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STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX]
1861

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 19, 1861, p. 2, c. 2-3

No. 1 Volume 18th.

With this issue the standard commences its eighteenth volume, eighteen years and five months after its first issue, which was August 20th, 1842.

It has continued, without intermission, the exclusive property and under the sole control of its present editor and publisher. The time lost which prevents its record age upon its face, from agreement with its actual age, has been the result of lapses in its early history, when from mishaps in pecuniary arrangements, and accidents of Navigation, it has been suspended for intervals ranging from two weeks to three months. One of these occurred some eight years since, while the proprietor was absent from home. His paper was detained at Alexandria on Red River, pledged by the Captain of the Steam Boat on which it had been shipped, with all the rest of his cargo, for his own private purposes. The agreement was a gross fraud upon many persons, who lost much of their freight from damage by long detention in a warehouse. We lost, by the lapse of time, which could not be avoided, there being no chance to procure paper this side of New Orleans.

A newspaper publisher in a newly settled country, inland, suffers great inconveniences. We have paper now out, shipped at Philadelphia Nov. 17th, of which we have no information since shipment. It is imperative that large purchases must be made during the Fall and Winter months, or we would frequently be out of paper.

A paper with quite a small circulation might avoid this by moderate expenditures, though our readers in Northern Texas, know that even these are frequently out of paper. Much money, or extra good credit is indispensable to the convenient maintenance of the newspaper business in this region; and paper is an article for which most persons have to pay cash on delivery.

Notwithstanding the generally unremunerative character of the business of newspaper publishing; more close labor and less reward than from any other, being its characteristics; still it fascinates numbers of the inexperienced; who like to throw themselves before the great Public and course the field of Journalism with mixed hopes of Fame and Profit.—How many acquire the first we shall not decide; we are quite clear in our convictions that few get very rich by the pursuit.

Still it has its uses. The pursuit *should* expand the Mind of the man, who is at all competent to undertake it, and pass the portals of the *accepted*; and in Texas great numbers essay the path which leads to publicity. It is especially a newspaper State. Almost every little County Town, which could properly about pay the promiscuous expenses of a Printers Devil, (we intend no profanity,) *gets up* a public Journal with a pretentious title, and the affair goes on with great vim for a few months—languishes, changes hands—a new aspirant for fame; perhaps two or three successively, conduct it onward to its inevitable goal—it languishes again and expires. After awhile the establishment is sold out, goes to some new locality, hitherto untouched by the tempter, and again the same play is performed, until the types wear out, and the natural death ensues—a finality.

All our County Towns have a *passion* for a Printing office. It is in itself a commendable passion; but sometimes premature in its development.

No one County in the State, unless it has an important commercial centre [sic], is sufficient to maintain a respectable printing establishment. By this, we do not say that an establishment of this sort may not succeed in an unimportant village; but if it does, it must be from superior energy and capacity combined on the part of its conductor, or some extrinsic advantages of neighborhood. The county proper, in which it is situated must be wealthy and populous, and pleased with its representative Journal, or *it* cannot sustain it. We state this because the suggestion is frequently made in our hearing, that some very small town, in some sparsely settled County, is a good situation for the maintenance of a public Journal.

The Standard, we feel gratified to be able to say, derives its support *largely* from other Counties than Red River. The legal advertising of most other counties is cut off from it by the Statutes, but its voluntary support by subscription and commercial advertising is seldom diminished by the establishment of other Journals. Its profits for the last two years have been greater than at any time previous. It loses subscribers occasionally, in some localities, and gains them in others.—The hazardous experiment of raising its price two years since, seemed to promise a diminution; but nevertheless, was absolutely necessary, to put it at a paying standard, comparative with the rise in the price of labor, and of all domestic products. A very few subscribers dropped off, here and there, and many of those have returned. The paper cannot be published at less, and afford a reasonable remuneration. No secular paper in the State, of its size, is published at less, or ought to be. We cannot do in the country, as city papers do, issue papers at *less than cost*, depending on enormous advertising custom, at enormous charges, for remuneration. Every New York Tribune or Herald issued, costs more for labor, paper and type, than the amount charged for it; but then this is compensated by immense advertising custom at ten and fifteen times more price than any paper in Texas charges for its advertisements.

Ordinary advertisements in the Weekly Tribune cost \$1,25 *a line* each insertion—for advertisements under special head \$1,50 a line. We get \$1,00 for *ten* lines the first time, and fifty cents for each continuation; for long terms less than half that. Upon this basis, these cheap papers divide among stockholders a large amount annually; the Tribune near \$100,000 per annum. We state this, to show our readers that papers cannot be published so cheaply here as in large cities. But then it is in the highest degree important that respectable organs of communication, and advocate of political and social interests should be maintained, for a service that journals at a distance could not perform, if they would, for the dwellers in each locality—remote from the great political and commercial centres [sic]. And so, we outside barbarians have to charge for our services *pro rata* as all those around us do, with reference to the cost to us of production, and the cost of all we have to eat and wear.

To day a newspaper at Texas prices is the cheapest article produced in the State, by joint action of brains and labor. Those domestic products which require little brain work, command better prices than the newspaper. The farmer wants \$8 per hundred for flour, and \$1 per bushel for potatoes and corn. In Illinois where the newspaper is worth \$1,50 per annum—paper and labor much cheaper to the publisher than here—corn and potatoes are worth 15 to 20 cents per bushel, flour about \$250 [sic] per hundred. In which State does the publisher get most for his money. It is always *right* to look at both sides of a question, demanding solution upon grounds of propriety.

The STANDARD will be published as heretofore; will be pleased to visit all who desire its presence; especially all those old friends with whom it has long held converse; will as heretofore endeavor to be always frank, rational, and entirely disregardful of consequences in the elucidation of a TRUTH, ethical or political; will endeavor to set aside all prejudice, and deal

fairly with its readers, as its editor endeavors to deal with himself—avoiding as far as practicable, self delusions, and careful in the effort not to mislead others.

Politics, as heretofore known, we presume, are to be regarded only as of the past. In any new government which may be formed, or in any reconstruction of the old, we would advocate strict construction of fundamental law; economy; and the avoidance of the exercise of all doubtful powers. We would do this, as *most safe*, regardless of political definement, by arbitrary titles. We hope always to assist good men in good objects. We always hope to inculcate in so far as we have power, self-abnegating patriotism, public and private integrity, morality and conservation; refinement of mind and manner; purity of principles, expression and conduct.

We regard the Press as the proper active agent of much good. It is the regulator of the civilized world; it gives tone, either boldly or sinuously, to all public expression and nearly all private feeling. It is the great *feeder* of the public mind. How important that what it imparts should be wholesome? not merely honest and heart felt, but well informed, well considered, and well expressed.

We are pleased to feel that our constant aim to do well, commands the approval and support of many readers in all Northern Texas; some of them fellow wayfarers through the eighteen years since the Standard was first thrown to the breeze, upon the plains of old Red River. We have them in our mind's eye and treasure them as brothers. Our heart is with them wherever they may be—true friends that have never flagged, but always been present at the roll call. These, we do not count among the mass who take a paper as they buy a horse; (with a clear right to do so;) but in most cases, as old warm friends, with whom there is a fraternity beyond dollars and cents; who are something more than casual readers of our lucubrations; but with whom we are connected by the electric chain of sympathy—who think with us, and *feel* with us.

Gentlemen—readers! we raise our hat to you, and tender a most courteous salutation.—May the year of which but a few days have elapsed, be wholly pleasant to you and yours—winding onward, a silver stream of uninterrupted enjoyment; and in your course may no trailing willows or funereal cypresses line the banks; but only odorous shrubs, and trees whose products are fruits and flowers.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 19, 1861, p. 2, c. 7

Mr. Enoch Marple has sold the "Mt. Pleasant Union" to Mr. J. A. Carpenter, who continues its publication.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 26, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

We are indebted to Senator Hemphill, for seed of White Addas, for which we are much obliged.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 26, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

From the Frontier.

From the White Man of the 27th, we clip the following paragraphs:

RANGERS.—Our town has been crowded during the present week with independent rangers. They have come from almost every section of the State. Other companies have gone out by different routes.

We have no definite idea of the number now in the field, it being variously estimated

from 250 to 700.

Capt. Peter Garland had an animating chase after a party of Indians in Palo Pinto County last week. His company pressed them so closely that they disposed of their robes to facilitate their flight, and took shelter in a dense mountain cedar brake.

PRINCELY.—Upon the arrival of the provisions and munitions forwarded for the benefit of the Frontier, [by the ladies of Houston,] at Dallas, the kind ladies of the latter place generously provided a most sumptuous supper, for the purpose of raising means for the immediate transportation to the point of destination.

Every where in the State the ladies have made princely contributions toward the relief of the suffering Frontier people, they have nobly responded by their means in alleviating the miseries of others.

This open handed generosity will prove an incentive to many to persevere in defending their firesides.

Capt. Alexander and Company, from Red River County, arrived in town this morning, en route for Lost Valley. This company is composed of fine looking gentlemen, well armed, and mounted on superb horses. May success crown the efforts of these gallant men.

DONATIONS FROM BELOW.—Just as we go to press, we learn that the express wagons containing the donations from Galveston, Houston and Dallas, will arrive within a few hours. From here the supplies will be promptly forwarded, and thankfully received by the men in Camp.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 26, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

How to Retain a Handsome Face.—A correspondent of the Home Journal has some good ideas on the importance of mental activity for retaining a good face. He says:

We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why K. had so lost the beauty for which five years ago he was so famous. "Oh, it is because he never did anything," said B., "he never worked, thought, or suffered. You must have the mind chiseling way at the features, if you want handsome middle-aged men." Since hearing that remark I have been on the watch to see whether it is generally true, and it is.—A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink, grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design."

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 2, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

The Alexandria Gazette says that the mills for the manufacture of cloth in Virginia have orders to fill, that will keep them busy until May next. The demand is from all parts of the South, and from New Orleans there are large orders for "Virginia homespun."

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 9, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

We again issue on paper of inferior size. The large supply which we had hoped would come upon the last rise, is, we suppose at Fulton; as we are told that the Moro put out her freight there, and returned with a load of cotton.

This system of taking freight for Rowland or above, and leaving it below, without any provision for forwarding, is one that will have to be stopped by a few actions for damages. We have a little shipment of provisions, started from New Orleans on the 6th of December. The boat brought them to Laynesport several weeks ago; got a load of cotton and started back—came

again on the last rise to Hawkins' just below Laynesport, got cotton and went back. No want of water. Probably had no freight to bring her further up, but could have provided for forwarding by another boat which did come up.

Upper Red River has long been victimized by steamboat captains and owners. They escape penalties, because the trouble of suit is frequently not warranted by the amount in controversy.

Skips to February 23, 1861

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 23, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

For the past three weeks we have been unable to make full issues of The Standard, from scarcity of paper; and such of our subscribers as have not been served in consequence, will have the proper number made up to them. We have supplied nearly all the offices in Red River, Bowie, Titus, Lamar and Fannin—no others.

Our long delayed paper, we heard on Tuesday last, had been sunk on the steamer Moro, near the Spanish Bluffs. We went down to Mill Creek that night on the stage, and the next morning to Laynesport in Arkansas, on a Pony propeller. We satisfied ourself that the deck freight of the Moro had been taken up by the Era, so we returned, and found that the long looked for had arrived at Rowland a few hours after we left.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 2, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

From the Mobile Advertiser.

The Flag of the South.

We anticipate that the selection of an appropriate pattern of flag for the standard of the South will be attended with a vast deal of controversy. The Legislature of South Carolina was busied for two or three weeks in deciding upon the pattern even of a State banner, a comparatively unimportant affair; unless indeed South Carolina does not intend to honor the other States with her association in the Confederacy. Her cavalier treatment of the Virginia Commissioners would seem to indicate that she intends to be exceedingly choice in the selection of her company, and the result may be that the other States will be so choice in their selections that she will either have to come in as they may dictate or stay out in the cold. This is no time, we submit, for a Southern State to give the cold shoulder to a sister, and injuriously repel her because she is not just yet prepared to take exactly the same view of matters. The other Southern States should be conciliated and coaxed to come to those which have taken their final position, for such course is more auspicious of results than the attempt to dragoon. But we are wandering from our purpose.

South Carolina has finally disposed of a weighty matter, and adopted her style of flag. It is "blue, with a golden palmetto, upright, upon a white oval in the center, and a white crescent in the upper flagstaff corner." This is a pretty enough State banner, and South Carolina may think it just the thing for a national flag, accounting herself to be the hub of the nation. But its emblems are of merely local significance, and it has no grandeur and comprehensiveness of design to render it a suitable national banner. The "star," dear to all of us of these States, is excluded, and also the crimson hue, which is one of the colors we have always fought under.

We are an ardent advocate of the Southern Cross pattern, and fancy we already feel a

patriotic devotion to it. It is grand and simple, and would be the most gorgeous banner which flouts the air in any clime, not excepting the St. George's Cross of England. The cross is the Christian emblem, and we are a Christian people; and the "Southern Cross" is significant of our designation as "The South," and of our sunny latitude. The flag should be of rich crimson, the cross of blue, the short arm running entirely across perpendicularly, and the long arm the entire length horizontally—the blue field of the broad cross blazoned with the white stars of as many States as acknowledge the flag their national standard. This would constitute the magnificent—no calico pattern work about it—and commanding the attention and the admiration, if not the sympathy and respect, as we trust it will, however, of Christian peoples everywhere. It retains all the colors of the lately loved flag of the late Union. The "revenue flag" could bear a short-armed crossed, not reaching the margins. The "union jack" could be simply a blue flag with the stars studding it in the shape of the cross, with no crimson in it. Let the "Southern Cross" be the flag of the South. Will not some one get up a large and splendid specimen of this flag after the above pattern, to show how it looks?

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 2, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

The Late Lola Montez.

The last moments of Lola Montez offered a singular contrast to her earliest career. For some time she had been very ill at Astoria, L. I., and professed the heartiest penitence for the manner in which her life had been spent. About four weeks ago Rev. Dr. Hawks was requested to call on her, and did so. He found her with her Bible open to the story of the Magdalen, and she expressed to her visitor her sincere anxiety in regard to her further welfare. At the same time she was hopeful—"I can forget my French, my German, my everything," she said, "but I cannot forget Christ."

Before she died she purchased the little plot in Greenwood, where she is now buried. On her coffin was a plate, with the simple inscription:

MISS ELIZA GILBERT,
Died January 17, 1861,
Aged 42 years.

The name of Lola Montez, by which she was the best known, was assumed when she went on the stage at Paris, professing to be a Spanish dancer. She subsequently adopted this name whenever she appeared in public.—Her last appearance was at a lecture at Mozart Hall, a year or so ago, when she was listened to by a large and highly-intelligent audience.

Mr. Gilbert, Mrs. Heald, Countess Landsfeldt, Lola Montez—by whatever of her numerous names she may be known—did not die in a state of utter dependence on friendly hospitality, as many supposed. She had some money, three hundred dollars of which she has left to the Magdalen Society; the remainder, after paying off her just debts, is to go to charitable objects.

The peculiar circumstances in which Lola Montez was placed, must be considered in viewing her career. She was an illegitimate child, and early deserted by her mother. She had talents, and decided to make use of them to get on in the world. She was a Becky Sharp on a grand scale, only not quite as heartless as that imaginary character. Her most eccentric actions

were speedily reported, but her many acts of generosity, especially to poor literary people—and there are several of the class in New York who can testify to this—were known only to the recipients of her careless bounty.—New York Post.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 2, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Odd Fellows' Celebration.

Yesterday the Odd Fellows of our vicinity, assisted by a few members from Paris, and aided also, we believe, by the Masonic Fraternity, had a procession in regalia, an Oration, grand Supper, and a Ball. The Oration was delivered by the Rev. M. Bradley, of Paris.—Much interest was excited by the whole affair.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 2, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

The Lone Star Flag above our Office, flies gallantly to the breeze to-day; the birth day of the Independence of Texas.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 2, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

Apple Bread.—A French officer has invented and practiced with success a method of making bread with common apples, very far superior to potato bread. After having boiled one third of peeled apples, he bruised them, while quite warm, into two-thirds of flour, including the proper quantity of yeast and kneaded the whole without water, the juice of the fruit being sufficient. When the mixture had acquired the consistency of paste, he put it into a vessel, in which he allowed it to raise for about twelve hours. By this process he was enabled to obtain a very excellent bread, full of eyes, and extremely palatable and light.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 2, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

Ladies Should Read Newspapers.—It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about, give her education with the actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers, and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance, but the past world is dead, and we have little comparatively to do with it. Let her have an intelligent conversation, concerning the mental, political, and religious improvements of our time. Let the gilded annuals and poems on the centre [sic] table be kept a part of the time covered with journals. Let the family—men, women and children—read the newspapers.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 9, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

Address of
Miss M. B. Anderson,
Presenting a Flag to the Red River Rangers.
(Published by Request of the Company.)

Gentlemen:--The recurrence of the birthday of the "Father of his country," has, for nearly seven-eighths of a century, filled the heart of every true patriot with the warmest emotions.

In commemoration of *one*, unsurpassed among men for wisdom in council, patriotic endurance in adversity, consummate skill in military affairs,—a patriot without a stain on his escutcheon, and a devotee to civil and religious liberty—you have decided that this day should be celebrated, by the presentation of an Independence Flag. Alas! that causes should have transpired, which render it imperative on every true Texian, to prepare for an arduous struggle in defence [sic] of the liberties and blessings we have so long enjoyed.

Nearly twenty-five years ago, the noble-hearted patriots of this State, a band but few in number, threatened with annihilation, unless they submitted to laws enacted in violation of the confederation of the Republic of Mexico, renounced their allegiance to Mexico, and pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor, to maintain their civil and religious rights.—Long had they borne the hand of oppression; but the time had arrived when submission could no longer be endured, and they were forced to the last resort of freemen in defence [sic] of liberty. Once and again had the original compact, entered into by the States of Mexico, after her successful struggle for release from the Spanish yoke, been violated; and the freeborn sons of liberty, who had become citizens of Texas, resolved no longer to submit to the thralldom of vacillating tyranny. Her armies were victorious, and she took her place among the nations of the earth, as a free and independent Republic. In 1845 she merged her nationality into that of the United States, and became a member of the North American confederation.

Long ere this the fanaticism of the North was waging a bitter war against the South and Southern institutions. Their hatred was deadly; their jealousy of the prosperity of the South was diabolical; the artful wily cunning with which they concocted and matured their plans to accomplish their fiendish purposes, met with the warmest supporters at the bar, in the pulpit, and in the halls of legislation; and in many States of the Confederacy have laws been passed in direct violation of the Constitution of the United States, and in the face of the decision of the highest court of judicature in the land.

In the election of the Black Republican Lincoln, pledged as he is to his party, to carry out plans most inimical to the interests of the South, the South has no other honorable course to pursue, than to withdraw from a compact into which she entered, or submit to the trampling under foot of her dearest rights. We, ere another sun shall have sunk beneath the western horizon, will prove by the suffrage of a free and independent, though much wronged people, that we are determined no longer to continue in a Union which is now as odious as it was once glorious. Ten thousand times rather death, than fanaticism and tyranny. Soon, Texas, by the vote of the Convention to be assembled at the Capitol, will be again a sovereign and independent Republic.

Gentlemen! in the name of the Ladies who prepared this Flag, permit me now to offer it for your acceptance. You may, according to the signs of the times, soon be called on to unfurl it at the head of your Company, when going forth to fight in defence [sic] of your country's rights. Let it *never* be stained with dishonor; let it *never* wave in an ignoble cause; let true hearts and bold hands protect.

"Then conquer you must,
Since your cause it is just,
And this be your motto—
'In God is our trust.'"

If the frenzy of the North shall compel you to take up arms to fight for heaven-born liberty, and your sacred rights, you will be engaged in a noble and glorious cause. You will be fighting for a country unsurpassed in God's creation for the fertility of its soil, the beauty of its

landscapes, the rich variety of its products of mines and minerals—in its navigable streams, and its proximity to the ocean—rendering it capable of being made a mart for the commerce of the world. In extent, it is capable of becoming an empire among kingdoms, having within itself the sources of unbounded luxury and wealth. Then, if fight you must, remember! there is *much* at stake, and *much* will be required of you. Remember you will be accompanied by the prayers and best wishes of innumerable friends and kindred. Let the patriotic words of Lord Nelson to his men, before the battle of Trafalgar, be adopted by yourselves, and engraven on your hearts: "Texas expects every man to do his duty."

