

2016

Public Voice of Texas Women

Vicki Betts

University of Texas at Tyler, vbetts@uttyler.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.uttyler.edu/cw_newstopics

Recommended Citation

Betts, Vicki, "Public Voice of Texas Women" (2016). *Special Topics*. Paper 19.
<http://hdl.handle.net/10950/789>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Civil War Newspapers at Scholar Works at UT Tyler. It has been accepted for inclusion in Special Topics by an authorized administrator of Scholar Works at UT Tyler. For more information, please contact tbianchi@uttyler.edu.

The Public Voices of Texas Women

The following articles are letters to the editors, reprinted personal letters, reports of aid meetings, and flag presentation speeches in which Texas women speak for themselves, in the public press, between 1860 and 1865. This collection does not include reports *about* what Texas women have written or said, nor published poetry.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, December 29, 1860, p. 1, c. 8

From a Texas Lady.

EDITOR GAZETTE:--I love Texas--it is my home; I love her breezes, I love her flowers, I love her people. When I look back to the time when Texas was young, and remember the "days that tried men's souls," I can fully realize the agony she felt, when, straggling with a sparse and scattered population, to throw off the yoke that bound her. At one time I felt hard that the old Texans should discriminate between those that adopted her soil as their own, in favor of her own honored land. I thought she should have welcomed us with open hands and open hearts, since we had come to her, to make their homes our homes, their land our land, their people our people; and if good or evil came upon us, we would share their woes in common. But when I learned their history, and found the dark and stormy times that did surround them in their troubles, when I learned, as one man they stood together, and battled against a powerful foe, and learned that side by side, they laid together, upon the tented field, looking calmly and firmly, when the nightshades came upon them--at the stars, that shone in the Heavens, and felt that He smiled upon them through those little windows, my heart was with them.

I can now fully excuse all that I once thought unkind, when I read of their trials and sufferings, and now know, how each heart answered to another, and how each strong arm was nerved to defend one another, the [illegible] comforts that surrounded them, were shared mutually. Knowing all this, how can I think that there is a single Texian now living who feels the patriotism, that then throbbed in his bosom, but will come now to the rescue. You were once in trouble, stout hearts, and strong arms came to your support, and will you turn over into the hands of northern fanatics--a blind and bigoted people--this fair land. Never! never! The scenes you once witnessed, the troubles you once felt, lead you to cry for freedom without control. The Lone Star banner that once floated above you, flung out its beams, which reached the hearts of your kindred in other lands, must again flutter in the breeze, and receive the adulation, that I know rests, but does not sleep, in your warm, patriotic hearts. I am but a woman, yet shall I not love my country, and love my home. A woman loves her household gods as warmly as men. She loves those that are ready to stand by her, ready and willing to protect her. I do not wish to create in your minds any foolish fear. I only wish to say, be prepared for any emergency. Look for a moment at the spectacle now presented us from our bleeding frontier. Do you think that the depredations there committed are only the offspring of the fiendish Indians that swarm upon our borders. Do you think there is no incentive beyond their hope of livelihood which prompts them to these deeds of darkness. Do you think that the incendiary's torch, kindled in our towns, villages and country homes, are purely accidental. Singular it is that all should have occurred within a few months. I would ask the most conservative, the most Union-loving man: "Stop and ponder upon these events; go and tell your wife and little ones that look to you for protection, help, and sustenance, and say it is all an idle speculation," and answer in your conscience to your

God. I know that there are yet men enough, and true enough, to look upon these things as they really exist.

VOLUMNIA.

Austin, Dec. 16.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, January 19, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

A Brave Texas Lady.

We are permitted to extract the following from a letter from a Texas lady, now on a visit in Ohio, to her relatives in this city:

Steubenville, Ohio, Dec. 27.

Trouble and distress are on all hands around us, and we scarcely know which way to look for comfort. Banks nearly all suspended, or discounting their own paper at ruinous rates. Many thrown out of employment; manufactories stopping in every quarter, and ruin and misery staring nearly all in the face. Heaven only knows where all this folly of corrupt politicians and fanatics will land us.

I do not want Texas, or any of the other Southern States, to secede; but if Texas does secede, I shall return posthaste to help to make hunting shirts and raise wheat for the rangers.

This is a picture of affairs in the great producing district of the Upper Ohio.

Return, fair lady, immediately. Your patriotic sentiments will be appreciated, and there is every prospect that your services will be needed. If you do not hasten, you will be out of the United States when you next set foot on Texas soil.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, February 2, 1861, p. 4, c. 3

Letter from a Texas Lady

Mr. Editor

I meant something when I mentioned the condition of our bleeding frontier. I meant to say to Texas that they must come up to their support. I meant to say that we, who are now away from harm and danger, should feel the trouble that they feel. Their houses are burned; their men, women, and children, have been butchered. We know it. Shall we wait until the foray extends wider and farther—until other victims are sacrificed? Texans in days long gone by did not wait for strong, positive evidence that their countrymen suffered. Let but a breath of alarm be bourne [sic] upon the breeze, and they stood by their arms. They did not stand idle, but rushed with an impetuosity that well became men in whose veins ran the spirit of love, sympathy, affection, protection and freedom, to save their countrymen, their wives and children from danger. This was not called rashness then. Will you call it rashness now, and say wait a while and let us find whether this is, or will yet come, the overt act? Men of Texas! you will not stand idle now. In your patriotism you will send from your homes, your towns, cities and villages, men, means and munitions to protect your people. This Indian raid is but another way to harass our people, and much more effectual than to incite our slaves to insurrection, who have been born among us, raised up with us, and labored with us. We cannot fear our slaves. Ten strong arms and bold fronts would put a hundred to flight. Let this cant of insurrection be passed by as a thing hatched up in the frenzied brain of the fanatic. Let us look to the white man who wears the livery of Plutus, for danger. Texas looks to her Lone Star for protection. When she has again fluttered it in the breeze she will consult with the freemen of the South how it is best to secure our safety. Whatever that decision may be, our people must wait. If we shall be mingled in a common union

with the other fifteen States, it is well with us. If our people should see fit to live again under an independent Republic, we will submit. If they say we will submit to the yoke that is placed upon us, be it so. But I would even then plead with my countrymen to throw off the ties that bind us; and tell them that other days found other men that would let the storms and clouds of Heaven bury them in darkness; let the lightning be flung from Jehovah's hand and strike them, rather than the degradation that would follow us in the submission to this party and people, that now seek to grind us as dust under their feet. I feel as strongly as I have a hope of Heaven that He who rules over all things will smile upon us. If the clouds come, the lightnings flash, storms arise, He will scatter it as mist before the winds. Shall we, who have loved our homes, and loved our country, and loved God's people in every land and every clime that the breezes of Heaven have swept over, be now left alone in the night? No! Not while a good and merciful God rules over us. Not while he suffers the feelings of liberty to revel in our hearts. Not until He sees fit to let cowering and abject servitude control us, will we be led. No. Men of Texas, look to your rights, look to your honors, look to your homes, and to the little ones, and to their loving smiles that beam back to your hearts. I know while you breathe the breath of freemen, while you feel the soul stirring emotions that awakened you to action in other days, you will be true to your country, and true to your homes, and true to yourselves. I hold my own being as but a grain in the hourglass, or as a mite in the scale, that should weigh or count time against the honor of my country. I appeal to you, Texans, as men or the sons of men who have borne the banners of freedom aloft, will you stop now? Will you reason when reason has become a folly, and wait until this land shall be covered with feelings, sympathies and sentiments, that would weigh the heart of free men and free women down in the dust? Does the spirit that was breathed into your being by the God of nature, by the God that rules over you, still dwell in your bosoms? Have you now come upon the time when men's hearts shall fail, when their souls shall be craven; when they have nothing to say, save let us have quiet and we are content? God forbid! You will come; you must come to your country's standard. It has been raised in other States. You have here men, mothers and kindred that call upon you. Will you stand still and let the clouds and gloom of night surround them? There will be no gloom, there will be no night, if men of the South do their duty. A bright day awaits us, but we must do what we can to bring about that happy day. If we do all that is in our power together, we of the South will have a time yet for thanksgiving.

Austin, Dec. 30, 1860

Volumnia.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 2, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

A LADY LEADER.--A friend in Refugio county writes us the following:

The Lone Star waves in every town in this section. Crescert [sp?] village had remained behind the time, when on the 17th of December a meeting was called. It was going to adjourn for want of a leader, when all at once, the banner of San Jacinto unfurled in her hand, appeared Miss Adams, who addressed the meeting in the following terms:

"Sons of Texas, it is not in the sphere of a lady to address a political assembly; but when the honor of her sex and the freedom of her country are at stake; when men are either deterred by danger, or slumber in indifference, it is her duty to raise her voice. They time for deliberation is passed, the time for action is come. The North has passed laws to deprive you of your property, therefore she has violated the great Union contract; the Union ties are broken. Brownlow must receive an immediate check, or you have lost your freedom. Will you wait for action until Lincoln and his woolly friends will come, sword and torch in hands, to destroy your homes and set themselves on equality with your wives and sisters?"

Sons of Texas, in the name of my sex, for the freedom of the South, I present you the coat of arms of Texas; protect it, we shall stand at your side!"

After such an address the assembly could not but remain in a solemn silence and bow their head to the superiority of their fair leader.

[not readable]" shout hurrah for Miss Adams! May a [unreadable] several like her, and Southern rights will be sustained.

ZERO.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, April 27, 1861, p. 1, c. 2-3

Organization and Departure of the
W. P. Lane Rangers.

Saturday last was an interesting day in Marshall. The "W. P. Lane Rangers," having elected their officers a day previous, were ready to take up their line of march for the State capital, to offer their services to Gov. Clark, and to take what ever position duty and patriotism may assign them. It was the first company raised in this section of the State for the war, and was made up mainly from young men of this county, with volunteers from Upshur, Cass, and Panola. Their ages would range from 18 to 25; young, vigorous, and enthusiastic. A finer body will not be presented to the State. Nearly every family in this community sends a representative in this company. The hearts of our people go with them. The Republican office furnished three of these volunteers, Messrs. Chambers and Elgin, and a son of the proprietor, R. W. Loughery, Jr.

The presentation of the Flag of the Confederate States, presented an interesting and imposing scene. The entire population of Marshall, with hundreds from the vicinity, were congregated at an early hour on the public square. The Rangers on horseback, and ready to take their departure, were drawn up into line. The Marshall Guards, under Capt. Bass, a company that expects to take up its line of march for the east in a few days, was marched to the right, fronting the Rangers. Miss Sallie O. Smith, had been selected to deliver the Flag, in behalf of the Ladies of Marshall, and Mr. Theodore Holcomb, by the Rangers to receive it. Miss Smith was beautifully and tastefully attired, and rode an elegant milk white steed. She presented a model of ease, grace, and loveliness, and as accompanied by her escort, she took her position, a thrill of admiration pervaded the concourse assembled to witness the scene. Her address was admirably delivered. Her voice was clear and musical, rendered the more harmonious by the sensibility with which her words were conveyed. We append the correspondence and the address.

Marshall, April 22, 1861.

Miss Sallie O. Smith:

The undersigned Committee, in the discharge of a pleasing and acceptable duty to themselves, and in behalf of the citizens of Harrison county, respectfully request a copy of the beautiful and patriotic address delivered by you in the presentation of the Flag of the Confederate States, to the W. P. Lane Rangers, on last Saturday morning.

The Revolution of 1776 was distinguished by the heroism and self-sacrificing spirit of your sex. It is gratifying to know and feel that the same spirit burns in the bosoms of their descendants; and that if the present revolution is to be marked by similar difficulties, trials, and dangers, that the fair ladies of the South will bear a part equally as memorable and glorious.

You have spoken for the ladies of Harrison county, and we believe that "the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn" in your address, will find a patriotic response in the hearts of your sex throughout the limits of the State.

Respectfully,

A. W. Crawford,
L. R. Ford,
W. P. Lane,
E. Greer.

Reply.

Marshall, April 22, 1861.

Gentlemen: Your polite note of this date, requesting for publication the address which your kind partiality prompted me to deliver to the gallant "W. P. Lane Rangers" on the 20th inst., is before me.

Under ordinary circumstances, I should feel that a production so hastily written, and prepared amidst so many distractions and engagements as attended the preparation of this, would be more appropriately consigned to the privacy and oblivion of the boudoir, than to the scrutiny of public gaze. But the kindness of your invitation and the courteous and flattering terms in which your request is conveyed, overcomes my scruples and deprives me of option.

The address is at your disposal. If this ephemeral, the offspring of a sudden effervescence of patriotic spirit, has to any extent satisfied the expectations of the Committee and will in any degree requite their gallant attentions upon the occasion of its delivery, the highest ambition of the writer will be realized.

With very great respect for you, gentlemen, individually and collectively, I am your friend and obedient servant,

Sallie O. Smith.

To Messrs. A. W. Crawford, W. P. Lane, L. R. Ford, E. Greer.

Address.

Citizen Soldiers—W. P. Lane Rangers:

We come to greet you this morning as the gallant inheritors of the renown and valor of the Alamo and San Jacinto!

The tocsin of war again echoes o'er our vales; again the manes [sic? of slaughtered innocence and outraged humanity invoke your vengeance. The war whoop of the savage and the still more demonic yell of the dastardly Mexican call for retribution.

Again the wail of woe breaks upon your generous ears. The tented field is invoked. The morning breeze and the evening zephyr, as they wing their flight from the wilds of the far West, come in tears. Tainted with the scent of blood, they bear the sad tale of conflagration and carnage.

To arms! To arms! the patriot heart and the patriot tongue respond.

Hail, then, chivalry of Texas! All hail ye brave sons of heroic sires!

Our own patriot heart swells with generous pride, as we survey your manly forms, and fancy that we behold a hundred swords buckled to your sides, eager to leap from their scabbards to avenge the wrongs of savage violence, inflicted upon the widow, the orphan, and the patriot.

Think you our hearts are untouched by magnanimous, disinterested, heroic daring? Believe it not. Know that beneath these slender forms which ordinarily your gallantry "suffers not the winds of Heaven to visit too roughly," there slumbers no indifference to your fame, your fortune or your achievements. No! no! no! In behalf of a thousand bounding and exultant hearts, in behalf of the tender mothers, wives, sisters, loved,—and it may be betrothed, ones—you leave behind; in behalf of the more than ten thousand female hearts who this day pray God speed

your patriotic toils, I come to present you this pledge, a pledge designed by patriotic hearts and wrought by patriotic fingers, that they will neither forget nor forsake you; our prayers and our contributions shall follow you. Through we wield no sword, and direct no unerring ball upon the field of battle, yet, be assured that in our bosoms burn a patriotism as lofty—a courage, in our appropriate sphere, as daring—and a heroism as chivalric, as that which nerves the brawniest arm which wields the battle-axe, and cleaves down the foe upon the field of carnage. I would it were my privilege to-day to buckle every sword to your heroic sides, to engrave upon every blade, "semper paratus"—"always ready," to tender to each of you a talismanic flag, and were I permitted to do it, would say—and every true Southern woman's heart would bound in response to the sentiment—bear this where glory waits you; let no faltering hand or timid heart ere sully its brightness. Do battle under its inspiration, and if you fall, fall amidst its trophies, make its folds your winding sheet, and "look proudly to Heaven from that death bed of fame."

Gentlemen, the occasion awakens exciting and spirit-stirring memories and associations. Who has not studied with admiration the miracles of prowess and valor achieved by Texan heroes? They are world renowned. Fame, with her thousand trumpet tongues, has no prouder note to sound. Amid this throng to-day are heroic Rangers, gallant survivors of former cohorts, who endangered life and limb in their country's service. Their scarred and wasted forms point to the death scenes of San Jacinto, Monterey, Buena Vista, Saltillo, and Mexico.

Heroic Lane, and your brave companions in arms! Though no sculptured urn—no monumental marble, transmit your names to future generations, still, remember, that when your once stalwart frames and iron nerves shall have crumbled into dust, posterity, as her sons shall again tread the heights of Monterey, Buena Vista, Mexico, or San Jacinto, will regard those grounds as eternal mausoleums, reared by the hand of God himself, as imperishable monuments to your valor and patriotism.

Then, the valorous cohorts of Texas went forth under the guidance of that Lone Star which shone so long and so gloriously upon her fortunes, and so triumphantly conducted her to the Bethlehem of safety.

To-day, that hallowed luminary, around which cluster so many proud associations, shines in yon political firmament, girdled by six sister stars of the first magnitude. And that dazzling constellation, rising upon your vision to-day, like the seven stars in the celestial firmament, beckons you to the field, and bids you "like reapers descend to the harvest of death." How propitious its rising! Hopeful as the bow of promise which once spanned a deluged world.

Rangers, the occasion is suggestive. Omens of fearful portent hourly salute us. Every gale which sweeps from the East is burdened with the machinations and menaces of maddened and discomfited Fanaticism.

The Northern Bear so lately startled from his lair, and so recently crouching and growling before the harbor of Charleston, pretending to await the favorable moment to seize and rend his prey, has wisely taken counsel of his prudence rather than his valor, and ingloriously sought refuge under cover of a tempest. In the terror and perturbation of his flight, he abandoned his half-starved bantlings kennelled [sic] in Fort Sumpter [sic], and consigned them to the tender mercies of Charleston cannon, shells, and sabres [sic].

All hail to the gallant Beauregard! Standing upon the ramparts of Charleston, he showed them, not the head of Medusa, but the still more appalling image of his deep-throated engines of death, gaping wide their hideous mouths charged with ten thousand thunders, and disgoring thunder-bolts, plagues, iron globes, leaden hail, and villainous saltpeter [sic].

Astounded and dismayed, they forgot resistance, dropt their idle weapons, and begged for leave to live.

Patriots of the Southern Confederacy, sound loud your notes of gratulation—
"Raise high your torches on each crag and cliff;
Let countless lights blaze on your battlements;
Shout, shout amid the thunder of the storm,
And tell the dastards what to hope."

A brave people take no counsel of their fears. The Leonidas of the South, surrounded by twenty thousand Confederate sons, fearless and determined as Sparta ever knew in her palmiest days, now guards that Southern Thermopylae. On its ramparts waves that seven starred flag, and sooner than it shall trail in submission to the mandates of tyranny, or one abolition track contaminate the soil which it protects, the blood of a hundred thousand Southerners will fatten the soil and dye the waters over which it floats!

