. But I must not dwell upon the Indians. . . .

G.W.A.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 10, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

For the Confederacy.

To the Christian Public.

Orders were read at our dress parade last evening, commanding us, by order of Major-General Pemberton, to hold ourselves in readiness to be called into immediate action. We know not where we may be ordered.

I have one request of the Christian public to make, ere we leave. Nearly all the tracts that our societies have issued have been read by our men. The thirst now manifested for religious reading ought to be gratified. Our brethren of every denomination can do much in this way. There are many of our Christian friends who have large quantities of religious papers, pamphlets, &c., lying about their houses. No matter how old they are if they are good. Those good brethren or sisters who have such, and desire that the brave defenders of their homes, their altars and their firesides, shall enjoy the reading thereof, can have them distributed amongst them by the plan herein suggested. Those living in Atlanta or the immediate vicinity, can send the papers, pamphlets, etc., to the Rev. Messrs. Scott, Brantley, Wilson, McDonnell, Freeman, Hornady, or to myself, on the encampment. Those living at a distance can send them by express, directed to me. I hope the brethren will pay express charges; from each one twenty-five cents would pay all--whereas if it all came out of my private purse, the cost would be felt in times like those.

Shall I appeal in vain? Will not some dear, kind sisters undertake this work, and flood my tent with papers and pamphlets? God only knows the influence they may exert. Mothers, wives, sisters, remember the loved ones on the tented field!

Geo. C. Connor,
Chaplain Col. Watkins' Reg. Ga. Vol.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

War's Cruelties.

At the commencement of this cruel and unnatural war, a young man in Nashville, named Smith, entered the ranks of the Confederate army as a private. He was in his twenty-first year.

By close attention to his duties, gentlemanly bearing and chivalrous deportment, he was soon promoted to a Lieutenancy, and then to a Captaincy. At Fort Donelson his gallantry was so marked that he attracted the notice of his commanding officers, as well as the soldiers of the immediate command to which he was attached. A vacancy occurring, he was elected Major of his regiment.

Previous to the war he had wooed and won the heart of one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies of Lebanon, Tennessee--a daughter of Gen. Jasper Ashworth. Though only sixteen years of age, she was married to her soldier lover in January last. He spent but a short time with his lovely bride, when he hastened to join his command, which soon reached Corinth. He joined in deadly conflict with the foe on the bloody field of Shiloh. While leading and cheering his men, upon that great battle field, he was wounded--first in the leg. Then a shell burst near him striking a tree, a limb of which fell upon and fractured his skull. He was taken from the field senseless and conveyed to Holly Springs.--Here his pathetic calls for *Nannie*, and his earnest entreaties for her presence, touched the heart of a noble and wealthy lady, Mrs. Alexander, who had the wounded and delirious young soldier carried to her residence, and for weeks nursed him as a mother.

In the meantime his friends resorted to various schemes to advise his anxious bride of his

melancholy condition, and his craving to see her. Letter after letter was dispatched through the pickets, addressed to her at Nashville, but no answer--no evidence that they had safely reached their destination--ever came back, for indeed, they did not.

Finally a lady suggested a plan. She procured some fine white cambric, and with her own fair hand penned thereon a few words to the soldier's bride--for he had the sympathy of every lady that learned his situation. This billet was sent to the lines, and carefully sewed to the coat sleeve of a picket, who ventured far out from our own lines, and placed it in the hands of an acquaintance, who conveyed it to Nashville.

Immediately upon its receipt, the young wife, with some friends essayed to pass through the enemy's lines, and was turned back--first at Bridgeport, and then at several other points. She returned to Nashville, but with a true *woman's will* she determined to see her husband, and therefore tried again. She procured some clothing and a bonnet that was quite common, a shabby old horse, a dilapidated jersey wagon, had her trunk encased in some old planks made up into a shabby box, packed about with straw, got a few bunches of factory thread, and some other things which were piled about the bottom of the jersey; and in company with Capt. Wilcox, a gallant soldier who served throughout the Mexican war and was taken prisoner at Donelson, but had escaped from his custodians and made his way back to Tennessee, and who, on this occasion, was dressed like an old farmer, they moved out--passing through the streets of Nashville with *right smart* of store goods stuck about the battered wagon.

Patiently they jogged along. The old farmer and his "da'ter" passed dozens of pickets, but no one thought of halting these plain mountain farmer folks, who had been to Nashville to get supplied of factory yarns, indigo-mud, madder, homespun, crockery, &c., &c. In this way they came, till they landed square up in front of Crutchfield's in Chattanooga. Here the anxious young wife met Lieut. Charley Thompson and Billy Stratton, who had been waiting for her arrival many long days. The old boards were soon torn off from the trunk. The hopeful and determined lady arrayed herself in a somewhat different attire, and took the first train for Atlanta, arriving here in time to take the same train upon which we left in making our late Western trip. We made the acquaintance of the party, travelled [sic] with them as far as Grenada, Mississippi. The intelligence and fine travelling sense of the whole party, did much to relieve the annoyances of dirty cars, hot water, sultry dusty weather, &c., &c.

On our return from Memphis, we again met up with Lieut. Thompson, and learned from him the sequel. At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 31st May, this heroic and devoted woman reached Holly Springs. A carriage conveyed the party at an early hour, to the hospitable residence of Mrs. Alexander, where the wounded Colonel, (for he had been brevetted a Colonel for his gallantry at Shiloh), still remained. Mrs. Smith was invited into an elegant parlor and asked to remain a few moments. The Colonel was convalescing, but so reduced and emaciated, as to be entirely changed.

His hair--his beautiful brown hair--was all off from brain fever, but he was able to walk, and wanted to meet his wife in the parlor, and his request was acceded to. Every person had retired. In a moment the Colonel walked in and gazed upon the face of his beautiful wife. She did not recognize him--thought him an intruder upon the sanctity of the exciting moments, and gave him a look of impatience. He attempted to speak to her--their eyes met--she knew him, and overwhelmed with emotion, they both fainted.

Ladies Impress Cotton.

Manassas, Bartow County, Ga., }
June 14, 1862. }

Editors Confederacy:

The ladies are truly a great institution.--The sufferings of our patriot soldiers arouse all their sympathies and tender feelings, for whom they undergo fatigue and trouble, scarcely to be expected of the softer sex.--But when occasion makes it necessary, they can show themselves made of sterner stuff than sighs and tears. This was illustrated by a party of ladies at Cass Depot, in this county, to-day. A gentleman of Mannassas [sic] who now and then indulges in little speculations, had a few bales of cotton at the depot, a part of which the wives of some absent soldiers said they greatly needed. They proposed to the owner to purchase what they wanted, but as they did not wish so much as a bag, he declined to let them have it. They told him they would take it; and in compliance with promise thus made to him, they went to the depot, called for the Agent as a witness of their doings, and cut the rope from one bale, took what they needed, and marched very quietly home with it. I believe they propose to pay the owner fair compensation.

So you see *some* of the women of Bartow are *bent* on having cotton. I do not write this to express approval or disapproval of the act, but merely to relate the circumstance.

JEAN.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

West Point Correspondence.

West Point, Ga., June 14, 1862.

Editors Southern Confederacy:

I have recently arrived in the pleasant town of West Point, situated on the banks of the Chattahoochee River. I think an account of what the people of this town--especially the ladies--have been doing during the war, would be interesting to your numerous readers.

. . . But the ladies here have been doing their share of the work of independence. The fame of the beautiful daughters of West Po't have been heralded far and wide. The graceful belle of Georgia resides in this place--all will know of whom I speak. There is one monument in Atlanta which proclaims, by its whiteness and disconsolate appearance, the irresistible attractions of her charms. The ladies of West Point are fired by that love of liberty which is characteristic with Georgia women. Early in the commencement of this war, they formed themselves into a Soldiers' Relief Society, and the good they have accomplished will be known only in that day when the works of all shall be made manifest, and the hearts of all shall be laid open to view. The well clad soldiers on the mountains of Virginia, and the eyes of the sick who have just risen from their confinement after having been the recipients of the tender care of the patriotic ladies of this place, would more forcibly convey the evidence of what these ladies have done than anything I could say. They still go on in their good work--never weary--and will not cease till the last soldier has returned from the field, and peace shall once more reign.

The association is presided over by Mrs. Mary W. Erwin. One more capable and energetic could not have been found. Miss Lucy Todd is Vice President. The accomplished Miss Sallie Fannie Ried is Secretary, Miss Anne Erwin Assistant Secretary, and Miss Belle Lanier Treasurer. I have had the pleasure of examining the books kept by these ladies. The

minutes of the meetings would do credit to the most celebrated of writers, while the accounts of the Treasurer would make many a counting house clerk blush for his incompetency.

Would that I could mention all the ladies connected with this model society, and speak particularly of the labors they have performed and the good they have done. The Southern soldiers whom they have relieved, and to those whose comfort they have contributed so much, will sacredly cherish their memory. At every setting of the sun prayers in their behalf go up from the wives and little ones of absent soldiers, after whose welfare they have watched with continued vigilance.--Time may roll on, great events be forgotten; but the memory of the good deeds of the Ladies of the Soldiers' Relief Society of West Point will be green, while the lives of the recipients of their care shall last.

G. T. J.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], June 21, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Hay making.

To the Editor of the LaGrange Reporter:

If you have at hand nothing better to give your readers upon the subject of hay making than the hints that follow, you can publish them.

Hogs and other stock should be taken from the small grain fields so soon as they have eaten the waste wheat, oats, &c. The weeds, if any appear, should be cut down with the hoe. Once will be sufficient. This allows the crab grass to grow. When the seed is in the tough state, (i.e., soon after blooming,) the grass should be cut with a mowing scythe. The common reaper, with the fingers left off, answers every purpose. If the swath is a heavy one, it should be turned over when somewhat wilted. In the evening, the mown grass--except what is quite green--should be thrown into piles to protect it from the dew. In the morning these piles should be scattered. After the grass has had the sun for two or three days, it should be thrown into piles about five feet in diameter and height. In three or four days it will be cured and ready for the barn or stack. If stacked around a pole, the pole should be thirteen or fourteen feet high, with a platform around of fence rails about one foot from the ground. One hand, with a mule and long rope, or chain, can hall [sic] these piles faster than two can stack them.

I have pursued the above plan for three seasons, and have each year made fifteen or twenty thousand pounds of hay. My horses, mules and milch cows eat it with avidity, and it is decidedly better provender than fodder. A hand can save from six to ten times as much of it as he can of fodder. With a little practice, a hand can cut an acre a day. This will make from one to three thousand pounds of hay.

If any of your readers should need directions more in detail, I would refer them to the Rev. Mr. Logan, three miles west of LaGrange.

Very respectfully,
T. F. Montgomery.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Notice--Barks Wanted.

Medical Purveyor's Office,
Atlanta, Ga., June 30, 1862.

The best prices will be paid by the undersigned for large quantities of the following BARKS:
Stem, branches and root of Dogwood, (root preferred); branches and roots of White Willow; root, trunk and branches of American Poplar, (called also White-wood, Canoe-wood and tulip-tree,) root preferred.

These barks must be carefully dried and securely packed. They may be brought to this office, or sent to Mr. L. W. Waller, Botanical Agent, Cartersville, Ga.; or Dr. W. W. Durham, Botanical Agent, Decatur, Ga.

George S. Blackie,
Surgeon and Medical Purveyor, C. S. A.

july1 tf

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 2, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Fashionable.

We had as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. We are all "rebels," and it is proper that we appear in the *garb* of rebels. Therefore, go round to McPherson's and buy a *rebel hat*--price 50 cents. They are made in South Carolina, and are genuine rebel productions. We admired the taste of our worthy Postmaster, Col. Howard, who bought one of these "rebel hats," and made a "hatband" (about as strong as Caesar's) of a coarse hemp twine, tied around the hat with a hangman's knot. Hooray for the rebellion!

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 8, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Pretty Dancing.

If you want to see 30 or 40 beautifully dressed little girls and boys, moving gracefully, through the most intricate figures of the quadrille, waltz, scottishe [sic], &c., just step into the Athenaeum of a Tuesday or Saturday afternoon, and you will see merry little feet tripping through all these in quick response to Prof. Nott's delightful *bow*. Drop in, and see the pretty little ones.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

From "T. D. W."

Morristown, July 6, 1862.

Dear Confederacy: . . . Business having called me to Knoxville, on the 4th inst., a ride of a few miles brought me to the place the Federals covet so much . . . the wonderful phenomenon of ladies walking the streets, out shopping, with little high stand-up bonnets on, and calico dresses made up in most beautiful style, created within me a feeling of intense admiration. I saw for the first time in many months, little boys and girls, frolicking and laughing as though there was no war and no soldiers. . . T. D. W.

Package Sale by Catalogue of 2,000 Packages
of English Goods received per recent Arrivals,

direct from London, put up expressly for
this Market

by R. A. Pringle,
No. 137 Meeting Street,
Charleston, South Carolina,
James H. Taylor, Auctioneer.

On Thursday Morning, July 17, 1862, commencing at 10 o'clock, will be sold,
Groceries.

5_5 sacks Liverpool Salt,
36 [or 86?] cases Nutmegs.
840 bags Black Pepper,
54 bags Cloves,
10 bags Mace,
200 cases Cognac Brandy,
30 quarter cases Cognac Brandy,
37 boxes super Sperm Candles, 6s, 25 lbs. each,
68 boxes W. S. Hale's British Sperm Candles, 6s, 25 lbs each
19 boxes W. S. Hale's British Sperm Candles, 8s, 25 lbs each
39 bags Arrow Root,
2 casks Red Claret,
1 cask White Claret,
1 cask Refined Sugar, 500 lbs.
6 casks Spirits of Wine,
4 casks Porter,
2 bbls. Tar Oil

Boots and Shoes.

[illegible] packages Gents', Ladies', Misses' and Children's Boots, Gaiters, Slippers, and Shoes

Hardware.

71 tons Hoop Iron, 1 to 3 inches, 10 to 18 gauge.

Writing and Wrapping Paper.

60 reams Flat Cap Paper,
88 reams Flat Cap Wove Paper,
20 reams Legal Flat Cap Paper,
59 reams Pink Blotting Paper,
24 reams Folio Paper,
2 reams Lithograph Paper,
24 reams Printing Paper,
12 reams Royal Writing Paper,
21 reams Yellow Envelope Paper,

142 reams Writing Paper,
40 reams Laid Foolscap Paper,
25 reams fine C laid Foolscap paper,
25 reams fine B wove Foolscap paper,
115 reams fine large B laid Post Paper,
160 reams fine large C laid Post Paper,
53 reams extra large C wove Post Paper,
232 1/2 M. Assorted Envelopes,
91 reams Double Imperial Brown Paper,
22 reams Single Imperial Brown Paper,
23 [?] reams Casing Paper,

Clothing and Furnishing.

16 cases Gents', Boys' and Youths' Assorted Summer and Fall Clothing,
1 case Gents' West End Collars,
2 cases 620 dozen Gents', Ladies' and Children's Assorted White and Colored Cotton, Lisle and Silk Gloves,
1 case 200 dozen Ladies' and Gents' Black and Colored Kid Gloves,
1 case 100 dozen Gent's Wove Suspenders,
25 dozen Black Patent Belts,
1 case 200 dozen Gents' Black Silk Ties,
3 cases 78 dozen Gents' Linen Cambric Shirts, Linen Fronts.

Dry Goods.

8 bales Schwabe's Best Prints, new colors, 4-4
5 bales Schwabe's Best Prints, Black and White,
6 bales Schwabe's Best Prints, Plate,
6 bales Schwabe's Best Prints, Black and Gray
20 bales Schwabe's Best Prints, Madder.
1 case extra Calico, 4-4,
1 case extra Calico, 5/8,
1 case 60 pieces Barege Anglais,
1 case 12 pieces Black Lasting,
1 case 40 dozen Hoop Skirts,
2 cases 568 gross Thimbles,
4 cases Pins, Assorted,
2 cases White and Black Bone and Linen Buttons,
2 cases Japanned Metal Buttons,
3 cases White Metal Buttons,
1 case 6 and 14 line Pearl Buttons,
1 case Coat and Vest Lasting Buttons,
1 case 600 M Imperial and Locomoted Sharp's Needles,
2 cases 200 gross Black and White Hooks and Eyes,
5 cases 1,120 dozen Ladies' and Misses' White Cotton Hose,

1 case Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs, Assorted,
5 bales 7/8 English Bleached Shirtings,
2 bales Bleached Huckaback Towels,
1 bale Superfine Blue Broadcloth.
1 bale Fancy English Tweeds,
2 pieces fine Black Broadcloth.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 16, 1862, p. 1, c. 3
For the Confederacy.

Tea.

Atlanta, Ga., July 14, 1862.

Messrs. Editors: I see that Green Tea is selling at \$8 per pound. We, in the Confederate States, have a superior article--one that surpasses the best quality of Green Tea. The common Blackberry leaves dried in the shade and made into tea, make a better, stronger and sweeter flavored tea than the best quality of green. Please give this to the public and oblige

Thomas G. W. Crussell.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

From "T.D.W."

Morristown, July 11, 1862.

Dear Confederacy: . . .

I have often wondered why we have not in this section a Ladies' Hospital society. They are numerous in other localities, but here we are as it were shut out from the female world, and I verily believe that if a squad of ladies from one of these ever to be remembered institutions were to visit one of our patched up receptacles for the sick, the boys would be frightened to death, and the amount of damage it would cause cannot be estimated. In Knoxville there is to be found the only one in the whole country. In a great many instances our sick had to lie upon the floors, with but one blanket, yet the surgeons are attentive, kind, and are daily diligent in getting better accommodations. Now, I know the female character too well to admit that an association or a branch of one here would allow this. There are some noble spirits among the ladies of East Tennessee, but whence this almost utter abandonment of charitable feeling? We want here the spirits of the daughters of Virginia and Georgia and all of our Southern ladies generally. There is a kind of indifference manifested; that love for our cause which should actuate all of our ladies is not shown by all in this section. It certainly cannot be a disgrace to offer at least a kind word, and for a moment to forget family for a thought of our brave boys and the cause we love so well. Ladies of East Tennessee! rally! rally! If you can possibly save a life for the country, do it, and aid our Surgeons in their tedious endeavors to do what you alone can remedy! Many mothers will bless you, and fathers will bless you, besides little children will emulate your deeds. Knoxville has taken the lead, and by judicious management your association can achieve a reputation equal to those older . . .

T. D. W.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

The Wounded Soldiers on the Cars.

Editors Southern Confederacy:

Having to spend the day in your town, and feeling deeply impressed with the tokens of sympathy bestowed all along the route, upon our soldiers who were wounded in the late battles near Richmond, and who have just arrived en route homeward; I am inclined to trouble you with an article--if it be not presuming too much.

Some two hundred wounded were most sumptuously fed by the kind ladies of Wytheville, Va., on Saturday last, and seven times did the ladies of Tennessee meet the train and feed them--at Greenville, Morristown, New Market, Mossy Creek, Knoxville, Athens and Cleveland. These acts of our fair ladies constitute a few of their offerings of devotion at the shrine of patriotism and Southern liberty, and hardened as our soldiers become from the exercises of camp life, they quickly and gratefully appreciate the efforts of gentle woman to soothe their pains and minister to their comfort. The ladies of all the places above named may be assured that among all the incidents of those suffering soldiers will narrate to loved ones at home, of their experiences for the last twelve months, those connected with their trip through Tennessee, will stir their hearts more deeply, and start the tear of gratitude more quickly, than all the rest. . . . Since our arrival in Georgia, also, every attention has been shown our wounded that their wants required. On reaching your city this morning, kind surgeons dressed their wounds, and ever-vigilant ladies ministered to their comfort.

...

There is one suggestion that perhaps ought to be made to the ladies on the railroads. The wounded may continue to come for several days, and it would be better for them that they should not be so freely supplied with the fruits and berries of the Southern country, as they are, in numbers of cases, made sick by them.

And now, a soldier's wish for the ladies who have been so kind: may heaven grant that the burdens and sorrows of this unholy war may fall lightly upon their hearts and homes.

S. D. Snodgrass,

Chaplain, 21st Mississippi Regiment.

July 15, 1862.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Tupelo, July 12, 1862.

To Southern Editors:

Gentlemen: Our fruits and vegetables are ripening upon their branches, and essential service to our cause may be effected by urging in time upon our people the necessity of preserving that surplus which has been habitually wasted. No efforts should be spared to save every edible which can be preserved, in such manner and form as will prevent decay and admit of easy transportation.

Apples, peaches, pears, figs, okra, peppers, &c., can all be readily and cheaply dried, and would thus materially aid to supply, *throughout the year*, not only nutritious food, but that *variety* in diet which is so essential to health. Our soldiers require something more to maintain their manly vigor than the salted meat and badly cooked bread to which the necessities of our beleaguered land have long and often reduced their diet. A more savory and varied dish, which

the products of our soil can bountifully furnish, would more effectually keep our hospitals empty and our camps from the languid, pallid victims of the blood destroying *scurvy*, than physic and physicians.

The preservation of fruit can be superintended by our noble women, whose glorious devotion has already been recorded on the pages of parliamentary history by the chivalric *gentlemen* of England. Let *them* be informed that they could thus aid to save the lives of more braves in our camps, and the hearts of more mourners in our homes, than are killed and wounded by the bullets of low-born Yankees in a bloody battle, and there need be little fear that this season will witness our fruits wastefully destroyed by the stock, or prodigally rotting on the ground.

While loftier motives should prompt their careful preservation, I am authorized to add another inducement by Major John J. Walker, whose zeal and talent are now, fortunately for our soldiers, devoted to them at the post of Chief Commissary of this Department, where energy, ability, and sympathy with suffering, are so much needed.

He gives his assurance that he will promptly purchase for our soldiers, at a fair and liberal price, all dried (or otherwise preserved) fruits and vegetables.

It is hoped that these views will meet with your approbation, and will therefore be pressed upon the public notice.

Very respectfully, your obed't servant,

Stanford E. Chaille,
Medical Inspector, &c.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 20, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

To Remove Maggots From Wounds.--As a matter of wide-spread interest at this time, we give place to the following:

Take the leaves, bark, flowers, or berries of the common elder (*Sambucus niger*), make a strong tea by pouring boiling water upon them and letting them steep. Wash the wounds once or twice a day with this. Boil some lard, and while boiling stir in elder in considerable quantity, and strain off through a sieve or coarse cloth. This makes an ointment for the same purpose. It is improved by adding one-fourth as much common beeswax as the amount of lard used.

Antiseptic Powder.--To correct the offensive odors of wounds, mix one hundred parts of calcined plaster of Paris and two parts of coal tar. Rub well together. Sprinkle this upon the wound once or twice daily. They have been fully tested for years in the Bellveue [sic] Hospital.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 23, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Histrionics.

Miss Bridges, the beautiful and talented Southern actress and histrionic reader, from Mobile, will give [illeg.] entertainments at the Athenaeum on Thursday and Friday night next. She has lately given a series of entertainments to large, brilliant and highly delighted audiences.

The Mobile Tribune, speaking of her personation of the Bride of Lammermoor, says:

It was an admirable selection and afforded Miss Bridges ample field for the display of her fine histrionic talents. Her personation of Lady Ashton was eminently successful--correct, in good taste, and entirely free from rant, a fault which we are happy to say does not belong to her; and though the *role* was a very difficult one, she was fully up to the occasion.