That banner with the single star,
Is freedom's favored sign—
Beneath its unpolluted folds
Her brightest glories shine;
And in the whirlwind and the storm,
Amid the crash and jar,
Her brightest hope still rests upon,
That solitary star.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 9, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

Effect of Smoking on the Intellect.—In the September number of the London *Pharmaceutic Journal* for 1860, it is stated that, on dividing the pupils of the Polytechnic School of Paris into smokers and non-smokers, it is shown that the smokers have proved themselves in the various competitive examinations far inferior to the others. Not only in the examinations on entering the schools are the smokers a lower rank, but in the various ordeals they have to pass through in a year the average rank of the smokers has constantly fallen, and not inconsiderably, when the men who did not smoke enjoyed a cerebral atmosphere of the clearest kind.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 9, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

There will be a public debate at the Court House, on Thursday evening next.—
Question—Resolved, that Superstition has exercised a greater evil influence over mankind than Ambition. The attendance of the ladies respectfully invited.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 9, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Plant Grain.

The planting season is here. Our people should all understand this is a season in which corn for food for man and horse, and all grains that will fatten hogs are likely to be important. Food in times of war, and war we may have, though we hope not—food is most important. We cannot clearly see that cotton can depreciate much, except for brief periods, seasons of blockade perhaps; but to make a short crop, at any time in the past ten years, would have been the best possible policy, if there had been any way to induce unanimity of action by the Planters. If we make plenty to eat, both of breadstuffs and meat, we cannot suffer. Clothing can be made at home, not merely the garments, but the fabric. If our exports are to be interfered with, it would be better to divert our industry into channels for which there will be outlet near home. . . .

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 9, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

The Pelican Repudiated.—But a few short weeks ago the people of the sovereign state of Louisiana, being convinced that the great American Eagle was about to be taught some dirty tricks, repudiated that time-honored national bird, and inaugurated the Pelican, declaring that they owed their allegiance to that aquatic fowl alone. To be "sound on the pelican" was the highest praise; to believe in him was to be most orthodox, and to disbelieve in even the little pelicans in the nest was the rankest heresy. But no sooner said and done, than presto! change! the glorious Pelican is declared to be "nasty" and "cowardly"—not fit to be placed upon our standard, and forthwith he is flouted, scouted and routed. "Oh, you obscene bird!" cries one. "You don't feed your young, as the poets say, but gobble down all the fish and frogs yourself," says another. "You don't protect your little ones," exclaims a third, "but run away on the first approach of danger, and leave them to their fate." "And therefore we repudiate your, and kick you, and spit upon you; and hiss at you, cut your acquaintance generally, you ugly, cowardly, ill-mannered villain—and won't have your nasty 'phiz' on our flag;" say the people of Louisiana, in convention assembled. And the Pelican is driven into ignominious exile, back into his native haunts, while the "red, white and blue" (and yellow,) is waved in triumph, and demands and receives our allegiance.—R. R. Alluvian.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 9, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Disunion! Disunion!!

A. J. P. Rafferty is prepared to attend to planting gardens, and cultivation of Flowers, at all times.

The best of reference given.

Also, has 5,000 Foreign Plants, which he will sell for cash.

Can be found at Mrs. Donoho's tavern.

All orders in the country particularly attended to.

March 8th, 1861.

no.8—tf.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 9, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

Scarlet stockings, *a la Zouave*, are affected by the women of Buffalo, New York.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 9, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

Man's Duty to Woman.

Let him learn to be grateful to woman for this undoubted achievement of her sex, that it is she—far more than he, and she too often in despite of him—who has kept Christendom from lapsing back into barbarism—kept mercy and truth from being utterly overborne by these two greedy monsters money and war. Let him be grateful for this, that almost every great soul that has led forward or lifted up the race, has been furnished for each nobler deed, and inspired with each patriotic and holy inspiration, by the retiring fortitude of some Spartan or more than Spartan—some christian mother. Moses, the deliverer of his people, drawn out of the Nile by the king's daughter, some one has hinted, is only a symbol of the way that woman's better instincts always outwit the tyrannical diplomacy of man. Let him cheerfully remember, that

though the sinewy sex achieves enterprizes [sic] on public theatres, it is the nerve and sensibility of the other than arm the mind, and inflame the soul in secret. "A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage." So everywhere man executed the performance, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanity, her comfort. Above all, let not man practice on woman the perpetual and shameful falsehood of pretending admiration and acting contempt. Let them not exhaust their kindness in adorning her person, and ask in return the humiliation of her soul. Let them not assent to her every high opinion as if she were not strong enough to maintain it against opposition; nor yet manufacture opinion for her and force it on her lips by dictation. Let them not crucify her emotions, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her individuality, nor insult her independence, nor play mean jests upon her honor in convivial companies, nor bandy unclean doubts of her, as a wretched substitute for wit; nor whisper vulgar suspicions of her purity, which as compared with their own, is like the immaculate whiteness of angels. Let them remember that for the ghastly spectacle of her blasted chastity, they are answerable. Let them multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and by manly gentleness, be the champions of her genius, the friends of her fortunes, and the equals, if they can of her heart.—Rev. F. D. Huntingdon.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 16, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

A Flag for Louisiana.

Mr. Elgee, of Rapides, on behalf of the Special Committee appointed to report upon a flag for Louisiana, submitted the following ordinance:

We, the people of Louisiana, in Convention assembled do ordain and establish, That the flag of the State of Louisiana shall consist and be composed of thirteen horizontal stripes, of the colors hereinafter described, and to be disposed in the following order, commencing from the upper line or edge of the flag, to-wit; the first stripe blue; second, white; third, red; fourth, white; fifth, blue; sixth, white; seventh, red; eighth, white; ninth, blue; tenth, white; eleventh, red; twelfth, white; and the thirteenth or bottom stripe blue.

We do further ordain and establish, That there shall be in the upper or chief corner of the flag a square field, the color whereof shall be red, and the sides thereof equal to the width of seven stripes; and that in the centre [sic] of said field there shall be a star of due proportionate size, having five points or rays; and that the color of the said star shall be a pale yellow.

We do further ordain and establish, That the said flag, and no other, shall be the national flag of the State of Louisiana.

Unfurling of the Flag.

The committee, having had a large flag made according to the above description, and having it furled and prepared with tackle to hoist and unfurl, in the hall, at the proper time, the flag was hoisted and displayed, immediately after the reading of the ordinance, before the Convention and the spectators. The Convention viewed it in silence, whilst the people in the lobby and galleries greeted it with the most enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Elgee Explains the Flag.

Mr. Elgee then stated he would give the reasons of the Committee for deciding upon this flag, and did so in the following language:

The first impression of the committee was that it would not meet the favor of the Convention or the people, were the device of the Pelican to be rejected.

On consultation, and especially with those descended from the ancient colonists of the country, the committee found that what has been considered the symbol of Louisiana, commands neither their favor nor their affection. The pelican is in form unsightly, habits filthy, in nature cowardly.

Audubon says that "the females, through [sic] quiet and gentle on ordinary occasions, are more courageous than the males!"

Again, he says: "Its habits are so impure I should be sorry to have it near me for a pet."

The story of feeding its young, it is hardly necessary to say, is mythical.

The attention of the committee was called to the flags of other countries, as well as to our late national ensign, and we found with hardly an exception, no device was worn, except on what might be called the royal or imperial standards. And perhaps there is good reason to be found in this: that a device painted on a flag soon becomes effaced, whereas one composed of bunting simply, will last as long as the material.

Discarding, then, the idea of retaining any symbol or device of the birds or beasts, our attention was directed to see if we could not weave into a flag, symbols and colors familiar to the people, and endeared by a thousand recollections. The gorgeous ensign of the once "great Republic" lay at our feet; its stripes were defaced; its stars had disappeared, which had borne our name from the ice ribbed shores of the great Northern sea to the very verge of the Southern pole. Let us, we said, with one accord, retain these stripes; for however discord, dissension and frenzied hate may have torn the country asunder, still the memory of the "*old thirteen still lives*." Their struggles, their trials, and the crowning achievement of their labors, shall live while civilization lasts in the memory of the philosopher, the statesman, the philanthropist and the Christian; and can only be forgotten when we cease to turn with affectionate reverence to the calm and wise counsels of him, who still, I would fain believe, is "*first* in the hearts of his countrymen."

We dedicate, therefore, our thirteen stripes to the memory of those whose unconquerable love of freedom, has taught us this day, how peacefully to vindicate our rights and protect our liberties.

We could not forget, too, that another race, bold, warlike and adventurous, had planted the first colony of white men on the shores of Louisiana. The name of our State, that of our city, nay, even the roll call of the Convention each morning, as it summoned us to our duties, bade us, remember that some tribute was due to the children and descendants of the founders of the colony—the *blue white* and *red*; emblems of Hope, Virtue and Valor—we dedicate to the memory of those who first on this soil laid the foundation of empire.

And yet still another nation and another race remain, who equally demanded a place in a flag intended to be national.

If to France we are indebted for the foundation of the colony, let us not forget that Spain built up the structure. Its mild and paternal rules are even yet spoken of amongst the older inhabitants, whilst the great body of our laws stand this day a monument of its wisdom. To the children of Spain we dedicate the colors of red and yellow, to be found in the field, and in the

star sprung from three nationalities, the star of Louisiana has arisen to take her place in the political firmament.

Whilst to all united, we present a flag which shows that, whether it be at the last hour of dissolution or the dawning of a new era, there is one word which no American can utter without feeling—that word is Union.

What the future fortunes of this flag may be, is of course known alone to Him who holds in his hands the destinies of nations. Should the violence of enemies force us to the battlefield, may it be found, as of old, in the foremost ranks of the conflict—but our mission is that of peace and brotherhood. So let me, as I consign the emblem of our nationality, speak aloud the wish dearest to my heart, that it now and forever may wave over a peaceful, a happy, a united, an independent Louisiana.

The flag and ordinance were submitted to vote, and adopted unanimously by the Convention.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 16, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

Going to Bed.

A Philosophical View.—The following is from the pen of B. F. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal:

Some fling off their garments as if they wore the shirt of Nessus—was't [sic] that his name? and were particularly anxious to get at it. Here whirls a vest in one corner—its contents jingling to the floor, as it lies. There goes a boot *ricochet*. The stockings inside out; the hapless coat hangs by its skirt to a nail, and the bed is attained with a bound. Pillows tumbled this way and that; the feet are inserted between the sheets, and, like a shuttle through a loom, down goes the body; one arm is flung under the head; lower jaw and eyelids droop together, and the man is asleep—asleep all over—asleep for all night.

Another goes *tetering* [sic] about on his toes. He puts his watch here, his coat there, and his vest *there*. His boots stand side by side, like a brace of grenadiers; the tips of his stockings peep out sympathetically to the top; and if it be winter, he lingers upon the bed's edge like one about to take a bath—dreading, yet desiring, and finally *steals* into bed by degrees, draws the quilt and the counterpane over his head, and is motionless—is gone—arrives in the land of Nod.

If one thinks of it, sleep, in a great city, is a queer thing. Think of fifty thousand in this city all sleeping at once. Fifty thousand, in tiers one, two, three, four, five deep from cellar to garret. Fifty thousand in rows a mile long. Ten thousand in red nightcaps, tasseled and untasseled. Ten thousand in dingy ones that were white, Mondays and Mondays ago. Five thousand in silken ones. Some edged beautifully, some hemmed with a sail needle, and some uncapped altogether, with locks dishevelled [sic] and ruffled like "quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Five thousand snoring alto—five thousand snoring bass. Twenty thousand under calico. A hundred or so beneath silk. Some weeping—some smiling in their dreams—others dreamless as the grave. Ringlets twisted up in cigar-lighters—tresses streaming over the pillow—no tresses at all.

Even asleep, humanity preserves its peculiarities. Even in dreams, men are distinctive still.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 16, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

A Very Modest Suggestion.

We notice in the papers a great many suggestions made for a design for a national flag, but none for a seal, for the Confederate States of the South.

As every state would expect, of course, to have her sovereignty represented thereon, by the adoption of some part, at least, of her "coat of arms," we submit the following for the consideration of the "proper authorities."

A map of Alabama spread upon the ground, with the South Carolina palmetto tree growing up through the centre of it, and on the top thereof an eagle, (representing the four states of Mississippi, Arkansas, Florida and Maryland,) sitting, and in the act of feeding the lone star of Texas to a disconsolate young pelican, on the map below. The goddess of Liberty, (in deference to the state seals of Arkansas and North Carolina,) with her right foot and liberty-rod firmly and sternly planted on the tail of the young pelican, speaking through a horn of plenty the well-known Virginia motto, "*Sic semper Tyrannis*," to two Missouri bears, which occupy the other side of the seal, and are hugging each in true Kentucky style. The whole to be surmounted by the constitutional arch of Georgia, supported to the right and left by the pillars of wisdom and moderation. On the top of the arch the Delaware cow harnessed to a Tennessee plough, sedately chewing her cud—a bundle of Tennessee wheat. And underneath the whole, the "patriotic" Latin motto, "*Multum in Parvo*."

This could give offence to none, every Southern State seal being represented in part; and it would be "very conspicuous at a distance," as some of the men say of their flags.—Red River Alluvion.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 16, 1861, p. 1, c. 6-7

Courting by Telegraph.

Everybody knows that for the last few years, telegraph companies in England have employed females, in the instrument department, of some of their principal stations. The work is light and clean, and very well adapted for young ladies. Most of them acquire the art of telegraphing in a very short time, and there are now, in the service, many who are able to send and receive messages as well as the best of the male staff. Young ladies are much the same everywhere, and it would, of course, be next to impossible for them to remain any length of time in a room, without desiring to hold a fair amount of conversation. As the nature of their employment demands, that for the greater part of the time they are at the office they must sit at the instrument to which they are appointed, they cannot very well hold conversation with their companions. So when a circuit happens to be slack, the young lady who has charge of it, finds a great deal of relief in speaking to the clerks at the other end of the wire. After I had been some time in the service, and was supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the work, I was appointed to a station which I do not wish to be known by any other name than Merton. After I had introduced myself to those who were to be my fellow clerks, I took possession of the instrument appropriated to me, and, as usual, inquired the name of the lady with whom I was to work. Quick as thought, I received the answer, "Amy Watson. Who are you?" Having given my name and the station from which I had come, we entered into conversation upon general

subjects, such as the weather, descriptions of different towns through which we had passed, etc. I soon found that in addition to being an excellent hand at telegraphing, my fair correspondent was very entertaining in conversation; and it was easy to discover from the way in which she acted during a press of business, that she was of a very amiable disposition.—These conversations went on for some time, till at length I was miserably dull when away from the instrument, and always eager to discharge as quickly as possible, those duties which occasionally called me away, so that I might return to speak to Amy. I was most anxious to see the being who exercised such an influence over me, and at length, after much persuasion, and having obtained the consent of her widowed mother, we exchanged portraits. If I was in love before, I was doubly so now. Having obtained the likeness, I was more eager than ever to see the original. To hear the sound of her voice—which I was sure, from the expression of her face in the portrait, was soft and sweet—to see her smile on me, and to gaze into her large, bright, blue eyes, seemed to me the objects most to be desired of any in the world. I applied for and obtained, leave of absence for a fortnight, and instantly proceeded to N____. We met; and everything that I had pictured was as naught compared to the beauty and amiability of the original. Before I left, we were engaged to be married; and three months afterward, having obtained, through the kindness of my superior officer, a transfer from Merton to N____, Amy Watson changed her name for mine.—Since then we have lived happily, for we are still lovers, and have never had cause to regret that the principal part of our love making was by telegraph.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 16, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

[The illustration of the flag of the United States with liberty cap has been changed to a five-pointed star]

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 16, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

The Herald & Gazette, at Jefferson, has changed hands lately; Messrs. Walker & Kirby now appearing as editors; and on Wednesday night we received No. 1 Vol. 1 of a new paper, the Star State Jeffersonian; James A. Warner *editor*; Tom. P. Ochiltree *assistant*. The Jeffersonian is a neat looking sheet of respectable size, and its senior editor, as we understand is a veteran in the ranks. We hope both papers may do well.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 16, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

The Change.

The State of Texas having resumed her sovereignty; the act being complete, there can be no propriety in the continuance of the Standard of the late Union at our editorial head. We therefore make a change conforming to the change of circumstances, by which, as a citizen of Texas we are necessarily and willingly governed. It is not with pleasure that we furl the old flag, though we have done it before; and in 1836, sailed a few days, under the white red and green, of the Constitutional party of Mexico; and subsequently under the Lone Star, which we raise to day to the head of our paper.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 23, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

A correspondent writes as follows:

"I had stepped in to purchase some little articles, when my attention was directed to an

old lady who was examining a piece of calico. She pulled it this way and that, as if she would tear it to pieces, held it up to the light in different positions, spat on a corner and rubbed it between her fingers, as if to try if the colors were good; she then stood a little while, seemingly not entirely satisfied. At last she cut off a piece with the clerk's scissors, and handing it to a tall gawky looking girl, about sixteen, standing beside her, said: "Here Liz Jane, you take'n *chaw* that, 'n see if 't fades." And Liz Jane put it in her mouth and dutifully went to work."

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 23, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

The Hodges brought up on Sunday last, 500 muskets for our volunteer companies. They were obtained from the Baton Rouge Arsenal by General Rodgers, and are now ready for distribution.—Jeffersonian.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 30, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

The Flag of the Confederate States. Mr. Howard, of the firm of Howard & Buchardt, showed us this morning a neat silken model of the Flag of the Confederate States of America; originated by the Congressional Committee, and adopted unanimously. It is as follows:

Blue union, with seven white stars; three horizontal stripes, red, white and red. The first red and white extending from the union to the end of the flag, and the lower red stripe extending the whole length of the flag, occupying the whole space below the union. The stripes are all of equal width.

The new flag was hoisted on the Capitol at Montgomery, on the 4th inst.—Galveston News.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 30, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Central Park Skaters.

The New York correspondent of the Utica Herald, thus discourses upon the lady skaters: "There was one large matron, wearing a thin double-skirted silk dress, in which the wind played fantastic antics, who wore on her head a yellow "rigolet," and could not stand her skates an instant, who would fall down, dragging with her every available man and boy, and who would have looked better off the ice, but she was the only one. There were others, swift as birds, graceful as swans. There was one lady, most appropriately dressed in a fur bound *basque*, who gave us the very poetry of motion. There was perfect harmony in her long drawn curves; something melodious as a dream in her swift-gliding grace. There was another young creature, who darted hither and thither as if she had always lived on ice.—There was a perfect abandon in her sport; she was hilarious, yet utterly graceful, in her glee. Slender and dainty footed as a fawn, her soft blue dress looped from a gray balmoral, wearing a black basquine and black velvet hat, with a pink rose in her hair, she flew over the ice—now circling in a waltz—now following her papa at the end of a shawl—now flying away with another in her arms, she could skate as well; wherever she went she was followed by hundreds of admiring eyes—the women praised her—and the gentlemen fell in love with her.—How eyes brightened with new beams, how the cheek of our japonicas bloomed with roses I can hardly tell. What a passtime [sic] for metropolitan belles? what a passtime [sic] for the people? The Drive was full of carriages, and the Ramble was thronged with people—husbands and wives leading their children; gentlemen

and ladies mounted on horseback, their plumes floating out in the blue air added to the picturesque beauty of the scene. So much for our winter skating carnival."

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 30, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Fort Worth, February 18, 1861.

Major DeMorse:

In consideration of the deep interest, which you seemed to manifest, not only in behalf of a suffering frontier, but also of the little Red River Company upon its departure, I confess, that being one of that unfortunate band, I feel it a duty incumbent upon me, to post you briefly, and accurately as possible, upon our expedition, with its results.

To begin, I may deem it useless to remind you of the season in which we started; as you are well aware of its critical nature. Yes, you may recollect, it was the sad, gloomy, blustering month of February, but for this our little party cared not; we were aroused and urged by a feeling of sympathy to the rescue of our fellow man; to prevent the red face from satiating his long settled, deadly hate, and committing as we thought, and no doubt you firmly believed, this daily depredations; it was false, (the greater portion,) but before I shall undertake to correct the many and greatly exaggerated reports, which, like suspicious coin, is always kept in motion, until it wends its way to far off lands, there to gain in credence, I deem it necessary to give you a slight sketch of our travels, our route and our success. I may then hope to have some sufficient grounds upon which to give a coloring to the workings of the frontier, as well as to throw some light upon the reports so spurious, which flow from it. Our little band, led on by its gallant Capt. Alexander, soon found its way to Weatherford. We arrived there on the 12th of February, and upon inquiry found that one Mr. John R. Baylor, had taken charge of the expedition; and he having charge of the provisions, so liberally contributed by the different counties, we were of course induced to sally forth to his outstretched wings, if not for protection, we will say, for provision.