Nor will the fury of the contest end there. When your strong arms shall all be palsied in death, and your dead bodies lie piled in hecatombs upon the beach there,—and let the Lincolns and Sewards and Garrisons of the day hear it and tremble—then some Southern Pentheailea [?], some Joan—not of Arc, but of Texas; some Boadices, burning with Southern fire, shall leap from her retirement, and full panoplied, like Pallas from the head of Jupiter, shall brandish her sabre and call, like avenging spirits from the deep, another hundred thousand heroines to avenge the wrongs of their brothers and their country.

We will not, like Volumnia and the Roman matrons, approach the enemy's camp as suppliants, but rather in embattled squadrons, raging with the fire and fury of desperation, rush with dagger in hand and achieve victory or immolation.

Let the world know that Southern fathers and Southern mothers, Southern sons and Southern daughters are not to be enslaved or subdued upon Southern soil,

Volunteers of the "W. P. Lane Rangers" accept this Flag. I tender it to you in the name of the fair and the brave.

In the desert and on the mountain, in the city and in the forest, let it be your passport and your protection. On the field of carnage, where the roar of battle is loudest may this flag float high and long. And when in conflict with the foe, your gallant leader shall cast his eyes upon those stars and contemplate their import, and his bosom shall kindle with a more generous rage, and his sabre shall gleam with reburnished radiance, may you his brave companions in arms, catching renewed inspiration from the same source, bear it victorious o'er every battlement and fortress which it assails. Follow where those propitious omens shall lead you, and when the renown of its career shall be chronicled, then shall some Southern Sapho strike her lyre and link your deeds to immortality. If in sustaining its honor you fall, as some of you may fall, then, as the young Ascanius during his long sleep was borne by the Goddess of Love and Beauty to Ida's consecrated mount, and laid amidst the flowers and fragrance of that hallowed retreat, so shall your memories be embalmed upon the proudest heights of Parnassus, enchanting minstrelsy shall attune your praises, and poetry and song shall shed immortal fragrance and glory around your names.

Our parting injunction to you is, that you emulate the heroic example of the gallant leader whose worthy name you bear.

God speed the heroic enterprises of the W. P. Lane Rangers!

Presentation of Banner.

We give below the addresses on the presentation of a Banner to Captain Carter's Company, on Saturday evening, April 27.

AUSTIN, April 27, 1861

Miss D. S. Crozier to the Austin City Light Infantry.

On the eve of your departure for the seat of war, to undergo the perils and hardships of a soldier's life, I beg leave to present you the flag of our country. As yet but seven stars adorn the blue field of our banner, but have we not every reason to know that when our Congress shall assemble at Montgomery on Monday next, that Virginia will be at our national capitol, asking to add one more star to the flag of the Confederate States of America? Virginia patriotism, which added so much lustre [sic] on the battle ground in the days of '76, will again be in the field, ready to contribute her full share of soldiers in defence [sic] of the South.

I trust, soldiers, that my partiality for the State which contains the remains of the Hero of the Hermitage, has not led me to indulge in a vain hope that she, too, will be with us at no distant day. The noble response to Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of War from Governor Harris, when a call was made on him for two thousand volunteers, 'that Tennessee had no soldiers for the North, but would readily furnish fifty thousand volunteers for her sister States of the South,' gives us assurance that the resting place of Jackson has no sympathy for the North, but will contribute from all her borders her full quota of gallant soldiers to aid the South in the present struggle. The spirit which animated her Trousdale and Pillow, her Anderson and Campbell, her Cheatham and Fosters, on the battlefield of Mexico, will bring together from that State an army which will render efficient service when duty calls.

Before "the harvest is past or the summer ended," twice the space now occupied by the stars in the blue field will be required to number the Confederate States of America.

Soldiers! duty calls you to leave your families, relatives and friends; to exchange the quiet and comforts of home, for the troubles and ills of camp life. May that God whose eye is over all his works, protect you, and grant you a happy return to those who will ever feel a deep interest in your welfare, and offer their daily prayers for your safety, and the success of the cause in which you have embarked.

DALLAS HERALD, May 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 8

For the Dallas Herald.

Ellis Co., Texas, May 19, 1861.

The citizens of Beat No. _____, having met at Whites Mills, organized a company of mounted men for the defense of the country. . . Capt. White then marched his company to a pleasant grove near by where they were met by the Rev. D. G. Molloy, at the head of his numerous and interesting school. The young Ladies dressed in uniforms marched at the head of the School bearing a beautiful flag, eight bright and brilliant stars, and room for more. All being formed in proper order the flag was presented by Miss Medora Nelson, on behalf of the young Ladies of the school in the following address:

"Gentlemen: Our country is involved in war; our political horizon which has been threatenng [sic] for years, is now black with storm clouds all streamed o'er with blood. From the very heart of our nation comes the rumor of war,--and on our borders range the merciless savage. How soon the marshalling hosts of our once noble, but now devided [sic] nation, will by lying on fields, red with the blood of the slain, we know not. Thousands may this day be falling mid the battle storm. We need protection; though we depercate [sic] the spirit of war; yet our country,

our rights, our pleasant homes and our lives must be protected, and to you we look for that protection. But as a token of our confidence in your valor and willingness to guard our rights in the hour of trial, we present you this banner, and to your care commit our county [sic?] and our lives, believing as we do, that you will not desert it until the quiet of peace shall be restored. Whenever you look upon this banner, streaming over your heads, be assured of the sympathies and prayers of warm hearts at home. May the blessings of Heaven follow you,--make you shields to our country, and ornaments to society." . . .

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 25, 1861, p. 1, c. 1-3

Maj. DeMorse:--The "Red River Home Guard" was presented by the ladies of Clarksville, Saturday last, with a most beautiful flag. Copies of the address delivered by Miss Bell Gordon and response of M. L. Sims, Esq., on that occasion have been obtained for publication and are herewith transmitted to you with the request of the company, that they may appear in the Standard.

Wm. Crittenden, Capt.
Commanding Home Guard.

N. C. Gould, Ord'y Sgt.

Address of
Miss Belle Gordon,
To the Red River Home Guard.

Gentlemen, of the Red River Home Guard:

With the most intense feelings of diffidence and pride, I appear this day before you, on behalf of the ladies, who have prepared this flag for your acceptance. With feelings of diffidence, lets, through my inability to convey in adequate terms, the strong heartfelt emotions which fill our bosoms for your prompt response to the call for your organizations; and with feelings of pride, that I have been selected as the humble medium through which you are to be put in possession of a banner, made by fair hands and accompanied with patriotic prayers.

The circumstances which call forth your organization, were urgent. The natural protectors of many families in the country, in obedience to a demand for their services out of the state had left many wives, and families in an unprotected condition. Ere the last echo of our noble hearted volunteers, had ceased sounding in our ears, you were already organizing a Home Guard, competent to help the defenceless [sic], and impart confidence and a feeling of confidence to all.

I would be out of place, to recount the wrongs to which the south has so long submitted.—Almost from the time of the adoption of the old Constitution of the United States, a series of unjust, and unprovoked aggression, has been waged against the people of the South, by those who have been aggrandized by our energy and industry; and the election of the Black Republican Lincoln to the Presidency, pledged as he was to his party to carry out the fiendish designs of Northern fanatics, filled to overflowing the cup of our grievances.

Secession, from a compact, wantonly and openly violated, (revolution if you please to call it,) became absolutely necessary, unless we prepared to yield our dearest rights, and die in a state of serfdom. Already have eleven States withdrawn from the association and joined the Southern Confederacy. We are a united people, having a common interest; and with God and right on our side, we bid defiance to all the powers of diabolical fanaticism.

A deadly war threatens us. A war for the annihilation of our rights impends over our heads. Already have the bloodhounds of war been let loose upon us from the North; and each day brings the tidings of accumulated preparations for a most deadly contest. Already have our Southern ports been blockaded, to cut us off from that commercial intercourse with the world which God, and the position of our country intended we should enjoy.

Gentlemen! this war, the most unholy, the most unsurpassed in the annals of history for its unnaturalness—in which the father will take up deadly weapons against the son, the son against the father; brother will meet with the brother in mortal combat, and the holiest ties of kindred will be set at defiance; this war I say gentlemen, this war has neither been instigated nor courted by us; but it has been forced upon us, and as free men and the free born citizens of a free State, we are compelled to take up arms in self-defence [sic]; and woe to the laggard craven heart, which will not promptly respond to the call of its country.

Gentlemen, we feel assured from the promptness and zeal which you have exhibited in your organization, that there is not a craven heart among you; and with this faith engraven on our hearts, permit me in the name of the ladies who have prepared this flag, to present it for your acceptance.

It is now without a stain on its escutcheon—may it ever continue so. May no cowardly or traitorous heart, ever take shelter under its folds. May it descend unsullied, to your children's children in all time to come. The exigencies of your country may call many of you far from hence, to fight in defence [sic] of your most sacred rights; but there will be others to take your place, and protect your homes, and all that is near and dear to you—and placing your trust in the God of battles, no enemy will be allowed to harm you.

"No fearing, no doubting, thy soldiers shall know,
When here stands his country, and yonder her foe;
One look at the bright sun, one prayer to the sky,
One glance where her banner floats gloriously on high;
Then on, as the young lion bounds on his prey;
Let your sword flash on high, fling your scabbard away!
Roll on, like the thunderbolt over the plain!
We come back in glory, or come not again."

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 8, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

WALKER.--The Item publishes the following extract from Mrs. Margaret McDonald, of that county, to her brother. It breathes the spirit of patriotism throughout:

AT HOME, April 24, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: * * * * *

James is just this moment from Huntsville, and brings so much war news that I am terribly excited. The news in Huntsville is, that Lincoln has landed troops at Indianola, and that he is going to send enough to march through and take the country.

James says the people are leaving Huntsville daily for the army, and many others preparing to go. I shall send James back to Huntsville to-morrow, to get him an outfit, as he too must go. He is anxious to go wherever he may be needed. * * *

Subscriptions are being raised to arm and equip all those that are not able to do so themselves. Heaven knows I am not only willing but anxious to do all in my power for the defence [sic] of our cause.

Affectionately, your sister,

Margaret McDonald.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, June 5, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

The Boys Moving.

R. A. Williams of Fayetteville communicates to the True Issue, the fact of the male students of the academy at Fayetteville having formed a military company, and the presentation of a flag by the female students of the school to these "Academy Guards." Capt. John P. Bell is a son of Hon. A. J. Bell of this county. The addresses delivered on the occasion are neat, modest and patriotic. The readers of the Countryman will no doubt be gratified to read these addresses, especially the response of our young friend, Capt. Bell, and to learn that he has been honored with the first station in the company.

Address
of

Miss Mary B. Breeding.

"Academy Guards:" Suffer me, in behalf of, and in the name of the young ladies of this school, to present to your youthful band this stand of colors wrought with our own hands.

It is true that you are young, and some of you not sufficiently matured to take the tented field, yet your chivalry shows that when older, you will respond, like true Texas boys, to your country's call. Our fathers are "passing away," and some have gone to "that bourn from whence no traveler returns." They, amid peril, hunger, thirst and withal with no place upon which to lay their weary heads, fought for, and gained the independence of Texas. And the name of a "Texas Ranger" strikes terror into the heart of a Mexican or an Indian to this day. Then let us not bury chivalry with our fathers, but let their sons, Phoenix like, rise from their ashes and crush out all their country's foes. Leonidas, with his Spartan band, could not defend the fatal pass, but they could die for their country, and so can Texas boys. A Texas mother, wife or sister, had rather know that the son, husband or brother, lay beneath the cold sod pierced by many bullets, than to know that his cheek blanched or that he turned back to the foe and let his colors trail in the dust.

Then take these colors, maintain the blood-bought honor of your fathers, or never return to us.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

Clarksville, June 4th, 1861.

Maj. DeMorse; Dear Sir:--It is the request of the "Red River Dragoons," that you publish the address of Mrs. Spotswood on the occasion of the presentation of a banner in behalf of the Ladies of Clarksville, and also the response of Mr. Kennedy, in behalf of the Company.

Yours respectfully,
Smith Ragsdale,
Capt. R. R. Dragoons.

Address of Mrs. Spotswood.

Gentlemen of the Red River Dragoons:

It is with reluctance, and much timidity, that I appear before you this evening, upon such an occasion as this. Being selected by a majority of the ladies, who have so generously contributed to this flag, and prepared it for you, with hesitancy I acquiesced in their solicitation, believing the honor could have fallen upon others more graceful in elocution, more elegant in diction; but, in its presentation, permit me to say, though it comes not from the fair hand of some

beautiful damsel, the hand that commits it to your care and keeping, is accompanied with a feeling of sympathy and patriotism.

Much has been said of the improvements of the age; the wonders achieved by machinery—were, not long since, the topic of every circle; but the present crisis indicates a far more important change in our history, than the steam engine, or the navigation of the Atlantic in fourteen days.

The great chaos in which our country has been thrown, caused by the revolting actions of those hungry and mercenary squads of the North, is the most eventful epoch of the nineteenth century. For twenty-five years these bickerings have been going on, headed by these maddened fanatics, who have planned rebellion, without justification, and are now restrained by fears or scruples, from taking any decisive step. These advancements being urged on by their Black Republican President, and other avaricious traitors, have brought about the revolution which now threatens us.

This aggression has been the means of severing the tie that once bound our glorious and happy Union. Eleven States have already withdrawn from that oppressive Government, and quietly formed a Southern Confederacy—only asking the privilege to breathe their own air, manage their own affairs, support their own altars, and resolve "to do or die."

We have reserved a space upon the blue field in this flag for others, which we hope, ere many [illegible] in the western horizon, will [illegible] "that proud old Com- [illegible] the mother of our country."

[Illegible] united hand, cemented by justice, by affection, and armed in defence [sic] of your lives, your homes, and your interests, [illegible] an impulse deeper far than the mere love of money, urge you outward and onward in the support of those rights, and let your motto be "Liberty or Death."

In our dear "sunny South," the smiling sky, the balmy breeze that fans the weary traveller's [sic] cheek—the beautiful streams, in which are blended all the hues of the rainbow, speak of mercy and liberty—such scenes of radiant nature transport the imagination with a holy enthusiasm.

"Land of the South—beneath the Heaven
There's not a fairer, lovelier clime,
Nor one to which was ever given
A destiny more high, sublime."

If our social and commercial ties were permitted to be torn asunder by Black Republicanism and federal aggression, what would be our lot? Our religious altars would be hurled to the ground; infidel desecrations would rise in their stead, and our glorious South become a desert—a place for rabbles, or the halls of revelry for our oppressors.

Gentlemen, in expressing the entire approbation and heartfelt emotions of those, whom I have the honor to represent; I tender to you this flag—emblematical of our Southern Confederacy, and as a token of their confidence in your valor; believing you merit the warmest eulogies. Accept it, not only as a realization of woman's patriotism, but the religion of her love and prayers.

Should the exigencies of this crisis, call you from your firesides, to bid farewell to loved ones at home, go to the field of action like your patriotic fathers, confidently trust in Him who reigneth alike over the armies of earth, and the hosts of heaven; he will strengthen and enable you with a sea-girt world full of love, to brave all dangers of the combat. Plant our token in the heat of the conflict, unfurl it to the breeze, let its pure and stainless folds flutter only over the

brave and true; and like the noble, gallant Davis, in the campaign of '46, never lose sight of the enemy nor the flag, but struggle on to "victory or death;"

"To fight

In a just cause of our country's glory,
Is the best office of the best of men;
And to decline when these motives urge,
Is infamy beneath a cowards baseness."

But cowardice is a stranger to Texas, it is an element foreign to Southern blood. The banners that waved so triumphantly, over that immortal band of Spartans at Thermopilae, had no braver men, beneath their folds, than our countrymen.

God never made woman weak, but fashion with a false idea of delicacy has; therefore, she is styled "the weaker sex;" whereas, had fashion and dame Miss fortune decreed it otherwise, she might now possess the courage and chivalry of a Semiramis, a Boadicea and other honored competitors for military fame; but, as it is gentlemen, with confidence in the God of battles, sustained by the justice of your cause, and a manifestation of your patriotism, we look to you for protection.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 15, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Flag Presentation.

Last Tuesday was a gala day for the military of this city. The ladies, who are always first and foremost upon all meritorious occasions, had previously announced their intention of presenting the Corpus Christi Light Infantry with a flag, and selected Tuesday, the 11th inst., as the day.

The Infantry, under command of Capt. Newman, and the Artillery under command of Lieut. Neal, turned out in uniform, the latter company with side arms. They formed on Chaparral street, near La Retama, the Infantry taking the right, and marched to the Court House, where a large concourse of spectators had assembled. At five o'clock the ladies' committee—consisting of Misses Mary Woessner, Hannah Francke, Lizzy Riggs, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Neal and Mrs. Crafts—appeared upon the Court House steps. The beautiful Miss Mary Woessner, on behalf of the ladies of Corpus Christi, made the following appropriate presentation address:

["]Gentlemen of the Light Infantry:

Nature having denied to us the privilege of engaging in the strife of war, and as the laurels which you win in our common defense honor us, we are here to testify our appreciation of the patriotism which prompts you to rally to the standard of the Confederate States. The love of all that is dear to us, our homes and our firesides, our duty and all the legitimate happiness of independence and liberty, demands of us an expression of our sense of northern injustice; and that we, too, as well as the men of the south, are ready to part with every comfort rather than submit to northern tyranny. Actuated by this spirit, we have procured for you the flag which we now present you, as the most becoming testimonial of our devotion to the course of Southern Independence. We therefore, while we confide this banner to your protection as an emblem of a just cause, trust that you will ever defend it,

With freedom's soil beneath your feet

And freedom's banner streaming o'er you.

Our dearest hopes are clustered around it, and while memory serves to tell you this, we know that in this noble cause victory will crown your toils; and southern institutions, menaced no longer by a northern foe, we shall possess the sacred repose of our peaceful and happy homes.["]

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, June 19, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Texas Girls in Kentucky.—We are permitted to copy the following petition dated the 15th ult., sent by six young Texas ladies, at school in Kentucky, to their parents in Texas. We omit names.

Whereas, we, the undersigned, being true Southern girls, are most grievously dissatisfied with our condition in this, a Union, and we believe an Abolition State; and moreover, she has refused to join our beloved Southern Confederacy; but does prefer to be ruled over by the Black-hearted Abraham Lincoln, and doth denounce the noble Jeff. Davis as a black-hearted traitor; and as our feelings are cruelly wounded by the frequent uncivil remarks of our teachers and schoolmates; and as we do most earnestly desire to get into our own Confederacy, and under our own flag—we do most earnestly entreat our parents, relations or friends, to come, send, or write for us to come home forthwith. Galveston News.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, July 24, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Sisters—Arouse!