Miss B. possesses one endowment that adds very much to her power as an actress--a countenance capable of every variety of expression. In the after-piece she was lively, buoyant, coquettish, and evidently felt what she was playing, as Mr. Wiseman must have felt under the smart lashing of her horse whip--Her attire was elegant, handsome, and entirely *comme il faut*.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

From Our Special Correspondent
"T.D.W."

Morristown, July 20, 1862

Dear Confederacy: . . .

No more cigars for the lovers of *cheroots*--no more *quids* for the patrons of the weed.--Verily, it seems that everybody up here and in Virginia is going mad on the subject of Tobacco. This being an article not deemed contraband by speculators, they are staking their all upon the hazard of the die. Brands that, twelve months ago, would not have commanded 18 cents per pound, are now held at 50, 60, and 70 cents, and I have known instances where those who have invested in the staple, awoke next morning to find themselves in possession of a large fortune. This is a mystery, this speculation business. There are no more tobacco users now than before the war, and there is enough on hand to last the Confederacy, allowing each individual to smoke and chew freely, for two years, and yet not be consumed. In the midst of this plenty the poor soldier is starving, I might say, for this vegetable. We say, however, to those who have taken to making money in this article, from the Old Dominion, "make all you can, keep at it, raise the price to fabulous figures; but hands off from flour, sugar, and all provisions necessary to sustain life." . . .

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 26, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

A Most Pleasant Summer Drink--"Cream Nectar."--Take three pounds white sugar, three ounces tartaric acid, and one quart cold water, put them in a brass or copper kettle, and when warm add the white of three eggs; beat up with three teaspoonful of flour; stir till it boils for three minutes; when cold, add one gill of essence and bottle up.

Directions for Use.--Two desert spoonfuls of the nectar to each glass; then fill them two-thirds full of ice water, if it can be had, and add a little carbonate of soda.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Work Plenty for the Ladies.

Lawshe & Purtell want one hundred hands immediately, to make up Soldier's Clothing.
jy26-1w

Making Shirts.

Fifty good hands for making Army Shirts and Drawers can find employment by calling at D. Mayer's Tore, Whitehall street. jy253t

A Union Flag Displayed in Atlanta.

Quite an excitement was raised in our city yesterday morning, by the display from the window over Hunnicutt & Taylor's of a very large and handsome Lincoln flag. An excited crowd soon collected, and men were hastening along the different streets in that direction.--Some one came into our *sanctum*, and, with considerable emotion, told us to look out at the ensign of treason. We looked, and there it was! in full view from our window, spread to the breeze waving to and fro, the beautiful flag of the once powerful and honored, but now broken and disgraced, United States, involved in bankruptcy and steeped in perfidy by the conduct of her rulers, sustained by the indorsement [sic] of a degenerate and wicked people.

At a second look, however, we discovered that the Union of the flag *was down*. The crowd soon found out that it was a Yankee flag captured at Murfreesboro', and their rising wrath subsided.

We visited the room, and found it to be a magnificent trophy--the flag of the 9th Michigan regiment. It is the largest and handsomest flag we ever saw. It is of the finest silk, the brightest colors, and most tastefully wrought--the stars and the name of the regiment being in the most elegant needle work, and the whole surrounded by the finest silk fringe.

It was brought here by Lt. Robt. Graham, of Capt. Willingham's company, Col. Lawton's Cavalry. He was in the fight at Murfreesboro', and distinguished himself for his conspicuous gallantry. He is now at home, at his father's residence near this city, on sick furlough. We trust he may soon recover.

He brought with him a number of trophies besides the flag, among which are the epaulettes worn by Gen. Duffield, and two captain's swords. One of these swords is specially interesting. It is of the most elegant workmanship and finish. We never saw a service sword that was more beautiful. It had on it this inscription: "Presented to O. C. Rounds, Captain Chandler Guards, 9th regiment, Mich., by his friends of Niles, Mich." Lt. Graham has the honor of taking this Captain prisoner and receiving his sword. He was Provost Marshal of Murfreesboro' at the time. He had got into favor with a Union family at that place and was engaged to be married to a daughter of that family on Sunday night, the 13th inst.; but alas! he was taken prisoner by the rebels early that morning. Instead of enjoying the delights of early wedlock, he is now in prison at Madison, Ga., and his inamorata is disconsolate. We advise her to go to Michigan as speedily as possible. She can meet with her lover and tie the knot when he is exchanged.

Lt. Graham, it seems, found out where the Captain was stopping--at the house of his "new love"--so enamored of her charms that he was not on the look-out for the rebels, and was *caught napping*. He went to the house and was met by the Captain's intended wife, who, in answer to his inquiries, assured him that Capt. Rounds was not in the house.--Some patriotic Southern ladies, who had at first informed him of the Captain's whereabouts, and were near by looking on, assured him that the Captain *was* in the house, upon which Lt. Graham walked in and commenced a search. He soon discovered him *under the bed*; and seizing him by the foot, dragged him out and received from him his sword.

Lt. Graham was with that brave old hero, Capt. Haney, of Floyd county, when he captured Gen. Crittenden.

Independence Progressing!
Superior
Corn Starch
and
Corn Farina.
Made at Roswell, Ga., by the Roswell
Starch Manufacturing Company.

This Starch cannot be excelled for laundry purposes, but both the Starch and Farina are especially intended as a wholesome, cooling and nutritious food for the sick, wounded, and infants.

Both articles are made with great care, and are warranted perfectly pure.

Owing to the high price and scarcity of corn, but a limited supply can be made for some months.

Orders for Hospital purposes will receive the preference.

Wm. Jennings, Agent.
Roswell, Cobb County, Ga.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Blue Mass! Blue Mass!

Warranted pure and equal to any imported. I am now manufacturing Blue Mass in large quantities by machinery, and can fill orders for any quantity. It can be sent by express to almost any place in the Confederacy. Orders solicited. Orders can also be sent to Kent, Paine & Co., Richmond, Virginia.

R. B. Saunders,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Work Plenty for the Ladies.

Lawshe & Purtell want one hundred hands immediately, to make up Soldier's Clothing.

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Chapel Hill, N. C.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Making Shirts.

Fifty good hands for making Army Shirts and Drawers can find employment by calling at D. Mayer's Store, Whitehall-street.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], July 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

To Destroy Weevils in Rice.--Mr. Editor: As the question of food is all important now, the following plan for killing weevils and preventing their future hatching in rice I have found efficacious: Put the rice in a moderately tight room, and burn about ten pounds of flour of brimstone in a large iron pot. This will kill every weevil without injuring the rice.

Yours, &c., H.S.
Constitutionalist, 25th July.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

F. Geutebruck,
Importer & Manufacturer of
Havana and American
Cigars,
Dealer in
Lorillard's Maccaboy and Scotch Snuff,
Smoking and Chewing Tobacco,
Pipes, &c.

A good assortment of the best Cigars for the retail trade to be found at his store on Whitehall street, between Ripley's Crockery and Gilbert's Jewelry store.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Dye Stuffs, Drugs, &c.
at Wholesale

30 lbs. Blue Mass,
75 lbs. Gum Opium,
50 ozs. Quinine
750 lbs. Sulphuric [sic] Acid,
600 lbs. Toilet Soaps,
300 lbs. Good Indigo,
200 lbs. Good Madder,
800 lbs. Lump Alum,
35 bbls. Train Oils

Also,

400 lbs. Extract Logwood.

And the largest stock of Coarse Emery in the Confederacy.

Hamilton, Markley & Joiner.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 2, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

What a People!--Here is a letter, picked up on the battle-field of Richmond. It is a fair specimen of the superstition and fanaticism that pervades the whole New England mind. It is written by a mother to her son. The writer is evidently a fairly educated woman. The writing, orthography and punctuation are well done. And these are the people who propose to civilize and enlighten the South!

New Boston, June 14, 1862.

My Dear Boy:--I write to send you a lock of the medium's hair. The directions are, wear it *always* about your person. It will be a protection to you. The object is to form a very strong chain, electric chain of communication between you and the medium, that she may come to you, and have more power to protect you in time of danger, and impart strength and health. Do be careful to observe the directions. We are looking anxiously now every day for news from Richmond--all eyes are turned that way. The balloon operations rather frustrate the plans of the rebels. I am encouraged to think that you will be preserved, and do a great deal of good in the world, for the mediums will still insist or persist in saying that you are to be a powerful lecturer. How does it seem to you? Are your powers in any way increasing? Can you see your way more clearly? Do you have many beautiful visions, and impressions of things to be? Cousin Laura seems to be developing rapidly for healing; she is influenced and shake a great deal. As for myself, they tell me I am developing fast; that I have great powers; I have, or I could not entrance people; but my health seems to be failing.--I have the headache a great deal and at the present time, am very languid, very weak indeed.

They wish me to visit at Danbury, but, unless I get stronger, I cannot go. I could not bear the journey. Well, I have nothing new to relate. Take all the comfort, all the pleasure you can; study yourself all the wants of your nature, and supply them. Let reason guide you, and whatever your highest intuitions are, accept them as truth. Be of a cheerful and contented spirit, relying upon the arm of the Almighty, drawing strength and consolation from that great source of all knowledge and wisdom.

Please write soon as you can, enclosing your likeness, which will be a great assistance to the medium.

Your affectionate mother,

Mrs. E. M. Welles.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Our Rome Correspondent Abroad.

Knoxville, Tenn., July 29, 1862.

. . . A most touching incident occurred on the cars when we reached Wytheville.--They were crowded with wounded soldiers returning to their homes from Richmond. A young lady, on our arrival at the aforesaid place, of elegant manners and of bright, philanthropic face, appeared in the cars, bearing in one hand a large basket filled with pies and other refreshments, and in the other bandages and lint, for the wounded, accompanied by a young clergyman with two large

buckets full of buttermilk. As she passed along she inquired of each soldier if she could administer in any way to their relief. They were perfectly overcome by her kindness, and asked her who she was. She replied, "*Never mind my name*; the only compensation I ask is the consciousness of having relieved the sufferings of the soldiers who have been fighting the battles of my country." With one voice they exclaimed, "God bless the good Samaritan," and many an eye was bedimmed with tears as she passed through the cars on her errand of mercy. How true the lines of Campbell,

"The world was sad! The garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd--till woman smiled."

...

WHAT NOT.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

From Our Special Correspondent "T.D.W."

Morristown, Tenn., Aug. 4, 1862.

Dear Confederacy: . . .

I have noticed, during my stay in East Tennessee, one remarkable fact: that *ignorance* of the masses is the primary cause of all the toryism in this section. Nearly all of the respectable and well informed are true to the South. In no instance have I found an educated gentleman, or one who has much at stake, a follower of Lincoln. This must be, then, the effects of education. I find here more or less of the class called superstitious. They see ghosts, hobgoblins, trees on fire in the heavens, stars falling, worlds burning up, and a thousand other illusions that portend a large development of the supernatural. An old lady in this neighborhood discovered her dog lying east and west on his back, with his feet up towards the heavens. Straightway she announced to my horror that there would be a death in the family. One remarkable circumstance, however, she forgot to mention: the time the death would occur. If a cock comes in the house and gives a lively crow, straightway it is announced that a stranger is coming that very day. Horse shoes are abundant over the doors, and on inquiry I found it to mean the frightening off of witches. I find but few schools--few churches, and an enlightened gospel is seldom, if ever, heard in the mountains. This, then, is the truth of the whole matter: *ignorance and superstition*. Follow the chain of mountains, even in Virginia and North Carolina, and as the people in and on the mountains are more or less ignorant, unrefined and superstitious, the demagogue seeking an office finds his victims, and appeals to them by placing himself on a level with them. . .

T. D. W.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Fine Chance for Industrious Women.

Wanted 30 or 40 smart Women to do Plain Sewing. Easy work; good wages; and constant employment. Apply immediately to

Fetherston & Duck,
Cor. Ala. and Whitehall sts., up stairs.

aug9-3t

Wanted Immediately.

At the Blacking Factory 25 quiet and industrious girls, between the ages of 12 and 16--no others need apply. Applicants must be accompanied with parent or guardian.
aug8-3t

Tailoresses Wanted.

5 or 6 First Class Tailoresses, to work on Samples; a No. 1 Sewing Machine Operator; and a good Tailor to act as pressman.

Apply at Bryson & Beaumont's former workshop, corner Whitehall and Alabama streets,
to
aug7-3t

Fetherston & Duck.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 9, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

A Virginia Stew.

Take two young Chickens, cut them up and par-boil them--then peel and cook one quart Irish Potatoes; then peel and cut up one dozen large, ripe Tomatoes; then cut the corn from one dozen soft Roasting Ears, and mash it up; add to these one large Onion, cut up fine. Put all in a stew pan and stew for two hours, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Extract the bones of the fowl; season with salt, butter and pepper, *and serve hot*. If after a fair trial you pronounce this an unpalatable dish, then your loyalty to the "*Southern Confederacy*" ought to be seriously questioned!

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

From Our Special Correspondent "T.D.W."
The Fight at Tazewell.

Morristown, August 8, 1862.

Dear Confederacy:

. . . Before I go farther, let me remind all of the friends and relatives of troops here not to imagine that their presence here at this particular junction will benefit them or the cause, besides they will find difficulties innumerable in passing the lines.--I have seen the wives of soldiers arrive here by the cars, some of whom I know, and here they found the only consolation, that conveyance to the camp could not be had--the distance too far to walk, and hardly a house to shelter them if they did go--no hotel here--hardly a spare room to be had for love or money. I have assisted all that I could in procuring conveyance by one single coach--the only one in the county; but I now say to all, that if they do come, they can go no further than 10 miles, and our forces are 18 miles beyond, and still advancing. I mention this not to deter them if they *will* come, but simply to lay before them the difficulty of getting to their destination. Some ladies have come three and four hundred miles and had to return the next day for want of proper accommodations and facilities of transportation. . . .

I conclude with one word more to our friends at home, and that is not to be alarmed--keep cool, do not get excited, fly off at a tangent, but rest quietly, sleep soundly, and trust and hope. Wait for all the facts, and do not believe all the idle rumors you hear. Let me illustrate. A lady came here on the cars today--very much distressed that she could not get to the battle ground, for "she knew Sam was either killed or wounded or something." On inquiry her liege lord was found to be in town and smoking a pipe of high-priced tobacco.

T. D. W.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

The following tissue of falsehood is going the rounds of the Yankee press: . . .

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.
Huntsville, Ala., July 20.

A few days ago a citizen of Alabama, residing among the mountains South of Decatur, distant some thirty or forty miles, found his way to the camp of the Twentieth Brigade, and made known the fact, that in the vicinity of his home there were many men who were anxious to enlist and fight for the Union, under the good old flag.

The representations made resulted in sending Col. Straight with the Fifty-first Regiment Indiana Volunteers, down into the region named, with a view of offering protection to any who might desire to enlist.

After an absence of four days, Col. Straight returned to camp, bringing with him nearly two hundred able bodied and earnest men.--When Col. Straight first reached their homes in the hill country, not a man could be found at his house, all of them being obliged to conceal themselves in the forests or among the hiding places of the mountains, lest they be obliged to enter the rebel army by the hated conscript law, or be shot down like wild beasts for being Union men. As soon, however, as the Colonel made known his mission to the wives and daughters of these hardy mountaineers, they were on the move to communicate with the fugitives, and within forty-eight hours the Colonel was ready to return with the recruits above named.

One woman alone mounted a horse and scoured the gorges and defiles for a distance of sixty miles, and brought into Col. Straight's camp twenty-five as brave and true men as the sun and labor ever browned. Scores of these patriot women came to camp with baskets of corn bread and such other edibles as they could muster, evidently anxious to do all in their power to help on the good cause. When the time came to march, and the congregated wives and sisters of these self-sacrificing soldiers bade them adieu, the scene was enough to move the stoutest heart. Tears coursed down many a manly cheek as the hearty farewell was wrung out, but with the true womanly spirit, despite their own tears, did these patriot wives tell their husbands to go and fight for the stars and stripes, saying that although destitution and privation was all that they could expect while those on whom they should naturally depend were away, yet nothing better could be expected should they remain, because for weeks and months their labor was entirely destroyed by the gangs whose business it was to force them to fight for a cause they could not but hate. When these noble volunteers came into camp, I had the pleasure of taking scores of them by the hand and giving them all a word of cheer. One noble old man, 78 years of age, Col. Davis, came with the party, too old and too feeble to fight, a fact much regretted by him, but who had to flee to find protection from the rebels, who don't fail to shoot down any one who will stand straight for the good old flag.

In answer to my inquiries, he informed me that, in the section of country in which he

lived, and all through North Alabama, they had three classes, viz: the rich or aristocratic class, all of whom are slaveholders; then a poor class, those who have no visible means of support, but who fawn and cringe to the aristocratic class, "that thrift may follow fawning;" besides which there is a middling class, men of small farms and rather limited means, not slaveholders, "men who earn an honest living with their own hands," to use the words of the old man; and, said he, with the fire of youth once more flashing in his eye, and his bent form straightening to his full height, "this middling class all go for the old flag--other two are rebels without;" to which the listening group with one accord ejaculated, "that's so."

By order of Gen. Buell, these men are to be mustered, equipped, armed, and drilled by one of his own staff. Col. Straight is of the opinion that full three or four regiments of the same kind of men could be recruited in the same region of country.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Flannel.--Flannel should be worn in summer and winter, during the day, but should be taken off at night. In summer it allows the perspiration to pass off without condensing upon the skin, and prevents the evil effects of the rapid changed of temperature to which we are liable in our changeable climate, when out of doors. In winter, as a nonconductor of heat, it is a protection against cold. At night the flannel jacket or jersey should be exposed to a free current of air, and allowed thoroughly to dry; it should never be put in a heap of clothes by the bedside. Flannel is usually only worn over the chest and abdomen.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], August 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 1-2

From our Special Correspondent "T.D.W.,"

Morristown, Tenn., Aug. 23, 1862.

Dear Confederacy:

A jaunt upon a railroad is sometimes a delightful thing, especially when one is going home--the thoughts of the dear ones there, the friends we meet, and the clustering together of the many associations that makes home delightful. These, together with many other pleasing recollections connected with Atlanta, came over me as I bobbed up and down on the cars between here and the Gate City. What would Atlanta look like? . . .

I strolled up the streets, and there was the same hurly burly confusion of business-men as heretofore. Everybody wanted money--everybody made money. The Jew and the Gentile were found whispering together for a bargain. The milliner declared that "this cannot be bought elsewhere for less than such a price." The auctioneer from the stand was astonished as usual that his crowd would not bid more for this article, as the stores would charge double what they were bidding. Brokers had gold and bills scattered profusely upon their counters, ready to give you as clean a shave as any one of the many barbers that line the principal streets. The poor seamstresses, pale with excessive application, bending over their work to a late hour, passed by me in great numbers. No doubt they often think of the promises made to take care of them while father, husband or son went to the war. Even the industrious newsboy would harass you as usual with his cry of "Here's your *Confederacy!*" or "Here's your *Intelligencer!*"

The provost guard could say "halt!" and examine your passport with the air of a general, even if some could not read the writing. Amidst this the Hospital associations of ladies went on as usual doing good, reaping golden opinions, and receiving the blessings of soldiers. The

engines whistled, cars were shifted hither and thither, and people passed the crossing as usual without being run over. I concluded that Atlanta, in point of business, was unchangeable, and that she has felt the shock of war less than any of her sister cities. True, editors do grumble at the high price of paper, never thinking that "*old clothes is riz.*" They are, as a class, a grumbling set, and no one should ever be an editor but a crusty old bachelor. I found the same fortunes and misfortunes, the same sorrows and joys. The lady would be in mourning for a lost loved one-- but what was that to the man who made his thousands every day? I found pretty *widows*, pretty young ladies with the ugliest kind of hats on. Josh was with me, and he says they remind him of a wash-bowl turned *topsy turvy*. However, do what the girls can, they can never conceal a pretty face or a handsome form. Soldiers are judges, and all who have passed through there wish to know where they came from. I believe there is a race between the girls of all our other cities to see who can get to Atlanta first; and strange, I see no diminution of silks and laces. Trust a woman to run the blockade!

Passing up Whitehall, Bill would meet Dick, and pulling him aside, utter words to this effect--"I went round; he says that Jake took the last drop, but that Sam says just wait a minute; he can make the trip. It is corn, but simon pure." This, I found on inquiry, to mean *running the blockade*, from which I conclude that the doctors drink all the whiskey, and if the citizens get any they must run what is called the gauntlet or the blockade. I found that soldiers *did* run it, and that some of them got capsized in the effort--whether the fault of the boat or its contents, I know not.

The enemy are leaving the Gap by squads, and our forces on this side are said to be within two miles of their stronghold.

T.D.W.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], September 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Yarns to be Distributed to the Needy.

Office Roswell Manufacturing Co., }
Roswell, Ga., Sept. 13, 1862. }

Editors Southern Confederacy:

In view of the pressing want of Cotton Yarn in most sections of the country, the Roswell Manufacturing Company propose a gratuitous distribution, in October next, of one thousand bunches of Yarn to the needy poor of the counties of Cobb, Milton, Cherokee, Paulding, Pickens, Bartow, Fulton, Forsyth, DeKalb, and Floyd. This will give to each county one hundred bunches.

It is desired the Judges of the Inferior Court of each county should interest themselves in the appointment of a Committee, whose pleasure, doubtless, it will be, judiciously to dispose of the Yarn, and as the amount is limited, not more than one bunch could be spared to each family. The Yarn will be delivered to the order of the Judges of the Inferior Court, any week day during the month of October; and this early notice is given that those living remote from the court House may have an opportunity to make timely application. If it were possible, the list of counties would be cheerfully increased, but other sections have mills near them, upon whose liberality they can doubtless depend for supply.

Geo. H. Camp,
Agent Roswell Manufacturing Company.

Receipts for Making Bread, &c., from Rice Flour.

Russell County, Ala., Sept. 8.

Eds. Sun: I read an article in one of your papers lately in which receipts for making different kinds of bread with rice flour, were inquired for and having a few that I think will be found good, I send them to you. They were printed in Charleston, S. C., several years ago.

Respectfully, Elizabeth B. Lewis.

To Make Loaf Rice Bread.--Boil a pint of rice soft, and a pint of leaven, then three quarts of rice flour, put it to raise in a tin or earthen vessel, until it has risen sufficiently; divide it into three parts and bake it as other bread, and you will have three large loaves. Or scald the flour, and when cold, mix half wheat flour or corn meal, raised with leaven in the usual way.

Another.--One quart of rice flour: make it into a stiff pap, by wetting with warm water, not so hot as to make it lumpy, when well wet add boiling water, as much as two or three quarts, stir continually until it boils; put in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of yeast when it cools, and a little salt, knead as much wheat flour as will make it a proper dough for bread, put it to rise, and when it has risen add a little more wheat flour; let it stand in a warm place half an hour, and bake it. This same mixture only made thinner and baked in rings make excellent muffins.

Journey of [or?] Jonny [sic] Cake.--To three spoonfuls of soft boiled rice, add a small tea-cup of water or milk, then add six spoonfuls of rice flour, which will make a large Jonny cake, or six waffles.

Rice Cakes.--Take a pint of soft boiled rice, a half pint of milk or water, to which add twelve spoonfuls of the rice flour; divide it into small cakes and bake them in a brick oven.

Rice Cakes Like Buckwheat.--Mix one-fourth wheat flour to three-fourths superfine rice flour, and raise it as buckwheat flour, bake it like buckwheat cakes.

To Make Wafers.--Take a pint of warm water, a teaspoonful of salt, add a pint of the flour, and it will give you two dozen wafers.