Our organization took place beyond Belknap upon the Brazos, near the round timbers; there the immortal and immaculate Baylor, received an overwhelming vote to enjoy the position of Col., this he did, without gain-saying, and on the 16th of February, with his little band numbering 250, took up the line of march: we traveled some distance up the Brazos, say 100 miles; we then crossed over on the Wichita; there the spies reported immense sign; we pressed our horses up that stream to its head, but to no purpose, we were not lucky enough to cope with the spies in finding sign, we then crossed over on Pease River, here we found an old Indian camp-ground; no fresh sign however. We then traveled up that stream to its head; then crossed to the main fork of the Brazos; thence across to the head waters of Double Mountain fork of the Brazos; thence to the head waters of the clear Fork, and down that stream to camp Cooper; thus ends the campaign. One word however, in regard to our success. Our route, I believe, was a good one, if we were lost some of the time, and like many others, I am forced to believe that had we been led by a skillful Indian fighter, and an expert woodsman, that we have perhaps met with more success. But such was not our fortune, the different Captains seemed to become more and more dissatisfied, and from Pease River on, the companies were daily dropping off. When at the head of Clear Fork, we found the main Commanche [sic] trail, but our number had grown beautifully less, so much so that the men would not, nor could not think of following. It went South West, towards the Colorado. While many were a foot, the balance who had horses were so completely worn out that it was with much difficulty that they could get in. We were six days in the Buffalo range, and no grass. Capt. Conner after branching off and leaving Baylor, killed

three Indians. Mr. Baylor had a little skirmish with 5 Indians, but without success. And right here I may as well confirm my statement in regard to the competency of our leader. We were travelling in no order, and without spies. We passed within 3 miles of the Indian camp, and stopped within 4 miles of them, near a beautiful lake on the head waters of the double mountain fork. In the evening we were discovered, when Baylor with 4 men went up the valley, and made his desperate charge: he routed them, he scouted them, nor lost, nor got a single man. The warrior were well mounted, and very surreptitiously managed to rally, and diddle the Col. until the squaw and papoose could escape unharmed, leaving nought [sic] to mark their resting place, save three vacant tents, and chattels of no earthly value: this I believe covers our success. So much for the grand Buffalo hunt.

But I promised to be brief; and if I may solicit your patience a few moments longer, I will touch briefly upon the sentiments now prevalent in the frontier country. Firstly, there is not one third of the depredations committed, as represented; secondly, there is little or no excitement in this country; thirdly, they believe to a great extent, that mean white men are sole instigators of many wrongs; thus denouncing the Indian, and taking advantage of the Red man's credit; and they consider the best proof of their security, is the long and ardent searches, upon the main and only water courses, which, as yet, have been to no purpose.

Major, I have given you truth, unvarnished, *verbatim et literatim et seriatim*; and promptly; through no other than a deep feeling of interest for your paper, and its readers. I have every reason to believe that this feeble though truthful epistle, may meet your hearty approval. I remain as every, yours

Respectfully,
CLOUD, Ky.

P. S. Capt. Alexander, has received a commission to range 6 months under McCulloch, who has possession of all the outside forts with 100 men.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 30, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

A Hard Crowd.—A dispatch in the Richmond Enquirer gives the following picture of the strangers who now abound at Washington:

The inferior appearance, pinched and cunning features, and scanty wardrobes of the thousand visitors here, is the subject of general remark. The conductors of the various railroad trains say, that on an average there is only one trunk to one hundred passengers. The rest are supplied with carpet bags. The hotels and boarding houses ask pay in advance. The hackmen grumble at the meanness of visitors. The barbers and bootblacks are momentarily asked for the loan of razors and brushes, without even receiving thanks in return; all of which painfully exhibits the difference between the new patrons and the princely Southerners.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 30, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

A Drink for Invalids Who are Weak and Have a Cough.—Beat a fresh-layed [sic] egg, and mix it with a quarter of a pint of new milk warmed, a large spoonful of syrup or loaf sugar; the same of rose-water, and a little nut-meg; do not warm it after the egg is put in. To be taken the first thing in the morning, and the last at night.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 6, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

New Paper.

We are in receipt of a new paper published at Fort Smith, Arkansas, entitled The Fort Smith Southron. Its typographical appearance is good, and its editorials indicate an earnest purpose to assist in carrying Arkansas into the Southern Confederacy, and an appreciation of the proper mode of doing it.

We wish the paper full success in its immediate object in its permanent establishment.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 6, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Public Debate.

There will be a public debate at the Court House on Thursday evening next. Question, *Resolved*, That Education contributes more to success in life, than native Genius. Attendance of the Ladies respectfully invited.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 6, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

We have received the "Sword of Gideon" extra, published at Waco, and devoted to saying sharp things against the late State Convention and the new Confederacy. It has a dismal looking cut of a man hanging to a gallows, for Treason; and published under the cut Judge Frazer's definition of Treason. Variety is the spice of reading as well as of life.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 6, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Flag of the Confederate States. [drawing of flag]

It is composed of three stripes—the upper and lower red, and the middle white, with a blue union, containing a circle of seven stars; the union reaching down to the lower stripe.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 6, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Difficulty at Savannah.—The Savannah correspondent of the Augusta Dispatch, gives the following account of an insult to a British sea captain at Savannah. The British Government will, of course, take cognizance of this affair:

I guess it will not be long before a muss is kicked up in Savannah. Yesterday an English Captain of a Liverpool bark was tarred and feathered, (cottoned,) by the "Rattle Snake" boys, for asking a colored stevedore to dine with him, and family. His sable majesty accepted the invitation, and this fine old English "gentleman," refusing to permit his mate to dine with him, did his uttermost to render his guest comfortable and happy. The "Rattle Snake" boys, not wishing to be thus eclipsed in gallantry, invited the captain ashore; whereupon they treated him with a genuine hospitality, one that he will ever appreciate and long remember.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 6, 1861, p. 2, c. 7

The Flag of All Nations. The Americans of Victoria, Australia, asked permission to erect a liberty-pole, to which they would put the star-spangled banner. The request was immediately declined. "Well," said the crowd, "let's raise a pole and stick the 'flag of all nations' upon it." And so they did what they said they would do, and a *petticoat* waved from the liberty-pole!

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 13, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

We are indebted to a fair neighbor, for some seed of the *Mespilus Japonica*, some Spanish Chestnuts, and Oranges. Many thanks!

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 13, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

True Time.

Our Watch-maker, Mr. Greenleaf, has received a DIAL, and set it, for the purpose of having uniformity of time. Now, there will be one authority upon this subject generally recognized in the vicinage, and we shall be able to find some two watches indicating the passage of the hours alike.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 13, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Summary: Another account of the "Buffalo Hunt," by A. J. Eubank, 1st Lt. Capt. Hood's Co., more supportive of Baylor

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 13, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Account of an Indian raid on the Frio River, posted from Laredo, March 8, 1861 to Austin, printed in the Galveston News.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 20, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

The Best Breed of Swine.

"Agricola," who says he has had considerable experience with most if not all of the breeds now known in the West, talking of the best breeds, says in the *Valley Farmer*:

First on the list, without hesitation, I place the Chester County White breed. I have found hogs of this breed to be perfectly hardy, prolific breeders and good nurses; thriving well in our climate, and under our management attaining a weight from four to five hundred pounds with good treatment, at the age of from twelve to eighteen months, and being in fact all that could be desired of a hog. They are quiet and peaceable, and good grazers, and fatten readily at any age you may desire.

The next breed on the list I would place the recently imported Berkshire. They fatten readily on a small amount of food, are good breeders, attain a good average size, and are a great improvement on the old imported stock; their color, black, is an objection, but this is only skin deep, and some think that black hogs are less liable to skin infections than white hogs.

If the Suffolks had a little more hair, and the pigs were not quite so tender, they would strongly contest the first rank—we mean the last importations. This breed has been greatly improved within a few years. The crosses of this breed on the Irish graziers, and our common breeds, make a decided improvement.—The crosses will keep much fatter and mature earlier than the common breed, and an inexperienced person may go among a large herd of the same age, having the same care, and very readily pick out the half breed Suffolks by their being in much better condition. The Essex are too poor breeders to raise as pure breed—but cross well on other large, coarse breeds. But taking all things into consideration, it will be difficult to find a breed possessing more good traits for the Western men, than the Chester White. And those who

are raising hogs would find the cross of this breed of inestimable value. It would increase their size, improve their form, hasten their maturity, and what is more important than all else, materially lessen the amount of food for a given number of pounds of pork. This too would be the case with all the breeds mentioned—but none of the other breeds combine so many excellent qualities.—Prairie Farmer.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

The following is an extract of a letter from Greenville, Hunt county, dated April 13th, 1861:

"Many of our young men are enlisting in the frontier defence [sic]. The wheat crop is very promising; times getting a little easier.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

New Paper.

We have received No. 1 Vol. 1 of the Shreveport Daily News, a neat little paper just issued by John Dickinson editor and proprietor, at \$8 per year. Success to enterprise [sic].

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

Mr. Oscar Dalton, the well known proprietor of the Crockett Printer, died on Monday the 25th ult. after a long illness. He was a native of Baton Rouge, La. where he was born on the 22nd of February, 1820. He came to Texas as a volunteer in her army, in 1837, settling permanently in the State in 1840.—He started the "Printer" in 1853, and worked hard perseveringly to place it on a firm foundation, in which he was seconded by the labors of his family. He wielded a sharp and ready pen, and was an excellent paragraphist. About a year ago, he was shot, in a difficulty, a result of a virulent newspaper controversy between himself, and Mr. Hepperla, of the Crockett Argus, and his constitution being weak, received a shock from which it did not recover. He was twice married, and leaves a widow and nine children to mourn his loss.

The Printer, we see, is to be continued.

Gal. News.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

Capital Coming South.—A few days ago four wealthy planters from Maryland, one owning a hundred slaves, passed through this place, on their way to Alabama, to purchase plantations, with the intention of settling in the Confederate States.—Rome, Georgia, Southerner.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 20, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

Photographic
Premium Pictures!
Made on Glass, or Sheet-Iron!!
Mr. E. T. Dudley,

One of the best practical operators in Sunlight Drawing, offers his services to the citizens of Clarksville, and vicinity, for a short time.

All those wishing good and life-like Pictures, at low prices, will give him a call.

I have just received a new lot of ambrotype stock, I can supply artists with anything in our line, cameras, head rests, cases, chemicals, &c.

Rooms over Rhine's Store.

No. 15—tf.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 27, 1861, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Another report of the "Buffalo Hunt" and Col. Baylor, by J. H. Gurley.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 4, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Attack on Texas.

It will be seen by the news from Indianola, that the U. S. troops encamped at Green Lake, took possession of that town on the 22d April, as we presume without opposition, and by surprise. Before this, these intruders have been captured or laid in a heap. No more time was necessary to accomplish their destruction of capture, than the shortest possible time in which our men could converge from the surrounding country.

Troops are volunteering here, in response to Governor Clark's call, and expect to do service immediately.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 4, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

We are indebted to L. Cannon Esq. of Hempstead, for a box of de Gouvea's native Piedmont wine, manufactured from Texas grapes. This wine was made last summer by Mr. John S. de Gouvea, a native of Madeira, and although it has but about six months age as yet, it is by far the best American wine we have ever tasted. Longworth's Catawba, either sparkling or still, is not worthy of notice by the side of this. Mr. de Gouvea has certainly hit upon the right process of making wine from the Texas grapes. A man must be indeed hard to please who would seek

We understand Mr. Cannon has planted about 600 vines this year at Piedmont, Grimes county, and will in a few days receive a quantity of cuttings from Madeira to graft upon them. It is believed that the culture of the Madeira grape in Texas, will produce not only a superior wine, but that it will become exceedingly profitable. There is no doubt that the cultivation of the native grape of our State, will vastly improve them. Mr. Cannon expects to manufacture several thousand gallons of wine this summer, and we certainly hope that he may be successful in his enterprise.

Houston Telegraph.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 11, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

Military Companies Through Waco.

During the past ten days three splendid companies passed through this place. Capt. Boggess' command, from Henderson, of 83 men, finely mounted, belonging to McCulloch's regiment. Capt. Richardson, of Marshall—Ford's Regiment—passed through last Saturday.

This command of 110 men were mounted on the best horses we have seen in Texas. They were received by the Lone Star Guards of Waco, Capt. Davis, with military honors.—On Monday Capt. Good, of Dallas, passed through with a battery of artillery. His men were splendidly armed with rifled muskets, six shooters and sabres [sic]. Capt. Good is a gallant soldier, and fine tactician. We regret to see his command leaving northern Texas; they may be needed in that quarter. We hope when the service for which he is detailed, is performed, that his battery will be ordered back, so that it may be convenient to our northern border.

Lieut. Col. Baylor passed through Waco on Monday, on his way to organize the companies of Ford's at San Antonio.

We hope that Col. Baylor may make some exchange of command, so that his invaluable military services may not be lost to our northern border. Perfectly acquainted with the Geography and topography of the whole scope of our territory to the foot of the Plains, his services would be more invaluable in a border war upon our Northwest, than they could be with Ford upon the Rio Grande.—Waco South West.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 11, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

In most quarrels, there is a fault on both sides. Both flint and steel are necessary to the production of a spark; either of them may hammer on wood forever, and no fire will follow.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 11, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

Sallie and I.

by Annie M. Duganne.

We're in the market--Sallie and I--
Are there no bachelors wanting to buy?
None who have courage enough to propose;
None who have wisdom enough to disclose
That they've shirts without buttons, and pants without straps.
They have vests with fringed edges, and coats with torn flaps,
And their last winter's hose are minus of toes,
And their uncovered heels are like to get froze,
For lack of such bodies as Sallie and I
To attend to the wants and the woes we espy?

We are no coquettes--Sallie and I--
So free-loving dandies need not apply--
Beauty's admirers or Wit's devotees
Need not approach for we never shall please;
But we know of a circle whose names are untold
In Fame's shining temples or mansions of gold,
Whose lives without spot, or blemish, or blot,
Have won them the honor the world giveth not--
For such, worthy bachelors, Sallie and I
Still wait in the market--will ye not buy?

Unsullied Virtue, Sallie and I,
Only can offer to those who apply--
Hearts warm and loving we've striven to blend
With hand ever ready in need to befriend;
And our lips seldom gossip, our feet rarely roam
Beyond the charmed precinct of childhood's sweet home--
And to wash, brew or bake, small splutter we make,
For "Quiet and Thrift" is the motto we take--
Oh! rare are such housewives as Sallie and I;
Lonely old bachelors, will ye not buy?

We're in the market--Sallie and I--
Shall we be left in the market to die?
Swiftly youth's fleeting years over us go.
Dimmer the rays from Hope's beacon light glow,
And the dimples where Cupid hath chosen his bed,
Too long left unkissed, will be wrinkles instead--
And our hearts, like the May, will forget to be gay
If love's fragrant blossoms ne'er dawn on our way;
Such is the petition, Sallie and I
Offer to bachelors--pray, will ye buy?

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 11, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

A Flag.

The Ladies request us to state, that a Flag will be presented to the Home Guards of Red River County, on Saturday next. There will be a presentation address by some young lady.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 11, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

Home Movements.

Our readers will see Col. Young's letter and call for volunteers.

On Saturday morning, a company of 104 men raised in Paris, left under command of Capt. S. B. Maxey, for Fort Washita, Arbuckle, or somewhere.

On Monday morning Clarksville was alive with excitement, and men were completing their equipments and starting off, during the whole morning, for the rendezvous at Robbinsville. About 100 left that place in the evening. Our ladies had been busy during Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, in preparing husbands, brothers, and friends, for the service, and also in preparing a flag, and were about the main streets in little squads, to see them off.

Since then Dr. Look has come home from Washita. Col. Young with 500 men had taken the Fort, which was in charge of one man. Found one cannon, a lot of flint-lock muskets, and considerable powder. The troops 800 strong had left for Leavenworth.

If war continues we shall have forays from Kansas, and this northern frontier must be well prepared. We cannot afford to send any troops South. Any where on the Gulf coast, or in

the railroad region, troops can be rapidly conveyed to any assailed point. But up here a foray could be made, immense damage done, and the parties away, before we could have a defensive force to repel them. We must maintain Washita, as a permanent post, and should have spies out northward, on all travelled routes, constantly, regularly relieved and reporting.

Geo. W. Wright from Lamar, was in town on Monday, on his way South-east to procure arms for his county. He was furnished \$2000 from our County Treasury for a similar purpose.

We also have a local military organization to which a large number have put their names to organize and drill, ready for efficient service.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 11, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

Sensible.

The following from the Houston Telegraph is applicable elsewhere, than in that vicinity:

Save your powder. There is no large supply of powder in the country, and the practice of firing salutes on every occasion is a wasteful expenditure of the means of protecting our homes against invasion.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 11, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

Summary: Letter from Bonham by a member of the Red River volunteers. Entire right side illegible due to inside curve of bound newspaper. Includes: "At every place we have entered, our flag has been welcomed by loud huzzas, and the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies. Along the road repeatedly we are greeted with the cry of "Hurrah for the South," "Long live the Red River volunteers," in some instances the ladies weeping." This article is probably readable in the original.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 11, 1861, p. 2, c. 7

Sherman, May 2, '61.

C. DeMorse, Esq:--Dear Sir:--By yesterday's mail I received orders to raise 100 [?—hard to read] men, to be composed of companies of Infantry from the counties of Bowie, Red River, Titus, Lamar, Hopkins, Fannin, Hunt, Grayson, Collin, Cook and Denton, for the protection of the Northern border of our State. The troops to furnish their own arms, &c., to be called for one year unless sooner discharged. I hope the counties will respond immediately with companies of 83 or even 100: the emergency requires promptness and dispatch.

Yours, &c.,

Wm. C. Young.

P. S. Companies raised under this call will report to me at Gainesville, Cook County, immediately.

W. C. Y.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 11, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

They Are Gone.

Yesterday morning that gallant company the Caddo Greys, took their departure, on the steamer Louis D'Or, to do battle, if requisite in the glorious cause of Southern Independence. The levee was crowded with ladies, gentlemen, and children, anxious to have another look at the brave defenders of our rights. As the boat left the shore, the band of the Caddo Rifles struck up a

very appropriate tune, "The girl I left behind me," and the cannon was made to belch forth its thundering sound. Then there was waving of handkerchiefs by the fair and patriotic ladies, who were present to bid adieu and cheer on their journey, some loved son in the company.—Many a bold heart trembled while grasping the hand of a fair friend, and the crystalic tears could be seen tracing their course down the smiling faces of many; they may never see each others smiling countenances again, but looks will always be fresh to the memory of the dear ones left behind. We hope to God they will all return safe. The scene presented, to a reflective mind, was one of much import, and truly affecting. This is brought upon us for our foolish love of the Union; we have always been too confiding, and patient; and now that we insist upon having our rights, we are treated with contempt instead of friendship; the northern fanatics would trample us under their heels, but finding that we have as noble blood in our veins, as our forefathers, and that we will not succumb to Black Republican rule, they rave, and in their madness, will throw our country into civil war, if not checked.

They may outnumber us. But they have no braver men in their ranks than are to be found in the companies that compose the army of the Southern Confederacy, and should they dare venture upon our soil, we hope that they will be taught a lesson, ne'er to be forgotten.—
Shreveport Weekly News.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 18, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

Reliable from Fort Washita.

Dallas, May 5th, 1861.

Dallas Herald:--I left the camp of the gallant little band of Texas troops, on Friday, 10 o'clock A.M. May 3d, which was two miles North of Red River, opposite Judge Thompson's which place they reached on Thursday evening previous; and immediately sent a detachment of 25 men to Fort Washita. The detachment reached there that night, and the next morning a dispatch from Lieut. Bass, commanding the detachment, was received by Col. Young, which, in substance, was as follows:

"We found Fort Washita in charge of Sergeant Carter, and worth seizing, which we have done, and have sent twenty men in the direction of Fort Arbuckle, to capture and bring back six wagons loaded with provisions for U. S. troops. Washita is now held by five of my troops. Please detail and send me 30 more men."