A number of the ladies of Bellville and vicinity, actuated by that nobility of purpose which characterized their mothers in like circumstances, and which is now moving to action the sisterhood of all parts of our young confederacy, earnestly desire the loyal and patriotic of their sex to meet them at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon next, the 26th inst., for the purpose of organizing a "LADIES' AID SOCIETY." Gentlemen have kindly volunteered to put the Court House in order for the meeting, and I conjure all of the sex, who have a desire to contribute their mite of aid in our struggle for freedom, to be in attendance on Friday evening next. We can organize and appoint suitable persons to receive donations, either in money or the raw material, to be converted by us into clothing, knapsacks or tents for our volunteers, and even the younger girls can do some good by picking lint for the use of the wounded.

There are numbers of young men in our midst ready to volunteer, but too needy to purchase an outfit. This shall be our accepted task, as it is our bounden duty. Let those who have means contribute, and let us all work. Nature's God has wisely, no doubt, denied our sex the privilege of bearing arms and mixing in the turmoil of battle strife, then let our nimble fingers and ready purses atone for the deficiency, by promptly furnishing our brave men with the necessary appliances in our power for camp life. It is for us that they brave the dangers and horrors of the battle field—it is for us they accept the toils and hardships of the soldier's life—it is for us they go forth to meet the ruthless assassins of the North—and it is for us to contribute, by every means in our power, to the accomplishment of the independence of our infant confederacy. Let no false modesty, no flimsy excuse of "can't spare time," deter us from action, but ALL come forward, and enter heart and hand into the needful work. I trust there will be a good attendance of our patriot women at the Court House, on Friday next.

Respectfully submitted,

RACHEL.

DALLAS HERALD, June 26, 1861, p. 1, c. 4

Flag Presentation.

On Monday morning, the Artillery Company proceeded to the Fair Grounds to receive the beautiful flag made by the ladies of Dallas and to be then presented in due form. At an early hour a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, and numbers of soldiers from the different camps [?]

assembled and awaited the arrival of the Artillery Company, Capt. Good. This fine company at 9 o'clock marched up in fine style and took their position in front of the stand: immediately behind them were drawn up the Rusk County Cavalry, and the Texas Hunters from Harrison county.

The ceremonies were opened by prayer from Lieut. Rev. Mr. Wilburn, of the Smith county Cavalry.

Miss Josephine Latimer, gracefully supporting the flag and "robed in spotless white," stepped forward and in behalf of the ladies of Dallas addressed the company in the following chaste and impressive manner:

My Countrymen, Ladies and Citizens:--It is with mingled feelings of pride and sadness that I look upon this splendid array of the noble and chivalrous sons of the South. These are brave and noble hearts, that are willing to sacrifice the pleasures of home, to be deprived of the blissful presence of mothers and sisters, wives and children, and to undergo the fatigue, the hardships, the sufferings of a soldier's life, for the priceless boon of Liberty.

Stoical, indeed, must be the heart that does not feel a glow of enthusiasm, to see such a response to our country's call, "To Arms." The mechanic has dropped his hammer and plane, the farmer his sickle and plow, the lawyer no longer prepares a pleading for his client, but calmly buckles on his armor, and determines with one burst of the eloquence of War, to silence his opponent forever; the judicial ermine has been laid aside, and the brilliant uniform of the "Flying Artillery" has been donned, it may be forever. The Statesman, the Warrior, all are here. The minister has left his flock to another's care and prepares to do God's service, even on the battle-field.

When we reflect for what we are fighting, our homes, the family altar, our institutions and nought [sic] but what is sanctioned by Holy Writ—we are encouraged to hope for success, yet we must acknowledge our dependence upon Almighty God, who is mighty in Battle—who is merciful and gracious, and who has promised to those who love and fear him, to be "A Rock, a Fortress, a hightower, your strength and your salvation.

Brave Ensign, in behalf of the Ladies of Dallas, I present you this flag. These beautiful stars and brilliant bars, that speak so eloquently of Southern Liberty, may they never trail in the dust of a dishonorable retreat, or be trampled or spit upon by a victorious and insolent enemy. Courage to the heart, and strength to the hands that shall bear it!

"Should you fall—but I hope you may not—
Your spirit shall dwell with the brave,
Your deeds, by your country shall ne'er be forgot,
While freemen weep over your grave."

In conclusion, I would say to these who remain, let your prayers ascend daily, that wisdom, prudence and valor may be given to our commanders, and that our Heavenly Father may protect, guide and defend our armies, and at last crown them with success. And when you shall look upon this banner, unfurled in the breezes of the North, remember the prayers that ascend for you and pray it to the conquerors, speak of glory and honor, to the wounded, peace and consolation, and to the dying, life and immortality beyond the grave.

The flag was received by Capt. Good in a few appropriate and soul-stirring remarks. The gallant Captain never looked better than in the handsome uniform of the Artillery, and certainly, we never heard a more patriotic burst of eloquence than the one on this occasion. Three cheers were enthusiastically given to the ladies of Dallas, and the Cavalry Companies then

present. The interesting scene closed with an appropriate prayer from Rev. Jas. A. Smith, and all hearts seemed fully impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

DALLAS HERALD, June 26, 1861, p. 2, c. 1—left side of column very dim

For the Dallas Herald.

Communication.

Newton's Mills, Grayson Co. Texas,

June 18th, 1861.

}. . . On Saturday, the 15th inst., the ladies of the vicinity of this place presented the [?] Grove Boys," Capt. J. Morris commanding, a beautiful banner. The ceremonies took place at Mr. Newton's new barn, in the presence of Capt. Morris' company and a considerable concourse of ladies.—[?] Edge, on behalf of the fair de[?] the flag, delivered the following presentation speech, in a clear, distinct and graceful manner, that sent a thrill of patriotism to the heart of every one present:

Soldiers: Our kinsmen have beome [?], and as such are threatening to [?] our land and despoil our homes.—[?] you have once again thrown yourselves on the breach to free your country from the domination of a tyranny more op[?] than that over which your gallant [?]mphed in days gone by. We hail you as the guardians of our homes—the [?] of your mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters.

When you go forth to battle for us against those who have made themselves our enemies, and are seeking to trample [?] a bloody despotism our most sacred and cherished rights, we desire that you should have something to remind you of our fidelity and love, and to act as a be[?] tar to guide you through the gloom and smoke and blood of war. As such a guide, I, on the part of the ladies of the neighborhood, present you this, a SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY FLAG, with the confident belief that in the hands of your gallant band it will wave victorious o'er many a bloody field; and that you will follow it at duty's call, through death should stand before you in his most fearful garb.

If you fall at your posts, our hearts will treasure up the memory of your virtues; your country will honor your bravery and devotion; and though the loss of you will cause an aching void the world can never fill, we will have the glorious consolation of knowing that you perished like martyrs in a noble cause—defending your country, your rights, and those who love you and depend upon you for protection; and we believe as we pray, that the "God of battles will forever bless you."

The Flag was received by Mr. C. G. Burk, in a neat and appropriate manner, pledging the honor and bravery of the company that it should be borne through the approaching conflict with honor to themselves and their country.

Capt. Morris is a good officer and an accomplished gentleman, and the brave men under his command will not fail to make their mark whenever they may be called on.

DALLAS HERALD, July 24, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

The Regimental Flag

The following correspondence, which has been handed to us, explains itself. It was the desire and intention of the Regimental officers and those presenting the flag, that there should be a formal presentation but in the hurry of departure, and the impracticability of assembling the whole regiment at one place, this was abandoned, and the flag sent to the Regimental headquarters with the note below, which elicited the handsome response of Adjutant Ector:

Dallas, Texas, July 10th, 1861

To Col. Greer and Staff Officers of the South Kansas Texas Regiment:

To you, gentlemen, as representing the brave soldiers, whom you command, is presented the accompanying Confederate Flag, the gift and labor of those who wish to be remembered as sharing in the glorious cause you fight, though commanded by duty to remain in apparent ignoble retirement.

If our wishes may dictate for your action, let the flag be placed where it may always be seen (if possible by the farthest encampment of the Regiment,) pointing out the place where hearts are willing and minds capable of directing the movements of the chivalrous men who are enlisted with you. May the graces represented by the [?] tri-color rule in your camp, and the stars of our noble Confederacy never "trail in the dust," for that moment the only nation of freemen will fail, and

"Conquer we must, for our cause is just,
And this be your motto—in God is our trust,"

Yours in sympathy and hope,

J. W. Smith
W. L. Murphy
W. W. Peak

Miss E. M. Lane,
Mrs. S. V. Murphy,
Mrs. M. Fannie Peak.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 29, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Miss Gregg's Address--Below will be found the excellent and stirring address of Miss Eleanor H. Greeg [sic], daughter of Bishop Gregg, delivered on presenting the flag to the "Tom Green Rifles," at the Capitol, on the evening of the 24th inst. It is the best address of the kind that we have ever read.

Want of space precludes the insertion of the letter of the committee to Miss G., requesting a copy for publication, and her reply, as well as the very appropriate and patriotic address of Captain B. F. Carter, accepting the flag:

Soldiers of the "Tom Green Rifles"--It has been made my pleasing duty to present to you, in behalf of the ladies of Austin, this, our glorious Confederate Flag--a Flag which as surely as God prospers the right, will continue to float proudly over the land of the free and the home of the brave. Here, in this Representative hall of Texas, to be henceforth for ever associated with that sovereign act of her people, in convention assembled, by which she declared herself no longer the member of a Union which had become as odious as it had been violated and abused; here, where a better and a nobler--a true confederation, was formed with her sister States of the South--States one in feeling, one in interest, in the knowledge of their rights and the ability to maintain them; here, in this spot, consecrated forever to the cause of State rights and confederate independence, is this proud banner presented to you.

Our dearest rights have been assailed, a war more ruthless than that of savage foes, unholy as human annals have ever recorded, is waged upon us.

The South, never the aggressor, long forbearing, patiently enduring, wronged to the uttermost, though she would fain have separated peaceably, is at length in arms. The unnatural conflict has been forced upon us. We have appealed to the God of battles, and no alternative is left us but victory or death.

The South is invaded; one feeling animates her people. Her noble heart beats responsive to the sacred claims of duty. Her treasures are lavishly opened, her best gifts have

been presented, and the flower of her youth, the pride of her maturity, the glory of her age, have alike responded to their country's call; all classes and professions vie in patriotic emulation.

Carolina, gallant Carolina, led the way; Mississippi, Florida and Alabama, with their Confederate sisters, nobly followed. A singular moderation, counsels as wise, and as heroic a determination, marked their course. From that time on, you know full well the rapid march of events; how every effort at honorable conciliation, perfidiously met by our enemies, failed--and Sumter fell.

Foiled at every step, the enemy called his fanatic hordes to arms. It hastened on for us the glorious day. Other States, moved by the aggressions made upon us, could no longer delay. They nobly rushed to their aid, and cast their lot with the seven Confederate States that had led the way to independence. Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee and North Carolina are with us, and others will soon follow.

And now the cry of a bloody fanaticism goes up in muttering tones--"Let her institutions perish, let the South, if necessary, be wiped from the face of the earth."

Already has the path of the invader been marked by lawless violence, by savage ferocity, by deeds of darkness and of blood. The Mother of States, the Old Dominion--Virginia--consecrated to liberty, has opened her bosom to the strife. Over the graves of her patriot dead, has commenced a bloodier conflict than a foreign foe once waged upon her.

And can you wonder, soldiers of Texas, that every Confederate sister has rushed to Virginia's aid, that thither the tide of war rolls on, that the last sacred duty of nations is gladly, universally heeded; and that we are ready to give our fathers, our sons, our brothers, our all, if need be, to the cause of the South--the cause of State sovereignty and of constitutional independence, the last hope of America and of man.

Gallant men, you have responded, and ere this would gladly have gone forth in obedience to your country's call. To you, representatives of Texas, on the field of heroic strife--to you going forth to drive the invader back, we commit this flag. Bear it proudly; guard it bravely, and if it fall, let it be, when there shall no longer be an eye to look upon its pierced and tattered fragments--no more a hand in the last agonies of death, to bear it up. With you, we know it will be safe; with you it will never be dishonored, or kiss the dust.

Soldiers of Texas, you have a proud heritage to defend, and perpetuate. The victors in every struggle through the past, remember how much will be expected of the sons of Texas in the Confederate hosts. Fight for your cherished rights; fight for your own holy institutions. Yes, fight for your homes and firesides, for all the South holds dear. The prayers of your loved ones will go with you; the prayers of mothers, wives, and sisters; the blessings of an injured, long-suffering South; above all, the blessing of Him whose right arm brought us liberty at first, the God of our fathers, will sustain and bless you to the end. In the language of one of Arkansas' gallant sons:

"Fear no danger, shun no labor,
Lift up rifle, pike and sabre;
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder.

"Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt the beagles;
Cut the unequal bonds asunder,
Let them then each other plunder.

"Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter
Till the traitors are defeated--
Till the Lord's work is completed.

"Halt not till our Federation
Secures among earth's powers its station,
Then at peace and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story.

"To arms! to arms,
And conquer peace for Dixie."

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Lebanon, June 14, 1861.

Maj. DeMorse;--Dear Sir:--The undersigned being a committee to procure copies of Miss E. M. Rodgers and Mr. Wm. H. Hooks' reply, on the occasion of presenting the "Home Guards," with a flag of the Confederate States, at Pine Creek Church, on Saturday, the 1st inst., and, to request of you to publish the same in the Standard.

Inclosed [sic], you will find Miss Rodgers' speech on the occasion, and the response of Mr. Hooks, who was selected by the company, for that purpose. Your compliance will very much oblige, yours respectfully,

Jas. C. Caldwell, } Committee.
G. W. Arnett, }

Address of Miss Rodgers.

Friends, and Fellow Countrymen:

We are before you to-day, to present to you, this banner, arranged by the Ladies of Pine Creek Township, those dear to you by all the ties of kindred, friendship and love.

Believing, as we do, the love of liberty and justice deeply embodied in your hearts, we confidentially trust this to your care and keeping, and whether at home or abroad, may it ever remind you of your country, and your firesides.

Our forefathers fought not for Union, but for that precious jewel, loved by every freeman better than life, Liberty. You know full well the many causes our country has had to reject that flag, on which she once looked with so much pride, and fond remembrances. From the ashes of the old, the Southern Confederacy, has presented you with one as yet uncontaminated with one foul blot. To you I ten consign this emblem of our liberty and nationality, in the firm belief that your love, your honor, and your patriotism, will defend it against the aggressions of tyranny and fanaticism.

It is only the just, who secure the smiles of an all-wise and just Providence, and the protection of his eternal arm. We leave this flag with you, with our prayers sent up to heaven in your behalf, and that of our country.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Maj. DeMorse:--

The Orangeville Independent Home Guards, was presented by the ladies of Orangeville and surrounding vicinity, on Saturday the 8th inst., with a beautiful flag. Copies of the address

delivered by Miss Mollie Thompson and response of Capt. Daniel Brown on that occasion, have been obtained for publication, and are herewith transmitted to you with the request of the company, that they may appear in your columns.

Daniel Brown, Capt.
Commanding Home Guards.

Address of
Miss Mollie Thompson.

To the Orangeville Independent Home Guard.

Gentlemen of the Orangeville Independent Home Guard; I have the honor to present to your standard bearer to day, the stars and stripes which represent the eleven States already seceded, which constitute the Confederate States of America. And why is it we see so few stars upon our banner, while but a few short months since they numbered thirty-three? is it from a failure upon the part of the sons of the sunny South to abide by the meritorious Constitution of our once boasted and beloved, but now wretched Confederacy? I ask again, is it for the want of fidelity upon our part, we say nay! but from the well established fact that a sectional party of bigoted fanatics in the Northern part of our once glorious Government usurped the reins of power, and trampled under their unhallowed feet that glorious Constitution, which was prepared, acknowledged and signed by many of the most patriotic men of the eighteenth century, which guaranteed to each State equal rights; and in that usurpation they have placed our homes, property, liberty and our lives in jeopardy, and should we quietly submit to such monarchy? nay! Or should we not act as did our noble ancestry, come out from under the iron heel of tyranny, and declare that we owe them not our allegiance; but declare ourselves independent of all such regal power; yea, this should be the position of every Southern State, and thanks to high heaven there are eleven of those that have the pride and patriotism so to act.

And as an emblem or token of that fact, in the name of the ladies of Orangeville and surrounding vicinity, I present to you gallant sons of Fannin county, the stars and stripes of the Confederate States of America. Take it, and if you are called out upon the battle field, I feel assured that you will bear it there, and defend it bravely; and let your motto be liberty or death, we conquer or we die; and as we are of the weaker sex and cannot assist you in the bearing of fire arms in defence [sic] of our country, your consolation be that you have our tears for your misfortunes, and our smiles and best wishes ever present.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 13, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

Smyrna Campground, Bullard Creek, }
June 12th, 1861. }

Mr. Editor:--At a Barbecue given to Capt. Nicholson's company, the Fannin Rifles, here to-day, the following ceremonies took place:

Presentation of the Banner of
Our Country by
Miss Rebecca J. Brown.

Gentlemen:--It is with feelings of entire inadequacy to the task imposed on me, that I appear before you, as the humble instrument in behalf of the ladies, to present to you the banner of your country. You know it is not the part of woman to mingle in party strife; but when our homes and our native South is invaded, and our dearest rights wrested from us, or an attempt to do so, then may not woman, though feeble as she is, give all her influence in behalf of a cause so dear—the defence [sic] of our persons, our fire sides, our homes, and our native sunny South?

Though nullities as we are in government, it is said by some that good government depends upon our influence, and that all good causes will share our influence. Now the cause you have embarked in is a good one, and with all our hearts we cheer you on to victory and renown.

It is unnecessary to speak of the causes of this unholy war waged upon us, or to enumerate the evils of war. History, both ancient and modern, tells a bloody story, and the election of Abe Lincoln to the Presidency, adds another chapter to the deeds of blood. This modern Pharoah—ah, may I not say Nero?—must have our tribute money. He will not let us go in peace, but wages an unnatural and unholy war against us, to support his government of infamous negro equality.