To Make Rice Puffs.--To a pint of the flour add a teaspoonful of salt, a pint of boiling water, beat up four eggs, stir them well together, put from two to three spoonfuls of lard in a pan, make it boiling hot, and fry as you do common fritters.

To Make a Rice Pudding.--Take a quart of milk, add a pint of the flour, boil them to a pap, beat up six eggs, to which add six spoonfuls of Havana sugar, and a spoonful of butter, which when well beaten together, add to the milk and flour, grease the pan it is to be baked in, grate nutmeg over the mixture and bake it.

Rice Flour Sponge Cake.--Made like sponge cake except that you use $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound of rice flour, thirteen eggs, leaving out four whites, and add a little salt.

Rice Flour Blanc [sic] Mange.--Boil one quart of milk, season it to your taste with sugar and rose water, take four tablespoonfuls of the rice flour, mix it very smooth with cold milk, add this to the other milk while it is boiling, stirring it well; let all boil together about fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally; then pour it into moulds [sic] and put it by to cool. This is a very favorite article for invalids.

Rice Griddle Cakes.--Boil one large cup of whole cold rice quite soft in milk, and while hot stir in a little wheat flour or rice flour; when cold add two eggs and a little salt, bake in small thin cakes on the griddle.

In every case in making rice flour bread, cake or pudding, a well boiled pap should be

first made of all the milk and water and half the flour, and allowed to get perfectly cold before the other ingredients are added; it forms a support for them and prevents the flour from settling at the bottom; stir the whole a moment before it is set to cook.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], September 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Coffee.

This article lately commanded \$2.50 per lb. in Richmond. It is now worth \$2.25 here.--In a few days past, it has tumbled down with a perfect crash in Richmond--a large lot being offered there a few days ago at \$1.10 which was not taken.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], September 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

The editor of the Henderson (N.C.) Times, has recently made a visit through East Tennessee to Cumberland Gap. Upon his return, he fixed up the following story for the edification of his readers.

At Powell's river, I stopped and engaged more milk, of an old Lincolnite jade, keen as a brier, and mother of three (and I don't know how many more,) rather nice looking gals.--She complained to me of having been rudely treated by a North Carolina officer the morning previous. Arriving at camp, I informed the officer of the old lady's story, and he told me that knowing their political *status*, he had placed a guard around the house, to keep any of the family from going to the Gap, while our army was crossing the river, and that in the meantime, the following conversation took place:

Officer.--(Entering the house.) Good morning m'am. No answer. "Where is your husband, ma'am?"

Old Woman.--None of your business, you rebel you.

Officer.--I know. He is in the Yankee army.

Old Woman.--Well he is. What are you going to do about it? He is in the 1st Tennessee Federal regiment at Cumberland Gap, and will take off your rebel head, if you go up there.

Officer.--Yes. But we have him and your General Morgan's whole command completely surrounded--hemmed in--with an army on both sides of the Gap, and in a few days they will be starved out, and have to surrender upon our own terms.

Old Woman.--We know all that, and are easy. But Lincoln will send an army through Kentucky, which will wipe out your General Smith, just like a dog would lick out a plate, and then you and your army of barefooted, roasting ear stealers, will have to leave here in the dark again, and badly scared at that. Besides this--

Officer.--That's your opinion, but you are deluded. Where were you born?

Old Woman.--Born! Why I was born and raised in Tennessee. I am an Old Hickory Tennessean--dead out against Nullification, and its bastard offspring, Secession. But where are you from?

Officer.--I am from North Carolina, but a native of South Carolina.

Old Woman.--A South Carolinian--scion of nullification--double rebel, double devil. Old Jackson made your little turnip patch of a State walk the chalk once, and Old Abe Lincoln will give you rebels hell before Spring.

Officer.--(Quitting the old lady, and turning to the eldest daughter, whom he recognized

as a mother.) Madam, where is your husband?

Young Woman.--That is none of your business.

Officer.--But it is my business. Where is he?

Young Woman.--Where I hope I'll never see him again. Where I hope you will soon be.

Officer.--Where is that?

Young Woman.--Why, a prisoner in the hands of the army at the Gap.

Officer.--What is that for?

Young Woman.--For being what you are, an infernal rebel.

Officer.--Oh, if that's all, I will send him back to you as soon as we take the Gap.

Young Woman.--No you needn't. Cust if ever he sleeps in my bed again. I intend to get some Union man to father this child.--Here, Bet, (calling a nurse,) take this little rebel and give him Union milk. Let us try and get the "secesh" out of him.

Officer.--(Turning to a Miss.) Did you find a beau among the Yankee officers?

Miss.--Yes, I did; a nice, sweet, gallant fellow. One who stepped like a prince. When you become his prisoner, give him my love, and tell him for my sake to put a trace chain around your infernal neck.

Officer.--When do you expect to see him again?

Miss.--Just after your General takes the *next* "big scare," which will be in ten days from this time.

Daylight having broken, and the army having crossed the river, the conversation I have given terminated.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], September 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Hoops Ignored.--A correspondent of the Columbus (Ga.) Sun, attached to Gen. Bragg's army, writing from Sparta, Tenn., says: The land here is fertile, and the people look more like folks. The ladies in the neat little village of Sparta, as we passed through waved us on amid vociferous cheers, which made the welkin ring. Most of the citizens in that portion of Tennessee, thro' which we have passed belong to the mediocrity, and are ignorant and disaffected. The women, *horrible dictu*, go barefooted, and look like a piece of calico tied around a lamp post.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Charleston in War Times--As Seen by a Yankee Lady.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* prints the following as "the substance of a conversation with Mrs. Livingston, of New York, who was brought from Savannah under a flag of truce, after a sojourn of several months in Dixie:"

Mrs. Livingston, whom I find to be a very intelligent lady (and who is the wife of a Captain in the Federal army), says she has been treated with uniform kindness and respect since her detention in the South, which dates back to the commencement of the war. . . There is no property except real estate, within a dozen miles of Charleston. All the furniture, stores, and indeed every thing moveable, was sent into the interior immediately after the battle of James Island. Two provision stores only remain. Many of the inhabitants reside about three miles outside the city, in barracks similar to soldiers, and use only the most indispensable and cheapest kind of furniture. No Sabbath day services are held in any of the Charleston churches; all the

church bells have been cast into cannon, and even the iron railings and fences have been collected together and made into cannon. It is regarded as a mistaken idea that there are Union men in the South. Mrs. Livingston does not believe there is one. She never saw a people so united and determined. There is not a lady in the entire Confederacy who owns fifty dollars' worth of jewelry. It has voluntarily been given for the cause, and the proceeds have built many of their finest boats. . . Nothing but the most common qualities of wearing apparel can be obtained--and shoes are very expensive--the pair she wore, worth about one dollar and a half, costing in Savannah twelve dollars. Necessary provisions were cheap, but the luxuries were very expensive. A free market had been opened in Charleston, where anybody could procure, on application three pounds of beef, and half a peck of potatoes per day. Besides the heavy war and State tax, every male resident of the Confederacy is taxed two dollars per year for the support of the families of soldiers. . . Very few slaves were to be found in Savannah or Charleston--they were so scarce as not to be procured for servants, even when one dollar and a half per day was offered for them. . . .

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 3, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

A Nuisance.

The cattle running at large in the streets are an intolerable nuisance. Won't the city fathers prevent it? We beg of them to take pity upon the people. Why are hogs kept out of the streets by city ordinances, but cows allowed to annoy and torment every countryman that brings a wagon to town, and every pedestrian by keeping the pavements in a villainous state of filth? Hogs in the streets are valuable as scavengers, but cattle are filthy pests.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

For the Confederacy.

Delicious Tea!

Ladies gather your Raspberry leaves, and you will have the finest substitute for Hyson Tea in the world--and when you can't get Raspberries--take the Blackberry--it will do. I have tried it. You have yet several days before frost to gather them--see to it!--Tea is \$12 a pound--save your money!

R.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Tallow Candles Equal to Star.

Messrs. Editors Mobile Register & Advertiser:

It may be of interest to your numerous readers to know that, with not a cent of additional expense, tallow candles can be made fully equal in point of merit to the common star candle.

To two pounds of tallow add one teacupful of good strong 'ley' [lye] from wood ashes, and simmer over a slow fire--when a greasy scum will float on top; skim this off for making soap, (it is very near soap already) as long as it continues to rise. Then mould [sic] your candles

as usual, making the wicks a little smaller--and you have a pure, hard tallow candle, worth knowing how to make--and one that burns as long and gives a light equal to sperm. The chemistry demonstrates itself.--An ounce or two of beeswax will make the candle some harder, and steeping the wicks in spirits turpentine will make it burn some brighter. I write with one before me.

Yours,

W.

West Point, Miss., Oct. 5th, 1862.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Pioneer
Cotton Card Factory.

We beg to inform the public that, after much delay and expense, our Card Factory is in successful operation, with a machine direct from Baltimore, and wire enough to make twelve thousand pairs. We hope soon to be able to turn out forty or fifty pair daily. At first the prices will necessarily be high, but in a short time we think they can be produced at such rates as will enable the poorest to procure them. It is our object to benefit the country, and therefore we will sell to parties representing neighborhoods or counties, where satisfactory evidence is furnished that they are to be distributed at the factory prices. At present we cannot sell Cards for money, but in order to get a supply of hard tanned sheep skins, we will buy from parties desiring to purchase Cards, and give Cards in exchange; so the first skins delivered at Cartersville will certainly get the first Cards. We believe the Cards will compare favorable with Whittemore's best. That is a matter for the people to determine. They have been tested and pronounced excellent.

Anderson, Adair & Co., Atlanta
Fort & Hargrove, Rome,

Will act as our agents to receive and exchange Cards for Skins.

John L. Divine, }
B. F. Jones, } Prop'r
J. A. Lee, }

oc18 1 m

Intelligencer, Constitutionalist and Rome papers copy.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

From the Houston (Texas) Telegraph, Oct. 1

The Way Our Boys do the Yankees on
the Texas Coast!
Heroic Corpus Christi.

We take the following from our Texas exchanges. It does the heart good to see how things are managed out there. May they continue this good work till the last Yankee vandal departs to his Northern home, there forever to remain:

Heroic Corpus.--A good deal is said about heroic Vicksburg, and very justly said in praise of that city. But we have a little Texas village that certainly should not be overlooked in

the roll of fame.

Corpus Christi is defended by three insignificant guns, and a handful of men. For months the Federal fleet off that coast have been making demonstrations at her harbor, endeavoring to obtain a lodgment upon her shore, and threatening the destruction of the town. These operations have been steadily met by our people, and resisted successful at all points. The other day the enemy brought up several vessels before the town to destroy it. They bombarded it two days with their heavy guns, but were finally driven off by the shore battery--thus again proving that gunboats are bugaboos. A few days after, the enemy attempted to cut up some shindies on shore--first having shelled the whole country, to make sure there were not Confederates about. There was a small force of our men concealed there, who remained quiet, and were not to be frightened by shells. At last the commander of the fleet, thinking the coast clear, made a landing in a launch. No sooner was it done than a polite Confederate Captain stepped up to him, passed the compliments of the morning, and took him prisoner right under the guns of his fleet!

Corpus and its brave defenders have distinguished themselves, and deserve no little credit for what they have done.

Latest from Corpus Christi.--The *San Antonio Herald* of the 20th inst. says:

An express to Gen. Bee arrived in this city yesterday from Corpus Christi, with the news that the Federals were about to renew their attack on that place, a number of vessels having arrived in the bay. We trust our brave boys will treat them as they did before.

A gentleman who has just arrived from Corpus Christi, informs us that a detachment from the Federals fleet off that place was sent to destroy the salt works in that neighborhood, and that they were surrounded and captured by our cavalry, who had been apprised of their movements. The prisoners will be here in a few days.

Since writing the above, we have had the satisfaction of seeing a live kicking Yankee commodore of the fleet off Corpus Christi.--Hurrah! for the gallant boys about Corpus Christi!--*San Antonio News, Sept. 22d.*

Reliable intelligence received yesterday evening says that on Sunday last, Capt. Kittredge, of the Yankee fleet Arkansas, after having shelled the Flower Bluffs for three hours, went ashore with eight men, when he was surrounded by Capt. Wate's cavalry! Capt. W. tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Captain, I am glad to see you." They were marched to Corpus Christi, in short order, where they are being accommodated in becoming style.--*Goliad Messenger, Sept. 18.*

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 18, 1862, p. 3, c.6

Terpsichorean Festival
For the Benefit of our Sick Soldiers.

A Ball.

Will be given at the City Hall on Thursday evening, October 28, 1862, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the relief of our Soldiers.

Tickets \$3, admitting a Gentleman and Ladies.

Floor Managers,

W. H. Barnes,

Dr. J. A. Taylor.

Managers:

J. H. Flinn,
DD. Murphy

Col. T. F. Lowe.
J. M. Hunnicutt.

oct18-td.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Matrimonial.

The subscriber desires to form the acquaintance of an interesting and pretty young lady, between the ages of 16 and 18, with the ultimate view to matrimony. Inviolable secrecy must be maintained. State when and where an interview can be had. Address

oct 16 2t

Arthur C. Percival,
Atlanta, Ga.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 23, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Camp Songs.

McPherson has published a small volume of 36 pages of "Camp Songs for Southern Soldiers," by Lawrence H. Mathews of Florida, in camp near Tupelo during the present summer. Each of these songs is of rare merit, and arranged to suit some popular tune. Every body can sing them at once. Price 25 cents. Call on Mac and get a copy.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 24, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Distress in the Mountains.--The following is an extract of a letter from Cherokee county, Ga., dated Oct. 17th.

It is well enough to know the condition of the mountain country. There are hundreds of families without salt, or leather, or thread to cloth themselves and their children, without wheat, and but half crops of corn. The most of these families are women or helpless children. Their husbands and fathers gone to the war, and a great portion of them dead or wounded.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], October 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Are We Whipped? Shall We Give Up?

These questions are not propounded to the brave and patriotic men of Bragg's army, nor to the oft tried veterans of the Army of the Potomac, nor to the invincible heroes under Price, nor any of the noble men who have taken up their muskets and are facing the foe. These brave soldiers cannot be whipped on the battle field. . . . These men are not whipped. They cannot be conquered. But how is it at home? . . .

. . . We allude to that clause exempting an owner or overseer on plantations containing a certain number of negroes. This has been construed by some into an exemption of the rich, while the poor are conscribed, because they don't own negroes.--This objection is made without due

consideration, we are sure. We can't put the negroes into the ranks. By their staying at home and working, to make something to eat we are able to put the greater number of fighting men into the field. Through their labor bread and meat are made at home, to feed our poor women and children, while the white men go into the army. But if all the men were taken away and the negroes left alone, they would soon become idle and insolent, and possibly much worse than this. A sufficient number of men must be left at home to look after this "element of our strength."--It is not only a wise provision of the law but it is indispensable. In this as in all other cases there will be abuses; of this we are well aware; but the *principle* is correct.

There is however another important consideration which the poor man disposed to complain at this provision of the exemption law should bear in mind. It is slavery that makes the poor man respectable. It gives the poor an elevated position in society that they would not otherwise have.

But for slavery here, the poor would occupy the position in society that the slaves do--as the poor in the North and in Europe do--a position far worse in its effects every way upon the white man, than that slavery upon the negro--really more degrading and unmanly. It is very often the case among us that the sons and daughters of poor, hard working, honest parents take the highest honors at our schools and colleges, and fill the highest social and official positions in society and government. If it were not for slavery this would not be the case one time in ten thousand. Slavery gives them a position--a start--that would take them generations to work out, if our social system were different.--Slavery is of far more benefit and is a greater blessing to the poor who own no slaves, than the rich who do. Slavery is the poor man's chiefest political blessing in the South, and he should cherish it and do every thing in his power to strengthen it and make it profitable and perpetual. There is--there must be--a menial class in all countries; and in every civilized country on the globe, besides the Confederate States, the poor are the inferiors and menials of the rich. Let every poor man thank God that slavery exists among us; let him defend the institution and fight and die for it the same as he would for his own liberty and the dearest birthright of freemen, even though neither he nor his children after him ever own a single slave; for without slavery among us, the poor of the South would now be in the condition they are in the North, and before many years roll round, they would be in the condition of hopeless servitude that the peasantry of Europe are. Every poor man has a deep vital and lasting paramount interest in the maintenance of slavery and should cheerfully do and bear any thing necessary to preserve it intact. But we will return to our subject.

To sum up then: If we are defeated, it will be by the people at home, and not from any lack of patriotism or fighting qualities of the brave men who have gone to the field of strife to repel the vile invaders of our soil, our homes, our peace and comfort; and we again most earnestly urge, as we have many times before in these columns, that every man do his whole duty, and shirk no public responsibility that he can perform. Let enough men be left at home to control the slaves, and carry on useful and necessary mechanic arts and professions, who are doing their duty in good faith; but let the enrolling officer be vigilant in hunting up all cowardly skulking men who are able-bodied and able to leave home, but who are dodging and hunting easy places to keep out of the ranks.--Then when this is faithfully performed, let there be no more abuse of men who ought to be and are at home doing their duty; but let the odium fall with stinging effect upon the skulkers, shirkers, and home-staying grumblers, who neither make shoes, hoe corn, nor oversee negroes, nor attempt to do anything, save only to evade the performance of their plain duty.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Women! Their Unbounded Patriotism!

The Chattanooga Rebel of the 30th says:

We are authorized to state that the ladies of Chattanooga will use their surplus dresses in making comforts for the soldier, if they can get cotton. They are willing to pay for it if any person will furnish them what they want for this purpose. Will not the men furnish the cotton without requiring the ladies to pay for it?

Now, wont somebody in Atlanta send a bale or two of cotton up to the ladies of Chattanooga, by Express, to-day?

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 2, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

A Substitute for Shoes.

An old and experienced citizen has called our attention to the subject of the use of cowhide moccasins as a substitute for shoes. He states that when he moved to Mississippi, fifty-two years ago, no shoes were to be had for the negroes, and they made their own out of this material, which answered the purpose as well as the more elaborately made article, and in some respects better. The process is simple: take a green cowhide, or one well soaked, with the hair on,--which is to go next to the foot--"put the foot down firmly" upon it, and cut out the pattern desired; make the necessary holes along the edges, and lace it with a thong of the same material at the heel and up the instep. Let it dry upon the foot, and it accommodates itself perfectly to the shape of the latter, while it is sufficiently substantial for all kinds of traveling, and its elasticity is preserved by use. Socks should be worn when it is made, though it can be worn without, and such allowance made for shrinking as to avoid too tight a fit. The moccasin, it is scarcely necessary to observe, adapts itself to the shape of the foot, the fit is perfect. It outwears leather, and is not hard, as some might suppose, but quite the reverse. If desired, it can be half-soled with the same material. The hair lining gives the advantage of warmth, so that socks, when not to be had, can be better dispensed with when moccasins are used than if shoes were worn.

The gentleman to whom we are indebted for this suggestion, says that he has mentioned the subject to soldiers, who are very much pleased with it, and say there is no reason why soldiers should go barefoot while so many hides are thrown away in camps.

We think the idea a valuable one, and would be glad that every newspaper in the Confederacy would lend its aid in giving it circulation.

Mobile Advertiser & Register, Oct. 21.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

How to Knit a Worsted Cap for the Soldiers.--Put on 150 stitches, and knit, ribbed, one finger and a quarter's length.--Take off, for the head piece eighty-one stitches and knit a finger's length, as you would the heel of a stocking; then take off thirty-three stitches, and knit nearly a finger's length, narrowing each side until all the stitches are taken off. Then take up the stitches as you would the foot of a sock, and knit as on a sock until you have one hundred and twenty six stitches left on the needles. After narrowing, knit a few rows round, and bind off.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The ladies of Pitt county, North Carolina, have resolved not to send their children to any teachers who are exempt from conscription only because of being teachers. They wish, and very properly, to encourage a schoolmistress during the war.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Extract from the Letter of a Loyal Lady,
the "Wife of a High Rebel Officer, to Her Mother."

The New York Times of the 28th October, has the following purporting to be a letter from a lady in Savannah. That journal declares it authority, and is very solicitous lest some one should doubt it. We suppose our friend Sneed of the Republican, if called on, could tell whether it is a forgery or not, as the letter alludes to him:

Savannah, Georgia }
U. S. of America, Oct. 11th, 1862. }

Dear Mother--Your kind letter reached me, and would have given me an unmingled pleasure but for the announcement of poor Captain ____'s death. How terrible for his sisters, and for poor Miss _____, who, when I last saw her, showed me his *carte de visite*, and half confessed they were engaged, although neither the Commodore nor her aunt knew or suspected anything of the matter.--Every person here is in mourning except myself, and I only so because I cannot find materials, and hope soon to be allowed to go North, as General _____ has half promised me passage under the next flag of truce, to some vessel of Admiral Dupont's squadron. Our little darling is sadly in need of shoes, her only present foot covering being little carpet slippers, with carpet soles made by myself.--They do very well while it is dry, but the least shower keeps her within doors, and she wears out nearly two pairs each week, so that I am constantly busy. Of tea and other comforts we have only vague remembrances; but food, thank God, is becoming plentiful again, such as it is--wheat, chickens, corn, and pigs; and, although it is admitted here by all, that the rebellion has yet a sharp struggle before it, there is no longer any hope, as I sincerely wish there was, of its being starved into submission.

You cannot think how bitterly the North is ridiculed here, and all my efforts to defend it only end in mortification and consciousness that those who think otherwise have the best of the argument. It is now the regular habit to send so-called "deserters" into the Union lines along the Potomac, whenever we want to get a mail carried North. These "deserters," who are generally the bravest, sharpest and most unscrupulous, *enfants perdus*, in the rebel army, enter McClellan's lines tell him just such stories as they have been told to, take the oath and they are immediately dismissed. They then go to Baltimore, post their letters there, get a return mail and are back in Richmond in three or four days from the time of leaving the managers of this mail line of Baltimore. It is thus that the _____ and _____ [Two papers are mentioned here, one published in New York and one in Baltimore,] get their "late Southern news," and I can assure you that this mail runs regularly--the carriers many times getting across the Potomac and into Maryland without being once challenged; while, if they are challenged, they announce themselves as "deserters," take the oath--though even this is not always asked of them--and then hurry on to Baltimore which is our chief Postoffice.

They have here in private circulation--though it may be a forgery--a phrenological chart of General McClellan's character, made by Fowler & Wells, New York, and which was given,

they say, by McClellan to his friend, Major General G. W. Smith, whose health is now quite recovered, though at the expense of his mind, which will never be again what it was. This written chart--such, dearest mother, as you had made of me when I came back, last summer, five years ago, from Miss _____'s school--makes McClellan's lump of "caution" outbalance all the other qualities of his head, and they are making fun of it all the time, and of course most actively--those who wish to annoy me--when I am present. They have had this "chart" printed for private circulation, and while the papers here all seem in a conspiracy to praise Gen. McClellan, he is the most bitterly ridiculed man I ever knew, in private. The editor of the Savannah Republican was at Cousin Mary's last Tuesday evening, and had the "greatest fun" as he called it, (horrid old creature that he is,) trying to make me angry. But cousin Mary stopped him, and even Senator _____, said that I was an avowed "enemy of the South," (though Heaven knows I am not), and had only come here to nurse _____, (her husband). I was entitled to be treated at least with the courtesy due to a "prisoner of war!" and not vexed and ridiculed.