The expressman informed us that the U. S. troops left Washita for Arbuckle on Wednesday morning the 1st inst.; and that the six provision wagons were without guard. Also that the stores left at Washita consisted only of provisions and forage, and would probably amount to 12 or 20 wagon loads.

When I left the camp there were about 300 Texans North of the River, and 300 more crossed to-day, making in all 600. They were very certain of being reinforced by about 400 Arkansas troops, and perhaps two hundred Indians.

The Texas troops were to take up the line of march about 12 o'clock the day I left, and would to in the direction of Fort Arbuckle; and expected to intersect the Arkansas and Indian troops on the way.

There are about 450 United States troops in the Indian Territory, when altogether, and have six pieces of Light Artillery.

The Indian nations are all right on the slavery question. The flag of the Southern

Confederacy has been raised at the Capital, and ere this, no doubt, they have sent delegates to Montgomery.

Gen. Wm. C. Young was elected Col. of this regiment, and Hon. J. W. Throckmorton, Lieut. Col. All parties in Grayson, Collin and adjoining counties, have firmly and determinedly united in defence [sic] of Southern rights, and against coercion. Three-fourths of the above expedition are men who have heretofore been strong and enthusiastic Union men.

Respectfully,
W. T. Patten.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 18, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

Much credit is due Capt. R. P. Crump, of this city, for his untiring assiduity in seeing that the volunteers from this city were properly and comfortably fitted out. Of this praise a large number of our citizens deserve a share. On the day the Company left, about fifteen hundred dollars were made up for them, on Dallas and Marshall streets.—Jefferson Herald.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 18, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Upshur County.

Our Agent at Pittsburg writes to us that that town made up a company of volunteers, who were ready on the 9th to start to Montgomery or Mexico, or wherever required. Says that corn looks well, and wheat; also, that cattle and hogs were fat.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 18, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

The Late Expedition to Washita.

Our Clarksville men have returned, without any blood or fame—not even bullet holes through their hats or coats.

From our correspondent residing in Grayson county, who was in the expedition from the outset, we have the following descriptive account, which saves us the trouble of hunting up scraps of information on the subject.

The turn-out made by our men, and those of Lamar, has shown that they can be found when wanted, and has prepared them for turning out on the shortest notice next time:

Saratoga, Grayson Co., }
May 10th, 1861. }

Maj. DeMorse:--Dear Sir:--I have just returned from "Fort Arbuckle," to which post I went in Col. Young's regiment, and thinking you might like to hear something from the expedition, I will give you a few items. The regiment was organized on Red River, in the Chickisaw [sic] Nation, three miles above Preston, on the morning of the third instant, resulting in the election [sic] of W. C. Young Colonel, Senator Throckmorton Lt. Colonel, and Hugh F. Young Major. Having heard the enemy had left Fort Washita, a special detachment was sent ahead to take charge of the Government property there left. The command reached that point late in the afternoon of the 3rd.—The advanced company had taken charge of the station, with a considerable amount of corn and oats. Some few other articles, of but little value or importance, were also possessed.

Early on the morning of the 4th, the command left in pursuit of the enemy, on the route leading to Fort Arbuckle; having heard their intention was to touch at or near that point; thence to the point of their destination "Fort Leavenworth." The number of men under Col. Young, on leaving Fort Washita, did not exceed 530, a majority of whom were but poorly armed. The enemy numbered between 850 and 900. Six companies of which were experienced and well mounted dragoons. On the same morning a spy company under command of Capt. A. Johnson, was dispatched in pursuit of the enemy with instructions to push on as far as practicable, and ascertain all that could be learned necessary to the success of the expedition.

The scattered remains of arms, ammunition, and provisions, along the route, made it plainly evident that the enemy were greatly alarmed.

[top of next column illegible—deals with plundering by Indians and whites]

The day after the command reached the Fort, having heard nothing from our spies, and becoming somewhat uneasy, a detachment of 100 men were sent out to know something of their whereabouts, and their fortunes. These were met in the forenoon of the day by the returning spies.

They had been taken by the enemy, on their own plan, had examined their wagons, and found nothing along worth the attention of the people of Texas or the Nation.

Col. Emery, the commander of the enemy, had sent on his resignation, and expressed a determination never to shed Southern blood, unless forced to do so.

The intention of the commander is to proceed to Fort Cobb, secure the Government property left there; effect a treaty with the reserve Indians, and garrison that station, as well as the other two Forts Washita and Arbuckle.

From the number of recruits I met on my return, I am confident Col. Young will be able to leave Fort Arbuckle with 850 men.

In haste,
Seneca.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 18, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

Reduction of Size.

The State Rights Eagle, of Camden, Arkansas, heretofore a paper of nearly the size of the Standard, comes to us reduced one-half, as a preferable course to entire discontinuance. The editor says:

"In consequence of the almost entire suspension of business, caused by preparation for the war, and the excitement and general disarrangement throughout the social and business fabric, we have been compelled to do one of two things—either to reduce the size of our paper, and thereby curtail expenses, or to do as some others have done—discontinue our paper entirely, for a time, at least. Believing that our citizens and section demand a constant and reliable medium for the transmission of intelligence at all times—and more particularly pending the unholy war, which has been precipitated upon us—we have chosen what we conceive to be the most advantageous for all parties, viz: We shall continue, weekly, the publication of our paper at the present reduced size, (our lives and health being spared,) until the opening of the fall business warrants the resumption of our regular issue."

We should not be surprised to see this course followed by many publishers; or an entire discontinuation.

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."

Response of M. L. Sims, Esq.

Ladies:--The presentation of this elegant and tastely [sic] wrought banner, through your accomplished representative, is a tangible evidence of your endorsement and hasty approval of the purposes, policy and objects of our company; and had we no other convictions of the rectitude of our cause, and no additional assurances of the necessity of the movement which we have inaugurated. Yet, in this manifestation of your good will, is a sufficient stimulous [sic] to induce us to prosecute to the end of some apparent necessity our organization now in its incipency.

The presentation of a flag; let it come from whatever hand it may, always has an inspiring and soul-stirring effect upon the minds and hearts of men; because it is the representative of sovereignty and nationality, and with us of liberty, equality and fraternity—under it our fathers, brothers and sons have marched to victory or to a glorious death, on all the well tried fields upon which the call of their country summons them. It is the broad expansive aegis beneath whose ample folds a nation takes shelter designated itself from the other nations of the earth and vindicates its supremacy.

But that which makes the presentation of this flag peculiarly impressive, that which to the banner itself lends a charm not otherwise possessed, that which makes it unfurl its folds to the evening breeze with no borrowed lustre [sic]; and sends an electrical thrill through the heart of every member of this company is the pleasing and significant fact that it is from the fair hand of woman. The patriotic generosity which induced the fair donors to contribute it, the tender hands that wrought it and the soft, musical and earnest voice that commits it to our keeping, makes it the eloquent declarer of volumes not found in its history or visible on its folds.

And may I not be permitted to say without subjecting myself to the accusation of flattery that we ask no better assurances of the righteousness of the cause in which as a nation we are engaged, and success will eventually crown our arms, than that the united voice of woman throughout the land proclaims her readiness to submit without a murmur, to all the horror, ruin and death incident to a long, tedious and dangerous war, to establish upon a permanent basis the principles at issue between us and our enemies; and although timid as a fawn, fragile as a flower and so delicate that the minds of heaven may not visit her too rudely, yet when the shock of battle comes, and the red right arm of the God of war is stretched out across the land, and the lowering clouds gather thick and fast over our heads the angry thunders howl, and the fulgent lightning's blaze in lurid flames athwart the heavens; and the red hot cinders from conflagrated cities, towns and villages freight the whirlwind; and gaunt visaged death all stalk up and down the land—then will woman undismayed amid the ruin stand and present such a picture of patriotism, fortitude and courage, as poet never dreamed or the world ever saw.

Respected superiors and fellow members of the "Home Guard" this magnificent flag from the ladies of our county is presented to us with the declaration "that it is now without a stain on its escutcheon," and with the patriotic injunction, "that we preserve it untarnished and transmit it to our children's children "as we have received it." Before I respond may I not ask. Why is this?

Why is it that we see so much enthusiasm among those least disposed to encourage the strife of death: Do we not learn through the press that the ladies are presenting flags to organizations similar to our own, and to others entering active service, in every town, village and Hamlet [sic] throughout the Confederacy? This must be the effects of some powerful, deep seated and soul moving cause. Is it because woman delights in the prompt [sic] and circumstance of war? Is it because the roar of artillery, the rattle of small arms and the clash of bayonets have no terror for her? Is it because the groans of the dying and the ghastly visage of the dead touches not a chord in her heart? The very converse is the truth. War to her is the Pandora's box out of which pours in one uninterrupted stream, a long catalogue of woes comprising the major part of ills to which humanity is heir; and when it comes and brings in its train the suffering, misery and death incident to it, she bewails the cause and weeps over the misfortunes of her unhappy country, and from her the soldier receives the solace, of all others, most efficacious in mitigating his miseries, it is because her intelligence, her information and her interests have fully awakened her to the magnitude of the issues involved in this contest! It is because she feels as only woman can feel, that all she has ever held sacred is now in peril and hence it is that she has nerved herself for the conflict, and is ready to sacrifice fortune, friends and kindred that the rights may prevail.

For twenty long years the Goddess of American liberty has been perched on the dome of our National Capitol with pinions half spread, as if doubtful whether to stay and weep over the misfortunes and perverseness of her children, or take her returnless flight to climes more congenial. At length on the 6th of November she cast a last long lingering look—bid a final and feeling farewell—and sorrowfully soared away [sic?] towards the Olympian heights and we lost in the dizzy mazes of the distance. Soon in reviewing the scene behind, her argus eyes perceives, that the love of liberty, concord and virtue, which characterized our fathers of '76 still existed in its native simplicity among the gallant sons and fair daughters of the South; and with joyful exultation she descended and now presides with magisterial dignity over the hopes, fortunes and ambitions of the Confederate States of America, and I cherish the unfeigned hope that the occasion will never necessitate the recurrence of that sorrowful event—but when the last note is pealed to the sound the march of time; when the last red sun shall have set behind the Western horizon that the people of the south united in hand, in purpose and in dominion shall go down to

a common grave with the stars and bars floating triumphantly over their heads, with liberty, equality and negro inferiority inscribed in letters of blazing lights upon its ample folds.

Out of the election of the Black Republican Lincoln, to the Presidency of the United States, pledged as he was to his party, to carry out the fiendish designs of Northern fanatics, came secession, and out of secession came war! And for what is this war waged? What are the principles at issue, and what the interests at stake? By us the gauntlet of the proud Templar has been taken up, that we might secure to ourselves and our children the blessings of liberty, and to prevent our degeneration into serfs, slaves, and boot-blacks to a vandal horde of Northern fanatical infidels—to prevent these ladies from being reduced from their present proud and enviable position to a level with the abolition women of the North and negro women of the South.

The principles at issue are those which underlie all free governments, all political, religious, and social liberty—that glorious old constitutional liberty for which our fathers endured a seven years' war, and to perpetuate which we, unless we are unworthy of them, are willing to do battle from now till the end of time, or until the last son of the South shall be sleeping on the plain.

The interests at stake are those of personal security, liberty and property. To these may be added Virtue—that which nerves the strong arm of man, and sheds a halo of glory around the pure heart of woman. Honor, with which man stands in close proximity with the angels, and without which he is a demon full-fledged from the realms of hell, and one cannot determine whether he most dishonors or disgraces the devil. Self-respect, that inestimable trait in our character as a nation, that contradistinguishes us from our enemies of the North. If these things are not sufficient to buoy the patriot's heart, to nerve the patriot's arm—if they will not stimulate a nation to deeds of valor—then is the sun of liberty gone down forever, and the hopes of the South sunk in the bottomless vortex of everlasting infamy! But as sprung Minerva from the brain of Jove, so will spring full panoplied legions of as brave men as ever fought in the cause of right, or died in the cause of liberty, who will startle the world with prodigies of valor, and bear the laurels of victory from the field of fame.

Our enemies are as numerous as the waves of the forest, and as various as the hues of autumn! On the one hand, we have the treacherous and unprincipled Mexican; on the other, the cunning barbarous and blood-thirsty Indian; and still another, up in the land of dark deeds and foul designs, the not less treacherous, faith-breaking and blood-thirsty abolitionists; to which may be added the *possibility* of treason and insurrection at home.—It is against these, our foes, so devoid of honor, so destitute of every feeling of humanity, so insensible to every generous impulse and noble instinct, that stirs the heart of civilized man, that these ladies invoke our aid, and in the presentation of this flag, conjure us to protect them and our country.

This is a noble mission we have volunteered to execute, and it is a duty commensurate with all we hold sacred in time or in eternity. Will we shrink from duty, and prove recreant to the high trust committed to our charge? Will we disregard the patriotic injunction of these ladies, and allow this banner to trail ignominiously in the dust? Will any member of this company live to realize the humiliating reflection, that he betrayed the confidence reposed in him this day—and live on, to be pointed at as the craven-hearted, dastardly coward that shrunk from the discharge of his duty in the hour of his country's peril? I answer unhesitatingly for every name inscribed on our roll, that when every heart that beats beneath the fluttering folds of the banner is stilled; when every arm stretched forth to defend it shall be paralyzed, and when every cheek now suffused with the crimson blush of patriotic enthusiasm, shall be pale in death—then,

only then, will it fall to rise no more. Like the flaming sword placed around Eden, shall it ever stand, so that none can approach but death awaits them. Like the tall plume of Henry of Navarre shall it ever wave over our heads, an appalling terror to our enemies, and a soul-stirring "Charge! Chester, charge! On, Stanly, on!" to us, and the serried hosts of citizen soldiers who march with us, until victory crowns our arms.

Ladies! permit me to assure you that your patriotism, liberality and zeal are duty appreciated by us; and your accomplished representative herself, will allow the Company through me, to congratulate her upon the felicity with which she has fulfilled this duty.

It is a fearful storm indeed that accomplishes no good, and the more fearful and dangerous it is, the more genial will be the returning sky; and when the drum, the fife, the bugle and the banner, with all the insignia of war, shall be hung up in the arsenals and magazines of the nation, and the piano, the lute, the guitar, and the full orchestra of domestic music, shall chant the requiem of war, and ushers in the halcyon days of peace—and when assembled around the social fireside we shall recount "the scenes of the days of other years," this occasion will be treasured up as an oasis in the wild waste of war, and be cherished in grateful recollection as one of the most pleasing reminiscences of the past.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

The Home Guard.

On Saturday last this Company turned out in full uniform. After having marched around the square, the Company proceeded to the Methodist Church, for the purpose of receiving a Flag, presented by the fair sex, the execution of which reflects credit upon those engaged in the work.

Miss Belle Gordon, on behalf of the Ladies, in an eloquent, well delivered, and appropriate address, presented the flag.

M. L. Sims, Esq., in his usual felicitous style, responded on behalf of the Company.—Both addresses will be found upon the first page of to-day's paper.

On Monday of this week, the company again drilled, much to the satisfaction of all present, evincing some skill in acquainting themselves with a tact totally novel to the most of the members.

We desire to see this Company prosper, and are satisfied that, under the present energetic and efficient commanding officer, it will. We are glad to see that the dormant patriotism of the people of Red River county has at least been awakened. Military companies have been organized, we understand, in every precinct of the county. This is as it should be, whether in time of peace or war, but at the present time decidedly opportune.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

A very interesting scene was witnessed in our streets yesterday morning, previous to the departure of our dark regiment for Norfolk.—At an early hour in the day the members were busy receiving their provisions, blankets and shoes; afterwards collecting in the vicinity of the courthouse. A dense crowd of negroes, composed of friends, relatives, and interested lookers on, gathered around and almost blockaded Sycamore and the street leading to the temple of justice. At length, about 11 o'clock, when everything was in readiness, the men were drawn up in a line on the courthouse square, in the presence of a large assemblage of whites, to listen to an address from John Dodson, Esq., who congregated them upon the commendable spirit they had shown in

this crisis, and complimented them in merited terms upon their willingness, aye, their anxiety to aid in any manner in the defence [sic] of our State against her northern enemies. He felt that Virginia could depend upon the strong arms and ready hearts of those he was addressing, and he bid them to do their duty in such a manner as would effectively tell in the defence [sic] of the State, and when they returned they would reap a rich reward of praise and merit from a thankful people. Mr. Dodson was frequently interrupted by hearty cheers, from the negroes.

Mr. William Fen next addressed them upon their duties, not only to the State, but to him as their temporary master, expressing the hope that he should in no case have to complain of a single member. He also presented them with a beautiful Confederate States flag, made by the true and noble-hearted ladies of Bollingbrook street, as a token of their appreciation of the generous efforts they were about to make, to achieve a successful defence [sic] of Virginia soil and principles. The enthusiasm at this point, among the volunteers, was unbounded, and gave partial vent in three rousing cheers for the ladies.

Charles Tinsly, one of their number, stepped forward to receive the flag and in reply said: "We are willing to aid Virginia's cause to the utmost extent of our ability. We do not feel that it is right for us to remain here idle, when white gentlemen are engaged in the performance of work at Norfolk that is more suitable to our hands, and of which it is our duty to relieve them. There is not an unwilling heart among us, not a hand but will tell in the work before us; and we promise unhesitating obedience to all orders that may be given to us." In referring to the flag, he said: "I could feel no greater pride, no more genuine gratification, than to be able to plant it first upon the ramparts of fortress Monroe."

This was truly a patriot speech, coming from the source it did, and was received with a general outburst of cheering and applause.

The men were then marched down Sycamore street to the tune of "Dixie," to the depot where, in the presence of an immense crowd of darkies, they took the departure. They number just one hundred.

Much feeling was shown, and many affecting scenes were witnessed between the friends at parting.

[Petersburg Express, 26th ult.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 25, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

The Petersburg Express of the 22nd inst., contains an advertisement, signed by 88 ladies, offering their services to the Volunteer Companies now forming in that city, to make provision bags, packs for be[?]ing, and flannel under clothing, and to furnish linen bandages if necessary.—South Carolinian.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 1, 1861, p. 1, c. 4

Doesticks Sees Santa Claus.

I've seen him. He looks exactly like a big Dutchman, with a pressure of six quarts of lager to the square inch, and a funnel on his head to let the steam off. When I was just beginning to bloom into pantaloons and bud into brass buttons, I got my first idea of Santa Claus from Damphool, who was then about as high as a hitching-post, and expected a "big thing" for his New Year's. The little Damphool, I remember, used to speak very low down in his stomach when he talked to me, and always took care to wink at little crinolines, and spit a great deal when

I was by, by way of showing, I suppose, that he was a venerably experienced man of the world, and only had me along to convey an idea of the numerical respectability of his family. Little Damphool had a weakness for peanuts, and when I would pay for a pint in our daily walks, he would help me to eat them with such a look of compassion that I often had to wipe away tears of humility with a borrowed half of his apple. I always paid for the apple.—Sometimes we would make a princely meal on taffy-candy. Damphool said that taffy-candy was excellent for a cold, and he always had a dreadful cough at the sight of a confectionary. He bought the candy always, and—I paid for it. Sometimes he would stroll as far as the Park on Saturdays, and then Damphool would ask me to take an oriental draught of ginger beer. After drinking his share, I remember, he would suddenly see something on the museum that he never noticed before, and look at it so hard that he couldn't see me feeling in my pockets. By way of doing my share, I always paid for the beer.

But I was going to tell you how Damphool told me about Santa Claus. It was the day before New Year's, in the year eighteen hundred and none of your business, and I had just been taking some ginger-nuts with Damphool at my own expense, (*his* pocket-book was in his *other* trouser's pockets,) when he suddenly asked me what Santa Claus was going to give me. I said I never heard of him, and he said didn't I, and I said no, I didn't.—Damphool frowned to keep his cap on, and was so overcome that he had to have some root beer. I paid for it because he was sick. When he came to, (three cents a glass,) he informed me in strict confidence that Santa Clause was a good judge of reindeers, and brought presents down the chimney on New Year's eve for me and other boys. He said Santa kept a toy-shop in the moon, and supplied the young angels with peg-tops and celestial drums.

I was greatly impressed with this revelation, for my parents had too much good sense to delude me with the silly holiday talk. I went home and made up [my] mind to sit up all night, and told my mother I wanted to see Santa Claus; she said, "Nonsense, child," and put me to bed. I cried, and father came to comfort me. He used a soothing strip of leather. I tried to go to sleep, but it was no go; I lay awake until everybody else was asleep, and then got up and went to the fire-place to watch for Santa Claus. Remained there wide awake until I woke up with my head in the ash pan, and one arm around the coal scuttle. Saw somebody coming, and said, "Is that you, Mr. Claus?" The next thing I remember, I was in bed, feeling as though I had been sitting down on a red hot gridiron. That was the last time I ever sat up to see Santa Claus.—It wasn't a good thing to do.