Gentlemen! in behalf of the ladies who prepared this flag for your acceptance, let me assure you, we have no fears that you will be made to bite the dust, or trail this banner in disgrace. Over which of the Southern States does this banner unfurl its folds, since the original seven? The old North State; Virginia, the mother of statesmen; Tennessee, the volunteer State; and her sister Arkansas, is added—and old Kentuck is coming. My native State, Missouri, I hope will not surrender, but give our enemies thunder, and to her our thanks we will tender. Poor Maryland and Delaware we sympathize with.

Here, sir, with brave hearts and strong arms, in the face of our enemies, bear this banner to the breeze, and may the God of Heaven protect you in conflict and climate; and victory crown your every effort.

Go, plant the tree of liberty,
Of glory and renown,
That all the Northern Lincolnites,
"No, never can pull down.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, July 31, 1861, p. 2, c. 6
Banner Presentation at Pittsville.

We have been requested by a committee at Pittsville, which is near the line of Austin and Fort Bend counties, to insert the following address, delivered recently by Miss M. J. Hedgpeth, to the Pittsville Home Guards.

Gentlemen of the Pittsville Home Guards!—In behalf of the ladies of the neighborhood I stand here to present to you a banner, the emblem of your country's nationality. It is in no peaceful times that we make you the recipients of such an emblem, nor is it a mere display, an empty pageant, but the stern reality of an impending conflict, in which our dearest rights as freemen are involved, renders the occasion to us all, replete with the deepest interest and throws around it all the solemnity of feeling and of thought. We are, gentlemen, on the threshold of a new epoch which has been ushered in with storm and tempest. Already has the lightning flashed and the thunders of battle reverberated on the Southern breeze which hitherto was vocal only with the melody of peace. We see too plainly, in the dim distance, the coercive arm of power raised threateningly against us, not to believe that the future, which is but a step in advance, is fraught with responsibilities to startle and arouse. Then it behooves you to gird yourselves well for the contest, and meet them like men, intelligently and resolutely. The ladies in this vicinage are deeply sensible of the emergency at hand, and have delegated me to give expression to the interest felt, by the presentation of this banner. It is not the stars and stripes under which Southern hearts have so often braved death for honor. No, we stand today beneath the folds of a flag symbolical of a new covenant, one that lately has received a baptism with the spirit of perfect freedom, and one which, from the depths of our hearts, we believe consecrated by the

great Jehovah to success. In placing this glorious emblem at the head of your column, we [illegible] for a moment, consider duty's debt discharged. We are fully sensible that there are hardships to be endured, dangers to be undergone, difficulties to be surmounted; but believe us, when we declare, that the emotions of patriotism which now swell your manly bosoms, find in our hearts emotions in perfect unison, which will give us strength to endure hardships, and firmness to surmount difficulties in this cause of truth and justice, and though we may not give evidence of the existence of such patriotism, by wielding in our weak hands the rough implements of war, yet we will be bounded only by a sphere in which it is our part to move, in our contributions to yours and your country's welfare. Ours is the task to fit you out for the distant expedition, to cheer your departure with words of hope and promises to pray hourly for your safety, to weep tears of sorrow for those who fall, to wait tenderly around the bed of suffering, and to crown with love and laurels the manly brows of those who return to us as victors. These duties, I solemnly pledge you, in behalf of the ladies I represent, shall be performed.

Receive now, gentlemen of the Guard, this banner which we have prepared for you, from a sense of patriotic duty; carry it where the interest of our beloved country calls, be the ordeal through which it must pass one of fire and blood, but oh, remember when the God of battles shall have crowned your efforts with victory, it is the prayer of those who gave it, that its folds may wave above the heads of those who act responsive to the calls of mercy.

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."

DALLAS HERALD, August 14, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Address of Mrs. E. F. Gibson.

To Capt. William G. Twitty's Company of Cook County Volunteers:

Soldiers and Freemen of Texas! I appear before you with feelings of diffidence; least [sic] so humble an instrument should fail to convey to you any adequate idea of the patriotic feelings that agitate the bosom of each and all [of] my sex. Each time you see this flag, floating in the breeze, remember you have left at home many who were sad at the parting, yet are proud to see their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons, so ready to respond to their noble country's call. And we would say, rather than submit longer to oppression and wrong, spill the last drop of blood that courses through your veins, and leave your bones to bleach upon the plains; and when we see that we will have to be brought to a level with the vile abolitionist and the negro, mothers will murder their lovely babes with their own hands, and then fall upon their husbands' swords and die. A deadly conflict threatens us—civil war, with all its horror—the very idea of which has been so terrible since our earliest recollection. It would be impossible for the pen dipped in blood to portray all its horrors, or the imagination in its wildest and boldest flights to conceive. It is indeed brother in deadly combat against brothers and father against son in mad and murderous conflict! Yet the South has suffered wrong and oppression, and their constitutional rights trampled upon until forbearance ceased to be a virtue.

Now, gentlemen, let us see none of this noble looking band prove recreant to the patriotic mission you have so cheerfully volunteered to execute. On! to the battlefield; defend your country, your homes, and all that is dear to the heart of man against such hostile and bloody invasion.

Though this circle of Confederate States is less in number than that for which our ancestors struggled seven long years, suffering hunger, cold and innumerable hardships, yet the same God, who was with them in six troubles and forsook them not in the seventh, and conducted them safely through the cloud into the clear sunshine of Liberty, is still ready to hear the cry of the oppressed. Go forward then, not in your own strength but in the strength of that God who is ever on the side of justice, and is ever ready to assist his humble creatures. Though I would not say leave all for Providence to accomplish; while the Northern fanatic spends his time in prayers that you sons of the South may have your eyes opened to the error of your way, awake them from their delusive slumber by the smell of gunpowder, and convince them by a warm argument that you can fight as well as pray. This little Confederacy is surrounded on all sides by enemies—our ports blockaded on the South, the treacherous Mexicans on the West, and savage Indians in our very neighborhood, while the bloodthirsty Abolitionists rushing in from the North would see the enemy among us, barbarously massacre the helpless women and innocent children, and burn their houses over their heads, and in these brutalities try to convince us that they are doing God's service.

Gentlemen, go forward, firm and united in defence [sic] of your property, liberty, and woman. Let not this beautiful flag ever be stilled by waving over the head of a traitor, or its soft folds trail in the dust. But if fall it must, let it be in a blaze of fire; and when none are left to bear the sad news of your struggle to the "loved ones at home;" let the gentle zephyr waft from this flag these words, Though pale in death, they died in defence [sic] of their homes and country.

Gentlemen, remember you are Texians! Remember the stark and soul-trying hour, when a few war worn patriots drove back the Mexican invaders, and raised [?] the Lone Star State from the clouds of Catholic tyranny that hung over its glimmering folds. And as the handful of Spartan like heroes bore the blood stained banner from the crimson fields of Goliad and the Alamo, so do you, if you should meet in deadly fray, return with your flag still waving, and its stars floating in silver lustre [sic] above your heads.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, August 21, 1861, p. 2, c. 3-4
Letter from Dallas County.

[Correspondence of the Countryman.]

Lancaster, Aug. 3, 1861.

Being in the habit of writing for you occasionally, I shall now endeavor to give you the news of our county, as far as I am posted.

War, war, war, is the daily conversation of every lady and gentleman that I meet. Horrible it is to think of the great trouble that exists in our land, but it has come, and no one can tell where or when it will end. I don't think that there is any county in the State where patriotism abounds more than in Dallas. Every little boy of Lancaster may be seen in the streets with stripes on. They have a company organized, and drill regularly. Villy Guy, son of Capt. Guy, is their captain. He is about 14 years of age, and knows as much about military tactics as most of our older captains. . . .

On receiving the glorious news of our success in Missouri and Virginia, which has been confirmed several times, and is certainly true, the ladies of the town assembled at the Masonic Hall, (not letting the other sex know what was going on,) and fired the cannons, having elected one gentleman to assist them, accompanied by the beating of drums and loud shouts of every one, even to the little girls who had joined us—some hurraing for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy, and some one thing and some another. Every heart seemed to leap with joy whenever victory was spoken of. Every clerk, blacksmith, in fact most of the males about the place were not long in joining us. We marched in procession through the streets, back to the hall, where Capt. Guy made a speech suitable to the occasion. He was cheered by all sorts of shrieks from the females, from six years old to thirty and upward, after which all retired quietly to their peaceful dwellings. . . .

Nannie Snead.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, September 14, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

"None but the Brave Deserve the Fair."--A young lady closes a letter to the Colorado Citizen in these words:

Messrs. Editors, the other day as I was going to church, one of those home protection young men offered to accompany me, and I declare he looked so much like I fancied the man looked who traveled with Philip in the chariot, that I had to excuse myself!

Now, you may think it strange that one of my age and sex should write on this subject; but I only express the sentiments of all the patriotic young ladies of this community. We intend to select our sweethearts from among those young men who have gone to the wars.

HELEN.

Columbus, September 3, 1861.

DALLAS HERALD, October 2, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

The following address, on the occasion of the presentation of a beautiful Confederate Flag to the Holford Cavalry company, of Lewisville, Denton county, should have appeared several weeks ago. It has only been delayed by the press of other matter, and the fact of having been accidentally overlooked.

Address of Miss McKinney.

Soldiers—There is no hope for peace; you are called to arms for the defence [sic] of your homes, your rights and your sacred honor. May you have strong arms and brave hearts to sustain you in the generous cause for which you have enlisted. If you wish to be free—if you wish to preserve inviolate those privileges for which our fore-fathers fought, bled, and died—you must fight. I repeat it soldiers, you must fight. An appeal to arms, and the God of Host, is all that is left you. Our Southern soldiers, aroused in the holy cause of liberty are immovable by any force which the North may send against us; besides, you will not fight your battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations. The battle is not to the strong alone, it is to the vigilant, brave, and true.

It is now too late to retire from the contest—there is no retreat; but to submit is slavery. Our chains are forged, their clanking away may be heard on the plains of Virginia and Missouri. The war is unavoidable and will come and we hope that there are Washingtons and LaFayettes on our Southern soil who would sacrifice their lives and their all, for our independence; and may we long celebrate a day made sacred by our victories over tyrants and fanatics.

Brave Captain of the Holford Cavalry, in behalf of the ladies of this neighborhood, I present you this banner. These beautiful stars and brilliant bars, that speak so eloquently of Southern liberty, may you never suffer them to be taken by the enemy or trail in the dust by a dishonorable retreat.

Take your banner, and through the battle's din, guard it till your homes are free; guard it well and God will prosper you.

DALLAS HERALD, October 16, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

Flag Presentations.

The following addresses have been handed on for publication. They were delivered on the occasion of the presentation of a handsome Confederate Flag, by a few ladies of this county, to the company of "Freestone Boys," Capt. Maddux of Col. Parsons' Regiment of State troops, on the 3d inst., at the camp on Rowlett's Creek. The flag was presented in the name of the ladies, by Miss Lizzie Johnston, of this county, and received by W. F. Compton, Esq., one of the non-commissioned officers of the company.

Address of Miss Johnston.

Gentlemen:--It has been imposed upon me, by my friends, to address you on this occasion. I do so, deeply sensible of my incompetency to the task, of saying a word in behalf of the great and glorious cause in which you are enlisted.

We are well aware of the disadvantages under which the Southern States will have to labor, being poorly supplied with arms, they have entered into a combat with a people who have at their command all the improvements in arms that the age can afford; but this deficiency will be more than doubly supplied by the valor and chivalry of the sons of Southern soil.

Our sympathies are especially enlisted in behalf of the border States, for within their limits will be the great battle fields of contending armies, and their sons and daughters are destined to become familiar with scenes of carnage and blood. Missouri claims a large share of sympathy, and for her success our feelings are more deeply enlisted. Borne down by overpowering numbers of Black Republican cohorts, and smarting under the chains of a military despotism, she has severed her connection with the Northern Government, and has added another star to the bright galaxy of the Southern constellation.

We, as a community of ladies, in testimony of the interest we feel for the success of our country's cause, have reared [?] this flag, and now present it to you in token of our confidence in your valor and integrity, believing that you will honor and sustain it with that unshrinking devotion that Southern hearts have always manifested for the flag of their country.

Suffer not its stars to be dimmed by the dust of defeat, or its colors tarnished by the foul touch of an enemy's hand; but may it wave in triumph over every battle-field in which you may be engaged, and wherever the streaming colors are unfurled, may it waft pestilence and death to the gathered minions of Northern foes. Brave and noble hearted volunteers of Capt. Maddux's company! We ask you when called to meet the enemies of your country, to march forth proudly under this bright banner, and calmly sustain the shock of battle that you may encounter with unyielding fortitude, ever keeping in mind that glorious motto that should characterize the soldier, "Victory or Death." Remember that it is glorious to die in defence [sic] of your country's rights and the death of him who thus nobly falls will be enshrined forever in the hearts of a grateful people,--admiring gratitude shall write his epitaph, and time shall mellow and consecrate his memory.

"Strike! til the last armed foe expires!
Strike! for your altars and your fires!
Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
Home! and your native South.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, November 13, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Voice from the Bellville School

The wool kindly provided by the worthy Editor of the Countryman, and spun by a few patriotic ladies of Bellville and vicinity; we, the pupils of the Bellville Academy, (some of us very little girls) have knit into socks for Texas soldiers. We feel it a privilege thus to be allowed to contribute to the comfort of our brave soldiers, and to them we would say, that so long as is necessary, we pledge ourselves to keep our fingers busy in their behalf:

Names	No. of fleeces spun.
Mrs. L. A. Johnson.....	2
" Sarah Glen.....	1
" Margaret Glenn.....	1
" Amanda Hutchen.....	1
" Sarah McPeters.....	1
" Margaret Fabin.....	1
" Francis Nichols.....	1

- " Nancy Granville.....1
- " Abby Bell.....1—10

No. Socks Knit by Young Ladies & Little Girls

Names	Pairs
Miss Jane Glenn.....	4
" Cally Glenn.....	2
" Sallie Glenn.....	2
" Virginia Minton.....	2
" America L. Francis.....	4
" Madora Francis.....	2
" Victoria C. Howard.....	4
" Laura V. Howard.....	1
" Mary L. Reed.....	4
" Eliza A. Reed.....	1
" Carry E. Reed.....	1
" Mary Matthews.....	3
" Lizzie Matthews.....	1
" Susan Bell.....	3
" Angalina Bell.....	2
" Clarinda Reams.....	2
" Eliza Reams.....	1
" Joanna Goode.....	1
" Melissa Hutchens.....	1
" Mary McPeters.....	1
" Caroline Nichols.....	1
" Ellen Nichols.....	1
" Laura Railey.....	3
_____.....	1—48

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, November 27, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

In the Jefferson Herald and Gazette of Cass County, we find a communication from "Penelope" stating what the ladies of Rock Spring have done. We think it best however to let "Penelope" tell her own story:

I will gladden your patriotic hearts, when I tell you that in the vicinity of Rock Spring, they have not only been busy day and night, sewing and knitting for our volunteers, but have gone and picked out the cotton crop of a young man, who, Putnam-like, dropped his farming implements to go and fight for the deliverance of his country from her insulting oppressors.

Now gentlemen, won't you have to make an unconditional surrender, and acknowledge "some one hurt on our side?"

What a contrast there is in the conduct of these noble ladies, and that of those young men who are now at home reposing in ease and supineness, while their brethren are far away, blending and dying to secure the liberty they now enjoy! The memory of the latter we will cherish in our hearts; while that of the former will be execrated or perish in oblivion.

Penelope.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, December 14, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

To the People of Harrison county.

The ladies of Marshall having formed themselves into a sisterhood (called the Volunteer Aid Association) for the purpose of making such things as will relieve and benefit the sick or wounded soldiers who have gone from our midst, and in whom we all feel deeply interested, are willing to do the work and contribute any thing in their power to this cause, but they have not the material with which to carry on the work, and feel assured by letting the patriotic citizens of Harrison County know this, that contributions will promptly be sent in. Money with which suitable articles may be purchased, wool, or cotton yarn for knitting socks, hoods or comforters, domestic flannel, or anything which may or can be made to add to the comfort of the sick, wounded or dying soldier.

Contributions can be sent to either of the following ladies:

Mrs. F. C. Van Zandt,
Mrs. Margaret Scogin,
Mrs. C. A. L. Jennings,
Mrs. M. J. Van Zandt,
Mrs. E. F. Richardson,
Miss Kittie Johnson,
Committee.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, December 14, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Mr. R. W. Loughery,

Sir:--I enclose you an address delivered by Miss Aggie Caven, in presentation of a beautiful banner to the Pine Grove Rangers, of Rusk County. I regret not being able to get Capt. White's reply. You will confer a favor by publishing the enclosed in your paper, and oblige, very respectfully,

Yours,

Travor Caven.

Nov. 20th, 1861.

An Address Delivered by Miss Aggie Caven, of Marion County, Texas, in Presentation of a Banner to Capt. White, of the Pine Grove Rangers of Rusk County, November 15th, 1861.

A most pleasing duty has been confided to me. A number of the patriotic ladies of this community, who have prepared with their own hands this beautiful banner, and requested me to present it to you. Such a service, though embarrassing, would, under any circumstances, be most grateful, as conveying a fitting tribute from loveliness to chivalry, but especially is it so upon this occasion. Your glittering costume, that historic uniform, bespeaks the character of your organization. The heart thrills, and the eye brightens at the spectacle. What glorious memories of ancestral deeds, of brave devotion, heroic sacrifices, trials, and triumphs, sweep over the mind as we look upon that beloved garb which once worn by Washington and Green, by Sumpter [sic], Marion, and a host of others, pressed on through all the smoke and blood, the famine and battles of the Revolution. They fought for the same cause you are engaged in—Liberty. May you at such a time with earnest gratitude and a humble determination, keep alive the lofty sentiments and generous courage of our brave forefathers. Hail, then patriot soldiers! Hail, gallant men of Texas! To your keeping I shall, as the medium of the fair and lovely donors, confide this beauty-woven standard. It is the banner of our country, more glorious far than the imperial cross of Constantine! Bear it as the ensign of patriotism, the type and bone of our Confederate States.