But I assure you you can have no idea what confidence the people here have that this "chart" is correct, and so whenever Lee or Jackson want to make McClellan stop anywhere, or avoid a battle, they send off some "deserters," first tell him they are in immense force, and any other odious lies they please; and then they get significant hints to the same effect, published in the Richmond rebel papers; and these papers are actually carried to McClellan, and even sold to him at a high price, the two men passing themselves off as Union farmers, who gave him the information which stopped him ten days after the battle of Sharpsburg, when he was thinking of advancing, and quite ready, having received sixty dollars between them for their trouble and expense of bringing the information. George says they are non-commissioned officers--sergeants or corporals, I forget which--and are to be commissioned as second lieutenants when they get back from Baltimore. You may fancy how these things annoy me. But I have nothing but annoyance now, though people here say there is no chance of another battle on the Potomac before next Spring.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

To the Ladies of Georgia and Alabama

The ready response you have ever given to our numerous appeals in behalf of our wounded and destitute soldiery, warrants the belief that you will again respond heartily to our appeal which we are about to make to you in behalf of the soldiers who are lying sick in the hospitals here and at Chattanooga. The suffering of the sick and wounded for the very commonest necessities of life is said to be almost without parallel. We have it on the authority of the Post Surgeon of this city, that the wants of the inmates of the Chattanooga hospitals, even for comfortable clothing, is deplorable.--This ought not to be permitted so long as there is a female hand in the South who can cut and make a garment. Can we lie idle, while the brave soldiers who are defending our homes and our honor, are languishing in comfortless beds of sickness, with no kind hand to minister unto them, and with scarcely clothing to cover their bodies? Can the mothers of our soldier boys rest contented on their beds of down, when they think that perhaps their boy is suffering for the very lightest of the comforts which they know scarcely how to prize? Sisters! are you willing that your brothers should suffer while facing the insolent foe who is standing at our gates clamoring for entrance, while you are lolling on the lap of luxury at home? And in addition to this, think of the number who have no friends at home to

prepare for them the little comforts which would be such a relief to them after all the toil and hardships they have undergone to protect us. Oh, women of the South, everywhere, you have already rendered yourselves proverbial for patriotism, and staunch endurance while laboring to supply the necessities of our gallant soldiers. Shall that character now deteriorate? or will you once more come up to the relief of the suffering? We are proud to believe the latter. We believe we have only to make this appeal, and an immediate and generous response will follow.

The ladies of this, and the other societies in this city, are doing everything in their power to alleviate the suffering in our hospitals, but they cannot do much unless aided by the ladies everywhere. Come up, then, ladies! aid us! Send in whatever little article of clothing, &c., you may have, and let it be judiciously appropriated. Let no one be ashamed of her gift because it is small, for the aggregate will alleviate much suffering, and our brave but suffering soldiers will bless you for it. Send it to the societies in this place, and let it be properly distributed.--Those living near Chattanooga may send their donations there. Only send them in, and no one can tell the vast amount of good you will do.

Mrs. John Collier,
President L. S. R. Society.

Atlanta, Georgia.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Appeal on Behalf of the Soldiers.

Gov. Vance, of North Carolina, has issued the following address to the people of that State. Its patriotism will apply in every quarter of the Confederacy. He says:

After the most strenuous exertions on the part of its officers, the State finds it impossible to clothe and shoe our soldiers without again appealing to that overflowing fountain of generous charity--the private contributions of our people. The rigors of winter are approaching, our soldiers are already suffering, and must suffer more if our sympathies are not practical and active. The quartermasters Department is laboring faithfully to provide for them, but, owing to speculation and extortion, will fall short. The deficiency must be supplied by the people. We shall have an active winter campaign, and how can our troops, if ragged, cold, and barefoot, contend with the splendidly equipped columns of the enemy?

The articles most needed, and which the State finds it most difficult to supply, are shoes, socks and blankets, though drawers, shirts and pants would be gladly received. If every farmer who has hides tanning would agree to spare one pair of shoes, and if every mother in North Carolina would knit one strong pair of either thick cotton or woolen socks for the army, they would be abundantly supplied. A great lot of blankets, also, might yet be spared from private use, and thousands could be made from the carpets upon our parlor floors. With good, warm houses and cotton bed clothing, we can certainly get through the winter much better than the soldiers can with all the blankets we can give them. . . .

Z. B. Vance.

Raleigh, October 15, 1862.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

The Ladies' Government Work.

We have before us a long, but well written communication in relation to Government Agents in this city, giving out the sewing to wealthy ladies to the exclusion of needy soldiers' wives and daughters. Our attention has been called to this gross injustice by different persons several times before.

We do not know the facts in the case, but our information in the communication is to this effect. The Government through her agents here have large quantities of clothing made up for the soldiers in the army, for which they pay liberal wages. The complaint is that this work is sought after and frequently given out to wealthy families who own sewing machines and servants, to do the work--when it could all be done by industrious women, wives and daughters of absent soldiers who stand around the distributing office earnestly pleading for their work, as an absolute necessity, in order to their subsistence.

Our correspondent thinks, (and we heartily endorse the suggestion,) that all the wives and daughters of absent soldiers who will, and can do the work well and promptly, should be first supplied, and then any poor or laboring women in the city. After these, if they cannot do all, the balance should be given to any lady who has an industrious turn of mind.

We hope the parties concerned will adopt this equitable and reasonable, not to say patriotic plan, and that we will hear no more complaints. We will try to keep posted on the matter.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

A Certain Cure for Colds.--A remedy never known to fail. Three cents worth of licorice, two cents worth of rock candy, three cents worth of gumarabic [sic]. Put them in a quart of water, simmer them till thoroughly dissolved; then add three cents worth of paregoric and a like quantity of antimonial wine. Let it cool, and sip whenever the cough is troublesome. It is pleasant, infallible, cheap and good. Its cost is only fifteen cents.

We notice the above in our exchanges and suppose it is either a Homeopathic prescription, or that it has not been revised since the advance in the price of drugs.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Remedy in Diphtheria.

Take a handful of alder root, the same quantity of dogwood root, and the same quantity of persimmon root. Boil them with a pint of vinegar down to a half pint, then add a very little water, a small lump of alum and a little honey, and use as a gargle.

We find the above prescription extensively published as a remedy that is said to have done good in diphtheria. It is a harmless gargle and a good remedy in cases of common or epidemic "sore throat," which constitute the "diphtheria" of most physicians who are famous for *curing* the malady, as well as of the unprofessional.

Below we give another prescription which has long been before the people, and is entitled to confidence, and trial, in the absence of a skillful physician.

Diphtheria and Its Cures.--The distinguishing mark of this malady from other diseases of the throat, is the formation of a membrane which increases gradually until the patient is strangled to death. It is sometimes accompanied with ulceration and great bodily prostration. To prevent the formation of membrane is to arrest and cure the disease. The Cincinnati Press gives the following simple remedy: In the early stages of the complaint, which is always accompanied by

a soreness and swelling of the throat, let the patient use a simple solution of salt and water, as a gargle, every fifteen minutes. At the same time moisten a piece of flannel with a solution of the same kind, made as warm as the patient can bear it, and bind it around his throat, renewing it as often as the gargle is administered, and in the meanwhile, sprinkle fine salt between the flannel and the neck. Use inwardly some tonic or stimulant, either separately, or if the prostration be great, use both together. The treatment as may be seen, is extremely simple, and if used in the earlier stages of the disease, will effect a complete cure.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

To Dye Wool Yarn a Durable Black Without Copperas.--Place in your kettle a layer of Walnut leaves, then a layer of yarn, then a layer of leaves and another of yarn, and so on till the kettle is full, pour on water till all is covered, and boil all day. The next morning pour off the liquor into another vessel, and put fresh leaves with the yarn in layers as before and pour the same liquor over it and boil again all day. Then hang the yarn in the air a few days, after which wash it and it will be a fine black.

The Walnut leaves should be gathered in the Autumn just as they begin to fall from the trees.

The Way to Keep Eggs Fresh.--Pack them in small boxes and about once a week turn every box, and they will keep fresh and untainted for an indefinite period. The reason of this is, by turning the egg over frequently and regularly, the yolk is kept about the centre [sic] for the albumen. If kept still the yolk will, in a short time, find its way through the white to shell, and when it does so the egg will spoil. Hens understand the fact, for they, as is well known, turn over the eggs on which they set at least daily.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

(From the Savannah Republican)

Practical Hints for Hard Times.

Lights.

Our fathers used little artificial light. They preferred the cheap light of day. For this reason they went early to bed, and were all the more healthy and more wealthy for their practice. The chief light of their houses like that of the houses of nobility of England, a few centuries back, was a ruddy glare from the hearthstone.

1. *Primitive Lights*.--The earliest artificial illuminators of which we have any record, were *lamps*. These, at first, consisted of nothing more than a cup of oil or grease, with a wick, lying against its side. Its shape was soon improved in convenience and elegance.

2. *A Hastily Extemporized Light*.--The writer was one of a family who were belated in the mountains of Georgia, and compelled to seek shelter with a family who owned neither lamp nor candle. Our ingenious hostess, however, devised a light for the table. It was by means of a slice of fat bacon, (do not laugh, reader, I tell the simple truth.) This slice was spread in the bottom of a saucer, and on this was laid some candle wick, the burning end of which was kept elevated by being passed through a tailor's thimble.

3. *Rush Lights*.--Among the poor of Europe a very cheap and easily made light is constructed of the ordinary bulrush stripped of its skin except enough to hold the internal pith together, and then saturated with suet or wax.

4. *Confederate Candle*.--This rivals the rush light in simplicity, and far exceeds it in serviceableness. To make it, melt together pound of beeswax and a quarter of a pound of rosin, or of turpentine fresh from the tree. Prepare a wick 30 or 40 yards long, made up of three threads of loosely spun cotton.--Saturate this well with the mixture, and draw it through your fingers to press it closely together, and to keep the size even. Repeat the process until the candle attains the size of a large straw or quill; then wrap around a bottle, or into a ball with a flat bottom. Six inches of this candle elevated above the rest will burn for fifteen or twenty minutes, and give a very pretty light, and forty yards have sufficed a small family a summer for all the usual purposes of the bedchamber.

5. *Lard Taper*.--Equal to our mountain friend's bacon light in cheapness, and ;yet more pleasantly available for the necessaries of the sick room, is a light made up of a saucer half full of lard and a little wisp of spongy paper. The paper, twisted so as to form a short pointed wick with a broad base--say two-thirds of an inch high and an inch broad--is set in the midst of the lard, and by the heat it generates, aided by the shelving sides of the saucer, keeps itself supplied with fuel until the lard is all consumed. The paper can be shaped on the point of one's finger, and the burning end twisted quite small.--It should rest on the bottom, and the vessel should be shallow--a saucer, not a cup.

6. *Lard Lamps*.--At the present prices of illuminating material, the most economical by far for those who live in the interior and afar from gas, is lard. This requires a lamp whose wick tubes are of thick metal for the purpose of conveying the heat of the flame into the midst of the lard, and keeping it melted around the wick. The lard must be melted when the lamp is lighted, or it will not burn well. The wick should be of several thicknesses of spongy cloth.

7. *Lard Oil*.--When combined with one-fifth part spirits of turpentine, will burn in an ordinary lamp and afford a beautiful light. To obtain the oil, enclose lard in a strong, close canvass bag, and subject to gradually increasing pressure. The indurated mass left in the bag is not injured for culinary purposes.

8. *Candles of Tallow and Prickly Pear*.--Whoever can command tallow for candles, will greatly improve them in firmness and in illuminating power, by combining it with a few leaves of the prickly pear, in the proportion of about one part by weight of the last, to four or five of the first. The leaves should be kept in the heated tallow until all commotion ceases, and until the tallow itself reaches the boiling point. Of course, the heated mixture will need straining. It is said by those who profess to know, that the longer tallow is boiled, the whiter it becomes in case it is not burned; but to avoid burning, the vessel containing the tallow should be heated in a sand bath (another vessel partly filled with sand) and not set immediately on the fire.

9. *Wax Candles*.--Beeswax gives a light almost equal to sperm. It may be moulded [sic] like the tallow candles, or it may be rolled by enveloping the wick in a thin stratum of wax spread on a board, and afterwards smoothed evenly by rolling between two boards. The combination of wax and tallow need not be suggested.

10. *Wax and Rosin*, mixed in equal proportions, afford an excellent light, though liable to smoke unless supplied with a suitably sized wick.

11. *Myrtle Wax* is obtained by boiling the berries of the swamp myrtle, on which it is to be seen as a greenish white cover. The myrtle is found abundantly in all our seaboard counties, and has been seen by the writer as far inland as Macon and Forsyth. Its favorite locality is swampy though not wet ground. The berries should be boiled in a bag, and the clarified wax, which is of a pretty green color mixed more or less largely with tallow.

12. The value of our ordinary pine tree as an illuminator remains yet to be developed.--

Camphene is nothing more than the highly volatile spirits of turpentine--it is that part of the spirit which first rises from the still after heating the virgin gum. That which comes after is more or less mixed with the heavier rosin. Burning Fluid is made by mixing camphene (or even the purer varieties of spirits of turpentine) with four or more times its bulk of alcohol. The high price of alcohol has arrested the manufacture of burning fluid; but the camphene remains as abundant as ever in the pine forests of the whole South, and awaits only the magic touch of some one who will devise a plan for rendering it inexplusive, to furnish the country with one of the best and cheapest lights. *Will not somebody try?* Rosin is the inspessated juice of the gum remaining in the still after the volatile part, or spirit, has been separated by heat. It has resisted all efforts hitherto made to mould [sic] it into candles or to use it in lamps, being too hard for the one and too soft for the other; and, moreover, it burns with a dense and unpleasant smoke. But the smoke may be consumed by attaching a glass chimney with a strong draught, when a flame is produced almost as brilliant as that of Kerosine [sic], and, no doubt, a suitable lamp for it can be constructed. I venture the prediction that it is yet to be used as an illuminator, in other ways than at the gas works.

Marooners, Sr.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Spinning Wheels.--The Corsicana (Texas) Express says: "The hum of the spinning wheel and clank of the loom greet our ears and vision wherever we go. The instruments of machinery predominate, the piano retiring, and, for the present, being a useless instrument. Young and old ladies are exercising great diligence in spinning, weaving, and supplying clothing for the soldiers the ensuing winter. They are entitled to the praise of the soldiers, and should receive, at home, every encouragement in their noble work.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Lamp Wicks.--A correspondent gives the Columbia Guardian the following useful bit of information:

"It might interest some of your readers to know this when it is so difficult to get lamp-wicks that the tops of old home-knit socks cut into strips of the proper width, make as good ones as the best that ever came from Yankeedom."

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 16, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

For the Southern Confederacy,
Bridgeport, Ala., }
Monday, Nov. 18, 1862. }

. . . The country lying between here and Sequitchie [sic] Valley, is filled with bushwhackers, whose deeds of horror make the blood curdle in one's veins. They are principally composed of those who have fled from their homes to avoid conscription.--Yet, friend and foe share the same fate as their only desire seems to be to pillage.--Gen. Helm, the commandant of the Post at Chattanooga, is taking active measures to drive them out, and render travel safe once more. Many urge the destruction of every habitation and grain field in that region, as the surest and most expeditious method of ridding the country of these Thugs, but from what I know of Gen. Helm, he will be the last man thus to entail untold misery upon the innocent as well as the guilty.

Every day large numbers of exiles from Kentucky and Middle Tennessee pass by here on their way to Georgia and Alabama, they are allowed to leave upon parole.--The Federals say that

they now have that country and do not care to have traitors among them. . . .

Guilburton.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Pioneer Cotton Card Factory.

Messrs. Divine, Jones and Lee have at great expense, commenced the manufacture of Cotton Cards at Cartersville in this State.

The demand for cards far exceeds their capacity, though they are now turning out thirty pairs a day and will soon increase it to fifty. They exchange one pair of cards for five hard tanned sheep skins. They want the skins for making the cards. Any one can tell what is meant by 'hard tanned' by looking at the leather in which the card teeth are set in any pair of cards.

We recently published an article from a manufacturer, urging the importance of giving these enterprising gentlemen increased facilities by the State or Government to enable them to furnish repairs and new cards to the various manufactories of cotton. We now beg to call the attention of capitalists and the Legislature to this important enterprise for their investigation, and would say that too much importance cannot be attached to this enterprise, especially if the blockade is to continue. People cannot fight without clothes, and cannot make clothes without cards--so it is better that every encouragement and aid be given to enlarge this important establishment.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], November 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 5-6

From the Richmond Enquirer, Nov. 15th.

A Trip to the North--Personal Observations in Yankee Lands.

. . . Barring things political, Washington appears animated, but not cheerful. The stores are full, tradesmen busy, the streets filled with pedestrians, and omnibusses [sic] and hacks crowd the city.

But everything is Yankee. The red-cheeked women with flounced skirts and tremendous hoops, are wives of Yankee officers, Yankee merchants and Government plunderers. . . . The Southern and general aspect of the great city has passed away. Its best citizens are virtually prisoners of war in their own houses. Despising their hateful oppressors, the streets have been shunned as places upon every turn of which are seen evidences of their presence. Strangers and citizens of another commonwealth have haughtily crowded out the gay, beautiful and patriotic natives of a by-gone period.

. . . Much has been said concerning the Southern Heroines, so much indeed that one is disposed sometimes to imagine the bounds of probability have been overstepped. Not so; too much cannot be said.

The Maryland women are as brave as any the sun ever shone on. They are the only noble spirits I saw who had not been crushed into a servile and cowardly submission to the despotism. Everywhere and always they were *intensely* Southern, and dared to express it, even in the face of Yankee officers. In Georgetown there was a dance the night previous to our departure; in the same set was a Miss Dent, from Charles county, Maryland, and a Yankee Captain, with whom

she obstinately refused to turn, because he was such. He *revenged* himself by having her arrested and searched before she reached home. A noble woman of Washington said to me, "go back and tell the South we love her yet, and all the mean villainy of the Lincoln Government is unable to extinguish it. I intend to have me a brooch made of the buttons from Confederate officers, and I shall wear it in the streets of Washington."

We would be happy here to recount some of the witty and brilliant expressions and sarcastic thrusts drawn from another highly gifted woman, by the boorish speeches of Federal Colonels and Majors, but as we were afraid to commit them to paper, we will not hazard their beauty and force by quoting from memory.

With such mothers Maryland must and shall be free. Let no one doubt. It is the mothers who give shape and cast mould [sic] to the next generation, and the next generation in Maryland will prove true to the patriotic instructions of such worthy and never to be forgotten instructors. In my humble opinion, could the pressure of military power be now removed, there would be a tremendous rebound in favor of an eternal separation from the North. The men are crushed, insulted and outraged, but the volcano of feeling is only smothered, and sooner or later must come forth in floods of wrath overwhelming the oppressors with a fiery indignation. . . .

On the day we left Washington, twelve miles from the city, the stage was arrested and all the passengers subjected to a vigorous search. This was done by the detectives in the most brutal manner. The ladies were not allowed to occupy a separate room even under the surveillance of an officer, but were constrained to sit and witness the searching and stripping of a half dozen men. . . . Another lady, whose home was in Richmond, having visited Philadelphia to see her only child, was attempting to make her way back. She called on Col. Phillibrown, of Harper's Ferry, to give her a pass. He not only refused this but accused her of being a spy, and searched her carpet bag and basket. Finding nothing there to criminate her, he used the most insulting language towards her and threatened to search her himself. She said "never, never;" and drawing a repeater cocked it, and said "touch me if you dare." The cowardly and lascivious scoundrel called in his guards, and afterwards sent into the tent two prostitutes to carry out his orders. These vile women, through this pink of Yankee perfection, made the most infamous proposals, declaring if she would consent the Colonel would have her conducted safely into our lines. She rejected the proposal with horror, and remained a prisoner five days before she could escape. Such are the men against whom the South is to fight, but from such infamy and corruption we have nothing to fear.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], December 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Tennessee, My Tennessee.

Though silent hangs thy tuneless lyre,
 Tennessee, my Tennessee!
Though tyrants seek to quench thy fire,
 Tennessee, my Tennessee!
That quenchless flame can ne'er expire,
Its genial beams her sons inspire,
The foe that spoils shall soon retire,
 Tennessee, my Tennessee!

assembled in small squads to converse. The first thing that strikes the eye of one who never before saw the inmates of a Penitentiary is their peculiar prison dress.--The coat, pantaloons and vest are all of the same material, which is coarse homespun, plain woven, of white cotton warp, and filled with black and white, making alternate stripes of these colors about three inches in width. The clothes are all cut so as to have the stripes pass around the body, and not up and down. This dress is not only odd looking, but it is really degrading in its appearance.

There are in the Penitentiary 188 convicts. . . There are five female convicts. Three of these are sentenced for three years each, for vagrancy, and one for four years for burglary. One was born in Georgia, one in North Carolina, one in New York, and one in Ireland. They are kept making convicts clothing. . . .

J. H. S.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], December 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Athenaeum.
For a Few Nights Only.
Friday Night, Dec. 5, 1862
Mago Del Mage
The celebrated
Southern Wizard and magician,
in his
Temple of Magic.
Fun, Farce, Frolic and Foibles--Magic, Mirth
and Mystery--Mesmerism, &c.
Entitled
A Night in Wonder World.

For particulars see Small Bills.

H. Forrest, Business Agent.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], December 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 3-4
From the Richmond Enquirer, Dec. 15

The Battle of Fredericksburg.

We received only one Richmond paper yesterday morning--the Richmond Enquirer of the 15th. From it we cull the following: . . .

The Refugees.

The amount of suffering inflicted on the con combatants of Fredericksburg by the unprincipled foe, is heartrending. The picture which meets the eye at every farm house, cabin and hut--fugitives from burning homes and desolated hearthstones, clustered in melancholy groups in the houses and about the yards watching the clouds hovering over the fated city and listening to the steady roar of the artillery whose every volley adds to the already terrible scene of destruction--is enough to affect the stoniest heart, and from the most charitable call out curses on the infamous authors of so much misery. The continued inaction of the enemy gave

assurance to a number of families who had for many weeks been suffering within sight of their homes, that the danger of bombardment had passed, and within the past few days they returned to the city. They were startled from their dream of security by the hissing shell through the bed chamber, the rattling of grape in the street, and the solid shot opening its way through roof and floor, even of Churches and ploughing [sic] up the very bones of their ancestors in the churchyards. The shrieks of women with their infants in their arms, snatched hastily from peaceful sleep, as they ran in frantic amazement and terror through the streets, was enough to appall any but a Yankee's heart. Some sought refuge in their cellars, blazing rafters and steaming timbers overhead drove them again into the street. How any escaped is a problem whose solution must come within the catalogue of miracles. There are rumors of women and children having been killed, or perishing amid the flames, but amid the confusion of conflicting reports, we can affirm nothing definite.

Some are said to be in the town yet, unable to get away. What their fate will be is a matter of sad conjecture.

Between the present terminus of the railroad and Hamilton's crossing, about two miles, we encountered numerous fugitives from the burning city. An old man, accompanied by his wife and four or five children, was seeking a roof to shelter them. They saved nothing but the clothes on their persons, the results of long years of toil remaining in ashes behind them. A most affecting sight was a widow with four little children, some barefoot, and others in their night clothes, following her weary steps. An infant in her arms was crowing busily unconscious of the tears coursing silently down the mother's cheeks. This scene, however, forms only part of the sad picture on every hand presented. Let us hope that every exertion will be made by the benevolent to mitigate the sufferings of these poor refugees.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], December 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Correspondence of the Southern Confederacy.