But I saw him last Christmas eve. I board in a street that would be Fifth avenue if the city was turned the other way. I and Damphool had been out, and Damphool was so sure that the Croton main would burst again that we drank enough water to keep us mildewed for a week. The water tasted very strong of the *pipes*, and when we came out of the reservoir, (I saw bottles there, but Damphool said it was the reservoir, and all respectable families had private bottles of water, there,) we walked very carefully on the sidewalk so as not to crack the pipes down under them. I left Damphool bargaining with a barrel of potatoes to drive him to Gough's lecture. Went home. My room is on the first floor, if you don't count the roof, and is connected with the front parlor by three pair of stairs. Hung my hat on the servant girl's lamp, and went up. Fat Dutchman in my room standing on both sides of the bureau, with two coats and three pair of pantaloons over his arm. Said he was Santa Claus, and wanted to find a good place to put my presents. Would come again when I was asleep. He went out together, and left me trying to cover myself up with a pocket-handkerchief, under the belief that it was a sheet. Next morning missed all my tailor's collaterals. Can't account for it, but I've seen Santa Claus.

Yours, discontentedly,

Doesticks, P. B.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 1, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

The Editor's Wooing.

We love thee, Ann Maria Smith,
And in thy condescension,
We see a future full of joys,
Too numerous to mention.

There's Cupid's arrow in thy glance,
That by thy love's coercion,
Has reached our very heart of hearts,
And asked for one insertion.

With joy we feel the blissful smart,
And ere our passion ranged,
We freely place thy love upon
The list of our exchanges.

There's music in thy lowest tone,
And silver in thy laughter,
And truth—but we will give the full,
Particulars hereafter!

Oh! we would tell thee all our plans,
All obstacles to shatter,
But we are full just now, and have
A press of other matter.

Then let us marry, Queen of Smiths,
Without more hesitation;
The very thought doth give our blood
A larger circulation.

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

Recently, in England, died, at the age of ninety-seven, a woman, whose name is believed to have been Betty Lavin. For bout fifty years she resided in Wigan, and during the whole of that period has been known as John Murphy, having appropriated the garb and assumed the habits of a man, and this so successfully that none have discovered the cheat, or even had their suspicions aroused. During her residence in Wigan she has followed the occupation of a hawker, and as such has become known to a large circle of customers; she has also been on the relieving officer's books for the last twelve months, and having been ill, she has been visited by Mr. Heaton, union surgeon. To all these she has been known as the man John Murphy, and what is

still more singular, she did not, previous to her decease, inform any person of the deceit she had so long practiced.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Arms!

Geo. W. Wright, Esq., has returned from New Orleans. He purchased arms and powder, to the extent of his means, in hand, Hall's Carbines and Mississippi Rifles, which will be here shortly.

Grayson and Fannin counties are making arrangements to procure some six thousand dollars' worth each.

Mr. Wright informs us that Sharp's Rifles are now being manufactured in New Orleans, and the capacity of the works increased as rapidly as possible. Cannon of excellent quality are also being cast at Algier's [sic]. Southern powder manufactories are also being put in operation. We shall soon be in good condition for war. We have the advantage now, of being able to manufacture arms of all the Northern patents, anywhere, and by anybody, who has the requisite skill and capital.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Grayson County.

The editor of this paper was in Sherman, from Tuesday morning of last week until Sunday morning last. . .

Gen'l W. C. Young was in town during most of the week, and busily engaged in his military duties. On Saturday the 25th, a fine company of 60 men, from Panola, under our old friend Spearman Holland, Esq., came into town, and passed up the street in soldierly array. Finding a most interesting procession of children engaged in a Sunday School Celebration; they attached themselves to the rear, and followed through town, adding much to the interest of the spectacle. The little girls and boys were arrayed in their best and very showy; and the contrast with the plainly dressed armed men—between beauty and valor; innocence and the grim visage of war, was decidedly moving to the spirit.

The Panola men were a fine company; substantial men; planters and sons of planters—not a dissipated looking man in the ranks. They said that they had "come to serve their country—to go anywhere, and stay as long as they were wanted?" Capt. Holland tendered fifty more men to come immediately upon acceptance. Gen'l Young agreed to receive them, and dispatched the company present to Fort Washita, to relieve the Jefferson company under Capt. Mabry, who could not stay longer.

A Grayson company was expected to organize in Sherman on Monday last, and proceed immediately to Fort Cobb.

There is some apprehension that the Kickapoos and Caddoes are disposed to be hostile. They are bout Cobb in small squads, painted and taking whatever they wanted. The force in garrison was too weak to control them; but doubtless has been increased before this. Capt. Welch's company from Denton; and one or two from Cooke, are we think at Arbuckle. The only difficulty in getting troops is that they do not like to muster as infantry. Really, the service is

lighter and preferable; and Gen'l Young has no present authority to receive any others. he has hopes that he will be permitted to receive some cavalry. Except for post service, infantry are useless upon the frontier; but the reception of cavalry involved the purchase of forage. They are indispensable for ranging.

At Sherman the best feeling prevails in the community—all late dissensions seem to have died away; and as to a division of the State, the proposition for which had its origin there, we did not hear it mentioned during our stay, and we were in daily communication with individuals of both the late parties.

Sherman has three printing establishments within its limits; one lately at Bonham having been purchased and brought up. We did not, however, see any issue of a paper from either, during our stay.

The Overland has ceased its movements through Northern Texas, and the citizens were trying, by private subscription, to start a mail to Fort Smith: success as a permanency—very doubtful. . . .

In Fannin and Hunt, a company of Infantry, 100 rank and file, has been made up, and the following officers elected:

Hale, of Hunt, Captain.

Dan. Dupree, of Fannin, 1st Lieutenant.

Geo. Maverick, " 2d do

In both Grayson and Fannin, the people are all fully alive to all proper interests connected with the present contest.

About Honey Grove, in Fannin county, there has been, heretofore, some little disaffection reported; but we have reason to believe that the leaders of the late Union party in that vicinity, will soon make a demonstration that will define their loyalty to the Confederate States. We shall take pleasure in publishing such action, as it will show a patriotism which we hope is universal with all true Texans. So fine a region as Honey Grove, and its vicinity, should not occupy an ambiguous position.

One peculiarity will strike the traveller [sic] who passes through Grayson and Fannin in these times—the great number of persons in full military dress. As we drew up before the Burney House in Bonham, a gentleman with an imposing moustache, military cap, frock and pants, approached us. Our first impulse was, to touch our hat, having always a great respect for the officers of the service. Imagine our astonishment, when this distinguished looking individual *took our horse*, and carried him to the stable. Our mind involuntarily reverted to all the recorded instances of fallen greatness, from Belissarius and Hannibal downward; but this distinguished looking man evinced in his countenance no overwhelming sorrow, and we were compelled to think that there was something requiring explanation. The explanation came in due time. When the Texas troops captured Washita, many of the soldiers possessed themselves of full military dress, and still wear it in their ordinary avocations. It gives the little towns a very martial appearance; as though each man expected at any moment to be called into ranks, and do valorous deeds of war.

Sherman, Bonham, and Paris all show the effect of the crisis. Business has dwindled to a little or nothing. Producers, whose work lies in the earth, are the only persons busy and comparatively unaffected [sic] by the stoppage of the ordinary current of business.

The Newspaper Business.

The Civilian has an article on the newspaper business in Texas, which has so many errors that we are bound to believe our old friend, the editor, must have written it in his sleep. He says:

According to the late returns, in Texas, there are issued 4 dailies, 3 tri-weeklies, and 119 weeklies. The population is 600,955,—a paper to every thousand inhabitants—or, allowing each press an issue of 1,000 copies, the lowest remunerative figure, a newspaper for every man, woman and child in Texas.

We know nothing of returns, but we know every paper published in the State, and the highest number ever published at one time was 92. The number now published is 78 weeklies, 3 tri-weeklies and two dailies—in all 83, which will give one paper to every 7,240 inhabitants. What the lowest remunerative figure is, depends much on circumstances, but out of the total number of papers now published, there are not fifteen that have a thousand subscribers, and very many have not five hundred. It is safe to say that there is not more than one newspaper to every voter in the State. The fear of the Civilian that we are doing too much in the newspaper line is not well founded. We are yet 20 per cent. below the average in the Confederate and U. S., which is one paper to 600 people. The following remarks we endorse to the letter:

The decent and elevated character of our journals is the best criterion of public taste and morals. There is not an obscene or incident paper in the State, and no such paper will be sustained or tolerated by the reading public.

* * * * *

We every day see evidences that time, talent and money are being wasted in the business, and fear that many a worthy publisher, now toiling under the sickening weight of hope, deferred is doomed to ultimate failure. The same energy, genius, and perseverance is that shown by most of our country exchanges, would be better rewarded in almost any other pursuit. If any man earns his money, it is the publisher of a country newspaper, and we doubt not that all the left handed prayers the editor utter against delinquent subscribers are duly recorded.—Houston Tel.

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

The Prince of Wales' hat is at present the mode among a portion of Young America. The principal features are a flat rim, and a seedy appearance generally.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

Our Flag.—The Nashville *Advocate* May 2, says:

The last flag of the old stripe disappeared from Nashville more than a week ago. The Confederate flag waves on every street. "Speaking artistically," said an artist to us the other day, "the new flag is a great improvement on the one that now is degraded into a symbol of Black Republicanism." "Wherein?" said we. "In the broader stripes. This gives effect and contrast. The old one is like a checked apron: the narrowness of the stripes runs them together when seen at a distance, and the effect is destroyed."

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 coward's 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.

Response by Joseph M. Kennedy.

Ladies of Clarksville, Fellow Citizens and Spectators:

In the name of my company, I accept this beautiful banner, the emblem of our nationality; and when I gaze upon its folds and marks of Red, White and Blue it brings to my mind the remembrance of other days, and another flag, which, although we may have shed the scalding tear of sorrow, we have forever given up, and proudly accept this in its stead:--Look at these stars! but a few days ago, but seven could be seen upon its fold; but already we see eleven plainly marked, and almost the *glimmerings* of *two* others! May the time be but short until our sister States, who know the right, will dare assert and maintain it!

This occasion is not merely for *show* or pastime; but our country, our sacred rights are menaced; nay worse, the blood of innocence has already been spilled! But a few days ago the scene enacted at Camp Jackson, Mo., is too horrifying for a patriotic heart to think of.

Ladies, this magnificent banner from your hands, through your worthy and accomplished representative, speaks to us in language that cannot be uttered; yet it is but a faint index of your deep and heartfelt sympathy in the cause of our beloved sunny South; and there is a power and sublimity it carries with it, when unfurled to the breeze and surrounded by a gallant band of

soldiers, that the poet's imagination, even whose pen is dipped in the blood of the battle field, fails to describe.

Though you may not wield the deadly weapons of war in the anticipated conflict, yet we are assured your hearts and patriotic prayers are with us; for scarcely had our company become organized, till your sympathetic hearts were preparing a banner, to instill within our inmost souls the real worth of liberty, and cheer us up when far away from home.

We dislike the phrase "woman the weaker sex," and hope not to be accused of flattery, when we tell you that the historic page is filled with many instances where she wielded empire and nations: Rome, proud Rome, once boasted that she governed the world, but Cato said that woman governed Rome.

This love of our sacred rights, and desire for the success of our Southern principles, which we see manifested here to-day, is not limited to our section along; but in every city and town and village and hamlet of the South from Virginia to the Rio Grande, our mothers and sisters are at work with hearts and hands; and we verily believe, when the conflict comes heavily upon us, and the invasion by the black-hearted fanatic legions of the North begins to spread far and wide, threatening to blot us out of existence, then thousands of our noble hearted women, guided and protected by him who raiseth up and casteth down nations, will rise up in one phalanx, in defence [sic] of all that is sacred and dear to us as a Southern people.

And now fellow soldiers, when urged on by this powerful element of patriotism, combined with the smiles of a benign Providence, and the motto

"That our trust will we proclaim

In our God Jehovah's name,"

inscribed upon our hearts, can we, for a moment, doubt the justness of our cause and our ultimate success!

This banner from the ladies of our town, is presented to us "as a token of confidence in our valor, believing we merit the warmest eulogies; and with the injunction, should the present crisis call us to the conflict, to go to the field of action as our patriotic fathers did, and plant it as *their token* in the conflict, unfurl it to the breeze, and like our brave and gallant Davis in '46, never lose sight of the enemy or our flag, but struggle on to victory or death."

And now, when I look at our banner, fanned by the breeze, and cast my eye over our ranks, and behold each visage burning with enthusiasm; and then point them to the myriads of dangers that are rushing upon us as the sweep of an avalanche, and enveloping us as if amid the thundering tones of the Maelstrom, threatening soon to sweep us from the face of the earth; and to the most unholy, ungodly, unprovoked and unjust invasion of the black hearted demons of the North, in the shape of men, who have already been hewing down our brothers, because they asked to be let alone and allowed to "enjoy life, liberty and happiness," and who steadily move as the red hot rivers of melted lava, carrying with them dreadful destruction; and to the dark clouds that are gathering thick and fast athwart our political sky, which once was as clear and bright as the noonday's sun; and to the muttering thunders in the distance, whose echoes tell us that the vials of wrath are continually accumulating for our dire disaster and gloom, sapping the very foundations of our liberty. When these thrilling realities and facts (not fictions) are practically brought before our company; can we think for a moment that a single one of our band will be so cowardly, so humiliating, and so void of patriotism, as to betray the confidence reposed in him to-day? I certainly and unhesitatingly can answer for each one upon our roll, that when the last drop of blood is chilled, and each cheek pale in death, and the Bell of Eternity has tolled the end of time with every one of our band, then and only then, will our banner fall to the

ground.

Again, when we look around and see the star of liberty, which has been caused to flee for life, now fast sinking in the western horizon and flickering as the exit of the soul between two worlds; Great God! can we stand with folded hands and calmly behold it sink into oblivion and submit to the yoke of tyranny, and our necks to be buried in the dust by those black hearted mercenaries of the North; and our hopeless children to look up with fear and innocence in the face of the scornful tyrant?—When I look over this audience, can I not hear the hearty response of every true Southerner? *No!* NEVER, NEVER! and not only by this audience, but by a solid phalanx of a *united* South.

Though this defence [sic] of our cherished star, [illegible] our rivers to flow with the blood of our souls, yet God in his revelations to man recognizes the principles for which we are contending, and we have no doubt but that he will be with us in our battles; though we may not live to see our star of liberty firmly planted and realize those principles, still lets *onward* move, and if necessary, water them with our life's blood, for

"Bold in our God we'll onward go,
Assured of victory o'er the foe
His word our conquest can complete
And lay the foe beneath our feet."

Ladies, permit to me to return the warmest regard and thanks of my fellow soldiers, for your beautiful gift to-day; and is it necessary for me to report, that we will not disgrace it. Look at the stern visages and stalwart forms, who have pledged their *all* for their country! think you they will quail, when the deadly conflict rages, and cuts down our bravest braves?

"Though shattered be each glittering blade through shivered helmets lie—
Though lurid clouds with gloom o'ershade the brightness of the sky—
Though dark and red each battle field where valiant heroes bleed—
Though stiff upon the reeking plain, each warrior's noble steed—
Though crimson be each banner fold, and still each stormy drum—
Though sighs and shrieks and moaning wails upon the zephyr's course—
Though inch by inch the foe press on, though every hope be gone—
Though high amid the strife is heard, the dirges "stately tome,"
Yet gallantly each freeman here will breast the fiery storm,
And *proudly, haughtily*, amid the strife, will move each princely form,
And "vengeance to each craven foe" in every heart ring high!
Be "home and friends and liberty" the watch-word and reply.

To you, my fellow soldiers, this banner has been presented, with the firm belief, that you will bear it aloft in the thickest of the fight, and whenever you see its beautiful folds, wafted to and fro by the breeze, remember whose hands touched those silvery folds, and bade *you* be worthy of its donors'; remember for what you are contending; remember

"A thousand hearts upon you trust, a thousand hearts will beat,
With joy and praise for your success—with pain for your defeat;
A thousand hearts will crown the brave, and through his glorious way;
A thousand hearts the coward scorn, who shrinks from the affray.
Then *feel* the trust that on you lies, the trembling hearts that wait,
In tearful pain, and eager war to know our country's fate,
Through all the "dreadful Revelry" through din and smoke and fire,
Through death and wounds and dark decay, where heroes fast expire,

Still keep your proud flag floating, still sound aloud the cry,
We march for Texas and the South, for home and liberty,
Still nurse the flame in every heart, still ring from every mouth,
For home, for friends, for victory, for Texas and the South."

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

How Soldiers Can Guard Against the Sun.—As the heat of the summer sun is one of the hardships our volunteers will have to encounter, it will be well for them to know in what way the French army in Algiers guard themselves during the day, when on the march or standing sentry. They take a yard of thin, white flannel, fold it together once, and draw up one end; a ribbon or tape may be inserted to draw and tie it around the neck. This thrown over the cap, or shako, and falling behind, completely shields the head and shoulders from the rays of the sun. Woolen is preferable to linen or cotton, is equally light, costs less than the former, and is easier washed and kept clean.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Some of our lady friends are now busily engaged in gathering wild Mustang Grapes, while the seed are yet soft, and putting them up for winter use. They put them in jars, filled with water—the water first being boiled and allowed time to cool—and then sealed air tight, by using sealing wax, placing it around the cork. We presume the water is boiled for the purpose of purifying it, killing the animalcula, &c.—Grapes put up as above, keep well during summer, and are excellent, fresh and juicy for pies, tarts, etc., when dreary winter comes. The process is simple, cheap and easy—the cost being only the buying of jars and sealing wax, grapes being free to all. Try it.—Colorado Citizen.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

Advice to Volunteers—How to Prepare for the Campaign.—A writer who signs himself "An Old Soldier," gives the following advice to young soldiers:

1. Remember, that in a campaign more men die from sickness than by the bullet.
2. Line your blanket with one thickness of brown drilling. This adds but four ounces in weight, and doubles the warmth.
3. Buy a small india-rubber blanket—only \$1.50—to lay on the ground, or throw over your shoulders when on guard duty, during a rain-storm.
4. The best military hat in use is the light-colored soft felt, the crown being sufficiently high to allow space for air over the brain.—You can fasten it up as a continental in fair weather, or turn it down when it is wet or very sunny.
5. Let your beard grow, so as to protect the throat and lungs.
6. Keep your entire person clean. This prevents fever and bowel complaints in warm climates.—Wash your body every day, if possible. Avoid strong coffee and oily meat.—Gen. Scott said that the too free use of these, together with neglect in keeping the skin clean, cost many a soldier his life in Mexico.
7. A sudden check of perspiration by chilly or night air often causes fever and death.—When thus exposed, do not forget your blanket.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 15, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

The Confederate Army Uniform.

We have been furnished by Mr. E. Cain, Military Tailor, Commercial Alley, with a description of the uniform adopted for the Confederate Army. Mr. Cain, whose known experience in his line of business eminently qualified him to advise upon the subject, was summoned to Montgomery by the Quartermaster General, for the purpose of assisting in the selection of an appropriate dress for our army. His suggestions were adopted by the department, and the following described style will be worn:

Coat.—Short tunic of cadet grey cloth, double-breasted, with two rows of buttons over the breast, the rows two inches apart at the waist and widening toward the shoulders.—Suitable for cavalry as well as infantry.

Pantaloon.—Of sky blue cloth, made full in the leg, and trimmed according to corps—with blue for infantry; red for artillery; and yellow for cavalry. No other distinction.

For the General and the officers of his staff the dress will be of dark blue cloth, with gold; for the medical department, black cloth, with gold and velvet trimming.

All badges of distinction are to be marked upon the sleeves and collars. Badges of distinguished rank, on the collar only. For a Brigadier General, three large stars; for a Colonel, two large stars; for a Lieutenant Colonel, one large star; for a Major, one small star, and horizontal bar; for a Captain, three small stars; for a first Lieutenant, two small stars; for a second Lieutenant, one small star.

Buttons.—For a General and staff officers the buttons will be of bright gilt, convex, rounded at the edge—a raised eagle at the centre, surrounded by thirteen stars. Exterior diameter of large sized button, one inch; of small size, half inch.