And should war ever crimson those garments with American blood, or should these stars be shrouded in the smoke of bursting artillery, you will remember that the recollections of the past, the affections of the present, and the hopes of the future are all clustering around your ranks, still bear bravely this flag, as our once glorious but now degraded flag was borne at Lexington, and Trenton, at Eutaw and Yorktown, even in the front of the fight, the beacon light of valor, victory, and deathless renown. Gallant sons of Texas, with pride and confidence I place this banner in your brave hands. May the victories which you shall accomplish under its folds, ever stimulate you to rally bravely around it, and resolve to Defend or Perish. May its folds continue to wave in majestic splendor, until it has stirred every breeze in our sunny South, and until it has dispelled from her soil the venom of abolitionism. May the prospect of success glitter before you, and hope ever cheer you onward in your glorious career. May the God of heaven give you strength to subdue the enemy. Go forth nobly, with your swords girt in virtue's cause, in defence [sic] of your sacred altars and firesides; for it is a war for your God, for your homes, for your valor, for your freedom, for the land which you hold dear as a heavenly gift. And remember when the portals of time have closed upon you forever, your works of love and duty to your country shall be ever green and fresh in the memory of the just and the good, shall flourish through the ceaseless ages of eternity. And now that I deliver this banner to you, remember that to us who present it, it bears a thousand hopes; and while floating on the pure breeze, think that it is perfumed with the incense of woman's prayers, and may the choicest blessing of heaven's High King go with it, and those resolved to Defend or Perish.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, December 21, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

The Ladies of Bexar Call for Aid.

The following appeal for aid, which we clip from the San Antonio News, will be read with the deepest interest and concern.

But while the hearts of the ladies of Travis bleed in sympathy for their "sisters of southern Bexar," the truth, unpleasant as it is, had as well be told plainly. No aid need be expected from Travis, in response to this call, from the simple fact, that the ladies here have as heavy a burthen of responsibility in that same line as in any portion of the State. Charity must begin at home.

[Written for the News.]

LADIES OF SAN ANTONIO:

Unforeseen circumstances render it necessary for us to lay before you a plain statement of facts, which will forcibly appeal to that patriotism, and generously ever distinguishing Texas ladies.

Col. Wilcox's appointment to raise a regiment, while most welcome in many respects, for sincerely do we rejoice that the Government has secured his services, equally valuable in the halls of Congress or the army, has yet placed us in an -----position. The heads of families, add men whose grey hairs would have entitled them to an honorable repose, are preparing to take up arms, and leave us, with not only helpless children, but a host of young men for protection. These chivalric sons of the Lone Star, whose robust appearance affords no indication of their constitutional delicacy, are unable to join an infantry company, though well aware that no more cavalry can be received.

In view of this deplorable state of affairs, we beg your assistance in organizing some plan for the defense of the young men of this vicinity, who remain at home when their gallant brothers (we beg the soldiers' pardon for using the term) go to the war. Let them not fall victims

to the terrors their natural timidity will excite, but pity and assist them. For ourselves, save in their cause, we have no fears, feeling fully equal to the task of self defense. Their names shall be furnished to you in a short time through the News.

With the highest respect, your sisters,

THE LADIES OF SOUTHERN BEXAR.

DALLAS HERALD, December 25, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

Southern Aid Society.

We, the ladies of Collin county, desiring to lend all the aid in our power to assist the people of the South in establishing their independence, and the securement of their rights, and to the attainment of this end, we form ourselves into a Society, to be known as the "Southern Aid Society." The object being to assist in making out-fits for the Volunteers, who are going to fight the battles of our country; and for the government of this Society, we adopt the following

Constitution.

SEC. 1. This Society shall consist of the following officers, to-wit: President, Vice President, Treasurer, Recording Secretary, and Corresponding Secretary.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Society when present, to call the Society together whenever deemed proper and necessary; To appoint all committees and to have a general supervisory control over said Society.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Vice President to attend all regular and called meetings of the Society, if convenient, and in the absence of the President to discharge the duties usually devolving on the President.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all donations from the hands of the Secretary,--to keep a correct account of the same,--to disburse them as directed by the President and Society, and render an account at the first regular meeting of every month, of the state of the financial condition and effects of this Society, and to deliver all articles of clothing to whomsoever the Society may designate for distribution, and deliver all books and effects to her successor.

SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep a minute of the proceedings of this Society, receive all donations, keep a correct account of the same, together with the names of donors, and to deliver all articles to the Treasurer; and to make a report of the amounts placed in the hands of the Treasurer, at the first meeting in each month, and to deliver all books and papers to her successor.

SEC. 6. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to solicit contributions, to conduct all the correspondence of the Society, to read all communications received by her, at the next meeting after the receipt of the same, and to report all information that may, from time to time, be communicated to her beneficial to the Society, and deliver over all books, papers, and communications in her possession to her successor.

SEC. 6 [sic]. All officers of this Society, shall be elected on the last Monday in October, 1861, and every three months thereafter, and shall continue in office until their successors are elected; and all elections shall be by ballot, and a majority of all the votes cast be necessary to be a choice.

SEC. 8. A quorum for the transaction of business shall consist of seven members.

SEC. 9. This Constitution may be altered or amended by a vote of two-thirds of all the members of the Society.

By-Laws.

SEC. 1. Every lady subscribing their names to the Constitution and these By-Laws, and paying the sum of twenty-five cents, shall be deemed members of the Society.

SEC. 2. The first regular meeting of this Society, shall be held on the 28th day of October 1861, and shall meet regularly on the last Monday in every month.—and continue in session from day to day until the business shall have been disposed of.—And all called meetings shall be designated by the President.

SEC. 3. This Society shall assemble at its regular meetings at 3 o'clock P.M.

SEC. 4. The President shall upon entering on the duties of her office, appoint the following Standing Committees, to-wit: A committee of Garment Cutting, and such other committees as the Society may order, all of whom shall render a report to the Society whenever called upon.

SEC. 5. The President shall put all motions to the Society, and the vote shall be taken by yeas and nays; a majority in all cases shall rule.

SEC. 6. Any committee failing to attend to the duties assigned them, or failing to attend the meetings of the Society without an excuse, acceptable to the Society, shall be fined the sum of ten cents.

Rules of Order.

1st—Calling of the Roll.

2nd—Reading of the minutes.

3rd—Reading communications and Reports.

4th—Motions and Resolutions.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

More men!

Col. Locke has forwarded by express, Gen. Van Dorn's call upon the Governor for men. So prepare to come out of the dark corners, young gentlemen without business, or families, who have been holding back. Come out soon! or we shall have some such publication as the following from Bexar County.

The vicinity of Clarksville has done well, and there have been volunteers from other portions of the County, for the County has four full companies,—all her won, in the field; and in parts of companies from other counties, has fully another company, say five companies from Red River; yet it is undeniable, that several precincts of the County have shirked their duty, and they must come up, or the finger of scorn will be pointed at them.

[Written for the News.]

Ladies of San Antonio:

Unforeseen circumstances render it necessary for us to lay before you a plain statement of facts, which will forcibly appeal to that patriotism and generosity ever distinguishing Texan Ladies.

Col. Wilcox's appointment to raise a regiment, while most welcome in many respects, for sincerely do we rejoice that the Government has secured his services, equally valuable in the hall of Congress, or the army, has yet placed us in an unenviable position. The heads of families, and men whose gray hairs would have entitled them to an honorable repose, are preparing to take up arms, and leave us, with not only helpless children, but a host of young men for protection. These chivalric sons of the Lone Star, whose robust appearance affords no indication of their constitutional delicacy, are unable to join an infantry company, though well aware that no more cavalry can be received.

In view of this deplorable state of affairs, we beg your assistance in organizing some plan for the defence [sic] of the young men of this vicinity, who remain home when their gallant brothers, (we beg the soldiers' pardon for using the term) go to the war. Let them not fall victims to the terror, their natural timidity will excite, but pity and assist them. For ourselves, save in their cause, we have no fears feeling fully equal to the task of self defence [sic]. Their names shall be furnished to you in a short time through the News.

With the highest respect, your sisters,
The Ladies of Southern Bexar.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, March 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Meeting of the Ladies.

A meeting of the ladies of Travis county was held at the Presbyterian Church on Wednesday the 26th inst.

The following ladies were selected as officers.

FOR PRESIDENT,

Mrs. Bishop Gregg.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENTS,

Mrs. J. C. Darden,
" J. P. Neal,
" Judge Wheeler,
" G. M. White,
" N. G. Shelley,
" Cynthia Miner,
" Frank Waddle,
" Giles Burdett,
" Thomas Jones,
" Capt. Rogers,

Mrs. Col. Pelman,
" Gov. Lubbock,
" E. D. Townes,
" R. J. Townes,
" _____ Barrett,
" _____ Spaulding,
" _____ Aaron Burleson,
" Col. Risher,
" George Durham,
" Sam. Harris,

FOR SECRETARIES,

Miss Eella [sic?] Rust, Miss Ellinor Gregg, Miss D. S. Crozier, Mrs. Martin Townsend, Mrs. _____ Lee, Miss Maggie Ragsdale, and Miss Lilla Boldin.

Mrs. Barrett read the proclamation by Gov. Lubbock calling for fifteen regiments from Texas, and then offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved. That though we deeply deplore the critical condition of our country, requiring us to be deprived of the social enjoyment of the young men of our city, we, as true daughters of the South, feel compelled to call on them to defend our homes and our honor from the desolating devastation of a ruthless enemy; young men of Austin, those to whom you fondly look, to make you happy through life, ask you to respond to the call of your bleeding country! Our hands will work to clothe you, our hearts will be with you upon the battle field, and kind embraces meet you at the threshold on your return from a victorious defence [sic] of all that we hold dear.

On motion the Austin Gazette was requested to publish the proceedings then adjourned to meet at the same place on Friday the 28th, at 3 P.M.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

A Prophetic Dream,
by Mrs. Mary Becknell,

of Red River County Tex.

On the 4th of March 1841, I dreamed I was in a large Prairie, or level plain without improvement or timber as far as I could see, only the small shanty, or shed, where I was standing apparently alone; about three feet from me, and immediately before me there was a large bed of bright coals, to my right a shelf on which was a large pail of water, and in it a long handle goard [sic] which would hold about a quart of water. On my right close to me stood the American Eagle about the size of a large Turkey [sic], I thought its feathers were soiled and dirty, all turned to the head. I thought it looked with more than human intelligence, but that look was fraught with more than human love, and utter desolation; about a yard from the Eagle, and directly in front, there was a low shelf, or plank not more than half a foot from the ground, and some six inches from the bed of coals, on this plank, or shelf there was a black heart, the size of a beef's heart, it was perfectly smooth, and as black as ebony; on the heart lay six gold eggs as large as hen's eggs, and beautifully engraved to this heart, I thought the Eagle was mysteriously confined, that it could not move, I was lone as to any connection being there but on the left and right the plains were covered with men on foot, they were debating some question I knew not what. As my attention and sympathy was given to the Eagle that appeared more near than children, or friends; I gazed on it with heart felt woe, and sorrow, until it fell over as dead, a man from the party on the right came under the shed, and kicked the Eagle on the bed of coals, when it began to writhe in pain, I caught it by the right wing, and drew it off the bed of coals, and reached to the pail of water, and threw a goard [sic] of water on the Eagle her victuals were all destroyed, and the water filled her empty body to the craw, she gave one look of unutterable woe, and fell dead, it appeared as though the elements were shaken, and a sound sad, and doleful floated through the air, saying the American Eagle! the American Eagle is slain. The fate of the Eagle awoke me in pain, for the American's Eagle insulted, and slain.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, March 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 2
Mr. Loughery,

You will greatly oblige the ladies of this community, and, I have not a doubt, of the State and South generally, by publishing these receipts for dyeing woollen [sic] goods. I have had numberless applications for them, and since old Abe's blockade, I think every person ought to contribute what little knowledge he has for the benefit of the whole. I therefore send my mite.

Respectfully,

Sally M. Ward.

To Dye Scarlet.—Put two ounces of cream of tartar in enough water to cover a pound of goods well; boil the yarn one hour in the water; take out the hanks and wash them in clear water. Scour the kettle, and the, to every lb. of yarn, take 1 oz. of muriate of tin, 1 oz. of cochineal, 2 oz. of cream of tartar, and put them all in clear water; wet the hanks in the water while it is cold to prevent spotting; after which boil them for one hour stirring them all the while. Hang them in the shade till dry, then rinse them in clear water.

To Dye Blue.—Pound an oz. of indigo very fine, put it in a bowl, pour on it a pound of oil of vitriol slowly, stirring it all the while; let it set 24 hours, then bottle it. Put enough water in the kettle to cover well a pound of goods; put in a teaspoon full of the mixture, and [illegible] oz. of alum powder, stir it well, then drop in your hanks; boil them half an hour, stirring them occasionally. You can get as deep a shade as you wish, by pouring in more of the mixture, a little at a time, first taking out the hanks. The first proportion is for a very pale blue. Be careful in handling the oil of vitriol, as it will eat anything it comes in contact with.

To Dye Green.—Boil a strong decoction of red oak and hickory bark, in equal parts; take enough of the bark dye to cover 1 lb. of goods well, stir in 3 oz. of alum powder, and a soup spoon full of the mixture you dyed the blue with. Have your hanks washed clean, and rinsed free of the soap, or they will spot, then put them in the dye, boil half an hour; let them dry, then wash in soap suds to free them of the vitriol.

[LITTLE ROCK] ARKANSAS TRUE DEMOCRAT, May 1, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Address of Miss E. J. Harrison, (12 years old)
on presenting a Confederate flag to Capt. Johnson's
Spy Company, at McKinney, Texas, on the 27th
March, 1862. Presented over the remains of Gen.
Ben. McCulloch, draped in mourning.

Capt. Johnson and Brave Associates—

I have wrought with my own hands a little flag, that I have desired to present to you, to be your company emblem.

It is the emblem of our country's glory. Around it cluster all the fond hopes of a people now struggling to be free. It is young it is true—scarce one year old; but it is like a blazing star, seen for the first time in the deep blue vault of Heaven. It is grasped by as dauntless sinews, and flaunts over as brave men, as the oldest and proudest flag of earth. No fitter hands than yours, could bear aloft this proud emblem of our nationality. It could play in the breezes over no worthier band. When our bleeding country called upon her gallant sons to rally to her rescue, you heard the call, and sprang with alacrity into the tented field.

Your heroic deeds and dauntless courage, have woven for you a chaplet more honorable and more enviable than the golden crown worn by the kings of earth.

Your bearing so lofty, so fearless, so prudent, and at the same time so valuable, has won for you the gratitude of your government, the esteem of its gallant men, and the affection of its fair women. But that country still bleeds at every pore, and still calls on her devoted sons to do battle in her holy cause, and to aid in vindicating the rights of man.

Although your brow is already encircled with a wreath of glory, and although your name is already embalmed in the hearts of the people of Missouri, Arkansas and Texas, still we behold you here to-day, clad in complete armour [sic] and surrounded by a spartan band of tried and true men, all ready for the fray, and eager to add yet another and more daring deeds to the long catalogue hitherto performed.

As a Spy Company, you will hold a post of honor in our gallant army. Much will be expected at your hands, but you are competent to the task. Nobody fears the result. In you we have the most unbounded confidence. We feel that the future historian will write your deeds in colors of living light, and that future generations will rise up to do honor to your memories.

And now as you go forth, with stout hearts, and strong arms, to drive back a ruthless invader, that wantonly seeks to immolate our altars, steal our property, subjugate and murder our people.

Let me present to you this little flag, hoping that you will love it for the giver's sake, and that it may remind you of the loved ones that will pray for you while you are gone. Into your hands I confidently commit it—knowing that you will protect and preserve it; that you will do honor to the proud State you represent, and that you will assist much in relieving the distress of our grossly insulted country.

You behold before you the remains of our lamented friend and soldier, Gen. Ben. McCullough, who has sacrificed his life in defence [sic] of his country. His loss will be deeply felt throughout the length and breadth of our Confederacy, and every eye will be moistened with a tear. Shall Southern men stand and see their heroic leaders taken from their midst and not avenge their loss? No never—never—never. Then go, your cause is just, and with "God and our rights" for a motto you will march straight on to glory and to victory.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 4
The Ladies of Mission Valley
Victoria County.
To the Ladies of Texas.

To our sisters throughout the State of Texas, we send this greeting. The dark hour in our Country's history is approaching; her peril is great. Our young men have gone forth to offer their lives in defence [sic] of our homes and our altars. We feel that the time has come for us to act our part, and if we can meet with hearty co-operation which we feel assured you will give, we will be able to do much to perpetuate human liberty. Money is one of the sinews of war. One million of the precious metals, at least, is now lying in our caskets; let us lay them upon the altars of our country. We propose that each County organize a Society, and immediately collect the treasure now lying useless, and forward it to our patriotic Governor to be by him disposed of and the proceeds to be given to the Treasurer of our country. Let each County as soon as organized report to the Herald.

Bessie Throop,	Henrietta Scott,
Sue Cole,	Jennie Throop,
Fannie Scott,	Sadie Swan et al.

Papers throughout the State please copy.

HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, May 14, 1862, p. 1, c. 3
Meeting of the Ladies of Austin.

According to previous notice, a large number of the ladies of Austin, assembled in the Presbyterian Church on Tuesday, May 6, at 5 o'clock P.M. to give expression to their feelings, occasioned by the late accounts of the fall of New Orleans, and the heroism displayed by the patriotic women of that city.

Mrs. C. W. Gregg was called to the Chair. Mrs. E. H. E. Barret appointed Vice President and Miss E. H. Gregg, requested to act as Secretary.

On motion of Mrs. Barret, a committee of five consisting of Mrs. E. H. Riley, Mrs. H. Dowell, Mrs. R. Harkness, Miss E. Rust and Miss E. H. Gregg, was appointed to prepare matter for the action of the meeting.

After retiring, the committee returned and submitted the following report:

The committee appointed to express, in behalf of the ladies of the city of Austin, their profound sympathy with their suffering sisters of New Orleans, under the painful circumstances which now surround them, and the admiration their heroic conduct has inspired, beg leave to report--

That the recent intelligence of the approach of a hostile fleet, and its threatening presence before the Emporium of Louisiana, so long the ornament of that gallant State and the pride of the South, while exciting emotions of deepest sadness in the thought that a people, surpassed by no other in devotion to Southern rights and Confederate Independence, should be

subjected, even for a time, to such a reverse has not the less filled our hearts with thankfulness, and pride, at the spirit evinced by the women of that noble city who, in the face of an imperious and brutal foe, entreated their military commander to suffer a bombardment, rather than submit, and, when left defenseless by the withdrawal of the troops, petitioned the municipal authorities, "to refuse to surrender the city, or to haul down the flag, which is the emblem of the sovereignty of Louisiana," though the peremptory demand was coupled with the alternative, "a monstrous absurdity" of the removal of themselves and their children within forty eight hours.