Battle House, Mobile, Ala., }
December 18th, 1862. }

. . . Large quantities of shoes are here in the stores, and why is it that our soldiers are freezing in the mountains of Virginia and the low lands of Tennessee? Is it from favoritism through Government officials, or what is it? Although the mothers of Virginia have torn their carpets from their floors to supply the shivering sentinels with blankets as they stand in the snow storm guarding the key to our country's Liberty, here thousands of yards of the same material lie in the commercial houses at swindling and fabulous prices.

Mobile wears a sombre [sic] aspect. Her principal business houses are closed, and but little is doing outside of the government houses. The saloons, restaurants and houses of amusement, and hotels are reaping a harvest, rich from the blood of the nation which is now struggling against such fearful odds for independence.

Meals at the Battle House, the principal hotel of the place, one dollar and a quarter each, and like everything else as the articles advance the quality as a general thing degrades and the Battle House is no exception to this rule. . . . Lexington.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], December 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 2--[Summary: report on the sacking of Fredericksburg, VA by Dr. J. N. Simmons to the Southern Confederacy]

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], December 28, 1862, p. 3, c. 4 [note-- misspelling on purpose]

A Dull Christmas.

A neighbor thus discourses on his Christmas experiences:

On Christmas Eve the streets were thronged, and everything wore the 'pearance of hurried preparation. Shoy Tops were crowded, brisness was bisk and hexpectation was runnin' 'igh--evidently so, for I was guessing that old Santa Anna Claws, or what you call him, would be on hand, and had a mind to buy a pair of extra gentlemen's half stockings to hang up.

Every friend I met would "be at home at -- o'clock to-morrow, and would be happy to see you 'round." Wonder if some trick anit up? Don't often get invitations!

Christmas morning found everything in situ quo--thought it was Sunday, but heard no Church bells. Early in the morning a venerable friend with a mechanical smile, said "Merry Christmas to you!" with the same no-motomy--no nomotony (now I've got it) that the steam road conductor says "All abroad." During the day a few squads of boys was a crackin' their poppers in the streets and the Provost Office Guard broke up the peace. Some body shot, out of the lines of coroberation, and I thought the Sabbath was desecuted.

During the evening but few people were on the streets, and still it required constant dodging from side to circumference to avoid collisions with the pequestreans lookin' 'round for more gnog. At night I called on a neighbor, without any invitation, and he said they had just drunk an gnegog; but the block-eg, and the Gover-nog's proclamation and the speg-nogalators-hic-heg nod ache.

When I waked up I concluded that Christmas was an unlucky season of the year.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], December 30, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Our Markets, &c.

Christmas inexpressibly dull--not much provisions or produce coming into market. Fodder and shucks in good demand. Corn \$2, and scarce. Much inquiry among capitalists for cotton. Tobacco in good demand. Great demand for sugar, but no chance to ship it. But little cotton goods or yarns in the market. The unwarranted interference of private rights by the Legislature has caused the cotton factories to put their entire force under the control of the Confederate government. This is a just reward for Gov. Brown and his followers, who are all the time harping on violating the Constitution, but violate the dearest right of man whenever it suits them, by seizing private property without just compensation. Our Legislature is keeping many valuable and almost indispensable articles from being brought to our market. Nails are scarce, but no great demand. Flour is \$45 per barrel. The negro market still keeps active, at high prices. Real estate and house rent just any thing that is asked for it.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], December 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Cure of Diphtheria.--The Richmond Whig says:

"A gentleman who tried it says that Kerosine [sic], or coal oil, is an almost infallible remedy for the terrible and fatal disease.--Diphtheria. The remedy is to be applied externally, by rubbing the throat with the oil freely and frequently. It has cured numerous cases, as many

probably, as fifty, in one neighborhood where our informant lives, and he knows of but one case in which it failed. He regards it as the best remedy known for this disease. The remedy is a simple one and easily tried."

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], January 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 3
In Camp Near Murfreesboro, Tenn. }
December 26th, 1862. }

Messrs. Editors:

Since the date of my last letter there has been considerable skirmishing on the front. . . . On Christmas eve the officers of the 1st La. and 2d Ky. Regiments gave a ball at the Court House in Murfreesboro which proved a magnificent affair and complete success.--The beauty and fashion of this little city and many distinguished officers were present. The decorations were exceedingly handsome, among them I noticed four large "B's," constructed of evergreens, "Beauregard and Bragg, of La.," "Buckner and Breckinridge, of Ky." Over the windows were the names, "Pensacola," "Donelson," "Shiloh," "Santa Rosa" and "Hartsville," all enwreathed with cedar. Conspicuous were numerous United States flags--Union down--trophies belonging to Gen. John H. Morgan, furnished for the occasion by his lady. New Year's eve will be celebrated by another ball to be given by the officers of the 6th and 9th Ky. Regiments and Cobb's Battery. Truly the grim soldiers feel fond of laying aside their stern occupation for the smiles of fair ladies. I hope they may not experience another Waterloo but instead when begins the "sound of revelry by night" may the beauty and chivalry enjoy themselves without interruption from the cannon's opening roar.

In strong contrast with such scenes comes the announcement of five military executions in one day--One by hanging, the rest by shooting. The first was a spy, a traitor, and a thief, named Gray. The crime committed by the other four was desertion. It was my sad duty to witness the execution of one of the latter. As the Brigade was being formed on three sides of a square the clouds grew dark and heavy as if the very heavens frowned upon the bloody deed about to be enacted.--The troops remained in one of the heaviest rain storms I ever remember, until the prisoner was brought in the centre [sic] of the square riding in a wagon followed by a hearse. After bidding a few friends adieu, he, with a firm step, without kneeling or being blindfolded, faced the firing party composed of one Lieutenant, one sergeant, and 15 men--12 of the guns were loaded with balls, and three with blank cartridges. At 12 o'clock Lieut. B. gave the command, "ready!" "aim!" "fire!" when the prisoner fell--dead--pierced by eleven balls.

Some of these men were arrested after an absence of six months. I would advise all deserters who may be skulking around the cities of the Confederacy, to return while Gen. Bragg offers them pardon. . . .
Volunteer.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], January 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Incidents of the Battle of Fredericksburg.
The People of the Town Who Remained--The Women.

The Yankee Generals were almost thunderstruck at finding so many persons through a shelling lasting twelve hours, and carried on without intermission, with one hundred and forty-three guns. Gen. Sturgis told a lady that the women of Fredericksburg ought to be handed down to the latest posterity as model heroines. He then said to the same lady--"madam, it is too

dangerous for you to remain longer, General Lee will shell the town; go over to the other side, I will insure your protection and a return whenever you choose to come back." The lady's reply was quite significant--"No sir," said she, "I have no more business across that river than a Yankee has in Heaven; I shall stay and take the best care I can of my property." He then asked if she had a husband in the Southern army. "No, sir, I have a son; but if my husband does not now enlist and avenge the vandalism you have committed on my town and its people, I shall get a divorce." Said Sturgis, "I admire your pluck, madam, and from this time forward, as long as I remain, you shall be protected." In another instance, a gentleman had been arrested, and was being carried before an officer, when his daughter, one of the most beautiful and accomplished girls in the city, seized an old sword lying near, and following the guard, who was conducting her father, and who was abusing him, bade him desist, threatening him with instant death if he should harm her father, accompanied him to the presence of the officer, when both were released. A Yankee officer who witnessed this scene said he would rather fight the best regiment of the South than encounter the women of Fredericksburg.
...--Correspondence of the Richmond Enquirer.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], January 11, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

A Female Soldier.--Among the strange, heroic and self sacrificing acts of woman in this struggle for our independence, we have heard of none which exceeds the bravery displayed and hardships endured by the subject of this notice, Mrs. Amy Clarke. Mrs. Clarke volunteered with her husband as a private, fought through the battles of Shiloh, where Mr. Clarke was killed--she performing the rites of burial with her own hands. She then continued with Bragg's army in Kentucky, fighting in the ranks as a common soldier, until she was twice wounded--once in the ankle and then in the breast, when she fell a prisoner into the hands of the Yankees. Her sex was discovered by the Federals, and she was regularly paroled as a prisoner of war, but they did not permit her to return until she had donned female apparel. Mrs. C. was in our city on Sunday last, en route for Bragg's command.--Jackson Mississippian, Dec. 30.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], January 15, 1863, p. 4, c. 1 [Summary: List of ladies "appointed to cook for "Soldiers Rest," for the week beginning January 12th, 1863" (day by day); "appointed to Visit the Soldiers' Rest, Daily," "Appointed to Stay at the Wayside Hospital;" "appointed to prepare food for the wounded soldiers who are arriving daily from Murfreesboro, commencing January 4th, 1863;" "appointed to visit Soldier's Rest daily, by Hospital Association, commencing 13th January."]

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], January 24, 1863, p. 3, c. 6

Chiccory, [sic]
The Only Substitute
for
Coffee.
On Consignment and for Sale

By Anderson, Adair & Co.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], January 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

A Large Lot
of Assorted
Ambrotype Stock

And material, plain and fancy, just received and for sale, in lots to suit purchasers. Cases fitted entire with glass mats and preservers. Orders fitted punctually when accompanied by the cash.
Address

J. W. Birth,
Whitehall street, Atlanta, Ga.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], January 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Thieving Women.

Some *Ladies* this day (Tuesday 27th) about half-past one o'clock, stole from my store, two Ends, or Remnants, of Brown Jeans, one piece of Green Veil Barege, and one piece of Black Veil Lace. These women are *known*. Their movements have been watched for some time, and they have at last been detected. I advise them to send back my goods and steal no more.

jan28tf

P. G. Bessent.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], January 31, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

For the Southern Confederacy.

An Appeal from Women.

A call has been made upon all the able-bodied men to come at once to the rescue of our country, and some one has asked that we, the women, use our influence in urging forward to duty those who have not been prompt to respond to the call.

We have tried to do our duty in this great struggle for liberty. In every way except by personal appeals; by our labor and conduct throughout, we have exhorted, urged, and encouraged our natural protectors, to shield us from subjugation by our tyrannical foes; and with loving hearts, willing hands and tearful eyes, we have labored night and day to prepare food, clothing, and everything we could to relieve our suffering soldiers, and otherwise aid our cause.--

Physically, we are weak and timid; and though the loved ones we have sent into the service are dear to us as our heart's blood, their *honor* is dearer than life itself.

All know how intensely women admire courage in men. It is impossible for us to respect a coward, and every true woman who has husband, father, brother, or lover--though he be the sun of her existence--the one star of her hope, had rather see him prostrate before her with death's signet on his noble brow that has never been branded by cowardice or dishonor, than have him forfeit his good name and disgrace his manhood, by refusing to do his duty to his country.

Women would have men love God first, their country next, and then herself.

We know the longer the war lasts the more homes will be desolated; the more precious lives will be lost by disease and battle; and if the war continues long, all will be compelled to go into the service and do their duty; and we prefer that all should go *now*--go without further delay, and with one effectual blow, end, at once, this cruel war, which is desolating our country and rending our hearts. If we must be left alone and unprotected at our homes, be it so. If we suffer

it will be in a good cause, and God and His Holy Angels will take care of those who trust in Him.

If left to the women of the South to decide, we say, if it be necessary, let all go at once. The sooner the war is ended, the sooner will our sufferings be over; we therefore implore every man, who is able to bear arms, to go forth and wield them in our defence [sic]. You are politically, as well as naturally, our protectors. We look to you; we cling to you as our earthly hope--our only dependence.--You know that your lives are dear to us. Oh! so dear! But your lives cease to be dear to us, when you fail to provide us a country that we can be proud of, and when we can no longer reverence your honor, your patriotism and your courage. This patriotism, honor, and courage, we look to you to preserve untarnished, and to give us a country where freedom shall dwell, virtue be respected, and which will be exalted and honored among the nations of the earth. Let us have these, or let us share with you your honored graves where the bones of heroes repose. Better death than dishonor. Better the extinction of a proud race of freemen, than have a country from which LIBERTY has taken it flight forever! Some good angel has whispered it into our hearts that Southern men can never be conquered by any foe if they will only be true to themselves and the proud national birthright which we possess; but if they prove themselves unworthy this princely heritage of freemen, LIBERTY will bow its regal head with shame and depart from us forever.

Then, respond to our country's call, men of the South. It is woman that pleads and asks you to come to her rescue. Each one of you is the star--the centre [sic] of hope--of some pure woman's heart; but where will be her joy, if she see that star set forever in infamy and disgrace, either personal or national.

It is not brave, just, nor honorable, for some to endure all the sufferings, hardships, toils, and death, which are the last of a soldier, in securing our independence for the enjoyment of others who have avoided the post of honor and danger, and have not contributed their part in this great struggle.

Come, then, from the halls of learning. Come from the pulpit, the rostrum, the tripod, the counting-house, the physicians' office; come from the fields, mountains, and vales.--Let the great heart of the South, like the pulsations of a convulsed world, throb to the music-chimes of freedom's pealing strains, and every brave man respond to the clarion call which summons freemen to arms. Let every strong arm strike a simultaneous blow for liberty and independence. Then, indeed, we shall be free.

No matter what the position or rank you fill. Every true woman has more respect and admiration for the poor private in rags and bleeding feet, if he be a true, unselfish patriot, than for all the tinsel and gilded greatness of a laggard or coward.

We hope all will appreciate the sacrifices which we make in giving up the objects of our love; but let all understand that woman can never counsel dishonor. We will cheerfully endure the privations and sufferings that may befall us. We will still try to do our duty; labor for, assist, relieve, and encourage our brave defenders; and though our hearts are torn; though we are bereft of our dearest ones, *we* will never say "hold! it is enough!" till the last vile foe shall bite the dust, or is driven from our soil, and our country proudly takes her place among the nations of the earth.

Women of the South.

Package Sale. The Cargoes of the British Steamers
Calypso and Douglas
by R. A. Pringle,
137 Meeting Street,
Charleston, South Carolina,
James H. Taylor, Auctioneer.
On Wednesday Morning, February 11th, 1863,
commencing at 10 o'clock, will be sold,
Groceries.

193 chests Tea
50 cases Salad Oil

Medicines, Drugs, &c.

24 kegs Epsom Salts
21 gross Brown Windsor Soap
15 drums Caustic Soda
1 chest Rhubarb Root
1 case Asafoetida
20 cases English Cotton Card

Shoes and Leather, &c.

10 cases Men's, Youths', Ladies', Boys' and Girls' Boots and Shoes
23 trunks Ladies', Girls' and Boys' Shoes
1 cask Shoe Findings
86 1/2 dozen Calf Skins

Dry Goods, &c.

[illegible] cases Mourning Delaines
21 cases, Fine White Shirtings
8 bales Brown Denims
4 bales Cotton Ticks
8 bales Regatta Stripes
1 case Tweed Trowsers [sic]
3 bales Crimean Shirts
5 bales Tweed and [illegible] Shirts
13 bales Printed Cotton Handkerchiefs
1 bale Fancy Colored Denims
13 cases Linen Thread
[illegible] cases Clark's Sewing Cotton--White, Black and Colors
3 bales men's Drill Pants
22 cases Men's Merino Shirts and Drawers
6 cases Men's Merino Half Hose

6 cases Men's Brown Cotton Half Hose
8 cases Ladies' Imitation Merino Hose
2 cases Children's Merino Socks
6 cases Men's Imitation Merino Half Hose
4 cases Ladies' White Merino Finished Hose
2 cases Super Merino Socks
2 cases Grey Merino Socks
14 bales Sea Island Cotton Bagging
9 bales Woollen [sic] Cassimeres
4 cases women's and Misses' Hoop Skirts
2 cases Fancy Scotch Tweeds
100 M Needles, assorted
[illegible] cases Madder Prints
2 cases Pins
6 cases Shoe Thread
1 bale Blue Grey Union
2 bales Kerseys and Plains
[illegible] cases Printed Challies
2 cases Cassimere, "Super"
1 case French Bombazine
3 cases Colored DeLaines
1 case Gloves, assorted
2 bales Blue and Scarlet Twills
5 bales Damaged Blankets

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], January 31, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Cargo Sale of Imported Goods

By R. A. Pringle,

No. 137 Meeting Street,

Charleston, South Carolina,

James H. Taylor, Auctioneer

On Tuesday Morning, February 3, 1863, commencing

at 10 o'clock, will be sold,

Groceries.

17 boxes Forest City Adamantine Candles.

1 chest Tea, Green

50 chests Oolong Tea

8 cases Sardines, ½ and ¼ boxes

58 boxes Family Soap

Medicines, Drugs, &c.

350 lbs Blue Mass

8 drums Balsam Copaiva

[illegible] bbls. Copperas
7 bbls and 1 box Cream Tartar, crystals
4 kegs Citric Acid
3 kegs and 1 cask Tartaric Acid
14 kegs Chlorate Potash
12 kegs Powdered Cream Tartar
250 boxes Ext. Logwood
1 case Assafoetida
1 case Oil Bergamot
1 case Prot. Iodide Mercury
100 oz. Morphine

Shoes and Leather.

15 doz. Calf Skins
5 cases and 2 trunks Mens', Boys, and Youths' Shoes

Hardware and Cutlery.

1 case Bal Hundles [??] Knives and Forks
100 great gross Sewing Machine Needles
47 doz. Pen Knives

Dry Goods, &c.

17 great gross Hooks and Eyes
24 dozen Felt Hats
6 bales White Flannel
100 Melton Jackets
150 Blanket Overcoats
[illegible] pieces Colored and Mourning Prints
53 dozen Wool Hats
[illegible] pairs White Blankets
15 reams Saunders' Bank Note Paper
460 packs Pins, black and white
1 bale Blue Overshirts
3 bales Blue Twilled Flannel
6 bales Scarlet Flannel
4 lbs Red Sealing Wax
372 lbs. Shoe Thread
344 dozen Ladies' and Gent's L. C. Handkerchiefs
87 great gross Bone Buttons
23 great gross 4 hole Buttons
13 great gross Agate Buttons
137½ dozen Ivory Fine Combs

43 dozen Dressing Combs
72 dozen Bordered Handkerchiefs.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 1, 1863, p. 2, c. 3-4

The Complaining World.

A few evenings since, we met a group of gentlemen on the sidewalk who seemed to be in earnest conversation. Upon invitation we halted, when one of them, a railroad agent, resumed his discourse. He said it seemed that he had more trials and vexatious troubles than any man living. Half the time the Government had his cars sent off, merchants all wanted to ship goods at once, and blamed him if he had no cars to put them in; blamed him if their goods did not arrive in time, and blamed him if he did not allow them, after they had arrived, to remain a few days right in his way and in the way of every body else--notwithstanding they were in such a hurry for them before their arrival.--These and many other grievances he enumerated, and wound up by declaring they were enough to "drive him crazy."

"All that is nothing," responded another, who is a Merchant Tailor, "to what I have to endure." If you only had to *cut and fit* officers, and hear them swear, when their new clothes do not feel free and easy, like their old ones; and then, hear them abuse the button-holes, and the sewing of the poor women whom I think it my duty to employ because their husbands are in the army; I say, if you had all this to go through with, then you might talk."

"That is nothing to what I have to contend with," said a Slave dealer. The negroes are always getting sick, or "throwing off," and wont *talk up right*; and then, every man who has an old, sickly rip of a negro to sell, with snaggle teeth and weak back, will come in while I am busy as a man can be, pull me off for a confidential chat, and ask the worth of a *likely* woman, *about thirty years old*, a No. 1 cook and *first rate* washer and ironer. I reply that I can't tell, but that if he will bring her in, I will do the best I can. "Oh!" he replies, "I can sell her myself; I only wanted your ideas about her value." If you were to see me sometimes you would find out how a man looks when vexed out of all patience and peace of mind. I often think I have "but little chance for heaven."

"All this is nothing to what I have to encounter and bear with," said the next one of the group, a clerk in a public office. "If you only had to write day and night to keep your books up, to cast up long columns of heavy accounts of a cold day when your fingers are numb and the ink most froze, to make intricate calculations involving large amounts of money where a dozen loafers are sitting around laughing and talking, and squirting tobacco juice all over the store, and stinking up the room with the nauseous fumes, then you would have something to complain of."

At this point we modestly suggested that editing a daily paper and attending to the business connected therewith is about as trying a vocation as any sane man could follow and retain his wife; and after giving the following narrations as a part of one day's experience, the party who were recounting their trials and griefs separated for the night. As we have given the complaints of our four friends, each one of whom thought he had the hardest lot on earth, we will here lay before our readers the recital of our difficulties which we gave them as a *portion* of one day's experience as editor and proprietor of a newspaper.

As we enter our office in the morning, the confidential clerk who opens our letters hands us a short communication, quietly remarking that "them fellers at Marietta have *ris* again in the price of their paper." We hastily glance at the contents and find that the paper mills have made a

heavy advance upon us. We indignantly pass on to the press-room and find a good portion of the floor flooded with water. We ask Billy what is the matter and he replies, "Nothing but a *chip* in one of the flues and the engine boiled over." We then ask Billy how there came to be so many waste papers; (about 200--mostly on the floor, under the press or tables.) "Well," says he, "the last paper you got at Marietta ain't no account. About a fifth of it is split up, so it won't run through." We start back, and the mailing clerk accosts us saying, "Can't write without fire such a morning as this." We call the porter and ask why a good fire is not made, when he replies that he can't make it burn, as the last load of coal is nearly all rocks. Our confidential clerk again asks us what he shall do with a lot of indistinct, blotted, torn-up, badly patched shinplasters signed, "S. Smith," all sent in a letter from a Post Office in Alabama, in which the writer requests us to "fling him in" one subscription for a year, for having made up for us a club and sent the money, (the aforesaid batch of Alabama shinplasters.)

We step to the front door a moment, to catch the fresh air, while we try to arrive at a solution of the troubles, just named, when a little negro comes dashing up and says, "Missus wants a paper. Wesley flinged hern over de fense in de yard and de puppy tored it up." Just then a *red*-faced man, with a dilapidated military coat on, steps up and inquires who is the man who wants to go as a substitute. We tell him to walk into the office and the clerk will give him the name. He has scarcely passed us, when another man asks if we can tell where he can hire a little nigger gal to sorter help his folks as they are most all sick. We answer that we cannot as none are advertised this morning. "We don't take a paper," the man replies, "lowed you knowed."

Next we meet a gentleman formerly from Kentucky, but now a refugee in the South, who asks, "Have you anything from Tallahoma? Don't you think Bragg will be removed *now*?" We reply that we cannot tell; the President knows best.

While we are finishing up this last remark, an old friend of ours from the country approaches and says, "I believe I will take your paper this year, if you hain't ris on it." We tell him our Weekly is greatly enlarged and is only \$5 a year, and that a bushel of yams and a dozen eggs will bring him money enough to pay for it; that heretofore he had paid \$2 a year for our paper, and got only 50 cents for the yams and 10 cents for the eggs, which will not bring him \$8. "Well," says he, "I'll try it *six months* anyhow."

We have scarcely turned to go back into the office, when a dyspeptic friend living three-fourths of a mile from our office on a cross street, accosts us thus: "*I want to know* why I can't get my paper *sooner* of a morning; and sometimes it don't come at all."

Soon after, we meet a bilious friend who wants to know why we don't pitch into the City Council on account of that big mud hole in front of his house, where they dug the hill down and threw in *red dirt*.

The next man we meet wonders where in the world he can get a pair of cotton cards, and what they allow for sheepskins. Next comes into our office a lame soldier who asks us to show him the way to Col. Lee's office. In less than two minutes after we have complied with this request, an acquaintance from the country steps in and asks us to walk with him to the Provost Marshall's office to identify him, so that he can get a passport to go home.