For officers of the corps of engineers the same button is to be used, except that in the place of the eagle and stars, there will be a raised "E" in German text.

For officers of artillery, infantry, riflemen and cavalry, the buttons will be plain gilt convex, with a large raised letter in the centre—A for artillery, I for infantry, &c. The exterior diameter of large size button, 7/8 of an inch; small size, 1/2 inch.

For all enlisted men of artillery, a large A, raised in the centre of a three-quarter inch button.

For all enlisted men, the same as for artillery, except that the number of the regiment will be substituted for the letter A.

The selection of Mr. Cain, in this connection, was a deserved compliment, and he will proceed immediately to furnish the necessary materials, for the manufacture of the uniforms.—Delta.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 15, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Correspondence of Caddo Gazette.

Norfolk, Va., May 18th, '61.

Dear Doctor:--I write with hands encrimsoned in gore, but not of the enemy. A fine old Virginia gentleman—the happy owner of a ten-acre strawberry patch, very kindly placed it at our disposal, and you may well believe that we pitched into it incontinently.—We have received all possible kindness and attention from the citizens here, and all through the State. On our arrival here, every house in the city was thrown open to us, and all vied with each other in affording hospitality and civilities to those who had left their own homes in sunny Louisiana, to defend the hearths and homes of the Old Dominion, from the foe that threatened her with invasion and

rapine.

We have been here a week, encamped one mile from the city, on Tenner's Creek, a tide water stream affording excellent bathing, and furnishing fish, oysters, &c., in abundance.—We have 1000 men in camp, and present quite a lively appearance. We are visited daily by crowds of ladies and gentlemen, who evince much interest in our welfare, and do all in their power to promote our comfort.

A soldier's life is far from being a "gay" one, but the Caddo boys bear the hardships and privations inseparable from it, most manfully, and murmur at nothing but the discipline. That they will not stand, and our Regimental officers "caved" at the start, and allow us to do pretty much as we please. We behave well, however, and are the only company in the regiment that has no member under arrest. Col. Blanchard believes strongly in the Caddo Rifles, and has high hopes of us—hopes which we will take care, shall not be disappointed.

We have several musical amateurs among us, and when the daylight has faded, and the "stars are in the quiet skies," the sweet notes of the violin, flute, and guitar, float out on the evening breeze, in concert with the tones of fifty or more human voices. "Home, Sweet Home" is the favorite, and as the old familiar strains ring sweetly out, many a manly cheek quivers with emotion, and many a manly eye is dimmed with tears, that are no shame to manhood. Even your correspondent, all unused as he is to the melting mood, has dropped sundry pearly tears at such times, and felt slightly "spooney," to think that while he is "gone for a soger," some stay-at-home rival may step in and supersede him in the heart of the affections of the fair—never mind who. It is all right though, I suppose. I will return with any amount of laurels, nary one of which shall she receive, unless she receives me with them.

Norfolk is a very pleasant city, with a population of about eighteen thousand. In ordinary times it has a very extensive business, but the blockade has effectually stopped that, in consequence of which, fish, vegetables, and fruits, that were formerly shipped to Northern cities, are sold now at ridiculously low prices. Garden peas at fifty cents per bushel. Strawberries three to five cents per quart, and other things in proportion. The only thing at high figures is beef—for that, we pay twelve and a half cents.

We live high in camps; fresh meat, fresh bread, vegetables, fish, strawberries, &c., &c. Letters from home say, they think in Caddo that we are almost in a starving condition, but that is entirely a mistake. We did fare rather badly on the trip, but since we have been here, we have wanted for nothing in the eating line. . . .

We are all in high spirits to hear that Jeff. Davis will be in Richmond soon. His presence here would be worth ten thousand men. At present, all the Confederate forces are under command of General Lee, of this State. He is said by those who know him, to be a capable and efficient officer. . . .

I will write again as soon as anything "turns up." Your readers will find my "epistles" somewhat of the driest, but imagine my situation, and they will readily pardon them.

Yours,
Indebtimus.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 15, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

Summary: General Orders No. 8, San Antonio, May 24th, 1861, setting up the defense of the Texas western frontier.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Exodus from Missouri.—A company of emigrants from Missouri, numbering nearly 90 negroes besides whites, camped a few miles from Dallas on Friday and Saturday. They report a large number behind, and say thousands will move out of that State during this summer and fall.

A gentleman traveling from the North, says that the road is lined with emigrants, and that an immense number of valuable negroes are brought with them. They are reported to be men of wealth, and of the best society of Missouri.—Dallas Herald.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

A large train of wagons reached this place last week, from San Antonio, in search of flour. They proceeded to the steam Mills of Messrs. Gold & Wheeler, of Cedar Springs and will take off with them upwards of 50,000 pounds flour.—Dallas Herald.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Powder.—A Powder Mill has been put in successful operation on White River, in this State, and is turning out two thousand pounds daily. Another mill will be put in operation in the same locality, in the course of a few weeks, which will, it is said turn out one thousand pounds daily. We intend to burn our own powder in Arkansas, and if old Abe and his "pets" don't think it good powder, let them come to see us.—Camden Eagle.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Assembly of Notables.

We have been in attendance this week, part of our time, upon an assembly of Notables, convened in Rhine's large Hall. It was an interesting body—very. Discussion was unending, various, and piquant. So loquacious a body has never before convened in Northern Texas, none as we believe, half so interesting. It was an industrious convocation, too. Incessantly, from morning till night, tongues wagged, accompanied by graceful movements of the hand and arm, and a gentle, occasional swaying of the body, in accompaniment. We are sure that everybody anticipates the assemblage we refer to, from our preliminary description of its notable out-lines. Not to leave any dullard in doubt, however, we will descend to mere matter-of-fact description, and state, in dull, prosaic style, that this interesting, graceful, and eloquent body, was none other than the assemblage of the ladies of Clarksville and vicinity, to make clothing for the Red River Company of volunteers, under Captain Burks, who marched out on Thursday, and encamped about a half-mile from town that night, on their way to Fort Washita, where they will receive orders for their ultimate destination. . . .

Fifty or sixty ladies, and sundry sewing machines, were at work several days, making up every required kind of clothing, and tents, for the company; and the company started on Friday morning, well armed, well clothed, and in all respects, well provided for. They number one hundred rank and file.

Success to the Red River volunteers, and many thanks to their Patron Saints, the memory of whom will gladden their hearts oft times, when far off and undergoing dangers and hardships.

Prior to their departure, a most elegant Confederate States Flag was presented to them, without ceremonial, by Mrs. Isabella H. Gordon, who had prepared it at home, of superior

materials, and with the Stars handsomely embroidered upon the blue Union, in white silk, ornamentally and durably.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Greenville, June 10, '61.

Major DeMorse:--

Dear Sir:--Providence seems specially to bless the people of Texas this year.

Have just completed the harvesting, of by far the most abundant wheat crop ever grown in Texas! We have had a rain, such as I have not seen, for lo, these many years. Corn looks fine—oats, and Hungarian grass and barley, are making a fair yield. . . .

The people of this county are subscribing beef steers, to send to New Orleans, for the purchase of arms for the county. We wish to raise some three or four hundred bullocks.—Other counties that have not the means, can follow our example, particularly those in a stock region.

There was a considerable gathering of the chivalry of Hunt, on Saturday the 8th; a presentation of a flag to Capt. Cansler's company, by Miss Lucy Jea, with an appropriate address; an address in reply, by Jim Farr, in behalf of the company. We had, also, a war talk from General Green—very good. Drilling of companies—martial music, &c.

So you can perceive from these items that, Hunt is all right.

Tug.

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.

Reply of Mr. Hooks.

Ladies:--To me has been assigned the pleasing duty, of receiving this banner at your hands, and in so doing, permit me, on this scene of your elevated patriotism, to return to you the sincere thanks of this company. It is with feelings of pride, that we behold our fair countrywomen, coming forward, raising their voices against the darkened powers of oppression, putting forth their calm but powerful might, to urge their countrymen on to meet the threatened danger. It has ever been so with woman; from the time the spartan mother sent forth her son, and bid him conquer or die in defence [sic] of his country, woman has ever occupied the front ranks of patriotism. When our revolutionary sires were struggling against the powers of tyranny and despotism, our mothers came forward and urged them on to victory and freedom; and now when those darkened powers are again collecting upon our horizon, when the tocsin of war, and the notes of subjugation comes sounding over our hill tops, and over our valleys, we see the ladies, not only here, but over our whole land, coming forward and nobly performing their part—behold them working night and day, preparing garments for the volunteers, presenting them with banners, and bidding them go forth, like freemen, in defence [sic] of their country. The heart of the patriot must be cold indeed, whose patriotism cannot be aroused by such bright incentives—yes! he, who can look coldly on at such a time and give not the helping hand, is unworthy of the name of freeman; for him the love of country, and the call of patriotism has no charms; if he has ever inherited the birth-right of freedom, he has bartered it for a mess of pottage.

As a testimony of your heart felt wishes, you have presented us this beautiful banner, and bid us do our duty as freemen; it is with emotions of gratitude and patriotism, that we receive it, we might express to you our feelings, but adequately we may not, to your own hearts, your own high motives, we refer you for your best rewards, to them—to your country—to heaven. If the dark hour of battle should come, the recollections of the fair donors of this gift, will ever nerve us for the struggle. You need not fear ladies, that its colors will ever be dimmed or dishonored, for ours is not the banner dipped in blood, and borne by the hand of oppression to crush a struggling people, but that under which we go forth, gleams gloriously in the sunlight of justice, and whether it is borne down by the force of overpowering numbers, or whether it floats triumphantly over the reddened fields, out from its bright waving folds will ever flash forth the motto of freemen "Liberty or death." It was with no ordinary feelings, that the States represented upon this banner, gave up the stars and stripes of the old Union; they had been taught to love it from their infancy up, they had assisted to make it what it once was, and had ever looked to it, for protection and safety, all their associations of honor, glory and patriotism were centered in that flag. It was then a death knell to their hopes; keen were their feelings, as they beheld the flag of their proud country, snatched by the ruthless hands of fanaticism, and turned against them for their own destruction.

"As the stricken Eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feathers on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in the heart,

Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nourished the pinion that impelled the steel,
And the plumage that had warmed his nest,
Was not drinking the life drops from his breast.

It was not until the last appeal had been made, and they saw nothing but abject submission to northern fanaticism, was to be their fate, not until they saw that sacred charter of our rights, the glorious old Constitution, of our fathers, which had protected them for over eighty years, in all the blessings of liberty, torn by the sacrilegious hand of a vulgar bigot, and the miserable dogmas of a Chicago platform placed in its stead, that these sovereign States revoked the powers that had been delegated to the federal Government, wrapped their robes of sovereignty around them, and retired from a union that had become destructive of their liberties. They have again united themselves together under the title of the Confederate States of America, and formed a government founded upon the great principles of equality and justice. They have thrown to the breeze the banner of liberty, and called upon freemen to rally under its colors. You, ladies, have presented us this banner—behold! its stars and bars, they are the colors of our Southern Confederacy, on its surface the star of Texas shines brightly, and in the coming contest, if come it must, that star shall not be dimmed or tarnished, for the same spirit that drove the Mexican invader from our soil, now animates the breast of the gallant Texan in every portion of our State, and they stand ready with brave hearts and stout hands to meet the coming foe. Not only here, but from the Potomac, where lie entombed the remains of him who lived and died as none can live and die, from the home of Jefferson, Henry, and a host of others, whose names are held sacred by every Southern heart, to the bright waves of the Rio Grande, the shout of freedom has gone up, and the goddess of liberty is looking smilingly down upon the millions of freemen, who are this day rallying under these colors, ready if necessary to fight again the battles of freedom, [illegible] liberty, and perch it upon this standard, follow it to a glorious victory, or fall, gallantly fighting under its folds. We know not at what moment the storm may burst over our heads, and if the north should send its vandal hordes upon us, we may have a long, a fearful struggle; they may burn our towns and villages, they may lay in waste our fields, and make desolate our homes, but fellow citizens, they cannot conquer us, never! no, never! never! We will rally around this flag, and its colors shall never be struck, until the last foe is driven from our soil. The sword shall not drop from our hands, until this banner is again planted upon the lofty watch tower of constitutional liberty, there to float triumphantly over a liberated nation—coming generations can gaze upon it, and the blood of lofty patriotism will mantle the cheek of our children, while exclaiming:

"Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming over us."

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Female Patriotism.

Our Clarksville is not singular in the patriotism of its Ladies. In Clarksville, Virginia, as will be seen by the following, from the Tobacco Plant of May 31st, there has been other similarity besides that of local designation:

Patriotism of the Ladies.—The ladies of Clarksville deserve the highest praise for the untiring and unflagging industry which they have shown in fitting out the Clarksville Blues, with uniforms and overcoats, and all other equipments for service in the camp and field. The labor thus performed has greatly taxed the energies of our female friends.—What they have done, however, though exceedingly laborious, has been done with a patriotic cheerfulness, for which they deserve all manner of commendation.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Shall We Celebrate the
Fourth of July.

Editor Standard:--

Sir:--Having been frequently interrogated as to whether it would be appropriate for the Southern people to celebrate this day, so long one of festival and rejoicing during the existence of the Union, I have thought that a few remarks, in regard to its appropriateness, would be pertinent. . . .

If I understand rightly the cause in which we are engaged, and the rights for which we are now contending, it is for the liberty to form a government of our own, to regulate our own commercial and domestic policy as we may deem proper.

Then instead of discarding it, let the people of the Confederate States observe it as they were wont to do and bequeathe [sic] it to their posterity as they received it from the hands of their fathers hailed as the birth day of Liberty, and the establishment of the most comprehensive system of government, and the wisest equalization of laws, of any that history either ancient or modern treats of.

Citizen.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: General Orders No. 4, Adjutant General's Office, Austin, June 10, 1861, organizing the state into districts and establishing camps of instruction.

. . . The camp equipage shall consist, for each company of four axes, two hatchets, four spades, four shovels, ten frying pans, ten skillets or cast iron ovens, ten iron pots, ten coffee pots, ten water buckets, and also ten tents, ample enough to allow room for ten men each, say ten tents for one hundred men, all of which shall be issued to the companies, upon receipt of the captains, previous to their taking up the line of march. . . .

Each man will supply himself with one coat, two pairs of pantaloons, two shirts, two pair of drawers, two undershirts, (if worn,) three pairs of socks, two blankets, or one blanket and over-coat, two pair of shoes, one towel, and one hat, with comb and brushes, and also one knife, one tin cup, and one spoon, and if possible, one tin plate, and one canteen. The whole of the clothes not actually worn by the men to be bundled up, if no knapsacks can be procured. . . .

The Captain will set their commands in motion as early as practicable in the morning, by slow marches, at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, till about ten o'clock, A. M., start again at 4 o'clock P. M., till about 7; subject, of course, to conveniences of water and fuel. They will also order a halt of five minutes after every hour's march. They will endeavor to camp on some running stream, where the men may have facilities for bathing. . . .

The discipline, drill, camp guard and fatigue duties shall be as is prescribed in "Gilham's

Military Manual," which for the sake of uniformity, will be considered standard authority in the State of Texas. Each camp, if possible, shall be supplied at the expense of the State, with a certain number of copies of that work, and each company with some copies of the republications of portions of it.

The companies, from the day of taking up the line of march, to that of their return home, shall be subject to the rules and articles of war, which shall be read publicly on parade ground, at least twice a week, substituting the words, "the State of Texas and the Confederate States," for the words "United States," wherever they occur. . . .

The first object of the commander of the camp, will be to cause the officers and non-commissioned officers, to be instructed in the squad drill, so as to enable them to attend to the instruction of the privates in their respective commands. Meanwhile, the officers shall be instructed in the company, battalion and regiment manoeuvres, to enable them to perform their duties with accuracy, when the privates have sufficiently progressed to pass the school of the company, battalion and regiment. . . .

The Executive of the State, knowing the chivalric spirit of the gallant men of Texas, is fully satisfied that they will undergo with alacrity the toils and weariness of marches and camp life, the better to enable themselves to fight the battles of their country. It is not the wily and lurking Indian, not the weak and listless Mexican we have to encounter, but a foe our equal in physical strength, to whom courage is not lacking, and whose power it would be unwise to underrate. Let us equal, and even excel them in discipline, and trust to God and the holiness of our cause, and victory will be ours. . .

By order of the Governor:

William Byrd,
Adjutant General.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

Honey Grove, June 23, '61.

Maj. DeMorse:--

Dear Sir:--The Fannin County Company of Infantry, met and organized on the 12th inst.

We were presented a beautiful flag by Miss Brown, and a Bible by Miss Smith. To them a long and happy life.

May they, and those interested, live to see the flag of the S. Confederacy overshadow the North American Continent, and extend Southward beyond the Isthmus, and a great and free people, living in peace and security beneath its folds, guided and directed by the Book of Books, the Bible.

To-morrow, we will bid adieu to kind relatives and friends, and take up the line of march for other lands, if needs be, to assist in fighting the battles of another revolution. May the God of battles, who directed our forefathers be with us, assist us in Council, and when the day of battle arrives, when death is flying on every gale, and may he give us strong arms, brave hearts and crown our efforts with success.

Yours respectfully,
A. G. Nicholson.

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.

Response of Captain Brown.

Miss Mollie Thompson:

In behalf of the Orangeville Independent Home Guard; it devolves upon me to respond to your noble address, and to tender to you our undivided gratitude for such a patriotic manifestation of your sympathy in this most noble cause.

And we pledge to you to-day, if it be necessary for us to bear this banner upon the battle field, to defend the States which you have so beautifully represented by those eleven stars. [sic?] We will bear it from conquest to conquest, and from victory to victory, and if there be but one member of this company left, it shall be borne back to you untarnished by one drop of the blood of cowardice.

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

Purifying Water for
Soldiers.

During warm weather, soldiers in camp, and upon march, frequently can obtain no other water to slake their thirst and cook their food than that of ponds, rivers and brooks. These waters are frequently charged with organic matter which is liable to produce dysentery, and in many instances cholera. Soldiers should therefore become intelligent, so as to provide for every contingency in war. The preservation of their health should be just as carefully guarded to insure efficiency, as good discipline and a supply of ammunition. A few words upon impure water may therefore be of great advantage to many of them and possibly may be the means of saving many lives.

The organic impurities of water are partly of animal and partly of vegetable origin, both of which are very objectionable, but the animal most of all. These impurities are constantly undergoing chemical changes—a fermenting process, and it is during such a state of change that the water is dangerous; because when, taken into the human system in this condition, it tends to engender the same fermenting action. The nature of this action is not well known, but of the fact there can be no doubt. Rapid running streams, even if they are as brown, with mud, as the Mississippi river, and as much charged with organic matter, are perfectly healthy, because no chemical change—no fermentation—takes place in them. Sluggish streams and stagnant pools are the most to be dreaded. The mud may be filtered from the water of a running river by merely passing it through cotton cloth, a piece of blanket or flannel shirt, and we would advise soldiers to do so in most instances. This simple method of straining water, will also be found a partial safeguard for stagnant water, but not a perfect one. When on a march, soldiers should endeavor to endure thirst with fortitude; and when they rest for cooking their food, they should boil the water which they intend to carry with them for drinking. When cooled and agitated for a few moments so as to absorb oxygen, it becomes quite pleasant to drink. The natives of the East Indies who live in flat alluvial districts where the ponds and rivers are sluggish and charged with [rest illegible].

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Correspondence of the Caddo Gazette.

Under the Bluff at Yorktown, Va., }
May 28, 1861. }

Dr. Lacy; Dear Sir:--I am concealed, thoughtful and alone, in "a sly little nook," looking out upon the broad expanse of York River, ere it pores [sic] its briny waters into its kindred element of the Chesapeake Bay, far in the distance. We are all well, beautifully situated, and only feel restive for the mortal combat, threatened us every hour.

Three thousand of us: the 2d Regiment of Louisiana volunteers; the Virginia Regiment, and the North Carolina Regiment, are at this place, and are fortifying almost day and night. . .

May 30th. . . We have been here about one week, and have ourselves so strongly fortified that I do not believe ten thousand men could whip us from it. All of the citizens of this place, looking so soon for an attack upon it, ere we came, fled into the back country, leaving their

beautiful homes.

The old brick building, occupied by General Washington, as head quarters, still stands, strong and substantial, and is in many places, deeply marked by cannon balls. Many old papers—more than an hundred and ten ;years old—have been picked by our soldiers, found in it, and some with the old General's own signature to them. They are greatly prized.—I was fortunate enough to find one written by General Washington to General La Fayette, dated Nov. 17, 1775; and were I to offer it to the highest bidder, there is no telling what it would bring, yet strange to say, there were hundreds of old letters, dating quite as far back, and several written by General Washington himself. The soldiers now have them all. . . .