Such a spirit at such a time is worthy of any age or people, and will be held in perpetual remembrance.

It was a reward, which the gallant defenders of the "wives, the daughters, the mothers, and sisters" of New Orleans, deserved, and will impel them to yet prouder deeds if that is possible, and more heroic efforts in the future.

It is an example, which the women of the Southern Confederacy will delight to imitate, whenever and wherever it may be demanded. It has made our arms invincible, if they were not invincible before.

It will hold up to deeper execration the men within our borders, whether native or adopted sons, who are indifferent to our success or rejoice in our reverses, who would consent to live again in Union with a people that have brought undying infamy on the American name and justly subjected themselves to the scorn of mankind, who ignominiously cower at the advance of such a foe, and basely refuse to give themselves and their fortunes to the cause of their country, the defence [sic] of its women and children, and the maintenance of every right which freemen hold most dear.

Such are the feelings, which the conduct of our suffering and defenseless sisters of New Orleans inspires in our breasts.

We rejoice in the opportunity of making them known to the world. Therefore, be it--

Resolved, first, That we tender to those, who have set us such an example, our warmest sympathies in this hour of their trial

Resolved, second, That their conduct is worthy of universal imitation by the women of the South, until this unnatural war which has been forced on us and our children, is brought to a close

Resolved, third, That, in the name of the sons of Texas, we promise their succor and defence [sic], by the side of the heroes of Louisiana, while the presence of the enemy continued to pollute the Father of Waters, or to threaten any portion of our land.

Resolved, fourth, That, in humble reliance on his blessing, we will make unceasing prayer to the God of battles, for our imperiled sisters, until their deliverance shall be affected, and the deliverance of our common country in the return of the blessing of an honorable peace.

The report and resolutions were then unanimously adopted:

On motion of Mrs. Riley, the following resolutions were passed without a dissenting voice.

Resolved, That we, the ladies of Austin, have heard with pride and exultation, how nobly the daughters of Louisiana have sustained the reputation of the women of the South for undaunted heroism, and devotion to their country.

Resolved, That we bid them God speed, in their noble work of self-sacrifice, and we pledge ourselves to them, that we will sooner lie down in death, and join the great army of martyrs, who have shed their precious blood in the cause of liberty, than ever bow our necks to the yoke of our vindictive and relentless foe.

On motion of Mrs. Herndon, it was resolved, that the proceedings of this meeting be forwarded to the Mayor of New Orleans, with the request, that he will make them known to the ladies of that city. And also, that they be published in the State Gazette and Houston Telegraph.

A few gentlemen were in attendance, and after brief addresses at the request of the ladies, by Governor Lubbock, Chief Justice Wheeler, and Bishop Gregg, cordially approving the action taken, and encouraging the ladies in this and every good work of tender sympathy and devotion to the count—

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

Mrs. C. W. Gregg, President.

Miss E. H. Gregg, Sec'y.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, May 17, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

THE LADIES OF MISSION VALLEY VICTORIA COUNTY, TO THE LADIES OF TEXAS.--To our sisters throughout the State of Texas, we send this greeting. The dark hour in our Country's history is approaching; her peril is great. Our young men have gone forth to offer their lives to defence of our homes and our altars. We feel that the time has come for us to act our part, and if we can meet with hearty cooperation which we feel assured you will give, we will be able to do much to perpetuate human liberty. Money is one of the sinews of war. One million of the precious metals, at least, is now lying in our caskets; let us lay them upon the altars of our country. We propose that each county organize a Society, and immediately collect the treasure now lying useless, and forward it to our patriotic Governor, to be by him disposed of, and the proceeds to be given to the Treasurer of our country. Let each county as soon as organized report to the Herald.

Bessie Throop,	Sue Cole,	Henrietta Scott,
Fannie Scott	Jennie Throop	Sallie Swan, et al.

Papers throughout the state please copy.--Clarksville Standard.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, May 24, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

The Ladies of Mission Valley, Victoria County, to the Ladies of Texas—

To our sisters throughout the State of Texas, we send this greeting—

The dark hour in our country's history is approaching; her peril is great. Our young men have gone forth to offer their lives in defense of our homes and our altars. We feel that the time has come for us to act our part, and if we can meet with hearty co operation, which we feel assured you will give, we will be able to do much to perpetuate human liberty. Money is one of the sinews of war. One million of the precious metals, at least, is now lying in our caskets; let us lay them upon the altar of our country. We propose that each county organize a society, and immediately collect the treasure now lying useless, and forward it to our patriotic Governor, to be by him disposed of, and the proceeds given to the Treasurer of our country. Let each county as soon as organized report to the Herald.

Bessie Throop,	Fannie Scott,
Sue Cole,	Sallie Swan,
Jennie Throop,	Henrietta Scott,

and others.

Papers throughout the State will please copy.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, June 27, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Wanted!

To know why true hearted Southern people will trade with merchants whose loyalty is questionable? And visit said merchants' wives, who give tea parties when Fort Donelson falls, and dinner parties when Nashville is surrounded?

Wanted,

To know why those miserable parched-peas of humanity, old black republican maids, who bestow their starved grins on these wretched, union-loving-flop-eared, owlish-looking beaux, are still retained as teachers in professedly Southern families? Teaching the "young idea how to shoot!" Query.—In what direction will the aforesaid "young idea" shoot? Query second.—Would it not be better for aforesaid dames to teach aforesaid owlish beaux to "shoot," instead of lurking round of nights to see if any bad news comes?

Wanted,

A broom to clear this State of the stray "flees" that have hopped here from Yankee land. Any person seeing above named "flees," may know them by this mark: They are like popcorn in a skillet. When secession gets too hot for them in one community or church, they hop into another; but they've settled pretty nearly now in one place, and it is awfully "flee"-bitten. Query.—Now that Lincolndom has gotten to be such a hoggish-doggish place? Wouldn't they be more in their h-element, if they would hop back again?

Any person furnishing the required broom will be liberally rewarded.

Wanted,

To know the exact estimate of character to be placed upon the lady ? ? ? ? who saw nothing in old Butler's infamously foul Order No. 28? Also the precise calibre of mind of said lady? ? ? ? Query.—Is there any calibre to said lady's ? ? ? ? mind?

Any person imparting the information sought for will oblige an inquiring mind fully aroused by a strange combination of glaring inconsistencies.

Pauline Pry.

Less than a thousand miles from Austin, June 18th.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, July 26, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

To the Ladies of Harrison County

An appeal has been made by Gen. Hindman to the women of Texas, in behalf of his sick and wounded soldiers in Arkansas. The hospitals are represented as being utterly destitute of every appliance of comfort and convenience required by their condition, and he earnestly invokes our aid in relieving the sufferings of these brave and patriotic men. They have left their happy homes, and gone forth to endure hardships, fatigues, and dangers, and sacrifice their lives, if need be, upon the altar of our country. The brightest pages of our nation's history will bear the record of their valorous deeds. Ours will not be the mead of public praise, but our reward will be a soldier's grateful prayers. The ladies of Arkansas have nobly fulfilled their mission, cheerfully responding to every call of mercy; but their resources are no longer adequate to the demands upon their generosity, and it now becomes our duty to aid them in this noble and patriotic work. The ladies of our county have heretofore liberally responded to every call, and we feel confident that their zeal will not abate until the last battle shall be fought and won. The articles requisite for hospital use are known to all, and it is only necessary for us to state that old clothing, any delicacy for the sick, either to eat or drink; or anything that will in any manner comfort or benefit a sick soldier, will be thankfully received.

Contributions can be left at the store of G. G. Gregg & Co. As we wish to forward the boxes as early as possible, we request all contributions to be sent in by Saturday week. We respectfully solicit the gentlemen to give us all the assistance they can.

Committee, Ladies Aid Society.

Marshall, July 26, 1862.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, June 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 4
Volunteer Relief Fund.

The undersigned Committee have the pleasure to report the following sums collected, in aid of the fund (see list below) and tender their thanks to the liberal donors.

There are now some seventy families on our list, and to those who object to the plan of relief, and desire to support one or more families themselves, by application to either of the Committee, the necessary information will be afforded them.

We have understood that the County Court will provide for all those families of volunteers, (who are needy) residing in the county outside the corporate limits, and all such will make their application to the Commissioners of said Court.

Capt. E. C. Wharton, A. Q. M., has a large number of tents cut out and will cheerfully give them out to be made by any of the wives or daughters of the volunteers.

To Col. J. D. Waters, we are indebted for a weekly supply of meal from his plantation.

The following is a list of donations made since the report of Treasurer, June 5th.

Mrs. P. Bremond.

Mrs. W. A. Vanalstyne.

[list]

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, June 30, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

We republish the following which appeared in our issue of the 27th inst., for the purpose of adding a few words.

["] Let me suggest my plans to City Officers and House agents: If a certain class of females are allowed earth and breathing room, let them be placed out of town, instead of being allowed to rent houses on respectable streets, to the annoyance of honorable families—they often unprotected women—who are asked impertinent questions by strangers, and sometimes by persons they know, in mistaking the house they wish to visit. Are these things to continue? Shall young children be made familiar with vice by living in a poisonous atmosphere? House agents, these things have been truthfully represented to you. You know the trouble. Stop renting without good references given of respectability, or may an offended God curse you, as you deserve.

Lucia.["]

The above was written by one of the most respectable ladies in this town, and it is well worth heeding. Without claiming to be unusually pure or immaculate, we do claim to be decent, and try to be consistent. So far as such houses as those referred to above are concerned, they are nuisances, and should be so regarded; and like all other nuisances they should be placed out of reach of all decent people. In other words, there is a place for everything and every thing should be in its place. No such houses should be tolerated within the city limits. Any thing of a demoralizing character should have its prescribed limits, and the official guardians of the city are the persons we have chosen to look after such matters.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, July 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

A lady writes us as follows:

I have two sons in the army. I have not heard from them since the battle of Chicahominy [sic]—only once since the fall of New Orleans. No one can tell the anguish of a mother's heart. If I could only hear from them it would be such a source of gratification to my feelings.

I know they are brave boys, and calculated to make good soldiers, and I want them in the army. All I have are gone, and I often feel sorry I have no more to brave the conflict.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, September 3, 1862, p. 1, c. 4
For the Houston Telegraph.

An Appeal to the Ladies of Texas.

By a Texas Lady.

Ladies of the Lone Star State:

You who are never to experience the hardships of a soldier's life, and who have never yet suffered from the icy blasts of a more Northern clime than this—think of the thousands of your fathers, sons and brothers soon to feel the bitings of the un pitying storms of winter amid the mountains and vallies [sic] of Tennessee and Virginia—men unused to the rigorous season which, in these States, prevails from November to April. How are these Southern-born and Southern-reared men to stand the severities of such a climate without good, warm, winter clothing? Our young Government—young in years but old in achievements—cannot now accomplish this object. It remains for those left behind in each State to furnish these indispensables to their brave soldiers in the army.

Ladies of Texas you should take the lead in this matter. Work early, and late, and at all times to manufacture comfortable articles of clothing for your heroic defenders in the border States. Oh! how it gladdens the heart of the weary, toil worn soldier to hear from home, and how much more it comforts him to receive an extra blanket, a bundle of socks, or probably an overcoat made by the hands of the loved ones at home, who are thinking of the "soldier in his blanket on the cold, cold ground." Think of the weary sentinel as he treads his solitary rounds on the mountain side or peers through the thick darkness in the valley, knowing not what thicket, bush, or tree may conceal a deadly enemy and the next moment be his last. Think of his torn and tattered garments—proud mementoes of hard-fought battles and long, wearisome marches—all that he has to protect him from the piercing winds of winter.

We, of Texas, have never seen our borders overrun, our flourishing fields and quiet homes laid waste and desolation marking the progress of the invader, in this war. This is now the case with those as devoted to the glorious cause of Liberty as we are. Before the ides of November roll round, however, we may awaken to a full realization of such dreadful scenes. How can we avert these dangers from our midst? By clothing those brave Texians who have gone to relieve our suffering brethren on the border and to hurl back the tide of invasion. Let every one of you, old and young, in the State, contribute according to her means in furtherance of this praiseworthy object. Provide the Texians in the army with good cotton and woolen homespun clothing this winter, and you increase the number of effectives 20,000—leave them as they are, almost destitute of any kind of wearing apparel, and the sad list of mortality will be swelled to an alarming degree, the hospitals crowded with soldiers dying from cold and exposure, and the way comparatively left open for our foes.

Ladies of Texas, take hold of this matter. Let this great object of your Aid Societies receive the attention it deserves at hour hands—let your meetings be more frequent and

energetic, and those who cannot labor should unloose their purse strings in the good cause. Give all you have to spare, and give freely. Remember, the Northern hirelings will spare neither age, sex, nor condition. They have failed to subjugate us, and they would now wage a war of extermination and desolation throughout the length and breadth of this Heaven-favored land. Would you avoid the direst calamities that can befall a civilized nation? Then clothe your defenders—send forth your strong arms and stout hearts encased in the handiwork of your own nimble fingers—strive to emulate the example of those noble Roman matrons whose glorious patriotism has been the theme of admiration of all patriotic hearts from that day to this; and let that be seen in your self-sacrificing devotion to country which will elicit the undisguised plaudits and enlist the generous sympathies of all Christendom in our behalf.

Now is the time to inaugurate this noble work. Weave, knit, and sew blankets, socks, and coats, and the heart of many a suffering soldier will, here long, swell with gratitude and in praise of the willing hands and patriotic hearts of the dear ones left behind.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, September 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 1
Ladies Aid Society.

Notice is hereby given that the hour for the meeting of the Ladies Aid Society, has been changed from Tuesday evening, to Saturday morning 9 o'clock. Their sessions will be held in future at their rooms over the store of Messrs. Ford & Horr, and a more punctual attendance is earnestly requested. From the friends of the soldier in this country, they solicit any and everything that will add to his comfort, particularly yarns, both wollen [sic] and cotton, for knitting socks and gloves.

Let the Ladies of Harrison county remember the infamous order of Butler in New Orleans, and the brutal conduct of Curtis's command in Arkansas, and do everything in their power to cheer the heart, and nerve the arm of our brave soldiers, who are ever ready and willing to defend their country's honor⁵ and the honor of our own homes, at all hazards, even at the sacrifice of their own lives.

By order of the Society,

Belle Gregg, Secretary.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, October 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Grimes County, Sept. 28th, 1862.

Mr. Cushing.—Dear Sir: You spoke of the ladies making clothing for the soldiers. The ladies of Grimes would be glad to make the clothes for their sons, husbands and brothers if they could get the cloth. Couldn't you see the Quartermaster and get some cloth for me to make clothes for my sons in Arkansas? The penitentiary will not let us have any. I fed and clothed my children till they went to Arkansas out of my reach. What are we poor old others to do? I suppose we can cry—that is a mother's relief. What else can she do? They talk about beauty at the spinning wheel. Mr. Cushing, spinning wheels are of no use without cards, and we haven't got one-third enough cards to do us. We can't do anything, and our children will suffer and die this winter without clothes. What shall we do? Do tell us.

A Mother.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, October 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Jonesville, Texas, Oct. 1862.

Mr. Loughery,

Being a warm sympathizer with our wayworn soldiers, I have concluded to ask you to call the attention of the patriotic ladies of our County to the important subject of socks. I think a little of your persuasive eloquence, through the means of your influential press, could bring at least one pair of socks to you by the middle of November from every lady and girl in Harrison county. The ladies of Marshall, by having a society, something to urge and animate, have done much more than the ladies in the country for the comfort of the soldier. One thinks she will not knit, sew, or send a few garments, because it would be so insignificant an offering, but if there was a concert of action, I think each one would be willing to cast in her mits [sic]. Those who have no wool could knit cotton socks which last much longer, and are preferred by many.

Respectfully,

One Who Will Knit a Pair.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, November 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

A lady of this place sends us the following welcome communication:

Who Will Help?

Our soldiers are sadly in need of blankets, or something to shield them from the severity of the coming winter. I can furnish material for several comforts, but need the cotton. If some of the planters will furnish this, (and a few pounds from your ten, twenty, fifty, or hundred bales would not be missed) much might be done to relieve the sufferings of our brave soldiers during the approaching winter. Everybody keeps a scrap bag, and from their contents, much could be put into use in this way. Besides this, old calico or worsted dresses, cloth, linsey, old sheets, or domestic of any kind, can be manufactured into comforts, which when quilted will last at least during one winter. In your lumber rooms and closets, being destroyed by moth, there is much which your dexterous fingers could fashion into a comfort. No matter if faded and ugly, they will do. If too light, from the wood materials for dyeing [sic] can be procured, and garments too much worn for other use will answer the purpose well. The work to make them is trifling—four ladies can complete three in a day; and where so much might be done, it is not our privilege, as well as our duty to work with willing hearts and hands.

Who will furnish the cotton? It can be left at almost any public house in town, convenient to all who are willing to aid. I will undertake to make six at east to begin with, and hope that everybody will aid in the cause, and we may soon have a supply sufficient for the comfort of our soldiers, who will be subject to almost every exposure of winter. Already the severity of the cold is telling upon the health of our thinly-clad troops in Virginia, Kentucky, and Arkansas, many of whom have not a blanket to cover them, when they seek the cold hard earth for rest, after days of marching and toil. Who will, or rather who will not help? Let everybody go to work with a will, and while we repose upon downy beds at home, the brave volunteer will bless us as he wraps his weary limbs our hands have furnished, and feel that though exiled he is still remembered, still cherished. All are our brothers and friends. Who would not labor to alleviate the sufferings or promote the happiness and welfare of a brother?

H. A. P.

Locust Glen, Nov. 3, 1862.

DALLAS HERALD, January 28, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

To the Ladies of Texas.