After an hour spent in this way, we hurry up to our sanctum to look over exchanged and correspondence; find but few papers, and none from Richmond, Charleston, or Mobile; find one or two letters from men we never knew or heard of before, asking us to change their paper to some Post Office, without stating where they are now taking it, as though we had plenty of time to look through all those "eight ponderous volumes" to find his name.

The next letter is from a wounded soldier, complaining of the arrogance insults and

inattention of the Doctors in the hospitals, and neglecting the sick and wounded soldiers generally, and hoping we will "blow them up in our widely circulated and valuable journal." The next letter is a badly written and blotted obituary notice, the writer asking to "correct all errors and publish the same and much oblige numerous readers." Another letter is a long and severe tirade against Joe Brown for some real or imaginary wrong.

Soon there is a rap at the door of our sanctum. We invite the person to come in, when a soldier asks if we have any "payrolls or 'scriptive lists." Of course we have nothing of the kind in our sanctum, but we have to tell him where he can find them. We have not more than got ourselves well squared up to our desk to fix up something for the paper, when our Foreman comes in hurriedly saying "Copy, sir." We have none ready, and have to give him something that is only half read, or something that we would not put in the paper, if we had anything else prepared, but the printer can't wait, and must have *something* to work on.

We impatiently turn to our desk and have not more than got ourself composed and our mind in proper train of thought on (what we consider) an important editorial when we hear three quick, light, but distinct raps at the door. We at once know that it is a woman. We say "come in," when the visitor introduces herself, gives the most satisfactory references of unsurpassed talents and accomplishments, and wants to engage to furnish us with a six column article on love, or the education of women, and a piece of poetry twice a week, dedicated to all the distinguished and handsome Generals of the war, for handsome pay, of course. We are compelled, through politeness to a lady--a *literary* lady--of the genuine blue-stocking sisterhood, to sit for a half hour and talk; and hear her talk, the most consummate nonsense; and in less than one minute after she is gone, another printer comes dashing in for "more copy," when we have not a single paragraph to give him. We however rummage over a pile of selections and communications that have been laid aside for some time, make some clippings from our exchanges at random, write a few short paragraphs, and weave into them as much *spice* as possible, hoping they will please, if not instruct our readers; and so we fill the hands of our printers for the day with "copy."

We then start out upon the street to transact some very important business that should have been attended to several days ago. We meet three men at the door as we enter the street, each one of whom, in his turn, asks us a question in the following order:

"Got any dispatches since morning?"-- "Any news from Vicksburg, and will the Yankees take Wilmington?" "Do you think congress will repeal the *exemption* act? I believe I'll look round for a *sub.*; we'll all have to go yet." Soon we meet a man on the street who asks, "when are you going to publish Ben. Hill's speech? You always publish such things in the CONFEDERACY, and I've been looking for this speech two weeks." We tell him we will publish it next week. We have not more than finished this remark when another man, who has come up in the meantime, says, "That is all I've got agin your paper. You always publish such nonsense as Hill's and Johnson's speeches and the Supreme Court decision, and the eternal messages of Joe Brown and Jeff. Davis. I never read such things, and I want you to quit publishing them.." "By-the-by, has Brown got arry proclamation in to-day?"

Soon after dinner persons commence coming in and asking: "Evening paper out yet?" "No sir," we reply. "What time will it be out?" "Five o'clock," we again reply; and these questions are asked and the same answer given with but few variations, a hundred times a day. Occasionally one will give it a little variety by saying he can't wait, and then ask if we have "anything good in the paper to-day."

These are not the half of our daily troubles, and the most serious and important of them are not alluded to in this article. Now, under these circumstances if our wife should happen to

die, and our head become a little frosted over, and we should happen to go out among the girls just for recreation, we hope the dear creatures will remember this recital of our woes, and not think we are growing old.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 8, 1863, p. 3, c. 4-5
Richmond, Feb. 7-- . . .

Cotton goods of every description are swept clean from the market. It is hoped that the Legislature, at its next session, will, in their wisdom, devise some plan to replenish the stock, for they are much needed.

Tobacco is in great demand at improved prices, and sugar in sacks and barrels ready sale. We notice a considerable quantity of old bacon put upon the market.

. . . Wood is ten dollars a load--equal to from thirty to forty dollars a cord. This is far more costly, in proportion, than sugar at 60 cents, coffee at \$3 per pound, or yarns at \$7 a bunch. When warm weather comes again, wood can be had for \$3 or \$4 a load. Demand and supply regulate prices.

. . . Irish potatoes and fresh garden seeds are in great demand. Let us all go to church this morning.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 11, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

A Solemn Warning to the Wives of Soldiers--A Military Execution.

A few weeks ago a soldier was tried and convicted of the crime of desertion, and sentenced to be shot. He was taken to the place of execution, and the preparations being soon completed, at the word "fire!" he fell a bloody corpse at the hands of his brave comrades. I was curious to know why he deserted, and I learned that his wife was the cause. He received a letter from her full of complaints. Looking along upon the dark side of the picture, she had magnified her troubles and sufferings, and earnestly entreated her husband to return home. He became restless, discontented, unhappy. He ceased to take any interest in the discharge of his military duties, and thought only of how he could get home.--His solemn oath never to desert troubled him much, and he well knew the crime of deserting had become so frequent in the army it would be punished with death. In this state of perplexity he drew his wife's letter from his bosom and read it again, and shutting his eyes to the consequences, he *deserted!* and for this crime he suffered a bloody and ignominious death.

His wife is now a widow. Tortured with the thought that her husband was brought to an untimely end by her own imprudence, she knows no peace of mind. True, she had been deprived of many of the comforts of life, and had many sore trials, and anxiously desired the return of her husband, but now she feels that she had exaggerated her trials and sufferings, and she would give the world to recall that fatal letter which tempted her husband from his duty. But it is too late; it cannot be recalled, and the grief and agony of this heart-broken woman are inexpressible. She inconsiderately brought her husband to a dishonorable death and refuses to be comforted.

Wives! mothers! beware what you write to your sons and husbands in the army. A thoughtless and imprudent letter may lead to discontent, desertion and death. Our soldiers have toils and hardships and trials enough of their own to bear, do not burden them with the history of your troubles and complaints. They cannot aid you; it does no good; it may do much harm. When you write say nothing, I beseech you, which may embitter their thoughts, weaken their

arms, depress their courage, or tempt them from the path of patriotic duty to death and dishonor. Encourage them, cheer their hearts, fire their souls, arouse their patriotism, but do not disturb and harass their minds with unavailing murmurs and complaints. To our noble hearted women we are indebted for the victories we have won, and for the unconquerable strength of our armies. They have made many sacrifices and endured many hardships, but they are ready to do and bear and suffer still more in behalf of their bleeding country. SYDNEY.

[Selma Reporter.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 13, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Look Here.

Wanted immediately, at our Bakery in Atlanta, four good Candy-Makers four Rollers and six good Bakers, for which the highest wages will be paid.

Jack Bryson & Co.

Charleston Courier and Savannah News please copy and send bill to this office.

Shoe-Makers Wanted.

100 good shoemakers can find employment at the Government Shoe Factory under my direction at this Post. None but good hands need apply.--Those furnishing their own tools will have preference.

Soldiers desiring to work in this establishment, must procure their own details from their commanding officers.

G. W. Cunningham,
Major and Quartermaster.

Looms

Spinning Wheels,

Slaies,

Shuttles, &c.

For sale by

J. R. Pitts,
Marietta street.

Southern
Confederate Spelling book,
For the Use of Common Schools.
Copyright Secured.

This work, which is superior to any Text-Book of the kind now in use, will be shortly issued from the press.

An interest in the right of this Book, can be purchased. For particulars apply to
W. P. Hammond, Esq.
Alatoona, Georgia.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Last Silver Dollar.
A Parody of The Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last silver dollar,
 Left shining alone;
All its laughing companions
 Have melted and gone.
Not a coin of its kindred,
 No specie is nigh,
To echo back softly
 Its silver sigh.
You must leave me, bright dollar,
 The last of my few,
Since thy mates have departed,
 Skedaddle thou too.
Thus, kindly, I send thee,
 To wander afar
In the sky of shimplasters,
 A glimmering star.
So soon may I follow,
 When thou art no more,
And I wreck of starvation
 On shimplaster shore
When the purse never jingles,
 And shiners have flown,
Oh! who could feel wealthy
 On pictures alone.

H.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 20, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Sewing Machines!
[illustration]

I have for sale two fine Shuttle Machines, and one Grover & Baker Machine in the best of working order.

I am also prepared to thoroughly repair Sewing Machines of all kinds, and make every description of machine Needles to order.

W. D. Young.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

The Troubles in North-East Georgia.

Clarksville, Feb. 17th, 1863

Messrs. Editors: There is a statement in your paper of the 11th inst., that I feel should not pass without correction, because it does great injustice to the noble volunteers from this portion of the State. . . . We are not disaffected. We are not disloyal. We are not reconstructionists, but we are for fighting this war through till our independence is acknowledged, heavily as it bears upon our people, who are mostly in but moderate circumstances. If you could pass through our county and see our women ploughing [sic], hoeing, reaping, &c., &c., you would say that the husbands and sons of such women could never be subdued by hirelings and thieves. . . .

C. H. Sutton.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 22, 1863, p. 3, c. 5

Grand
Firemen and Citizen's
Dress Ball.
A Ball will be given by
Independence Fire Co. No. 4,
At the City Hall,
On Wednesday, Feb. 25th, 1863.
The Proceeds of which will be given to
Charitable Purposes.
Managers.
J. H. Mecaslin, Chief Engineer.

J. Staddleman, No. 1.
L. Richardson, No. 2.
Dr. J. A. Taylor, No. 3
J. C. Peck, Hook & Ladder.

J. H. Lovejoy, No. 4
A. C. Wyly, No. 4
W. G. Peters, No. 4
Perino Brown, No. 4

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Cargo Sale of Goods, Imported Ex British
Steamers.
By R. A. Pringle,
137 Meeting Street,
Charleston, South Carolina,
James H. Taylor, Auctioneer.

On Thursday, 26th February, 1863, commencing at 10 o'clock--

Groceries.

50 chests Oolong Tea

Drugs, Medicines, &c.

1 cask Blue Vitriol
5 cases Shelac [sic]
25 [or 95] kegs Bi Chromate Potash, 2500 lbs.
1[illegible] 1-12 gross 8 oz Greenflint Flat bottles
112 gross Vial Corks
50 gross Corks for Green Bottles
1/8 gross Glycerine
[illegible] gross Manna
1 gross no. 99 Colonge [sic]
1 gross Lemon
25 bottles Quicksilver
[illegible]0 bbls Copperas
15 bls [illegible] Sulphur
28 bbls Flour Sulphur
73 [or 8] casks Pure [?] Seal Oil
86 [?] casks Soda Crystals
18 kegs Chlorate Potash

Shoes, Leather, &c.

6 cases assorted Shoes and Stitching Thread
21 cases Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes, assorted
10 trunks Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes, assorted
5 cases Boots, assorted
16 dozen Calf Skins
1 case Silk Elastic Boot Web
2 cases Shoe Bills and Brads

Hardware

1 cask Screws for Hinges, Brass and Iron
1 cask Clout Tacks
93 dozen White Wash, Paint, Tar and Dusting Brushes
422 lbs Block Tin
5 dozen Frying Pans
7 dozen Hines' Patent Hinges
200 Telescopes
2,500 pair Hand Cards
100 cases Cotton and Wool Cards, Nos. 6 and 8
214 dozen assorted Scythes

Clothing

300 Melbourne, Ribbed, Cassimere and Beaver Coats
800 pair Cassimere and Tweed Pants
350 pair Drill Pants

100 Figured Cassimere Vests
122 doz Men's Shirts, assorted
100 doz Grey Serge Shirts
126 doz Brown Half Hose
2[illegible]0 doz White and Fancy Half Hose
200 [or 300] doz Wool Hose and Half Hose

Paper, Stationery, &c.

4 [illegible] Assorted Stationery
124 reams Letter Paper
50 reams Ruled Bill Cap Paper
24 reams Cap Paper
360 M Assorted Envelopes
1 1/2 great gross Penholders
91[illegible] gross Steel Pens
7 gross Faber's and Lubin's Lead Pencils
12 gross Slate Pencils
7[illegible 5?] lbs Red Sealing Wax
7 doz Frame Slates

108 Cases and Trunks of Hats

13 cases containing Seamless Hats, [illegible], Army and Navy Caps, Army Caps and Covers, and Black Cloth Caps
95 cases containing Black, Brown and White Leghorn, Panama, Manilla, Opera, Leghorn Flats, Willow, Palm Leaf, Wool Hats and Caps, for Men, Boys, Ladies, Misses and Children, assorted style

Dry Goods &c.

50 bales White Blue and Scarlet Flannel
1[?] bales Linseys
1 bale White Serge
2 cases Black Woolen Cloths, satin
6 pieces Wool Kerseys
28 pieces Blue Cloth
6 pieces Scarlet Cloth, men's
3 pieces Scarlet Cloth, ladies'
44 pieces Fancy Satinet
13 pieces Twill Cassimere
2 bales 7-4, 8-4, and 9-4 Blankets
10 cases Light and Dark Prints
6 bales White, Grey and Fancy Prints
2 cases Mourning Prints

7 cases Black DeLaines
6 cases Printed Chalis
2 bales Black and White Wool and Colored Organdies
1 bale Printed Lawns
1 bale Twist Plaid Checks
5 bales Bleached Shirting
2 bales Bleached Shirting
1 case Unbleached Huckabuck
1 case White Drill and Duck
1 case Fancy colored Cotton Union Drill
1 bale Marle Trowserings [sic]
150 pieces Fancy Dress Goods
54 pieces Black Alpacas
160 [or 100] dozen Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs
50 pieces Silk Bandana Handkerchiefs
60 dozen Expansion Skirts
26 1/2 gross Skirt Cord
29 dozen Women's and Misses' White cotton Hose
1 case W B. Flax Thread
2 cases assorted Flax Thread
6,000 dozen Coates' and Clark's Spool Cotton
147 1/2 lbs Black Sewing Silk
2,600 dozen White Linen Tapes, assorted
122 great gross Bone Buttons, assorted, pants, vest and coats
260 gross Fancy Buttons
1 case Black and White Hooks and Eyes, assorted
180 packs English Pins
600 packs Black Pins
100 dozen Black Pins, in boxes
12 gross Knitting Pins
100 dozen Hair pins
20 thousand Needles, assorted
24 gross Wheeler & Wilson's and Grover & Baker's Machine Needles
26[illegible] dozen Ivory Finetooth Combs
144 dozen Rubber Dressing Combs
10 dozen R H Dressing Combs
18 gross R H Fine Combs
89 gross Tooth Brushes
140 dozen Brown Windsor Soap
119 dozen Fancy Soap

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Goods by Recent Arrivals per Steamers from Europe
by John G. Milnor & Co.,
Charleston, S. C.

On Thursday, the 26th instant, at 1 o'clock, we will sell at our Store, a large and desirable assortment of Goods, just received, consisting in part:

Sundries.

50 ounces Sulph. Morphine
25 pounds Blue Mass
20 kegs Bi Carb Soda
108 dozen Tooth Brushes
200 dozen Dressing Combs
47 dozen Toilet Soap
50 boxes Prime Yellow Soap
20 boxes Gold Leaf Tobacco
5 bags Rio Coffee
20 M Florida Cigars
12 M Blue and Buff Envelopes
4 bales Buff Paper
322 Black and Drab Wool Hats
1,100 pair Men's, women's and Children's Shoes and Gaiters
2,000 pounds Sole Leather
20,000 pounds Hoop Iron, Assorted size;

Dry Goods.

17 cases 4-4 Spring Prints
144 pieces Fine Cambric Longcloth
180 pieces 32 and 36 inch Bleached
100 pieces 5-4 Sheeting
10 pieces Shepherd Plaid Cassimere
4 pieces Grey Plains
10 pieces White Flannel
190 dozen Turkey Red Pocket Handkerchiefs
255 dozen madder Pocket Handkerchiefs
20 dozen Gauze [?] Merino Shirts
60 dozen White Merino Shirts
50 dozen China Gauze Shirts
200 English Tweed Coats and Sacks
100 pair English Tweed Pants
210 Assorted Black Alpaca and Linen Coats
50 pair Linen and alpaca Pants
120 Linen, Satin and Marseilles Vests
116 dozen Ladies' White Merino Finish Hose
155 dozen Misses' White Merino Finish Hose
200 dozen Children's Merino Finish Socks
112 dozen Boys' super White English cotton Half Hose from 4¼ to 8 inches
254 [354?] dozen Men's Super Brown English cotton Half Hose, from 6½ to 11 inches

110 dozen Ladies' White English Cotton Hose
500 pounds Black Flax Thread
800 pounds Shoe Thread
2,000 dozen Clarke's 200 yard White Spool Cotton
2,000 dozen Clarke's 200 yard Black Spool Cotton
1,000 dozen Clarke's 200 yard Colored Spool Cotton
1,000 dozen Clarke's 100 yard Colored Spool Cotton
90 packs English Pins

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Camp Itch--A Remedy Therefor.--A gentleman who has had much experience in the treatment of that loathsome disease, the itch, furnishes the following recipe for its cure:

For the benefit of our soldiers suffering with camp itch, if you think proper you may publish the following: Take iodide of potassium 60 grains, lard 2 ounces, mix well, and after washing the body well with warm soap suds, rub the ointment over the person three times a week. In seven or eight days the Acarus, or itch insect, will be destroyed.--In this recipe the horrible effects of the old sulphur [sic] ointment are obviated.

Cheap Blacking.--To a tea cup of molasses stir in lampblack until it is black, then add the white of two eggs, well beaten, and to this add a pint of vinegar or whiskey, and put it in a bottle for use--shake it before using. The experiment is at least worth a trial, as the price of blacking has so rapidly advanced since the blockade.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

"I don't remember having seen you before," as the lawyer said to his conscience.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 27, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

"What's in a Name?"--The eloquent Joseph H. Lumpkin, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Georgia, in a recent decision in a divorce case, in that court says:

"Without intending to reflect upon the wife in this case--for I take it for granted the libellant is to blame--still I warn all plain men against marrying women by the euphonious names of Dulcinea, Felixina, &c. These melting, mellifluent names will do for novels; but not for every day life."

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Banner Presentation.

To the "Parr Volunteers," (so named in honor of Col. L. J. Parr of the 88th Georgia Regiment, who lost his left arm in the battle before Richmond,) by Miss Katie Raymur, of Savannah, Georgia.

SPEECH OF MISS RAYMUR.

Officers and Soldiers of the "L. J. Parr Volunteers":

In the name of Col. Parr, whom you have so much honored, I am here to present you this flag--the representative of an infant nation, struggling, panting, and firmly resolved to be free

and independent or perish in the effort.

This flag, soldiers, has never been borne by our forefathers over land and sea, as has that of our enemy. Its stars are new, but it is a legacy bequeathed to us by the expiring breath of liberty.

When infidelity, witchcraft, abolitionism and factions of every kind had seized the mind of our enemy; when they grew blind to the landmarks of our once glorious republic; when they ceased to respect the principles for which our forefathers fought and bled; when they sought to substitute a negro despotism for the exalted, heaven-bestowed liberty, true freedom began to pine and wane, until her last expiring breath warned us to "flee the wrath to come," and to raise on high our own banner and strike for all that is dear to man. We unfurled this flag, and around it flocked the freemen of this Confederacy, armed in the cause of right and freedom, appealing to the God of hosts for the rectitude of our actions. The soldiers of this Confederacy have determined to stand while one star is left to glitter upon its sacred folds, and even when the last star becomes dimmer by the smoke and carnage of the battle field, they will stand while a single thread is left to float, or remain upon the field dead and cold.

Such, soldiers, is the solemn resolve placed upon this flag:

"We give our lives to our country,
and devote our souls to God."

Your name is synonymous with true bravery. Who, that knows the man whose name you bear, does not associate with it all that is manly and courageous? We commit to you, with pride and confidence, satisfied, soldiers of the "L. J. Parr volunteers," this banner, though the Northern hordes with fire and sword shall seek to pollute its sacred folds, that you will

"Foot to foot march forward to meet them--
To bloody graves you will gladly greet them"

Now, sir, to you, as the organ of these brave volunteers, I entrust this flag of our nation.

And, in behalf of Col. Parr, I present you this flag--baptized by woman's tears and consecrated by their prayers, she commits to your keeping and bids you

"Keep! oh keep the escutcheon of its honor,
Bright as the sun that shines upon it!
Wave it through battles unsullied and untorn,
Untouched save by Liberty's hand"

May the last words of that motto be impressed upon all, and may it be the praise and boast of this gallant corps. When this contest is over, and sweet peace spreads its bright wings over this fair Republic, that those whose lives have not been sacrificed upon their country's altar shall have

"Given their souls to God."

[Lt. Craven's response copied] . . . the inscription upon its folds shall ever be our motto, "WE GIVE OUR LIVES TO OUR COUNTRY, AND DEVOTE OUR SOULS TO GOD."

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

From our Old Correspondent T. D. W.

Camp 3d Ga. Bat. Near Shelbyville, }
February 22d, 1863. }

Dear Confederacy:

. . . People at home who occasionally visit their relations here in this army, return wondering how a soldier can live in such exposure and continual deprivation of what they term luxuries of life. They little think of the thousands who have *not* undergone the ordeal, and scarcely imagine the number that are yet to be subjected to the same trials. They are astonished that even a potato can nowhere be found in the large assemblage of messes when they know that when they left Georgia the hills of this vegetable were as numerous as the ant hills. They then tell the soldier that when I left home we were feasting on so and so, and we had this and that and the other, and the greedy eyes of the veteran opens in amazement, and the sympathetic saliva flows in streams at the beautiful vision thus brought to his view. "Well, have you any vinegar in Georgia?" says the votary of beef. "Vinegar! thousands of it!" and here the visitor is again informed that such a thing approximating to the color or taste of acetic acid has not been seen in this army for several months. To my own knowledge I know soldiers that have offered to pay \$5 a quart for the much coveted article. Day after day the camp kettle is used for no other purpose than to boil beef, and probably twice a month in cooking old bacon. It is bread and beef for morning, at noon and at night.

Oh! for a cabbage! an old blue collard, with not a leaf to grace the jointy stem! But give us the sight once more of the nicely polished castors with vinegar in one, pepper in another, and something approximating in color to yellow paint in another. You need not trouble yourself with having a clean white table cloth, for an old ironing quilt, scorched at each corner a little, will suffice for a man that has lost all recollection as to the appearance of a napkin or a fly brush. And if you would frighten the war worn veteran, just have a glass tumbler in the stead of a Yankee canteen, and if you would not endanger his life, never have chairs of cane bottom or cushioned fashion at the board. At any rate, if you would see the soldier die of a sudden attack of appoplexy [sic], brought on it is said by over excitement, *or other causes*, just for sake of experiment, if he be a single man, place a rosy cheeked lass at the head where his piping hot coffee is laboring to relieve itself by emitting the rich perfume through the spout, and anon let her remark, "Sir, will you have *cream* and sugar?" Then again, just opposite sits the sister now and then casting roguish glances of pride and joy at the returned veteran, whilst her patriotic little heart, full of the love due her sunny clime goes *pit a pat*, and she is eager to give vent to her sentiments of "I *so* love a soldier." I will not wager much on the issue of this trial of a soldiers' courage, but my word for it, all the Surgeons in the army would fail to stop the rush of blood to the head, and we would find the verdict of an impartial coroner's jury to be "died from being brought in contact with the contents of a coffee pot and electrical sparks emitted from the eyes of a lass that "did so love the soldier." I will not follow this fond anticipation further, but call your attention to other subjects.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], February 28, 1863, p. 3, c. 3

To the Women of Georgia.