June 2.—The health of all our regiments is good, except bad colds and measles.

Many amusing scenes are witnessed in camp life, such as seeing some of our fancy young men, *at home*, sitting flat on the ground sewing, washing, grinding coffee, and amusing themselves at cards. I took a good, hearty laugh this morning, at finding one of the aforesaid, off to himself, as intently engaged picking an old Shanghai hen, as if meditating over the horrors of war; said he was tired of old bacon, and invited me to dine with him. I wish some of our lady friends of Caddo, well skilled in culinary matters, could see the old hen, as she is now fixed in her nude condition. These noble sons and daughters of Virginia, feed us all, to the extent of their ability, and send us, daily, huge baskets of light bread, broiled chickens, eggs, and buckets of butter, and buttermilk, and then come in (the ladies) themselves, and offer us the greatest of a soldier's pleasure, that of seeing their sweet selves. But my thoughts are always turned homeward at seeing them, with a long, deep sigh.

Yours truly,
Argenti.

Skipped to July 13, 1861

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."

Acceptance by
William G. Johnston.

Ladies:--The honor you have conferred upon us in presenting us this beautiful banner, we hereby accept as a token of the regard you have for us, and our cause. It animates us to higher and nobler actions, to know that the patriotic Ladies are with and for us. We set out upon this laudable enterprise with buoyant hopes of success, because the ladies have shown to us to-day, that they are willing to encourage and aid us in the great enterprise, not only here, but all over the Confederacy, they are aiding and forwarding this movement. We have nothing to discourage us in this glorious enterprise; we have every reason to believe the chivalry of the South, the land of patriots and brave men, will carry us through, and gloriously through this struggle.

May this flag which you, ladies, have presented us—for which you will accept our grateful acknowledgements—wave proudly over our band, and return unsullied and contaminated, as it is now presented to us from your hands, for you and future generations to live happily and peacefully under its genial folds, for ages yet to come.

But, that which makes the presentation of this banner more impressive—that which to the banner itself lends a charm not otherwise possessed—that which makes it unfurl its folds to the evening breeze with no borrowed lustre [sic], is that it comes from the fair hands of the ladies. The patriotic feelings which prompted the fair and tender hands to present us this banner, speaks volumes, which history does not find emblazoned on this magnificent banner. We cannot think of unsucccess, when we see the patriotic movements of the Fair, and hear their eloquent voices encouraging us on to victory.

Now, gentlemen and fellow soldiers of Capt. Nicholson's company! this magnificent banner, from the ladies of our homes, is presented to us without a stain on its escutcheon—may the God of battles be with us, and we be enabled to bear it with triumph over enemies; and not a traitorous hand dare molest it. This is a noble mission we have volunteered to execute; and it is a

duty commensurate with all we hold sacred in time or eternity. Will we shrink from duty, and prove recreant to the cause committed to our charge? Will we disregard the patriotic injunction of these ladies, and allow this banner to trail ignominiously in the dust? Methinks your emphatic answer is, NO! May no member of this company ever live to realize the humiliating reflection that he betrayed the confidence reposed in him this day, and live to be pointed at as a craven-hearted and dastardly coward, that shrunk from the discharge of his duty at his country's peril. I answer unhesitatingly for ever cheek now suffused with health and vigor, shall be pale in death—then, only then, will it fall to rise no more.

Every effort will be made to crush the fiendish and black-hearted abolitionists who have waged this unholy war upon us. We will make the loud tocsin ring, and the clangor of arms shall be made ring over every hill and dale of this great Confederacy, before we shall submit to this diabolical outrage upon our liberties, our rights, our homes. No! NO!! *we never shall submit* to this inhuman, unnatural, and unholy cause, of negro equality. Like the tall plume of Navaro the 7th, shall this banner wave over the heads of our enemies.

Ladies! allow me to assure you that your patriotic zeal is duly appreciated by us; and your talented representative herself will allow the company through me, to congratulate her upon the felicity with which she has fulfilled her duty.

When the sound of the drum and the clangor of arms ushers forth the halcyon days of [rest of column torn off, but evidently the ladies next present a Bible. It continues at the top of column 2:]

herein contained is all for which we, as Southern people, contend, and for which, I am sure, under that, the banner of our country, you will, as valiant soldiers, battle for our country's rights. Let this Book be the man of your counsel, and may it be said of you, as of the immortal Washington—*they pray!*—and may that God who protected anciently the children of Israel, by a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, against Pharoah and his host, protect you; and may this modern Pharoah, Abe Lincoln, and his host, be overwhelmed in the sea of disappointment and Southern valor.

Take this book, treasure its counsels, fear God and keep his commandments, and many prayers will follow you.

Acceptance by
Leut. [sic] John M. Stewart.

Ladies!—It is with feelings of unutterable gratitude, as the humble recipient in behalf of my commander and my fellow-soldiers, that we, through the medium of your choice, accept this, "The Book of Books," and promise you, that with this book as our compass and chart, our pilot and helmsman under God, to repel an invading foe. Not that we seek your fellow's blood; but in defence [sic] of your persons, your homes, your rights, and our rights, shall the sword of defence [sic] be unsheathed, the scabbard lost, until victory is won.

Again, Ladies, we thank you for this token of kindness and tender regard, and promise of your prayers, knowing that "thou God seeest us," and may he protect you.

At the request of a number of your readers, Mr. Editor, the above is sent you for publication; and, if it will not burthen your columns too much, I will add, in praise of the ladies of the neighborhood, that they formed an association for out-fitting any who might need their aid. Mrs. L. P. Moore, President, and Mrs. R. C. Stewart, Vice-President;--and nobly did they

aid in outfitting Capt. Nicholson's company, which is now en route to Fort Cobb.

Smyrna.

June 28th, 1861.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 13, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

The capitalists of New Orleans have determined to establish a Paper Mill in Mississippi, on the Jackson Railroad.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 13, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Head Quarters, }
Gen. Wise's Legion, }
Richmond, Va., June 17, 1861.}

Dr. R. A. Haynie—

Boston, Bowie County, Texas:

Dear Sir:--You are hereby authorized to recruit, for the Wise Legion, wherever practicable, either a company or battalion.

Let your men come armed with any kind of arms, whatsoever, that can be procured; whether smooth-bores, shot-guns, or rifles; and in addition to your own arms, procure all the private arms that can be had. Each man should come provided with two blankets and an overcoat, or else three blankets.

Procure a cheap uniform hunting-shirt, or blouse, of any color. The cap, or hat, to be such as may be decided upon by the company, or battalion.

Let each man come with a pound of balls or shot, and at least as much powder; also, all the percussion caps and flints that can be had.

If there is any article of equipment, or camp equipage, that cannot be obtained, report the same to me immediately.

As soon as your company or battalion is fully organized, elect your officers, and report the fact to me, that the proper officer may be detailed to muster you into service.

Your obedient servant,
J. Lucius Davis,
Act. Adj't General.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 20, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Fort Washita, C. T.,}
July 7th, 1861. }

My Dear Major:

According to promise, I have concluded to write you, though at this time I am quite unwell—the effects of a severe attack of fever. But I hope, with prudence, I will soon be restored to health, and will be prepared for any kind of service.

I think, in my first letter, I informed you of the very hospitable attention our company received from the citizens of Paris. We could have expected nothing less from them, for in times of peace that town is noted for its plain and honest hospitality, and as war, with all of its calamities, will soon be upon us, the citizens of that town seem to have been determined that the soldiers should not leave without at least good dinners.

Our company drew the county guns, which I think will be very effective—most of them being carbines, the others being plain rifles and Colt's six shooting guns. From the simplicity of

the carbine, combined with the accuracy and effectiveness of its shooting, its use seems to be preferred by our men. Most of them like the carbine better than Colt's improved gun. Some of the young men, in experimenting with Colt's fire arms, have fired two barrels at the same time. That may be the result of carelessness, but for a campaign, I am satisfied that, for soldiers, the carbine is best adapted.

We have in our company a Cherokee indian [sic], a very fine looking man, and he is the proudest fellow you ever saw, of his carbine, and is anxious to come in contact with the abolitionists, who, he says, will soon invade his native land, and that their design is to make slaves of the Indians. Cherokee cannot stand that.

While in Paris, the Cherokee and his mess were invited by one very good gentleman to dinner. Everything that the taste of an epicurean might demand was spread upon the table, in the way of meats, &c. It seems that the meats and other eatables were moved from the table, and, as might be expected at good dinners, delicacies substituted. Sauce, as a matter of course, had to be used, and it happened that Mr. Cherokee was the first to whom the servant handed the cream pot; upon the reception of which, he very deliberately raised it to his mouth, and drank about half of its contents, and in the most dignified manner imaginable, returned the aforesaid cream pot to the waiter. His mess were confounded and mortified, and told him that was not the way to use it. But it was "no use talking;" he told them it was good enough his way, and that *he did not want any more just then!*"

In Bonham a most splendid dinner had been prepared for the companies from Titus and Red River. Everything passed agreeably to all the companies and the citizens, nothing disorderly having occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion.

Our company left Ellett's Springs on the 22d of June; but I did not overtake them until they had crossed Red River via Kemp's Ferry, and were encamped two miles in the Chickisaw [sic] Nation, on the evening of the 27th of June. Thence we made a force march to McCarty's Springs, where we had good water, which you must know was a treat to the boys. These springs are situated directly on the overland mail route, and take their name from McCarty, who keeps, or did keep a stagestand, when that grand political humbug, the overland mail route, was in operation.

While there, the Collin county company came in view, some distance off. As soon as we saw them, we raised our flag—of which the company are proud, for none that we have seen can compare with it. A short time elapsed, when the company reached the springs, and with joyous hearts and open hands we received our brother soldiers.

The 4th of July was celebrated at Fort Washita by a *war dance*, performed by two Indian companies that had arrived here the day previous; and which are a part of a regiment that Col. Cooper is now actively engaged in organizing, to be mustered into service at Scullyville. Two Indian companies, and the Panola county company, all mounted, left this morning for the aforesaid place, under the command, I think, of Col. Lee, of Fannin county, whose military qualification is beyond a doubt. Sever speeches were made on the 4th. Among the speakers were Capt. Burks, and Wolf Walker, Esq., of Red River; 1st Lieut. Stephens, and 2d Lieut. Fitzpatrick, of Titus county. Call after call was made for Campbell Jefferson and George Caile, Esqrs., and others. The first named gentlemen acquitted themselves in their usual very felicitous manner.

I wish I had time to describe to you minutely this much-talked-of Indian war dance; but I must venture to inform you that they formed a circle around the flag of the Confederate States, and from their action, I concluded that they considered themselves in the presence of high Heaven, pledging their fealty and eternal loyalty to our own beloved South.

I have been informed by prominent Indians of this Nation, that entire unanimity prevails with them, and that they are determined to fight over the graves of their ancestors.

Gen. Young is now in Cooke county. We do not yet know our destination. Gen. Cooper has ordered his men near Fort Smith, and perhaps when we see Gen. Young, we will follow. All of the men are anxious to go in that direction, as they believe that most of the excitement is there, or thereabouts—at least, for the present.

Thomas Wallis, of the Bowie county company, reached this place to-day, the 7th, and reports that his company is twenty miles from here—that some of the men are sick, and that the company will not get in until Tuesday.—The Collin county company has been ordered to Arbuckle, and will leave on Tuesday next. When the Bowie county company is mustered into service, Young's regiment will be complete.

We had church service at the Fort to-day, and I am glad to inform you that, although the boys "*fairly siz*" on other days in the week, the most attentive respect was manifested by the volunteers to the delivery of the sermon; and all joined most sincerely and devoutly in singing the concluding hymn.

Some of the young men of our company have been very unwell, but I am glad to inform you, that all are now convalescent, and in a few days will be well. We are now in good quarters in the Fort—have a plenty of beef and pickled pork, though new flour is scarce. Rations are issued to 416 men. All is peace and quietness among the men.

Dr. Rainey leaves for Sherman in the morning, and I have written this for him to mail to you.

Ever thy friend,
Courtes B. Sutton.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 20, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

Fort Washita, C. N. }
July 3d, 1861. }

Maj. DeMorse:--Dear Sir:--A pay [day?] of leasure [sic] at this place, enables me to send you a few items, that may have some interest to those readers of the Standard who have friends and relations serving in the Army of occupation at Forts Cobb, Arbuckle and Washita.

Fort Cobb, is at this time, garrisoned by three companies from Texas; two from Cook county, under Capt. Diamond, (commanding officer,) and Twitty, and Capt. Throckmorton's company, from Collin county.

The Indians, generally, in that vicinity, manifest a disposition to be friendly, and a majority of those who left the Reserve, when the Fort was evacuated by the U. S. Troops, have returned.

Black Beaver, (Delaware) one of the leading Indians on the reserve, went North with the U. S. Troops, in the capacity of guide, and it has been ascertained, since his departure, that he, doubtless instigated by the Abolition officers at the Fort, advised the Reserves to place no confidence in the Texans, as they only wished to keep them friendly during the present difficulties, and would then annihilate them. Happily, however, better counsel is prevailing, and they are again returning to the cultivation of their corn, and the prairies are alive with their cattle and ponies.

Fort Arbuckle, is occupied by the following companies, of 100 men, each:

Capt. Harmon, (Commanding Officer,) Hopkins county; Capt. Nicholson, Fannin county, and Capt. Canseller, of Hunt county. A large quantity of Government stores, was taken here,

including about one thousand dollars worth of Medicines, clothing of all kinds, and provisions.

This Post (Washita,) is occupied, at present, by four companies, viz:

Capt. Reaves, (Commanding Officer,) Grayson county; Capt. Hill, Titus county; Capt. Bounds, of Collin county; and Capt. Burks, Red River county. The men, as far as we could observe, seem fully to appreciate the importance of being thoroughly drilled, and conversant with the various manoeuvres [sic] and evolutions necessary to render them efficient soldiers in the field; they drill twice, daily, and the company of Capt. Reaves, that has been stationed here for several weeks, have already acquired great proficiency in the evolutions.

The Quarter-Master, and Commissary depts are supplied with all necessary stores for the present. Mr. Dumas, of Grayson, has the contract of supplying fresh beef to Forts Cobb, Arbuckle and Washita, at eight, ten, and twelve cents per pound, respectively, which may be considered a very high figure for the times.

Gen. Cooper, former U. S. Indian agent to the Chickisaws [sic] and Chocktaws [sic], has been adopted as a citizen of the Nation, and has received a commission as Colonel, in the Confederate Army, to raise a Regiment of one thousand Indians, for service on their northern frontier. The greater portion of the Regiment is now rendezvoused at the agency, near Washita.—Last evening, Col. Lee, who is temporarily in command, received a dispatch from Gen. Cooper, at Fort Smith, with orders to march the Regiment immediately to Scullyville, near Fort Smith, when the organization will be completed, by the election of a Lieut. Colonel, and Major. Col. Lee, formerly of Bonham, Texas, is probably the most prominent aspirant for the former position; he has, up to this time, in the absence of Gen. Cooper, engaged with untiring zeal, in drilling the companies, organizing the Regiment, acting as Quarter-Master, Commissary, &c.; and with a success ensured by his long familiarity with such business, in the U. S. Army. We congratulate the Regiment on the acquisition of such a valuable officer.

The war excitement among the Indians, has reached the highest pitch. Companies are being rapidly organized in every section, and all seem anxious to participate in the coming struggle. The warriors are painted in their hideous war colors, and the "Old time war dance," commemorative of their ancient valor in arms, is performed every night, by the companies at this place, their women singing, while the warriors form a circle, and dance around their flag-staff, with hoops and hideous yells, that almost make a man's scalp feel loose on his cranium: it arouses the proper feeling among them however, which is the desired object.

Two Choctaw companies that came in last evening, were received with military honors by the four companies of Infantry at the Fort, and a salute fired with the six pounder, left by the U. S. Troops, all of which seemed to excite and please them amazingly, and the best of good feeling exists between them and the Texans. A majority of the officers are half breeds, intelligent, and well informed men, and very ardent in the great common causes; the others, although unable to talk with us orally, make good use of their pantomimic vocabulary, to express a like devotion. They have probably, as yet, not acquired sufficient discipline, to render them very effective in the open field, but when it comes to the "Bush whacking," then look out for them.

Among the officers we notice the names of Capt. Carney, Capt. Ish Kitini Homa, Capt. Wade, Capt. Fulsom, Capt. Reynolds, and Capt. Phillips.

Two companies of Cavalry from Texas, under Capt. Young, of Panola county, and Capt. Welch, of Denton county, have been [illegible] and attached to the Regiment.

Gen. Young and Capt. Throckmorton, who are now at Fort Smith, are expected here daily, and it is generally expected that they will bring orders for the removal of Young's

Regiment, to the Missouri border. More soon.

[illegible.—Dixie?]

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Texas Swords.

We were shown on Monday, a broad sword, made by Jesse Adams of our county, for one of our Cavalry. The sword had a neat brass handle, and was altogether a good piece of work for a Smith's shop.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

The Galveston News and Texas Christian Advocate, the two papers having the largest circulation of any in the State, come to us this week on half sheets.

["] It will be seen by a notice in this paper, that W. Richardson has withdrawn from all further connection with it. It is unnecessary for him to state his reasons for so doing, after having devoted the best portion of his life to the laborious duties of an editor. While announcing the termination of his public labors as a journalist, he would tender his grateful acknowledgements for the generous patronage heretofore extended to the News, and he trusts the same liberal support will be continued to his successor.—News. ["]

Mr. D. Richardson continues the publication.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Texas Troops.—Capt. Woodward, Reagan Guards; Capt. A. T. Rainey, Texas Guards, left our port on yesterday, on steamer Texas, en route for the seat of war. Our military turned out, and patriotic speeches were made.—Caddo Gazette, 6th.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Fort Washita, July 12th, '61.

Dear Major:--The Bowie county company reached here on Tuesday morning, commanded by Capt. Morris. They are fine looking soldiers, and predicated my opinion, from their appearance, and the atmosphere they have been breathing for the last six months, I am satisfied, when our regiments [sic—meet?] our common enemy, that Northern Texas, will have cause to congratulate herself that she has such men in the field.

Gen. Young leaves Sherman to day for Austin, for the purpose of getting arms for this regiment; thence he will visit Richmond, Va., with the view of placing this regiment under the command of Gen. Ben McCulloch. Gen. McCulloch was authorized to receive only five regiments; he is desirous to have two more, and has sent Gen. Young to Richmond, Va., with dispatches, and requested the Secretary of War to place Young's regiment under his command. Gen. McCulloch's command, I think, is designed to operate on the frontier of Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri. But who knows our destination? The eyes of the Southern people are now turned to old Virginia; her statesmen, her warriors, and the many sacrifices she made in the struggle for independence, are incentives sufficient to create a patriotic thrill in the bosom of all Southern youths, to rush to the protection of the mother of States. Though a native of that State, I am glad that Lincoln's stupid army thought proper to attack her, for she is better armed, drilled, and equipped, than any of the Confederate States. The Red River company leaves this place to

morrow for Fort Arbuckle, sixty five miles distant. I expect we will remain there until Gen. Young returns. The Titus, Grayson, and Bowie county companies, will remain at Fort Washita for the present. The Hopkins and Collin county companies are *now stationed* at Fort Arbuckle.

The boys in our company are well, with one or two exceptions. Wm. Mann of our company, shot two of his fingers off by an accidental discharge of a pistol which he held in his hand. Two of them had to be amputated, and the third was badly injured. I advised him to get his discharge, but he seems anxious to remain in the service. He is one of the "*sizzing*" sort. Tobe Stout, by accidental discharge of a Colt's repeater, endangered his own life, and that of two other men. The commanding officer of this Fort has inhibited the packing of loaded arms.

I perceive that Wm. Hooks, Esq., has been called upon to be a candidate for the Senate. His reliability as a gentleman, his consistency as a voter, (for though posted in politics, he has never appeared as a politician,) and above all, his cool and discriminating mind, pre-eminently qualify him for that position. I wish I was there to vote for him.

When we reach Fort Arbuckle, I will write again, and give you such items, that may *perhaps* interest you and readers. I have written one or two letters to you, and as our mail facilities are uncertain, suppose you have not received them. We all feel very anxious to hear from the Congress of Lincoln. The next six months will tell the tale.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Speech,
Delivered by a Choctaw brave, to his Warriors at Ft. Washita, July 4th, 1861.