We, the ladies of Houston and Galveston, learning the destitution of the Texas Brigade Hospital, in Virginia, have determined to celebrate the birthday of the Father of our Country, by

giving, on the night of the 22d February, an entertainment, the proceeds of which are to go to that hospital. But in order that the assistance rendered shall be in some faint degree commensurate with the noble services which those glory-crowned men have rendered, we now call upon the ladies throughout the State to unite with us a simultaneous endeavor, and that everywhere on that night they shall by fairs, concerts, tableaux, suppers, etc., raise a fund and send it to Mr. Cushing, who has kindly promised to act as treasurer, to be by him forwarded to Virginia. Let us send no scanty pittance. They have given their time, their health, their blood, and alas, hundreds their lives; and shall we know them to be languishing in a distant land, with wounds and disease, and not strip the very jewels from our persons to send them? Amid the toil of camp and the perils of battle array, our noble men in Virginia are giving concerts for their hospitals in Richmond, the weary soldier, instead of resting, when the evening tattoo sounds along the line, takes the sweet-voiced flute and the dulcet guitar, remembering the soft strains he sung and played in the distant Texas home with the beloved sister or the tender lady of his love, deems them the fitting lays to beguile the homesick hearts of the listening band, and to raise the means for adding to the comfort of his noble brothers who, borne from the altar of their fame torn and bleeding, lie sick and suffering in the hospitals among strangers and in a stranger land. Listen, friends, this must not be; this is our work; let no one rob us of the honored privilege of providing for those heroes, every one of whom has performed deeds for their land that would in the old Greek days have made demi-Gods of them all; whose acts have been so proudly grand that every heart pulsates deeper and every cheek glows with grateful pride when we ever repeat that glorious trinity of words—HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, January 30, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Houston, Jan. 29th, 1863.

Mr. Cushing:--The whole amount received at the Supper and Party on last Friday evening, including money donations, was about \$1,460, of which amount nearly \$240 was absorbed in expenses. The music, rent of room, and expenses of lighting and arranging the Hall amounted to \$200. We enclose the receipt of Mr. Longcope, to whom we have handed over the money to disburse for the objects contemplated. We are under a great many obligations to the gentlemen and ladies who so kindly assisted us, both before and on the night of the party.

Very respectfully,
Mollie Wright,
Fannie Cruger.

Houston, January 27, 1863.

Received of Mrs. Molly Wright and Miss Fannie Cruger, committee, the sum of twelve hundred and twenty-five dollars, which is to be applied to the benefit of the wounded and sick soldiers in the Hospitals at Galveston and Houston.

Chas. S. Longcope, Receiver.

[LITTLE ROCK] ARKANSAS TRUE DEMOCRAT, February 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

How a Texas Girl Writes.

We publish the following letter from a fair correspondent in Texas, and commend it to the consideration of the Texan soldiers, whose bravery and patriotism no one doubts, but who become restless and uneasy in camps.

Mr. Editor:

It has been said here that soldiers in Arkansas, from Texas, have become dissatisfied and have threatened to desert and that some have come home. I hope their number is inconsiderable and that the great body of the troops are firm and true. If the appeal of a girl would be heeded, I would say to them: Dear friends, do not desert your post now. You have endured hardships and suffered for a long time, but endure it for a few months longer, and the victory will be yours. Think of the horrors of subjugation and the fate of southern women. Think of your mothers and sisters, your wives and sweethearts, and be firm. Here, in Fannin county, the women have not been idle, and the women of Texas have spun, woven and made up clothing, besides contributing in every possible way to the comfort and welfare of the soldiers. If, instead of depending on speculators, who bring goods and sell them at five hundred per cent., government would furnish us with thread, at a fair price, we could make ample supplies of clothing. Since last summer I have made 172 yards of cloth, and if I could get thread would make as much more. In our way and with our means we are fighting the great battle for liberty, and do not despond or grow impatient, for we know that, in good time, God will give us peace and independence. Let me abjure you to remain firm and stay at your posts. I have a brother in Gen. Hindman's command, but I know that he thinks too much of his noble father and mother to desert. I would like to see my brother and would hail his honorable return with joy, but, if he should desert, I would never want to see him again. I do not believe I have a relative so lost to honor as to desert so glorious a cause as ours in this, the most critical and trying time. Think, my friends, that the fate of those you love; the fate of civil and religious freedom; the hope of the world and the glory of our beautiful country are in your hands. Be not recreants, but be men,--brave men, true men, patient men and heroes.

I hope, Mr. Editor, you will publish this, and haply it may be the humble means of curbing the impatience of some now in the army and inducing others to return.

Respectfully,
A. L. Jane Bombarger,
Fannin county, Texas.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, February 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

A Battle Flag for Col. Reily's Regiment.

We are gratified to learn that a Battle Flag has been presented to this brave and veteran regiment. They have fairly won this honor from the lovely and appreciative women of Texas. These tried troops will never desert or disgrace their colors.

Col. James Reily, 1st Regiment,

Sibley's Brigade, 4th Reg't, T. M. V.

Colonel—Hearing that your gallant Brigade has been ordered by the Commanding General to have your Galveston honors embroidered upon your standards, we could not resist the pleasure of preparing a flag, for the special occasion and presentment to your regiment. Your weather-beaten banner that has so often floated upon Arizona breezes and beneath New Mexico skies, might with just propriety claim the inscription. But Houston feels that it is her privilege to present to you, (you, who have so constantly and patriotically upheld her honor) and to your brave officers and men, this flag, commencing as you did the new year with two victories, whose deathless names shall soon entwine proudly and gracefully with those of the glorious days of the Republic of Texas.

Our prayer is, that this banner may go before you as the pillar of fire and the cloud did before the Israelites—leading you to fresh triumph over the foe, and leading you all safely at last

to the Promised Land of a peaceful, united, independent, liberated Confederacy. God bless and preserve you all.

Mrs. Jane M. Young,
Mrs. C. M. Allen,
Mrs. A. J. Burke.

Houston, February 7th, 1863.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, February 26, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

To the Ladies of Texas.

We take the following from the Houston Telegraph:

We, the ladies of Houston and Galveston, learning the destitution of the Texas Brigade Hospital, in Virginia, have determined to celebrate the birthday of the Father of our Country, by giving, on the night of the 22d February, an entertainment, the proceeds of which are to go to that hospital. But in order that the assistance rendered shall be in some faint degree commensurate with the noble service which those glory-crowned men have rendered, we now call upon the ladies throughout the State to unite with us in a simultaneous endeavor, and that everywhere on that night they by fairs, concerts, tableaux, suppers, etc., raise a fund and send it to Mr. Cushing, who has kindly promised to act as treasurer, to be by him forwarded to Virginia. Let us send no scanty pittance. They have given their time, their health, their blood, and alas, hundreds their lives; and shall we know them to be languishing in a distant land, with wounds and disease, and not strip the very jewels from our persons to send them? Amid the toil of camp and the perils of battle array, our noble men in Virginia are giving concerts for their hospitals in Richmond, the weary soldier, instead of resting when the evening tataroo [sic] sounds along the line, takes the sweet voiced flute and dulcet guitar, remembering the soft strains that he sung and played in his distant Texas home with the beloved sister or the tender lady of his love, deems them the fitting lays to beguile the homesick hearts of the listening band, and to raise the means for adding to the comfort of his noble brothers, who, borne from the altar of their fame, torn and bleeding, lie, sick and suffering in the hospitals among strangers and in a stranger land. Listen, friends, this must not be; this is our work; let no one rob us of the honored privilege of providing for those heroes, every one of whom has performed deeds for their land that would in the old Greek days have made demi-Gods of them all, whose acts have been so proudly grand that every heart pulsates deeper and every cheek glows with grateful pride when we ever repeat that glorious trinity of words—HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

The entertainment for the 22d will be arranged by a committee of eight ladies, viz: Mrs. Southwick, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Maltby, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Sessums, Mrs. Goldthwaite; Mrs. Wharton, and Mrs. Stiles.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, March 23, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

We call the attention to the following short address to the ladies of Texas. How much our brave boys have suffered in Arkansas, how many have died, and what numbers are now languishing upon beds of sickness, need not be enumerated. There are thousands who require the assistance which the ladies signing the address propose to give, and we know that this call will be responded to in the same liberal and generous spirit that has been shown hitherto by the women of Texas. Let us see who will do most:

To the Patriotic Ladies of Texas.

The undersigned having been creditably informed that our Texas troops in Arkansas have suffered, and are now suffering from sickness and disease, incident to an unhealthy country, and that hundreds (we may say thousands) have died, mostly for want of necessaries and proper attention, respectfully recommend to the ladies of this State the great necessity of giving entertainments and taking up subscriptions for our suffering troops in Arkansas. For the purpose of assisting in this object of mercy, a grand entertainment will be given at this place, on Friday and Saturday, the 24th and 25th of April;--also, subscriptions will be received by either of the undersigned.

It is to be hoped that our patriotic citizens who have been so liberal in donating to the hospitals of our Texas soldiers in Virginia and Tennessee, will be equally as liberal towards those in Arkansas, who have suffered more from sickness than any of our troops in the Confederacy. At Arkansas Post, one of the most sickly places West of the Mississippi river, the deaths average from four to six per day, and the condition of the hospital was such, that many of our brave volunteers preferred to linger and die in their tents than be taken there. We have more Texas soldiers in Arkansas than in any other State, and we regret to say less has been done for them, notwithstanding death has thinned their ranks by sickness and disease, more than among any of our troops in any other States.

Such being the facts, shall we turn a deaf ear to the cries of our suffering fathers, husbands, sons and brothers? For ourselves, and in the name of our young, noble and chivalric State, we say—No Never!

Mrs. Eva Lancaster,
" Jas. Heard,
" Burkhead,
Miss Myra Johnson,

Mrs. Mary Lockett,
" B. F. Rucker,
" Cartmell,
Miss Bessie Spann,
Committee.

Washington, Texas, March 18, 1863.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

To the Patriotic Ladies of Texas.

The undersigned having been creditably informed that our Texas soldiers in Arkansas have suffered, and are yet suffering from sickness and disease, incident to an unhealthy country, and that hundreds (we may say thousands) have died, mostly for the want of necessary and proper attention, respectfully recommend to the ladies of this State the great necessity of giving entertainments and taking up subscriptions for our suffering troops in Arkansas. For the purpose of assisting in this object of mercy, a grand entertainment will be given at this place on Friday and Saturday evenings the 24th and 25th of April; also subscriptions will be received by either of the undersigned.

It is hoped that our patriotic citizens who have been so liberal in donating to the hospitals of our Texas soldiers in Virginia and Tennessee, will be equally as liberal towards those in Arkansas, who have suffered more from sickness than any other troops in the Confederacy. At Arkansas Post, one of the most sickly places West of the Mississippi, the deaths averaged from four to six per day, and the condition of the hospital was such that many of our brave volunteers preferred to linger and die in their tents than to be taken there. We have more Texas soldiers in Arkansas than in any other State, and we regret to say less has been done for them, notwithstanding death has thinned their ranks by disease and sickness more than among any of our troops in other states. Such being the facts, shall we turn a deaf ear to the cries

of our suffering fathers, husbands, sons and brothers? For ourselves, and in the name of our young, noble and chivalric State we say—No, never!

Mrs. Eva Lancaster,	}	
Mrs. Mary Lockett,	}	
Mrs. James Heard,	}	
Mrs. B. F. Rucker,	}	Committee.
Mrs. Cartmell,	}	
Mrs. Burkhead,	}	
Miss Myra Johnson,	}	
Miss Bessie Spann,	}	

Washington, Texas, March 18, 1862.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, April 1, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

[Communicated.]

Mr. Editor--Permit me to inquire of you why it is that the editor of the Houston Telegraph is so tardy in acknowledging the receipt of money forwarded by the ladies of Austin for the benefit of the soldiers? Why is it that when he does condescend to do so, he can find room for the notice only in some out of the way corner of his sheet? He has found space for undeserved sneers against us. He allows, so far as he is concerned, the public to remain ignorant of the fact that the ladies of Austin were among the first, if not the very first, to give tableaux, concerts, etc., to aid our cause.

The ladies of Austin feel conscious of having done their full duty to their country; and that their patriotism will not suffer by contrast with others, whether they are women in petticoats or pants, whether they ply the needle or wield the pen, and studiously keep out of danger in these times of strife and peril.

A Lady of Austin.

Austin, March 27th, 1863.

[LITTLE ROCK] ARKANSAS TRUE DEMOCRAT, April 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Warren, Texas, March 23d, 1863.

Mr. Editor:

Having seen several pieces in your paper in regard to the war, our facilities for sustenance and defence, I take the liberty of requesting you to insert my opinion, if it is only the opinion of a native Texan girl. I live about a mile from the Indian Nation, on the west side of Red river, where I have the opportunity of seeing persons, not only from the Nation, but from every portion of Texas. And I am sure at this time, there is more unanimity of feeling respecting the war than ever before in Texas and the Nation. Last year there were some in Texas who were desirous of a reconstruction of the old connection. My parents were from the North—but now all, all are for prosecuting the war with vigor. The people here are far more able to bear the burden of the war now than at any time prior to this. Cotton cards have been procured, the loom and wheel have been brought into use, and nearly every family makes cloth enough for its own use, and some to spare. My mother, whose family is small, has had upwards of two hundred yards of cloth woven within the last six months. As to clothes, there will be no more trouble. The ladies are quite independent. As to the wheat crop, there never has been perhaps a more flattering prospect in Texas. More land has been planted in grain, and every appearance indicates a larger yield.

Great preparation is making for a large maize or corn crop. It is true we all deplore the war; we are sorry it had to come; but it was a disease in the body politic which had to run its course. It has come and we trust it is in last stages. The fever is subsiding, and ere long we think the trumpet of peace will be sounded from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande; from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

It is strange, that our brethren of the North should have conceived an idea so erroneous as that of subjugating so many millions of their own race, armed in the holy cause of the Bible and the constitution. In the North we have friends, friends of right, and to them we look for a speedy terminus of this, the most atrocious war of modern times. But if the fanatics are bent upon piratical destruction let them come, we will welcome them to bloody graves. We would rather that our homes be burnt, our stock and grain be stolen, our brothers and lovers press the gory sod of a patriot's grave, than live as conquered slaves.

Katrina.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, June 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 3
The Indians.

Columbus, Texas, June 14, 1863.

Ed News.—Dear sir: I am requested to send to you for publication, the following extract from a letter received by a soldier in the hospital at this place, from his wife. The soldier is a resident of Johnson county—belongs to Col. Baylor's Regiment, and having left his home and family to fight for his country, it is natural to suppose he would expect that country to extend to his family all the protection it was able to render.

The following is the substance of what she writes: "The Indians are very bad here—worse than they have ever been before. I think ere long they will take and kill the last horse in the settlement. They have been here constantly for the last six weeks, leaving yesterday, and taking off ten head of our horses and a number of the neighbors. They have killed and taken from us every horse we have, except one. The neighbors who have horses left are taking them across the Brazos river for safety.

"Nathan Holt was barbarously murdered and scalped by the Indians, while driving a cow and calf home in day time. Tom Hill, your brother soldier, was shot and scalped by the barbarians. I am afraid to live in this county any longer. I will go to father's if possible. Many are leaving.

Your wife,
"Lucy Dennis."

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, July 11, 1863, p. 2, c. 1
Dried Fruit for the Soldiers.

Mr. Loughery,

I have been requested by the Society to ask you to put a notice in the Republican this week, requesting the ladies in the country to put up as much dried fruit as possible this year. All the fruit delivered at the drug store of Dr. Lancaster, in good condition, will be paid for liberally by the Society.

Respectfully,
Ida Van Zandt,
Secretary of Volunteer Aid Society.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, July 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Wayside Hospital.

We, the ladies of Harrison county, desirous of establishing a wayside Hospital at this place, do most urgently entreat all who feel an interest in our sick and wounded soldiers to aid us by sending [illegible] and every thing necessary for a hospital, such as Tea, Rice, Medicines, Wine, Brandy, &c. Look for further particulars next week.

Mrs. Burress, Matron.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, October 1, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

An Appeal to the People of Texas.

Men of Texas, awake! arise! The enemy is about to march into your country, bearing aloft the "blood red torch of Mars." Rush to the defense of all that is near and dear to you on earth, or ignobly perish as slaves. It is useless to say the enemy cannot enter into the mountain fastnesses, or spread over the broad prairies of Texas. What is to prevent him unless you meet him at the threshold and drive him back? The men of Texas have won a proud name on every battlefield, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Come forward now, you that are on Texas soil, and keep it secured from the tread of the invader.

The hour has come, meet the enemy, you must, it is for you to decide now, men of Texas! whether you will meet him as man to man on the battle field, or whether you will skulk before him like a dog from your own doorstep.

Women of Texas! 'tis the faint voice of a weary woman from the fairest portion of Louisiana, that warns you. I have seen the hour when I was glad to take my little children, in the dead hour of night, and steel out of the back door of my own home, and creep like a hounded negro, through the swamps to a place of safety. If your husbands and your brothers do not defend you at the frontier, women of Texas! your homes will be desolated also.

Expect no mercy at the hands of the enemy. The history of this war has shown that they have none. In rare instances one may meet a man in the Yankee army who is not lost to every sense of decency or honor, but an experience of many months did not show me one, no not one, from Butler down to the lowest man in the ranks.

Planters of Texas! give of your means a portion, to secure the remainder. If the enemy come upon your plantations, they will take your mules, your wagons, and your negroes, to haul off your corn, your wheat, and your cotton. Give freely now, while the day of salvation is at hand, or Texas will be like Louisiana a desolate country.

A Refugee.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, October 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Editor Telegraph:--A soldier's wife wishes to know what Capt. Wharton will take for the socks after they are knit, and what he thinks the cards will be worth after carding wool enough for twenty-five pair of socks. The ladies of the south, very few of them, know how to spin or knit, and by the time a soldier's wife cooks, washes, irons and patches for five or six children, how many pairs of socks could she make this winter? Her husband is serving his country at eleven dollars per month, and she must decline taking the order. Socks in our little town sell for five dollars per pair. She thinks if this war, the most inhuman of all wars, lasts much longer, and our currency is not restored to its original basis, we will all have to exclaim, Father of mercy! deliver us from our friends.

Respectfully,

Soldier's Mother.

October 1st, 1863.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, October 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

To the Women of Texas.

I come, my country-women, with no siren song or fairy tale to beguile your hours of idleness, with no strains of eloquence to excite your admiration, or arouse for awhile delusive dreams of glory; but I come to speak of the stern realities of war which are upon us, and the relation we sustain to its progress and ultimate results. Wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, the destiny of a nation is upon you, and the closing scene of the momentous drama through which we are passing will reflect the impress your conduct and sentiments are making upon it. History may not bear testimony to most individual deeds of moral heroism, but every sacrifice made for patriotism, every sentiment that tends to foster a noble devotion to our cause, every rebuke given to the ignominious slave of self and mammon, will add a stone to that temple of liberty which will eventually rear its beautiful form above the storms which a ruthless and unscrupulous foe is waging against us.