State of Georgia,
Quartermaster General's Office,}
Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 10.}

Permit me to congratulate you upon the promptness with which you have answered my appeal for socks for our soldiers.

We have already by dint of strenuous effort, forwarded a large shipment of coats, pants,

shirts, drawers, shoes and hats, together with several thousand pairs of sock, to the 14th, 17th, 21st, 25th, 27th, 51st, and 59th Georgia Regiments, in charge of Capt. Hood, A.Q.M., C.S.A., and Mr. King, of Forsyth, a responsible and efficient Agent. Requisitions are still coming in, reporting barefooted and poorly clad soldiers. Every energy is being exercised to meet demands against us and I intend to work myself night and day, and if need be, those associated with me, till every destitute, Georgian is supplied with a good pair of shoes and a good suit of clothes, at the earliest possible moment.

Our other supplies are coming in well, considering the barrenness of the country in Army supplies, and I am unwilling for the ladies to get behind in the quantity of socks necessary to accompany the other goods soon to be sent. Let me urge upon the friends of the soldier, to forward to me, all the socks now at their command, that I may place them, together with other supplies, as soon as possible, where they are so much needed. Now is a needy time with our troops and I am anxious for continued blessings to ascend up to Heaven around all our camp fires, pronounced especially upon our noble Georgia women for their prompt attentions to our brave defenders. The women of Georgia, and some from other States, the time considered, and the scarcity of materials have fully answered my expectations, thus far, for which I sincerely thank them. But calls are just now increasing upon me. Let your responses enable me to meet them. Be active for a few months longer, as you have been so far during the war. The enemy is virtually whipped. But the wars are not yet over.--We must all work for the soldiers a little longer.

If we continue united, in heart, hand and endeavor, at home and in the field, and suffer no reconstructionist to distract or hinder us, in working out our eternal separation from all our enemies and setting up a homogeneous Government, based upon the idea that slavery is right and must be protected wherever the Stars and Bars are signals of Empire, in 12 or 16 months at the farthest, we will have our friends (those that survive the struggle) around our hearthstones, where we can in person attend to their wants. Palsied be the hand, that would attempt to write a settlement, that would ever again unite us in political union with those who have so cruelly done so much to subdue us.

Ira R. Foster.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Go it Phelan!--During a recent debate in the Confederate Senate, Mr. Phelan, of Mississippi, adverted to the fact that he had seen white women, in "hoopless skirts and broad sun-bonnets," guiding the plow in Southern fields. He invoked God's blessing upon such women, and hoped that they would be "mantel ornaments in the parlors of Paradise."

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Letter from "Horse Marine"

Hd'qrs 51st Ala. Cavalry, }
On advance picket near }
Murfreesboro, Tenn., Feb. 28, 1862 }

"Hello mister, whose company do you belong to?"

The voice was sharp and proceeded from an old woman in a cabin on the Shelbyville and Murfreesboro turnpike. Reining in my horse I informed the old lady that I belonged to company

___, Morgan's Reg.

"Well I declare, do you belong to Mr. *Morrigan*? I'm *hearn* of him, but I wanted to know if you had *hearn* of my son John. He belongs to Mr. Wheeler's company, and seeing you belong to the *calvery* thought you *must* know where he was."

Informing the old lady that I could give her no information as to the whereabouts of her son John, I was about to proceed when she halted me again:

"Well mister, if you see John, or Bill, or Aleck, or Sammy, tell 'em I'm well."

I asked her who John, Bill, Aleck and Sammy was.

Raising her hands in holy horror, she exclaimed: "Why Lor' me, don't you know my boys? Why, I thought every body in the settlement knowed them. Bill he belongs to Mr. Brackenridge's *Company*; Aleck, he belongs to Mr. Cheatom's *Company*, and Sammy, he belongs to Mr. Bragg's *Company*."

Informing the old lady that I would deliver her messages to her sons the first time I met them, I rode on. At every step I could see the ruins that followed upon the tracks of the infernal Yankees. Fences destroyed, houses burned, stables destitute of horses and mules, corn cribs emptied, negro cabins desolate, beautiful yards and gardens laid waste, hogs, sheep, stock of every description, all gone; and all this done by whom? By *Western troops!* troops from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois--States that some Southern men advocate taking into an alliance with us! May my bones lay bleached upon the plains when such an alliance takes place! Talk about New England vandalism!--Of all the low down, mean, thieving, unprincipled, cruel vandals in this war, Ohio produces the worst. The men in Congress and out of it at home may desire and advocate any kind of an alliance with such a State as Ohio, will please remain quiet, and stay home or go to Ohio and stay there; and the soldiers in the field, led on by their gallant leaders will fight this war through until our *complete* independence is won. . .

HORSE MARINE.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 7, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

From the Knoxville Register.

Confederate Boots
A Ballad

Respectfully inscribed to Messr's. McGlohon, Van Gilder and Rogers in grateful acknowledgment of a magnificent pair of boots.

By Rev. Joseph Cross, D. D., Chaplain to Gen. Donelson's Brigade.

A song for Van Gilder! a song for McGlohon!

And Rogers the melody suits!

A song for the builder, bestower, and so on,

Of my bonny Confederate Boots.

Wet footed no longer, I am glad I have got 'em--

No logic this statement confutes;

But the straps should be stronger, and smoother the bottoms,*
Of my bonny Confederate Boots.

I can wade through the water, and break through the briar,
In the van of our martial pursuits--
I can march in the mortar, and fight in the fire,
With my bonny Confederate Boots.

Without saddle or wheels, I will follow your foes,
Overtaking the fugitive brutes;
And I'll stamp with the heels, and I'll kick with the toes,
Of my bonny Confederate Boots.

The envy of office, the rush after riches,
No churl to this Chaplain imputes;
But O for a coat, and a new pair of breeches,
With my bonny Confederate Boots.

Here ends my ambition--my militant wants--
(And who the position disputes?)
With Freedom's fruition, a whole pair of pants,
And a bonny new coat, with my Boots.

*I broke the straps in pulling them on, and the pegs pricked the soles in my socks.
Headquarters Dep. E. Tenn., March 2, 1862.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 13, 1863, p. 3, c. 5

Written for the Confederacy.

An Acrostic.

By Robert Blackwell.

Like angels of mercy, God sent them to cheer us
As travelling o'er the earth, for when they are near us,
Depression grows lighter, while enchanted we view,
In each of these ladies, patriot and true,
Every grace and charm which makes them appear
Shining stars of perfection--angelic and dear.

Our interest consulting, they have shown a desire
For the success of our arms, since the first gun did fire

To put down oppression, loud ringing like thunder,
Hot balls, well aimed, rent the Union asunder,
Enrapturing the South--making the Yankees to wonder.

See them feeding and clothing our soldiers each day,
Organizing societies--for our triumph they pray,
Using money so freely to aid and to cheer us;
They study our interest--all ye mortals now hear us--
How happy we feel when these ladies are near us.

Atlanta, March 10, 1863.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

From the Huntsville Advocate, 11th inst.
The Raid Into North Alabama.

Tuscumbia, Ala., Feb. 28, 1863.

Mr. Figures:

Below I append an account of the late raid of the abolition hell hounds into North Alabama. I speak of things that I know to be so; there are hundreds of instances which I am compelled to omit, as a full account of the atrocities committed would take up the whole, if not more of the available space of the Advocate.

. . . After returning from the pursuit, the enemy camped in and around the public square, tore the fencing from around fine private residences for fire wood, picketed their horses in the front yards among flowers and shrubbery. The Yankee commander took up his quarters in the fine residence of Dr. L. C. Chisholm; his *officers* broke open closets and pantries and helped themselves. Every corn crib and smoke house in the neighborhood was forced open, the camp was strewn with flour, bacon, preserve and pickle jars, ladies' dress, infants' clothing, and every imaginable kind of plunder. Before morning nearly every residence in town had been gutted, ladies pulled out of bed and searched, money, watches, plate, jewelry, forcibly taken; as fast as one set would leave a house another would come in, and the same search gone over with. Officers vied with privates; every one seemed to be trying to act worse than his predecessor. The male citizens, if they remonstrated, were hurried to prison.

The churches were vilely polluted, organs smashed, carpets torn up, and the flag of the "best government the world ever saw" hoisted in triumph over the church steeple. Now these things were not the work of a few; all were at it. Col. Cornyn, upon being remonstrated with for allowing such things, replied, "I don't care a *damn* what my men do." The vilest gestures and language were used towards ladies; acts were committed which I cannot shock your readers by mentioning. You have had Mitchel and Turchin with you; compared to Cornyn and his set, they were angels. This Florence Cornyn is from St. Louis. He was a physician by profession, and I am told by persons who know him in civil life, that he passed for a gentleman. He has made a name in the annals of licentiousness more damnable than that of Butler. Wednesday morning, after the commander had let his men get all the money and valuables in the town, by the knock down and drag out method, he played another game, his last and biggest trump. Here it is, a *fac simile* of several that were served upon citizens of the town and neighborhood:

H'D'Qs 1st Brigade,}
Maj. Gen. F. P. Blair's Division,}
Tuscumbia, Ala., Feb. 23, 1863.

Edict 1st.

The United States Government having ordered assessments to be made on the wealthy citizens of the States now in rebellion against said Government, I have ordered an assessment upon your property to the amount of _____ dollars, payable immediately.

You are, therefore, commanded to pay over to Maj. W. H. Lusk, Paymaster of this Brigade, the above sum, or the same will be collected from you at the sacrifice of your property.

Florence M. Cornyn,
Col. 10th Missouri Cav., Cm'd'g Brigade.

The lowest assessment that I have heard of under this edict, was \$500, the highest \$5,000. One gentleman, Mr. William Warren, for failing to pay his assessment, was carried off.

I should have mentioned before that all the stores in town were entered, and what the devils did not want they threw out in the muddy streets. To our inexpressible relief the scoundrels left town on Wednesday after noon, taking with them about fifty bales of cotton, all the mules and horses they could find, and as many negroes as they could force off, about sixty in all. They took the plantation teams to haul their cotton. Owing to the bad roads they left 14 bales of cotton between town and the mountain, and I understand they were compelled to leave much more further on, which they burnt. . . .

N.A.M.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 15, 1863, p. 3, c. 5

Auction.

On Thursday, March 19th, 1863 at their store, No. 46, Market street, commencing at 10 o'clock,

by
Olcott & Davis,
Auctioneers,
Montgomery, - - - Ala.
A large stock of
White Granite Ware,
Consisting of

100 dozen Dining Plates,
400 dozen Breakfast Plates,
200 dozen Cups and Saucers
80 dozen Bowls,
15 dozen Sugar Bowls,
10 dozen Tea Pots,
50 Wash Bowls and Pitchers,
10 Toilet Sets [sic],
250 Pitchers,
125 dozen Assorted Dishes,

50 dozen Tumblers and Goblets,
75 Chambers,
4 setts Buggy Harness, &c.
40 setts Knives and Forks,
4 Crater, assorted [??]
2 Hogsheads, assorted

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 19, 1863, p. 3, c. 2
For the Southern Confederacy.

Soldiers' Clothing.

It is not with a spirit of fault-finding that I would call the attention of Quartermasters, and others entrusted with the making of soldiers' clothing, to a few, to them small matters, but of much inconvenience to us.

Nearly all the clothing that we get from the Quartermasters' departments is almost worthless, because the sewing is sorrily done. Not one garment in ten will not last a week without being made over. This is especially the case with shirts and drawers. It is nothing uncommon for a man to find his *new drawers* after the first day's wear in four pieces.--If government officials do not know when sewing is properly done, let them employ some one who does, and if they cannot do this get out of the way and let our wives, mothers, and sisters have the material; for they know how to make two pieces of cloth stay together.

Patriotic ladies who are engaged in making clothing, remember that you can benefit the soldier more by making one garment well than a dozen shabbily.

Cavalier.

Middletown, Tenn., March 15th, 1862 [sic?]

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 19, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

Crinoline Imitations of the Habits of Certain Officials.

Yesterday morning some fifteen or twenty women, residents of this city, all decently and some even well dressed--wearing golden earbobs and breastpins--collected and went around the city to a number of our grocery merchants and "seized" certain articles of provisions--bacon at one place, meal at another, vegetables at another, &c., &c. They did not plead poverty, or pressing want, or solicit donations or anything of the kind. They had money, and said they had employment making clothes for the government, by which they could make money, but refused to give the common prices of the articles they wanted; therefore, they had collected in a body and were going round *seizing* what they wanted and paying whatever prices they thought proper.

Whatever may be said of the conduct of these ladies on its merits, we have this to say. It is but an imitation of many illustrious examples which men in high position have set them. Gov. Brown commenced it by seizing salt and fixing a price upon it, precisely as these women did yesterday; and the officials of the Confederate Government, high and low, have been doing the same in Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi and Texas.

Now these women have just as much right to seize the property of others and fix a price upon it, paying that and no more, as Gov. Brown, or General Bragg or General Permberton [sic]

or Captain--anybody, and their necessities, we venture, are as great as in any case of seizure that has yet been made, where an arbitrary price has been fixed by the seizer. Is it any wonder that people become imbued with a spirit of lawlessness with such examples set before them?

But mark the difference. In the one case this robbery has been *tolerated*--submitted to by the sufferers, owing to their patriotism--not wishing to resist what might *appear* to some to be a patriotic duty to submit to, or what might be enforced at the point of the bayonet; but the police were set upon these women who quickly dispersed them.

So the world wags.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 20, 1863, p. 3, c. 4

More of Those Women.

Day before yesterday, on the seizing of groceries by the women, Marshal Williford requested the parties to desist and go home.--He further asked them to come back to him next day (yesterday), at 10 o'clock, and that he would, in the meantime, make every effort to obtain something to relieve their necessities. Accordingly, yesterday, quite a number of them met him at the appointed time. He had collected by voluntary contributions from a number of our citizens about \$500. He required all of them asking assistance to register their names and residence. In surveying the crowd, he discovered a few who were really needy and worthy objects of charity. Others were notoriously bad characters, and some were represented by persons who were present to be the wives of men not in the army, and in comfortable circumstances.

Marshal Williford here stated that he would hold on to what funds he had, and raise more until Saturday; and that in the meantime they and any others who were needy, could continue to register their names and give him satisfactory evidence of the justice of their claims; and that by this means he could protect himself and the contributors from being imposed upon by those who were unworthy, and be able to give the greater relief to those who were in need and were really worthy and deserving.

We think these women had better desist, and not imitate the example of Gov. Brown and a few Confederate officers, and some men who have made seizures, pretending to be officers. They had better not violently take the property of others. If they are needy, their best way is to make their wants known, and we venture that they will always be promptly provided for. Let the Governor, government agents, and the women all, pause and reflect. Whither are we drifting? Shall we have any law and order, or any respect for private or personal rights and individual immunities? or shall we resolve the whole country into a giant mob, and the biggest dog carry off the bone?

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 20, 1863, p. 3, c. 5

The Women's Seizures.

We have been unable to find out the extent of the seizures by the women or all the names of the persons whose goods they seized. It was reported that they had extensively appropriated the goods of Mr. Edwards, but we learn that the report is incorrect. Nothing was taken by them at his store.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 21, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

"She Layeth Her Hands to the Spindle, Her Hands Hold the Distaff."

Thus spoke the wise King of Israel, thousands of years ago, of a virtuous woman. The picture he drew had doubtless many originals, even among the wealthy of his day. But gradually in the progress of time they disappeared, and woman, once the slave, then the helpmate, finally became the doll and plaything of the lords of creation. . .

Most people will sing to think of the *good old times*--as if all old time manners and ways were necessarily good; which does not follow as a natural sequence at all. But, thanks to the war, we see again some of the good old customs of Solomon's day revived. The women of the Confederate States--and no heroines of song or story outshine their peerless character--are giving heed to the things which make for the welfare of the army and the country. The rich are looking after their servants and directing their work--the making of cotton and woolen cloth. It is become the pride of the country matron, and even of the young ladies too. In almost every country place, and in the small towns and villages, we hear on every side the homely but not unpleasant whir of the spinning wheel, and the click and thud of the hand-loom. The fairest and the daintiest of the land are learning the mysteries of dyes [dyes] and color [color] setting and of warp and weft [weft]. Scarlet and purple are an every day theme. It is a prodigious fashion, and what is more, a good fashion. We hope to see more still follow it. It should be a glory to a young lady in these times, not only to wear a homespun dress, but to be able to spin and weave it. All honor we say to the music of the spinning wheel, and especially to those who learn that while not forgetting their piano. They are fit to be the wives of heroes.--Augusta Constitutionalist.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Atlanta Correspondence of the Charleston Courier.

Atlanta, Ga., March 7, 1863.

I scarcely know how to commence a letter from this busiest of all busy cities of railroads, whence countless iron tracks branch from and connect with all parts of our glorious young Confederacy. . . The principal street (Whitehall) displays stores which vie with those of Charleston in their space and polite attendants, and in quiet times the market was as reasonable as attractive. Now, of course, there is but a scarcity of necessaries in the dry goods department, and the pretty refugees and fair Georgians shake their disconsolate heads, as with a peculiar smile the clerk whispers, "Quite out of all these, Madam." . . . [there follows an *excellent* description of pre-Sherman Atlanta!--VB] First impressions of Atlanta are not at all favorable; for, to a stranger, and especially a refugee, to whom congenial society is so acceptable, the bustle and whirl of business speak of naught but gold, gold, gold! . . . A favorite walk of the ladies is the sunrise promenade down to the Mineral Spring. The water is said to be very beneficial to those suffering from debility and dyspepsia. The component parts are magnesia, iron and soda. . . Society in Atlanta is unique, but agreeable, made up of a sort of Mosaic of many shades of caste and kind. The refugees form a pleasant addition, and the Government officers stationed here furnish famous cavaliers for the winning belles. A few months ago and the pretty Puritans raised their white hands, and frowned from their pretty brows at the *mere idea* of dancing; indeed

one of the fairest Georgians affirmed that she would not, at such a time, attend a soiree dansante; but the musical parties soon merged into "hops," and gay quadrilles replaced the dignified "sonata," or monopolizing "reverie." Several very pleasant parties have awakened us from the long serious train of reflection which was beginning to pervade even the gayest; in fact, I cannot but think that these innocent reunions always serve to lighten and alleviate the gravity which the serious responsibilities of the present must tend to impress each heart with. Among the pleasantest of so many successful parties was one given at the "Anchorage," as the bachelor home of the Navy Department is called. The rooms were very tastefully draped with flags, and Lieut. Robbins, of New Orleans, and John McPherson, of Charleston, played hosts to perfection. They certainly understood the art of entertaining, for each guest as they departed blessed the gay young bachelors who so delightfully entertained them. Our old friend Geo. McGinley, formerly so obliging in his department at the "Mills House" in Charleston, has entertained the Georgians with two very charming "hops" at the "Trout House."--This is the best hotel for permanent boarders in Atlanta, has been lately renovated and repaired. It is well patronized, and none fail to like the polite and thoughtful host, so anxious for the comfort of his guests. The "Atlanta Hotel," under the charge of Dr. Thompson, has an old reputation, and the constant stream of transient boarders writes a very satisfactory account for the wealthy proprietor. The "Washington Hall," is also a good hotel, near the "Car Shed," where the *table d'hote* proves quite equal to the wants of the boarders. Near the "Washington Hall" we turn down Washington street, where the principle churches are situated. Decidedly the best filled pulpit in Atlanta is the Baptist, a very pretty church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Dr. Brantly, a son of the loved minister of the first Baptist Church in Charleston. All who listen to his terse and well written sermons come away well pleased, and weekly crowds attest his popularity, not only as a pastor, but as a friend. The Presbyterian has a fine organ, and is the prettiest church in Atlanta. The Episcopal has but a small congregation, and is decidedly the poorest church of that denomination that I have ever seen. Its only attraction here is that sublime ritual, which, when poorly read never fails in binding the heart and soul beneath that spell which the simple form and eloquent purity of the Church of England ever throws around its worshippers.--The Catholics have also a neat, tasteful little chapel, and near that is the pretty residence of Mr. George Gibbon, of Charleston. . . . Near the spacious Car Shed, at the suggestion of Gen. Johnston, a fine "Soldiers' Rest" has been erected. It is built of wood, in a circle, with neat little beds arranged around; and here, instead of lying on the floor of the Car Shed as formerly, the sick soldiers are removed immediately on their arrival, to await distribution to the different hospitals, of which there are a great many in successful operation, containing now only 1,400 sick and wounded, a considerable decrease from the immense crowds of a month ago. . . . Aliene.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 24, 1863, p. 3, c. 4

The Needy Women of the City.

Yesterday afternoon Marshal Williford called at our office and exhibited to us a list of 233 names of women whose male relations are in the war, who had come forward and registered their names as they were invited to do. Marshal Williford had divided between them the sum of \$1132 50 which he had collected by voluntary contributions from our citizens. He could point out no name on this list who was not worthy of any donation that charity might prompt. This list is not composed of the *seizers* who were helping themselves last Wednesday.

The Marshal further informed us that he had ascertained that the tall female with determination in her eye, and who had elicited so much sympathy as the "boss" of the seizing crowd, is the wife of a shoe-maker in this city who had not been to the army and is receiving very high wages for his labor, and in comfortable circumstances; and further, that none of the ringleaders of that crowd would give their names, or was, from all he could learn, worthy of participating in the fund he had raised.

The marshal further says that we have many poor women in the city who need liberal charity. The majority of them work hard but do not earn enough to meet their necessary wants. When we remember that Fulton county has sent over 4000 men to the army, this list is small and has the strongest claims upon those who are able to contribute to their wants.

The State the County and the city authorities made liberal appropriations to meet the wants of the families and of all persons who are not able to make a support. Some who are entitled to the benefits of these donations have not let their wants be we well known as they should; and we here say, that if the wives, mothers, or female relatives of our soldiers are needy and will only let their wants be known--if they will go to the Clerk of the Council and register their names and place of residence their wants will be supplied. We say here what we *know*, that there are no [illegible--1 word] men in Atlanta who will not cheerfully divide [illegible--2 words?] with the families of soldiers [illegible--2 words?]

There is no need of any woman--no matter who nor what her condition, seizing a few articles from poor shop keepers who sell by retail, whose profits are small, and who have families to support. Let them come openly to the proper officers and make their wants known, and we venture that by this sensible course all their wants will be supplied at once and cheerfully, by State, county and city authorities, as well as by private charity.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], March 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 2--[Summary:
Repeat of "How a Man Feels in Battle"]

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

A Female Aid-De-Camp.--The Baltimore Clipper says Antonia J. Ford was the principal spy and guide for Capt. Mosby in his recent raid on Fairfax Court House, and aided in planning the arrest of Gen. Slaughter, Wyndham and others. She was arrested and brought to the Old Capitol Prison, on Sunday last, with \$1,000 Confederate money on her person. The following is a copy of her commission:

To all whom it may concern: Know ye that, reposing special confidence in the patriotism, fidelity and ability of Antonia J. Ford, I, J. E. B. Stuart, by virtue of power vested in me as Brigadier General, Provisional Army Confederate States, hereby appoint and commission her my Honorable Aid de Camp, to rank as such from this date. She will be obeyed, respected and *admired* by all lovers of a noble nature.

Given under my hand and seal, Headquarters Cavalry Brigade, at Camp Beverly, 7th October, 1861, and first year of our Independence.

J. E. B. Stuart.

By the General:

L. T. Bryan, A.A.G.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Unauthorized Seizures.--There was some little excitement in town yesterday in

consequence of a small group of feminine seizers, some of whom undertook to replenish their stock of dry goods by a descent upon a pile of calico. The proceedings, however, were not conducted with much vigor and determination, and no harm was done as far as we are advised.--
Macon Telegraph, 2nd inst.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Editorial Correspondence.

Augusta, Ga., April, 1863.

. . . I found some excitement at Dearing in Columbia county, on the Georgia Road, in consequence of a female fight, or woman's war, near that place. It appears that some women whose husbands are in the army, got into a quarrel on account of their children fighting, and all happening together a few days ago a severe battle ensued with stones, sticks, clubs, hoe-helves, field-rakes, fence-rails, tongues, teeth, toes, fists and claws. Only one however was seriously damaged. She was severely battered by a number of well supplied blows with a field-rake, in the hands of a neighbor woman of masculine size, strength, courage and pugilistic qualities generally. Warrants were issued against four of them. The sheriff was after them on Friday, and a preliminary examination was to be had at Dearing to-day.

I learn that these women reside in a "dark corner" of Columbia county where fightings, quarrellings, lawsuits and prosecutions, are quite common. I was told that a large number of commitments were returned to each Superior Court, but that most of them were always made up a week or two before the meeting of the Court, and that for some cause, those which came up in Court were thrown out by the Judge. . . . Time would fail me to record half the amusing incidents, lawsuits and fisticuffs related to me, as illustrative of the state of society in this particular portion of Columbia county. . . .

The burning of the Bath Mills near this city is a very great calamity. It supplied the press here and a portion at Charleston and Savannah. I find the publishers here fear that they will be compelled to suspend. I hope they will not be reduced to such straits, but that by some means they will procure a supply and be able to continue their regular issues. J.H.S.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 9, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

The Farmers' Girl.

The following is applicable in other sections besides New Jersey.

I am a farmer, and so was my father before me. I have not followed in his footsteps in the way of managing the farm, because I have taken agricultural papers and have learned much that was not his to know; and what's more, the railroad has come within three miles of me, so that the old farm upon which my father toiled many years is worth five times what it was in his day. I am not one of the kind of men who croak and grumble about old times. I enjoy modern times, and would not give up my machines, and go back to the old way of doing things by hand for any money. I often wonder if my father can look down from Heaven, and see the mowers and reapers fly over the old places where he toiled and sweated. I cannot help chuckling to myself, as I sit in my sulky, and ride over the old familiar places, cutting down the grass, and raking it up again, like a half-a-dozen men; to think my boys can go to school all the year round,

and never suffer from the want of learning, as I do even to this day.

My wife is up to the times, too, and likes to give her family a good chance in the world. She is a good manager, rising early, and rising to some purpose. I owe half of my prosperity to her help and counsel. My boys are growing up healthy, sensible young fellows. The two oldest harness up the old mare and go to the academy, three miles off, and except a little while during hay and harvest, they do not lose a day all the year round. The only thing that troubles me is my daughters.--Nancy, the oldest, is a fine, handsome, smart girl of nineteen. She went to the district school till she was sixteen, and then she had learned all there was to learn there. So we concluded to send her to Mr. [sic?] Drake's Seminary, about fifty miles off. She did get along there amazingly. In two years she had learned a pile, and besides, had painted beautiful pictures enough to cover our walls, (though I must confess, I suspect her teacher gave her a lift at that now and then.) She could sing equal to our parson's wife, and can start the tunes in meeting when the Squire's away. She knew the French for everything around the house, and understood botany, chemistry, natural philosophy, and more than I could mention.

While she was at Mrs. Drake's she only came home at fall and spring vacations, and then was so busy sewing and getting ready to go back again, that her mother did not think it worth while to set her to work. Well last spring she came home for good, and a joyful day it was for me. I felt happy to think I had a daughter who had a good education in her head, and spry and healthy hands to work. But, Mr. Editor, she is a spoiled girl, for aught I can see, but her mother thinks she will come to after a while.

She can't bear to see me in my shirt sleeves, no matter how clean and white, but insists upon my wearing a linen duster, for she has learned that "it is disgusting to eat with a man in his shirt-sleeves." She is right down ashamed of her mother's hands because they show that she has been a hard-working woman all her life.--Our home-made striped carpets that have always been my pride, are "not fit to be seen."--She won't let Bob or Dick run about barefooted, for she says they look like beggars.--She has written their names in the spelling books Bobbie and Dickie, and written her's Nancie Smythe. She says she would rather not eat with servants--that is our hired man and woman, who have lived with us six years, and were born and raised on the next farm. It makes her sick to smell pork and cabbage. She has not forgotten how to milk, but if any body rides by when she is milking, she gets behind the cow and hides her head, as if she was stealing the milk. I have stood these things without saying much until last Sunday; when she insisted upon our hired people sitting up in the gallery, because we needed all our pew room.

I hired two pews, to have room for all. I knew she expected two boarding school misses to make a visit, and was planning to get our men-folks out of sight. I bolted out at this, and had a regular blow-up, and told Nancy she was getting too big feeling entirely for a farmer's daughter. She staid [sic] at home from church and cried all day. I hate crying women more than a long drought, so I shan't scold her again. I don't want to be hard on the girl, but what am I to do? I am willing to let her feed the chickens in gloves, and spell all our names wrong, and I'd just as lief have the boys wear shoes; but when it comes to overturning everything, and being ashamed of her father, mother, and home, I am discouraged. I have bought her a piano, and let her learn music for two years, for she is naturally musical. She came near fainting one night when the Squire's son, just out of college, and a whiskered chap from the city was here, because I said: "Come, Nance, give us a tune on the piany." I saw something was wrong, but could not guess what, for I had on my duster, and wasn't tipping my chair back, (a "vulgar trick," Nancy calls it.) The next day my wife told me what was to pay. I must say I like my old fashioned way of pronouncing as well as her new fashioned way of spelling. And only this morning, after

breakfast, when her ma told her to shake the table-cloth, what does she do, but take it away through the long hall and out the back door, for fear some one would see her shake it in the same place where she had for ten years. I've got a new boughten carpet for the parlor, and now she wants the front windows cut down to the floor.

Yesterday she came to me to know if she might "teach district school?" "No," said I, "why do you want to teach? I am able to keep six girls like you, if I had them. No, I can't think of you teaching." Upon this she began to cry again, and I can't stand woman's tears, so I said, "teach," and she is going to teach all Winter and Summer, in a little bit of a school house, not as good as my pig house, for fear she will get tanned and freckled, and spoil her hands helping her mother.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have given up Nancy, but I have three fine girls growing up. I am able and willing to give them all a good education, for I believe in it, in spite of the dreadful blunder I have made. I would like to know if you can tell us of any place where a farmer's daughter can get a good education and not lose her senses. I can't stand it; to have our other girls get too big for our old fashioned farm house; I want them sensible, well-informed women, but I set down my foot against having them all turn school teachers.--John Smith in Newark Advertiser.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 3-4

Correspondence of the Richmond Sentinel.
A Few Days in Georgia--Spent in Atlanta and Columbus.

Columbus, Ga., March 21.

Messrs. Editors:

Atlanta is one of the most thriving and enterprising cities in the Confederacy, and its eligible situation promises to make it one of our most important. . . . Ten years ago it was but a village. It now numbers 18,000 inhabitants, and everything about it indicates prosperity. The war even has not stopped its growth. New houses are being erected, and there is an activity rarely seen elsewhere at present. Its public buildings are large and substantial. The streets wide and spacious.

The war has not changed the habits of these people much. In fact, Georgia has suffered less from the war than any State in the Confederacy. The contrast between this and Virginia is wonderful. In Atlanta and Macon the ladies dress as in times of peace, have an abundance of fine clothes, and ride in fine carriages, drawn by fat, sleek horses. Fine bonnets and silk dresses are as thick as blackberries. Homespun by the city ladies is not much worn. It is not becoming, they say, and gives them rather a plebeian appearance. Their example, were they to dress in homespun, would certainly have a very salutary effect. It would beget habits of economy in all classes, and make people more self-reliant, contented and happy. . . .

Columbus is considered the Lowell of the South. It contains 8,000 inhabitants, and it is situated on the banks of the Chattahoochee, at the head of navigation. It has several large factories, and its people busily engaged in trade and manufacturing. Many women find employment in this city in sewing for the Government. Its population, generally, has the appearance of a laboring people--those of Atlanta, a trading people--and those of Macon, a refined, social people, who enjoy "otium cum dignitate." . . .

. . . On yesterday we took a stroll in a cemetery of this city (Columbus) and there found

the enclosures filled with most fragrant and beautiful flowers. Many graves were handsomely decorated with flowers, with sea shells or pure white pebbles placed in the form of a cross; over others were wire baskets hanging, filled with freshly gathered flowers. On white marble monuments were tastily entwined beautiful running roses, jessamine and ivy. How well calculated is such scenery in so sacred place to develop "The True, The Beautiful and the Good" of our nature, and how indicative of a cultivated christianity.

. . . Here chickory [sic] is used as a substitute for coffee. Rice is mixed up with flour and corn meal. It is put into biscuits, batter cakes, hominy, &c. Sweet potatoes are in great abundance, therefore they are eaten at all meals. . . . And the signs over the grog shops of this city are in good taste, viz: The Smile, The Pleasant House, &c. . .

Viator.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 12, 1863, p. 3, c. 3

Substitute for the Weed.--The Lynchburg Republican says, on the authority of a letter from North Carolina, that when a person applies for chewing tobacco, at some of the stores in that State, the answer is "No, but I've got the best chewing rosum (rosin) you ever seed." The soldiers down there are learning to chew "rosum" instead of "backer."

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 16, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Rioting Women.

These riots appear to have been simultaneous at this place, Columbus, and Augusta. It is a proconcerted [sic?] movement among very wicked and ignorant women, generally instigated thereto and led on by some rascally individual who aims at *plunder* and *robbery*. These bad men and women received their first lessons from those high officials who set the example of lawlessness by appropriating what did not belong to them without any necessity for it. This is the prime instigation of these riots. These officials have sown to the wind and are now reaping the whirlwind. Let all unlawful seizures and robberies hereafter, whether perpetrated by officials or by their imitators in crinoline, be summarily and severely punished.

The riot here had women engaged in it collected from four counties--only three of whom were residents of this city, as I am informed.--The women seizers at Columbus and Augusta were like those there. They aimed at finery and not at something to eat. The man who planned, instigated and perfected, and led on the villainy in this place is in jail for inciting a riot. Let him suffer. In all the crowd, I learn there was but one soldier's wife. Good women are never caught in such disgraceful and dishonest scrapes. . . . J.H.S.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], April 17, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

"C-L-O-S-E UP," shouted a cavalry officer friend of ours the other day to his straggling followers.

Little white headed girl on the road side, lifting her petticoats above her knees. "Captain is this high enough?"

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 1, 1863, p. 4, c. 5

The Young Widow

She is modest, she is bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold--
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young, and not too old.
Half inviting, half repulsing,
Now advancing, and now shy,
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
She is schooled in all her arts,
She has taken her diploma
And the mistress of all hearts
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
Oh! a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while.

You are sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become;
Are you angry? she is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb.
Are you mirthful? how her laughter,
Silver sounding, will ring out;
She can lure and catch, and play you
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty
Who have grown so bold and wise,
Young Americans of twenty,
With your lovelooks in your eyes,
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow,
Who could win and fool you all.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 3, 1863, p. 4, c. 3

Correspondence from the Backwood of Mississippi.

Breeze Hill, Miss., April 23d, 1863.

. . . Mississippi does not intend to remain always behind in domestic manufactures; a good many of her planters are even now preparing to make rope and cotton bagging out of poplar bark. Wahoo, is also an excellent substitute for tow, and can be found on Flint river, and in other localities in Georgia.

The ladies here plait and make very nice straw and Palmetto hats and reticules. One lady

has furnished fiddle strings for her musical friend, made out of her own hair. . . .

Since the Hon. Mr. Phelan, M. C. from this State, expressed his unbounded admiration of women plowing in the fields, the plowing women have become so proud, they refuse to speak to the non-plowers. If Mr. P. in company with a party of Richmond ladies, were passing a corn field in which several women were at their plows, do you think *he* would think of lifting his hat to *them*? Bless you, no: He would be too deeply absorbed in contemplating the beauties of some wild woodland scenery in the opposite direction to notice the rustic objects of his former admiration; objects admired only when "distance lends enchantment to the view." I think the sight should rather call forth one's pity, to see women doing men's work. . . . Jay Bee.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 3-4

Rome, Ga., May 5, 1863.

Editorial Correspondence.

Forrest's Great Chase and Capture of the Yankees.

. . . At Black Creek, a very deep, rapid stream, beyond Gadsden, they burned the bridge and planted their artillery to prevent Forrest from getting any further. Upon reaching it, he found he could not ford it. This was the first serious obstacle in the way of the intrepid rebels. At this moment a beautiful young girl came out to the road from a house close by, her countenance radiant with patriotic enthusiasm, and addressed the General thus: "Ride up, General, to this log. Let me get up behind you. I can soon show you a ford where you can cross, just above the bridge." The General *obeyed orders*; the young girl leaped up behind him, and they were about to proceed, when her mother came out and said: "Stop, Anna; people may talk about you."--"I must go, mother," she replied; "I am not afraid to trust myself anywhere with as brave a man as Gen. Forrest. Southern men always protect the innocent and helpless."

The General with his new pilot dashed off through the woods, over logs, brush, &c., and in a few moments struck the path leading to the ford. Arriving there, he discovered that the enemy had already sent a few to guard the ford. "Get down General," said the girl, "and walk behind me; they will not shoot while I am before you." "No," said the General; "I am willing to make a guide, but not a battery, of a young lady."

The command with their guns soon came up, when a few shells drove off the guard. . . .

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 8, 1863, p. 4, c. 3

From Texas.--The Fort Brown Flag of March 20th gives a detailed account of the capture and release of the renegade Judge Davis. A party of Texas Rangers crossed the Rio Grand [sic], surrounded the house in which Davis and Montgomery were lodged in company with a number of renegades, which at first showed fight, but they soon ran over the sandhills losing three men killed and some wounded. Montgomery and Davis were brought over to the Texas side. Montgomery is said to have been hung immediately after he was landed. The Mexican authorities acted very promptly and very calmly. Governor Lopez simply made a demand for the surrender of the captured individuals, and as soon as General Bee could obtain possession of Davis he returned him to the Mexican authorities.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 9, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Southern Girl With Homespun Dress.

(Author Unknown.)

Air--Bonnie Blue Flag.

Oh! yes, I am a Southern girl,
 And glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
 Than glittering wealth or fame.
I envy not the Northern girl
 Her robes of beauty rare;
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck,
 And pearls bedeck her hair.

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear.

This homespun dress is plain, I know--
 My hat's Palmetto, too--
But then it shows what Southern girls
 For Southern rights will do.
We've sent the bravest of our land
 To battle with the foe,
And we would lend a helping hand;
 We love the South, you know.

Now, Northern goods are out of date,
 And since Old Abe's blockade,
We Southern girls can be content
 With goods that Southern made.
We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
 A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up
 And wear them with much grace.

Our Southern land is a glorious land,
 And hers a glorious cause;
So here's three cheers for Southern rights,
 And for the Southern *boys*.
We've sent our sweethearts to the war;
 But, dear girls, never mind,

Your soldier lad will not forget
The girl he left behind.

A soldier is the lad for me--
A brave heart I adore--
And when the sunny South is free,
And fighting is no more,
I'll choose me then a lover brave
From out that gallant band;
The soldier lad that I love most
Shall have my heart and hand

And now young men, a word to you;
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls,
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears fall for the one
That fills a soldier's grave.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Duties of Those at Home to the Soldiers in the Field.

We invite the special attention of everybody at home to the letter of our special correspondent J. H. H., from Estell Springs, in to-day's paper--particularly to that portion of it in reference to writing letters to soldiers in the field.

We ought to write to our friends and relatives in the army and write to them often.--But we should also be careful what we write to them. Wives, mothers, daughters, and friends should not write them anything that would give them pain. Write to them everything that is pleasant: tell them all the news of the country--all about the crops, the neighborhood gossip, the old church they used to visit, who goes there, the new pastor, who is born, got married or died, the number of chickens and pigs you are raising, and all such little things about home and neighborhood affairs as will be interesting and satisfactory to your brave loved ones in the field; but don't write to them any thing unpleasant--anything they can't mend. They are in the field fighting to keep back the foe. They have enough there to tax all their faculties in the way of thoughtfulness and deep concern. They should not have any of the unpleasantness which those at home experience thrust upon them to bear in addition to their troubles, trials, and hardships in camp. Always write them cheerful or amusing letters, and bear patiently your ills and troubles at home till the war is over.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 15, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Rye Straw for Braiding.--A writer in the Edgefield "Advertiser" gives the following directions for preparing rye straw for braiding:

The rye must be cut while in bloom.--Cut as carefully as possible to prevent breaking,

early in the morning, and bundle immediately, before the sun has much power on it. It must then be taken to a kettle of boiling water, and each bundle steeped three minutes, and then open the bundle and spread out to dry and bleach, a clear sun being almost indispensable to fine color. After it becomes properly dried, put it into a bundle again to be kept in a dry place, where the dust cannot soil it.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 16, 1863, p. 4, c. 3

Blackening from China Berries.--The Columbus Sun recommends its readers to preserve the following recipe:

If you want good blackening, take a half bushel of China berries, and having them well picked from the stems, put into a kettle, and add three gallons of water; boil down to one gallon, then strain the liquor, through a sieve, from the seed and skins, and add as much pine wood (the richer the better) soot as will make a good black, and it is ready for use. A pint of good, or a quart of weak vinegar, (or stale beer,) first mixed with the soot will make it better, and if you add the whole of one egg to half a gallon of the liquor it will be best and equal to any Yankee blackening. This blackening costs little besides trouble; and we have seen boots cleaned with it inferior to none in gloss, and it will not soil a white handkerchief. Let it stand several days before you bottle it off.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 2-4

Our Special Correspondence from Forrest's Command

Decatur, Ala., May 12, 1863.

. . . In three miles of Gadsden we came upon them while burning the bridge over Black Creek, and engaged them a short time, with no decisive results. You will excuse an interruption in my narrative to relate an interesting episode in the story of our travels. Seeing that the bridge was burnt, it was desirable to find both a ford and a favorable position to observe the movements of the Yankees. A young heroine, Miss Emma Sansom, proposed to be the guide if a horse could be furnished her, for, said she, they have just captured mine. Gen. Forrest replied that his would "carry double," and proposed that she should mount behind him, which she did without any undue girlish reserve, and in a few moments we were across the stream, to pronounce a blessing on the fair pilot who had rendered such signal service to her country. Most young ladies would fancy a ride with a dashing officer, but not many would like to take the seat of Miss Sansom. Let her name be remembered in the list of our Southern patriot-women. . .

Centurion.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 4 [North Carolina]
Narrows of the Yadkin,
May 10th, 1863.

The Pine mountain furnished the material for it. . . . But I am digressing from "That Hat." It was manufactured by two interesting little girls from the straw or leaves which crown the stately and magnificent long-leaved pine, which here towers sublimely far above every surrounding object, and forms one of the most interesting landscapes in the country. . . ."That hat" was made and fashioned from the leaves of those magnificent trees and now crowns the head of a human being! What a transmutation! It is a beautiful thing; though not "a thing of

life," it now protects and comforts a thing of life. Its fine workmanship evidences the skill and industry of the noble women of the South, who are now using every means not only of alleviating the pangs of suffering humanity, but to establish our independence. May the Lord of hosts bless them, guide and protect them in their glorious career, and give them, when the toils of this life are over, a final resting place in heaven.

M.S.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA, GA], May 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

[Communicated]
Cotton Spinner's Convention.

In conformity with a request published some time since, a meeting of the Cotton Spinners of the State was held in Atlanta, Ga., on the 15th of May.

There were present, John White, Georgia Factory; Isaac Powell, High Shoals Factory; Hugh MacLean, Aguadon Mill; Thomas Leslie, Troup Factory; and E. Steadman, Gwinnet Manufacturing Company. On motion, John White was elected Chairman, and E. Steadman, Secretary. After consultation, the meeting agreed upon the following

(Circular)
To the Cotton Spinners of Georgia.

In pursuance of a call made upon the Cotton Spinners of Georgia, to assemble in Convention in the city of Atlanta, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of supplying the great destitution in Cotton Yarns, now being felt all over our State, the undersigned duly assembled. After a deliberate examination of all the facts laid before us, to-wit: the great scarcity of Cotton Yarns; the limited means of soldiers' wives and families; the probably continuance of this unholy war; and the apparent suffering that must continue to accrue to the families of our noble defenders on account of the scarcity of Yarns; and the almost impossibility of procuring cotton Cards, we have determined to act upon the following plan, and earnestly request Cotton Spinners all over the State, heartily to co-operate with us.

We hereby pledge ourselves to furnish to Gen. Ira R. Foster, Quartermaster General of the State of Georgia, *one eighth of our production of Cotton Yarns, weekly, at one half the current prices at the time they are furnished.*--These Yarns to be issued to the Inferior Courts of each county, and by them to be distributed to the destitute of their counties, as provided for by a resolution of the late Legislature. These Yarns to be delivered by us at the nearest depot of transportation.

This plan cannot fail to commend itself to every patriot of the Empire State. Thousands of our fellow citizens, clad in the armor of war, are on distant fields battling for our rights and cheerfully risking their lives in defense of us, our homes and our altars. Their families are consigned to our care. They are in great need of Yarns with which to weave them necessary clothing. Cotton Cards cannot be procured. Their only hope is in the factories of their State. To them they appeal, and to them they surely will not appeal in vain.

John White,
Georgia Factory.
Isaac Powell,

High Shoals Factory.
Hugh Maclean,
Aguadon Mill.
Thos. Leslie,
Troup Factory.
E. Steadman,
Gwinnett Manufacturing Company.

Quartermaster Gen'l's Office, }
Atlanta May 15, 1863. }

The above circular is sent forth with the earnest hope, that every cotton spinner in Georgia will cheerfully and promptly respond to its appeal and act upon its plan.

I know of no act by which proprietors of factories can more surely nerve the arms of our brave soldiers, than by furnishing thread, by which the loved ones at home can be comfortably clad and protected from the rigors of a coming winter. A failure to respond will result in much suffering among the families of those who have sacrificed their all for our defense and our comfort. Let it be remembered that without the aid of factories, thread cannot be obtained, and the destitute poor cannot be clad. Let the families of our soldiers be fed and clothed, and they will more cheerfully and patiently bear the toil and suffering of the camp, and more gallantly meet the assaults of the enemy. Let them be neglected, and dissatisfaction on the part of many, and desertion in some will inevitably follow. How much then depends upon the action of our cotton spinners in this matter!

In behalf of the destitute families of our gallant soldiers we appeal to the cotton spinners of Georgia, we appeal with confidence that they will not disappoint us, but will nobly and patriotically come to our aid in this our time of need.

The yarns so obtained will be furnished *gratuitously* to the destitute of our State.

Ira R. Foster,
Quartermaster General,
State of Georgia.