That we will conquer, that we will finally overcome our enemies is inevitable. Liberty is written on every hearthstone, the booming of our guns, as they send forth the missiles of death through the ranks of our enemy, thunder liberty; the morning and evening breeze as it fans the brow of the wearied warrior and desolate widow, whispers liberty; but slothfulness and inactivity on your part may add years to the struggle in which we are engaged to obtain it. Would that every woman throughout the Confederacy would feel that with her rested the final result of this unholy strife; then would the gay, the thoughtless, the maid and the matron direct all the energies of their ardent nature to secure that blessing without which all others are valueless, priceless liberty. Let the votaries of pleasure and fashion come away from the dance and the banquet; let the wives and daughters of inglorious ease forget for a time the elegances of the toilet, and the enervating luxuries of pampered pride, and come with their wealth, come with what ever is dear in life or sacred association, and lay it on the altar of their country, and feel that the offering is trifling if the great end for which so many brave men have perished can thereby be secured. This may seem a hard thing to do, but better this than the yoke of the despot. If by indifference and inactivity the enemy should finally triumph, and the dark, dark night of oppression should settle upon us, then with remorse will we mourn our folly; but it will be too late to repent; when the chains of the tyrant are about us, regrets will be useless, and resistance vain.

Let all arouse themselves. Let those who have been folding their hands in fancied security that all would be well without their co-operation, shake off their slothfulness, and each and every one, by self-sacrificing devotion to our cause, evince to the world that we are unconquerable, and, come what may, we will be free. If adversity should every where attend our arms, let us teach our fathers, husbands, brothers and lovers, to disdain to purchase safety by submission, but undismayed to hold on their glorious way until the last foe is disarmed, or the last arm is palsied that can be raised to strike for freedom. Let our soldiers feel, from a noble generosity to them and their loved ones at home, that they have our sympathy and our prayers; let their families feel the comforting influence of our liberality; divide with them our last measure of meal. We are bestowing no charity when we do so, but discharging a sacred obligation to those who on distant fields are protecting our all from desolation. When we are measuring the products of our looms, to make comfortable those around our fireside, we must not forget the far-off sentinel who is keeping his watch through the dreary hours of a cheerless

night, guarding our honor, defending our liberty and our altars. There is another duty we owe our country and posterity. Some among us—to their eternal disgrace be it said—are seeking by various pretexts to shun the responsibilities of the war, and avoid the perils of the soldiers' life. Against all such, let woman cry, Shame, shame! and tell her recreant husband and lover, she had rather die the widow, or unwedded betrothed, of a brave man, than live to share the obloquy of a traitor or a coward. Some retired physicians have recently resumed their profession, and are attending with religious care to the planting or other interests, and refusing, as I have known in some instances, to visit the sick families of soldiers in the service. Some, whose physical appearance would authorize the opinion that they could disarm a giant foe, have suddenly become long-faced, dejected invalids, from the remembrance of some infirmity from which they have years ago recovered. Our conscripting officers and examining physicians are partly to blame for permitting this, but there is a remedy for the evil in most cases. Men are seldom so lost to every sense of honor as to disregard the frowns of patriotic indignation, or the dishonoring epithet of tory or traitor, but let every woman teach such that their conduct is equivalent to treachery and rebellion, and that they are their country's curse, their children's shame, outcasts of virtue, peace and fame.

Last, but paramount to all others at this crisis, is the obligations we are under to aid in sustaining our currency and save ourselves the infamy of repudiation. The depreciation of Confederate money arose from no original confidence in the government to make it good, but it has sprung from that unbridled spirit of speculation which rides triumphant in the face of every rebuke that outraged justice can cast upon it. All that could be said and written to execrate the foul degraded monster has been said and written. The only thing that can be done is for the strong arm of the lawmaking power to take hold of it and lay burthens on each transgressor more grievous than Egyptian bondage, which would be a righteous retribution for their dishonoring course. Those who for anything save the necessities of life pay the fabulous prices now demanded are in one sense as treacherous to our government as the speculator. Let every woman who has the opportunity supply by her own skill and industry the essentials of her wardrobe, and wear with Spartan pride the fabrics created by her own hands. Let her urge the planters to sell the products of their farms only for remunerative prices to individuals or associations who need them, but not to the speculator at any price. I know this war is bringing upon us a grievous tax, but our resources are inexhaustible, and for the consideration of an honorable peace every man and woman ought cheerfully to bear the burden of taxation rather than leave for their children the disgraceful inheritance of repudiation. The financial department of our government has probably not been managed with the greatest ability, but now is not the time to make complaints. Doubtless the assembled wisdom of our Congress this coming session will place our money on a basis that cannot be shaken by domestic treason or reckless speculation. In the meantime let us urge upon our fathers, husbands and brothers to sustain our government in every extremity with their last dollar, and teach them to feel individually that their honor is as much pledged to redeem our currency as if their names were affixed to every note and bond that has been issued.

The day may not be far distant when the sun of peace may arise and spread its glorious beams athwart the thick clouds and darkness that is about us, but whether it be near or remote, let every one resolve that where freedom and God may lead they will follow, and if perish they must, they will perish rather than crouch to the despot's sword, or leave to history the story that we lived and died the slaves of a merciless conqueror.

Ceceola.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, October 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Wanted.

All ladies in Houston and surrounding counties who have cloth on hand, which they can spare, are requested to donate it to the ladies of Crockett for the purpose of making petticoats for the Minute Men of this county, who have "backed out" of the service. We think the petticoat more suitable for them in these times. And by thus clothing them, we can save our county the shame and reproach which will be cast upon it, and ourselves the mortification of meeting minute men who make great war speeches, but who, on the approach of danger, hoist the white feather and retire from the field. Those clothed with the petticoat, as all are aware, are allowed full license of the tongue, but are not held responsible for what they may say or do.

Owing to the scarcity of cloth in the county, we will require the merchants to furnish themselves.

Grand-ma Mattock.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, October 31, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

We wonder if there are any counties to which the following applies other than Houston county? We find it in last week's Quid Nunc.

WANTED.—All ladies in Houston and surrounding counties who have cloth on hand, which they can spare are requested to donate it to the ladies of Crockett for the purpose of making petticoats for the minute men of this county, who have backed out of the service. We think the petticoat most suitable for them in these times. By thus clothing them we think we can save our country the shame and reproach which will be cast upon it, and ourselves the mortification of meeting minute men who make great war speeches, but who, on the approach of danger hoist the white feather and retire from the field. Those clothed with the petticoat, as all are aware are allowed full license of the tounge [sic] but are not held responsible for what they may say or do. Owing to the scarcity of cloth in the county, we will require the Merchants to furnish them selves.

Grandma Matlock.
[Victoria Advocate.]

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, December 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Mrs. Lancaster, of the Texas Ranger, says:

"We have heard it publicly asserted on the streets, that details could be purchased in San Antonio, and that in Houston men were detailed for other purposes than the good of the country. The number of active young men that remain about Houston, gambling, speculating, selling goods, keeping drinking saloons, &c., has been the theme of conversation for some time, and we are now enabled to say, that a move is on foot in the right direction, headed by a General who has earned his laurels on many a bloody field, to place these men where they properly belong, and to detect and punish those in office who have been transcending their authority to the injury of the Confederacy. Not only those about Houston, but men throughout the State, who have been evading the service, will have to fall into ranks or do worse."

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, December 28, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Houston, December 5th, 1863.

Colonel Buchel—We send you a flag, not dedicated as is the old world's wont, under the august domes of religious worship, amid wreathing incense and chaunted [sic] prayer—but by

the quiet hearthside, in the hushed sanctuary of home, as we stitched on the star an cross, have we prayed to the God of battles to bless and consecrate it to victory and renown. Borne by Texians, Texians who entered this war in the morning light of the Alamo, Goliad and San Jacinto, yet whose mighty deeds have carried them onward and upward blazing to the zenith, until the world looks with awe and wonder at the sublime splendor of their fame—borne by such men it can never know disgrace. Your countrywomen have perfect confidence in you, knowing full well that whatever men have dared or done, you will do. We shall watch you with interest, and pray for your safety, however never forgetting that he only lives who conquers, that earth has no graves for victors. Who would dare say that Fannin, Travis and Bonham are dead; they live forever, and march with every vidette, and have planted the cross and stars over blood-bought batteries from the flowing plains of Valverde to the rugged heights of Gettysburg, from Gaines Mills to the dashing stream of proud Chickamauga. Wherever the sons of the Lone Star strike, the hailed hands of the old warriors of the Republic are seen. Therefore, should you fail in freedoms cause, and be even denied the sculptured pile that peaceful days give to the true and brave, be assured that the hearts of the women of your State shall be the urns to enspire [sic] and enshrine you. We will remember your deeds and tell to the children at our knees, how battling for our rights, you fought and fell, and teaching them thus, will raise them to avenge you.—May the great God, whose cross you bear upon your banners, be your shield and mighty deliverer both from the seen and unseen dangers of the battle-field of armies and the battle-field of life.

Respectfully, Jane M. Young.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, January 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Capt. J. T. Cleveland,

C. S. gunboat "J. H. Bell,"

At anchor off Sabine Pass, Texas:

Sir:--We, the undersigned, present this flag to the officers and crew of the "J. H. Bell," as a testimonial of our love for the Confederacy, and gratitude to, and admiration for, the brave hearts and strong arms engaged in our defence [sic].

Never permit the light of Hope to grow dim, while a single star remains upon this banner of Liberty; but may it gather new luster from the deeds and daring of its gallant defenders.

Respectfully,

Mrs. Samuel Watson,

Mrs. K. D. Keith,

Mrs. R. J. Parsons.

Sabine Pass, Texas, Jan. 25th, 1864.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL [ATLANTA, GA], June 19, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

What Texas Women are Doing.--A private letter received in this city from a lady in Texas says: "Since I commenced making cloth, I have made 2700 yards for myself and 300 for others. The girls dress in homespun and like it." Three cheers for the fair daughters of Texas.

RICHMOND [VA] WHIG, October 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Fort Worth, Texas, Aug. 2, 1864.

J. C. Armistead, 3d Ky. Cav., Co. A, Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., Prisoner:

Husband: At your request I write through this medium. Monthly I welcome your letters. Why do none of mine reach you? Myself and children well, and amply provided for by my school. MY HEART IS WITH YOU.

Josephine

Chicago papers please copy.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, December 9, 1864, p. 4, c. 4

LaGrange, Dec. 3d, 1864.

Ed. Tel.—Knowing the great interest you feel in whatever concerns Terry and Lubbock's Regiment of Texas Rangers, I am induced to write you a few lines in order that the numerous friends of the regiment may sympathize with them, in the loss of their beautiful flag, presented them by the ladies of Nashville, Tenn. My son John G. Haynie, writes from near Rome, Ga., date October 16th, in which he says: "On the 13th of this month, Col. Harrison commanding a division of cavalry, our brigade in the division, and Col. Armisted's brigade in front of ours, moved out to Beach Creek, six miles from Rome, and opened a fight, Col. Armisted's brigade on our front and left, and battery posted to command the road. The enemy came up with a much larger force than ours, and after a battle of some time, they took our battery as it was moving off, they charged and drove us from our position, and all fell back in confusion.

After the regiment had gone through a thick wood, the color bearer looked up and saw the flag was gone, he only having the staff, it was too late to go back, as the Yanks were coming on. We sent back a scout next day, but did not find it, and we have since learned that the Yanks found it. We have the pleasure of knowing they did not capture it from the flag bearer. We all grieve over its loss on account of its fair donors. Its folds have waved over our regiment in many a hard fought, bloody battle, but the worst of luck will happen to the best of people sometimes. Our army is in fine spirits and hopeful of success."

And now, Mr. Editor, I propose that the mothers, sisters, and numerous friends of this regiment make up a subscription and purchase a new flag and through the ladies of your city present it, in behalf of the ladies of Texas, to Major S. P. Christian and Capt. F. Kyle, to be by them presented to the regiment on their return, as a token of our appreciation of their long tried, arduous and faithful services in behalf of our beloved Confederacy.

If the above suggestion meets your approbation, please start the subscription and annex my name for five dollars in specie.

Yours Respectfully,
Ann E. Haynie.

[We add five dollars. Who next?—Ed. Tel.]

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 1, c. 3

Letter from a Lady.

Austin, February 27th, 1865.

Mr. Editor:--You have often made the offer to publish evils if you were informed of their existence. To this remark you have strictly adhered, and much benefit has accrued therefrom. We have all felt the value of a good paper and the influence it exerts, and at this time we especially need editors who will not swerve from the paths of duty to please the few, while the many suffer. It is difficult to comprehend the silence of newspapers throughout the State, in reference to the conduct of men in high places. To notice their publications, especially in this place, you would infer that the employees were too decrepid [sic] to serve in the field in any

capacity, and that such, alone, would be employed. It may be urged that a lady is out of her sphere in meddling with matters of this nature. If so, it is the duty of men cognizant of the facts, to give them circulation; but where men have ocular demonstrations of them, and yet complacently permit their existence, they are as much to blame as the officials who mislead the people by false advertisements for men they do not employ. The Gazette, in this city, although an excellent paper, seems to have taken no interest in these things, and instead of proclaiming the existence of an hundred able-bodied young men in the civil and military offices of this city, who shirk the service, (at the option of those who should spurn their applications with contempt,) it encourages the evil by its silence. You may judge for yourself whether our officers are patriotic. I will refer to the offices, in proportion to their employees. Comptroller's office employs eight clerks—only one of them crippled—the others are strong, healthy young men, who have never been in hard service. This surprises us, from the fact that the head of the office is a brave old veteran, who has worn the scars of many a hard fought battle, and the only State officer who has ever been under fire. The Land Office has seven clerks, only one of whom has been in battle. The Military Board, including an adjunct office, has four; the State Receiver's Office four; the Post Quartermaster's Office four; the Treasurer's Office four; and none of all those have been in the service. The Governor's Adjutant General's and Beef Offices, with a number of other offices, all employ young and able-bodied young men. Nor is Austin alone filled with young men who should be in the field. If reports are true, San Antonio and Houston are equally gorged with young men who will one day blush for their cowardice. But you will ask for a remedy for these evils. I can offer but one, and that is to publish the names of officers in the State who employ young men, with the names of the clerks employed, and their duties, since the war began. The newspapers that follow this course will benefit the Confederacy more than an army of Enrolling Officers, and win the esteem of every true soldier and patriot. In a letter from a sister in South Carolina, I learn that the offices of that State are filled with the decrepid [sic] and infirm, and the distinction, in every case, made for the soldier. Texas can boast of as brave and gallant men, but her officials pay but little respect to the brave, decrepid [sic] warriors, who have returned to their houses maimed for life. Give these the places and preferments above all others. I have made Texas, for a while, my home, and I appreciate its people as highly as it is possible for a woman to love the generous and brave. Three of my brothers have fallen in the service, and my father is still in the field; hence, I have a right to feel for the soldiers, who are fighting for our liberties, and wish to see, in this our time of need, every young man in the field, who has a spark of courage and honor. In conclusion, I will suggest that every lady bring her influence to bear in this matter, and if the men will not make known and try to correct the evils in our land, let the ladies battle with the pen for our soldiers in the field, and tell them the names of the young men who are forsaking them. Should any young man get angry with me for my plain words, I beg his pardon, but it is my duty to urge upon him his duty. You can give my name if required.

Respectfully,

Lucy.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 1, c. 2

March 29, 1865.

W. Richardson:--Sir:--Permit an old friend of your valuable paper to drop you a few lines to let you know how things are being done in Northwestern Texas. . . .

My husband and brothers have been in the service nearly ever since the war began, and I have had as hard a hard a time as most soldier's wives, and yet I do not complain, I set this

down as my rule at the start, to do all in my power for our glorious country, and the needy soldiers that I have fed and furnished in clothing and blankets gratis, can best tell if I have deviated from my rule. I told my husband when he volunteered, that the last goods we purchased in a store averaged, calico 15 cents per yard; domestic 8 cents; shoes \$1.25, &c, and that I never intended to buy any more goods until we gained our independence, or until I could buy them at the same prices in Confederate money. With the help of my son, 12 years old, my daughter and myself, we plow and make my own support for a family of seven, and this year I hope to have something to spare to the government in the way of bread for our army; and if every one would follow the same rule that I do, there would not be near so many on the indigent list, and would not be cursed with deserters in our midst. If my husband, dear as he is to me, was so lost to the honor that fills the breast of every true Southerner, as to desert his post, I would disown him, and sue for a divorce and petition the Legislature to change the names of my children so that they would not have to bear the name of a deserter.

Secession.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 3, c. 5

What More can the Women Do?

Ed. News:--In this, our day of need, when our country calls for aid—even the aid of our slaves—cannot the women of the South do something? Must we be content with knitting a few socks and attending to our domestic duties, clothing those of our own household—surely commendable employment—but have not good women before and since the days of Solomon done the same? Our country must, and by the help of God, shall be free from Yankee domination! She is now bleeding at every pore. Can we not aid in binding up her wounds? Yes, women though we be, weak and timid as the women of the South proverbially are, when there is real danger and real need, we can show ourselves both strong and brave. You may ask what more can our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters do for our armies than they have done? Have they not given parties, concerts, tableaux and suppers, and sent clothing and money to our soldiers and hospitals? Have then not held up the finger of scorn at the shirkers from duty, and the "healthy, young men in offices which might be filled by the aged and infirm?"

My countrywomen, had we not better first cast the beam out of our own eyes, that we may see clearly to pull the mote out of our brother's eyes? Are there no Florence Nightingales in the South? I shudder to think of the thousands of soldiers who have died since this war commenced for want of woman's gentle care. Let our Surgeons be assisted by the noble women and the faithful slaves of the South, and how many thousands of able men who are now lounging around our hospitals might be sent into the field. "Ordered to the hospital" falls now on the ears of our poor, suffering soldiers like the knell of death. How different would be their feelings if assured of finding there gentle hands and soft words, reminding them of home, of peace, purity and Heaven! It is true, woman's duties bind her to her home—mothers should not leave their children—many deplore their inability to do something for their country; many are free, ready and willing, if they only had the way pointed out. Women are timid and too often require a guide in an untrodden path of duty. One more united and vigorous effort and we will be free—go where duty calls—think not what you shall eat or what you shall wear. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." You will not be forgotten by those who pray for the sick, wounded and imprisoned soldiers. Would that I were gifted with melting, burning words, I would not rest until I had infused into the heart of every man, woman and child in our Confederacy a spirit of hatred

and eternal resistance to Yankee cupidity and tyranny. Yes, I repeat, we will be free, but we are required first to give up our idols, and to acknowledge the just chastisement of a jealous God.

M.

Austin, Texas, April 10th, 1865.