The Indians were expected at ten o'clock, and about that time they came in, following their drum, and an old man with a drawn sword, who delivered the speech below. The war dance was in the square—the warriors being stripped to their fighting costume. There were two companies of them, and they advanced into the Fort with heads erect, and truly martial bearing, beneath their colors, (a Confederate flag,) with nine white stars in circle, surrounding one in red with a white border, and somewhat larger than the others. In the rear of the companies were about 20 Indian women. The color staff being placed in the ground, the warriors slowly circled around it, and upon a signal from one of the Captains, they all stood still and silent, while the old man before mentioned, drew his sword, and moving slowly around in the circle, thus addressed them:

"Warriors of the Choctaw and Chickisaw [sic] Nations! look around you, and what do you see! You see men in every garb armed and equipped for war. A strange sight for my young men. Who are these men? Your brothers—the men of the South—men who have come from the land of sunshine across Red River—whose star is in the centre of your flag, and who are in our hearts, as their star is in our colors—men, and the sons of men, who dyed that star in the blood of their brave, and with whom you, my warriors, are here to share the toils, dangers, and the glory of war—men, who will lay down their lives in a just cause, and who, as yet, have never turned their backs to their enemies. You, men and warriors, must emulate their glorious deeds. (Deafening shouts from the warriors.) Let your enemies feel the edges of your knives. (Ugh, ugh!) Let not your war path be through your own green corn-fields; but let your knives drink the life-blood of your enemies in their own towns and villages, and be side by side with your white brothers, who are fighting for their rights—their own property, and for the protection of the

homes of their wives and children.

Warriors! we have the same feelings; we have the same description of property; and need I tell you to look around and see the women and maidens of your race, who are assembled to see the warriors in their war paint?—Their hands have armed you for the fray, and their hearts will be with you on the field of death."

The warriors here broke forth into a dance, keeping time to the beating of the drum, and uttering the scalp hallo, fired off their guns and pistols; the women at the same time moving closer to the circle, when an elderly matron, accompanied by the others, in a low, plaintive voice, commenced a song, in which they were reminded of their mothers, and the homes they had played around when they were babes, and how their mothers and sisters had attended their footsteps when they were too young to follow their fathers to hunt the Buffalo; and now they had grown to be men, their sisters were comparatively weak, and their mothers had grown old, and the bright sun had changed their raven locks to gray; and now, should their mothers and sisters, knowing they needed protection, ask it of strangers? or should their own young men, who have the right, keep the northern men from polluting their soil? The excitement here was intense. The warriors sprang into the air with shouts of defiance, yelling and whooping, and the women ran into the circle through an opening made for the purpose, and, dancing around the colors continued their song, but in a more animated strain, in which an allusion was made to the deeds of their forefathers, &c. The old veteran again came forward and asked a question, which was not understood by me, but which they answered by "ugh, ugh!" and then addressed them again:

"Where are the men who fought your battles in former years, who were a terror to their enemies? (A mournful wail.) They have passed from our sight, and gone to the happy land, but their blood flows through the veins of the living. Where are the warriors of their blood? (Here! here!!) This is the first time some of you have danced in the warrior's line; let not your hearts fail, nor your arms grow weak, as your country may need every blow."

It was the first opportunity your correspondent has ever had to witness the novel ceremonies of an Indian war dance, and no one can properly appreciate the scene, unless they were present, and saw the defiant and determined expression indicated by the gestures and general appearance of the men.

Dixie

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 20, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

The Heroines.

The two loyal women who, at the peril of their lives from hired enemies and home traitors, escaped from the black republicans, at Grafton, to cry to our troops at Phillippi: "To your arms, O! Israel! the enemy are upon you!" are now at the Virginia Hotel, in Staunton, refugees from their homes. Had the commanders at Phillippi been made of such stuff as these fair ones are, the surprise and stampede which took place, and which nothing but fighting to the death on the part of the retreating troops can atone for, never would have happened.—Staunton (Va.) Vindicator.

The Richmond Dispatch, of the 17th instant, announces the arrival of these heroic ladies in that city. They had an interview with Governor Letcher, who requested them to make the Executive mansion their home during their stay in the city.

A letter received in this city also alludes to these heroines, and we have been kindly

permitted to publish the subjoined extract on the subject. The spirit of '66 is still alive, and the mothers and daughters of the South are as true, as patriotic, and as brave to-day, as their ancestors were in the "times which tried men's souls."

Who can doubt the result of this contest, when the women are emulating the men in deeds of daring and in devotion to their Southern homes? all honor to the daughters of Virginia—the heroines of Phillippi.

But to the extract:

Staunton, Virginia, }
June 14th, 1861. }

"There are many beautiful young ladies here, who add much to our pleasure—among them are two young heroines, who arrived day before yesterday. They resided in the northwestern part of the State. Nearly all the inhabitants were our enemies, and when the hirelings of Lincoln invaded the State, not a man who saw them moved to arrest their progress. These two young ladies, knowing that our soldiers at Phillippi were in dangers, mounted their horses, and alone in a heavy rain, rode forty-two miles to warn our soldiers of their approach. They then rode to this place, (Staunton,) riding on horse-back a distance of one hundred and fifty-two miles, and then gave their horses to two soldiers who were going to fight the enemy. The republicans have offered a reward of two thousand dollars for these two rebel ladies. A party was given them last night, and the officers of our regiment invited; we went and had a delightful time. The young ladies were there, and the officers of our regiment promised that they would defend the two young heroines, and elect them daughters of the regiment. I was surprised to find them well educated ladies—and not, as we supposed, plain country girls."

The names of these ladies are: Miss Mollie McLeod and Miss Abbie Kerr.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 27, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

For the Standard.

The Knights of Alamo.
by W. T. G. Weaver.

When Mexico's Tyrant invaded our land,
Surrounded with murderous knaves,
Ere Houston led on that invincible band,
To crush the vain Chief and his slaves—
How bravely the Knights of the Alamo fell!
What words can their valor unfold!
Let the spirits of battle that victory tell,
And rank them with heroes of old.

On the altar of Freedom they offered their blood—
How fervent the incense arose!
Crockett, Bowie, and Travis poured out the red flood,
And died in the midst of their foes;
As Liberty's martyrs they yielded their breath,
And sunk into patriot's graves;

Their foes might exalt when they slumbered in death,
But they ne'er could insult them as slaves!

And to-day the vandalic "Madman of the North,"
Will find us as valiant as then;
From our prairies and forests will legions march forth,
'Gainst a President tyrant again;
For brave are the Texans—the Greeks of the West,
In the cloud and the thunder of war,
And as long as the life-blood is warm in each breast,
They'll rally beneath the Lone Star.

Gainesville, July 4th, 1861.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 27, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

We are informed that Mr. J. S. Nash will soon commence the manufacture of rifles at his Iron Foundry in this county. Mr. Nash is also prepared, should it become necessary, to cast improved rifled cannon, and shot and shell.—Jeff. Herald.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 27, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: An analysis of the water at Dalby's Springs, dated Clarksville, July 23, 1861, by J. A. Barry, M. D.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 27, 1861, p. 2, c. 7

One of the 6-pounder cannon, cast at the Camden Foundry, was taken to the Sulphur Spring on the 4th, and experiments tried, which proved in every respect satisfactory. Several shots were fired with ball, and the results exceeded all that had been claimed for the piece by its most sanguine friends. The ground was unfavorable for trying how far it would shoot, but enough was shown, to prove that if an opportunity offered, it could knock one of old Abe's regiments into "pi," at a distance of 1000 yards. There no longer exists a doubt of the Camden Foundry Company being able to manufacture cannon of superior quality.—Camden Herald.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 3, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

For Missouri.

Col. Foscue's company of 70 men, camped near town on Fryday [sic], of last week, and left on Sunday morning. Col. F. expects to be joined by 28 more men from Wood County, before he crosses Red River, or very soon after. The men have enrolled and are coming.

Col. F. called upon us on Saturday evening last, and from him, we get the organization of his company:

F. F. Foscue, Captain.

J. J. Flinn, 1st Lieutenant.

Jonathan Lewter, 2d do.

C. C. Rather, 3d do.

N. H. Rather, 1st Sergeant.

Seventy men—nearly all of Smith County—a few from Cherokee, Rusk, and Wood, will take the Line Road to Van Buren, via Mill Creek.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 3, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

Miss Henrietta Kenan, of Milledgeville, Ga., has tendered in the name of herself and mother, all their silver plate and every description, and their jewelry, including diamond rings, watches, etc., etc., amounting to a very handsome sum in value, for the use of the State of Georgia in conducting the war.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 3, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

One Port Not Blockaded!
Dalby Springs Hotel,
Bowie County, Texas.

The proprietor of this well known watering-place, respectfully informs the public that visitors will be received a usual during the season.

Persons desiring a safe, pleasant, and still retreat, during these exciting times, would do well to come. The proprietor's known reputation for "*charging*," will no doubt place this establishment entirely out of danger, even in case of invasion.

Having erected a large and commodious Stable, the proprietor is prepared to have horses well attended to.

Bathing establishment just completed.

Open until October 1st, unless the establishment, previous to that date, "goes to the wars."

Terms in accordance with the times.

Wm. E. Estes,
Proprietor.
no. 27 tf

July 1st 1861.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 3, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Texas Flour.—We are not likely to suffer for good sweet bread. Mr. Williams, from near Bonham, Texas, arrived in this place last Saturday evening, who informs us that he has 17 wagons heavily loaded with flour, which are expected to arrive during the present week. If Mr. W. does not meet with ready sale for the whole of his flour in this town, he designs sending a part of it to Alexandria and New Orleans. Mr. Williams informs us that he has an excellent mill, running four pair of Burr stones by steam power, and further adds, that he can make as good flour as ever made in Missouri or Illinois. Mr. W. was raised in the wheat region of Virginia, and understands the milling business thoroughly. He furthermore informs us that the citizens of his section of country are taking the greatest pains in raising hogs. So our prediction made years since, that we would live to see flour and meat descend Red River instead of being brought up, is being realized.—South Western.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 3, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

Mrs. Judge Hopkins, of Alabama, has presented a noble example for the emulation of her countrywomen. She is untiring in her zeal, and has just visited Manassas to organize, if possible, a hospital, properly attended by nurses. We hope that the ladies of Tennessee, the preservation

of whose homes brave men will be compelled to fight, will combine to institute efficient and practical measures for the benefit of our gallant volunteers wherever duty may call them. The gentle ministrations of female kindness will always be found of more service than the attentions that will result from official intercourse.—Memphis Appeal.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 10, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

Confederate League.

The following is a copy of the Confederate League:

1. The object of the league is to aid the Government of the Confederate States in feeding, clothing and sustaining the army in the field, and raising funds for its use.
2. The league shall consist of all persons who may sign the same, and all are invited to become members thereof.
3. There shall be an executive committee in each parish and county, and a general committee at the capitol of each State.
4. The members of the league will offer to the Confederate States all such products of cotton, sugar, molasses, corn, flour, pork, beef, etc., that they raise as supplies, for the interest bearing Confederate bonds or Treasury notes, and such sums of money as they can spare as loans.
5. They pledge themselves to take all bonds or treasury notes of the Government at par by adopting them as a currency; and they suggest that notes of the denomination of ten dollars and upwards be issued for that purpose.
6. It shall be the duty of the executive committee to take the statistics of all surplus products and provisions of members of the league and others who may offer them, in each parish or county, and forward them to the general committee of each State.
7. The general committee will forward such information to the Government of the Confederate States and transact all business with it.
8. The members of the league will transact all business connected with its object free of charge; and for this purpose a partition of its labors will be made among the members so that it may fall lightly on each.
9. The Sheriffs, Assessors, and other public officers are invited to become members and to give such information to the league as their offices may afford.
10. The services of the members of the league being gratuitous no funds shall be raised to carry on its objects.
11. Another object of the league will be to collect and forward to the navigable streams and lines of railroads, all the old refuse iron, from which war missiles may be manufactured, and to forward them to the different foundries of the Government when practicable, and also to place all the products, we above specified on the railroads and navigable streams, secured from damage and ready for shipment, which may be accepted by the Government.
12. Another object of the league will be to save the Government from paying war prices for its supplies, and through this ourselves and our posterity from being burthened with heavy debt and onerous taxes. And for this purpose we will agree to take, and recommend the Confederate Government to fix the price of all articles at the prices they bore before the war, to wit: in March, A. D., 1860, should they not be able to procure them at a low rate.
13. It shall be the duty of the executive committees, when necessary, to distribute equally

the offerings or products among the members and others in proportion to the crop of product of each who may tender the same.—Then let Texas furnish her beef, Louisiana her sugar, the cotton States their cotton, and the grain growing States their flour, corn, and pork.

14. And for furthering the objects of the league and for the common defence [sic] and general welfare of the Confederate States of America, we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honors.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 10, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Banner song.
Written for and Expressly Dedicated to the
Armstrong Guards.
By Wm. H. Holcomb, M. D.

See our banner floating high,
Star in Freedom's shining sky;
Soldier's! follow it or die;
Star of death or victory!

Beauty's hands its tissues wove;
Glory lends its aid to Love;
Honor, Truth and God approve;
Comrades! follow it or die!

At the tyrant's call arrayed,
Hireling troops our land invade!
Dear Virginia cries for aid!
Answer, cheering to her cry!

Forward! Spirits brave and true;
Forward! till the foe's in view;
Death is the invader's due;
Death to hateful tyranny!

Soldiers! march at duty's call;
Meet the bayonet and ball;
Front the cannon—scale the wall;
Shouting, "death or liberty!"

Nations watch with eager eyes;
He who lives shall share the prize;
He is doubly crowned who dies;
"Free or dead," be this our cry!

Fame! Inspire us with their charm!
Angels! Shield our souls from harm!

Just our cause and strong our arm;
Forward, comrades! Do or die!

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 10, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Hints for our Volunteers.

In Hall's Journal of Health, we find an article on the health of soldiers, in which the editor offers some valuable advice to the men who have so bravely volunteered their services in behalf of their country. Our contemporary says, on a march from April to November, the entire clothing should be a colored flannel shirt, with a loosely buttoned collar, cotton drawers, woolen pantaloons, shoes and stockings and a light colored felt hat, with broad brim, to protect the eyes and face from the glare of the sun, and from the rain, and substantial but not heavy coat when off duty. Sun-stroke is most effectually prevented by wearing a silk handkerchief in the crown of the hat. Colored blankets are the best; one if lined with brown drilling the warmth and durability are double, while the protection against dampness from lying on the ground is almost complete. Never lie or sit down on the grass or bare earth for a moment; rather use your hat—a handkerchief even is great protection. The warmer you are, the greater need for this precaution, as a damp vapor is immediately generated, to be absorbed by the clothing, and to cool you off too rapidly. While marching, or on other active duty, the more thirsty you are, the more essential is it to safely or life itself, to rinse out the mouth two or three times, and then take a swallow of water at a time with short intervals. A brave General, on a force march, fell dead on the instant by drinking largely of cool water, when snow was on the ground. Abundant sleep is essential to bodily efficiency, and to that alertness of mind which is all important in an engagement; and few things more effectually prevent sound sleep than eating heartily after sundown, especially after a heavy march or hard battle. Nothing is more certain to secure endurance and capability of long continued effort than the avoidance of everything as a drink, except cold water.—Drink as little as possible of even cold water.—After any sort of exhausting effort a cup of coffee, hot or cold, is an admiral sustainer of the strength, until nature begin to recover herself.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 10, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

A Spree in Happy Valley.—Some half dozen women, all familiar with the calaboose, and who resemble Macbeth's witches, procuring a jug of bad whisky yesterday, repaired to a location near the mouth of Wolf river, familiarly known as Happy Valley, and there commenced their drunken orgies. As the spirits diminished the enthusiasm of the old crones increased, and was exhibited in so many and such enthusiastic ways that officer Wise arrested the whole party and gave them quarters in the calaboose.—Avalanche.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 10, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

Extract of a letter to the editor, from a Gentleman at Fort Smith, under date of 22d July, 1861.—True Dem.

* * * How much will Arkansas owe in one year—I guess 10,000,000. Thus we go, our country is alive with human beings going towards Missouri. 1,300 Choctaws and Chickasaws with their faces painted, half red, the other half black, with fire in their eyes and patriotism in their hearts. They are encamped a few miles from Scullyville, C. N.—They will strike terror to the Swiss of Missouri.

Many Texians are passing through this place in squads of five, ten, twenty, and as high as forty—all foot loose, and well mounted, and equipped as only Texians can equip. They dress in good order, and will do good service. . . .

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 10, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

The Native and the Foreign-born Citizens

Our observation has taught us that, since hostilities began between the North and the South, the foreign population in our midst have done as much, in proportion to numbers and wealth, to sustain the cause of the South, as the native population have.

These people came from the land of oppression, tyranny, and wrong, and cast their fortunes among us. They are here from the sunny hills of France—from the "Green Isle of the Ocean"—from the land of Goethe and Schiller—from every country, race, and clime! They were invited here; our fathers told them that "here the tree of liberty shot its top to the sun—its boughs hung out over all the earth, and wearied nations might come and lay down beneath its shades, and rest!"—They have come; they have lived with us, and are of us. They have felt the heel of the oppressor, and they have tasted the sweets of liberty; and appreciating more keenly the blessings of the latter, because they have been galled by the yoke of the former, there are no sacrifices that may be demanded of them, that they are not ready to make in this great struggle for liberty and independence.

Wherever the flag of freedom has been unfurled upon this continent, there men, born on foreign soil, and reared to the admiration of institutions adverse to our own, have been found laying down their lives to sustain the cause it represented;—their bones now lay bleaching along side of the native-born citizens, on every battlefield from Bunker Hill to Manassas Junction. They have ever been true to us, in the darkest hour of our peril; and now, when adverse winds have driven us upon the rock of civil war—when the gates of the temple of Janus are thrown wide open, and events pregnant with meaning presage the coming of a most tearful future, they have made new earnest of their devotion, and have gone forward with a zeal and enthusiasm worthy to succeed those of their countrymen who fought for us in other days, upon other fields.

It is their duty of course, to do all and everything in their power to sustain the cause of their adopted country; because it has given them a home, free thought, free speech, and free action, which their native land denied them; and the alacrity with which they have responded to the call of the country, shows that they know their duty, and are willing to discharge it.

These people are exceedingly sensitive to imputations against their patriotism; and it is natural for them to be so; but they may rest assured that the great mass of the Southern people have the most implicit confidence in their loyalty to the South, and their attachment to her institutions. The exceptions to the rule are the radical men, who have more zeal than good sense, and who are doing the cause they advocate more harm than good.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 17, 1861, p. 1, c. 2

The editor of the Portsmouth Transcript says that the following toast was gotten up by a young lady of his acquaintance. If after reading, any young man does not take up arms in defense of his country, he should be deprived of the right of citizenship and forever prohibited from enjoying woman's society.

Here is the toast:

"The Young men of the South".—Their arms, our protection—Our arms, their reward.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 17, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Reprint of sections dealing with flags from the U. S. Army Regulations

Skip to September 28, 1861

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 28, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

Eloquence.—Gentlemen do you know what is the finest speech that I ever in my life heard or read? It is the address of Garibaldi to his Roman soldiers, when he told them:

"Soldiers, what I have to offer you is fatigue, danger, struggle and death, the chill of the cold night in the free air, and the heat under the burning sun; no lodgings, no provisions, but forced marches, dangerous watchposts, and the continual struggle with the bayonet against batteries—those who love freedom and their country, may follow me."

That is the most glorious speech I ever heard in my life.—[Kossuth.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 28, 1861, p. 1, c. 4

For the Soldiers.—We publish the following schedule of such articles of clothing as our soldiers are bound to have for the winter:

One good country jeans coat or jacket.

Two pairs of pants, same material.

Two good cotton shirts, heavy.

Two " linsey " "

Two pairs of good linsey drawers, (or other heavy goods.)

Two pairs of good woolen socks.

One pair of first rate shoes.

Skip to October 5, 1861

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 5, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

Feminine Recruit.—A feminine recruit named Mary Smith, lately enlisted in the McClellan Zouaves was discovered at a Camp Wood, Cleveland. Mary is said to be intelligent, good-looking, full of patriotism, pluck, and aged about twenty-two years. Suspicion as to her sex was first excited by the peculiar wring of the dishcloth which she gave while assisting in cooking the company's rations, but all doubts vanished when, in the distribution of unmentionables, a pair was handed to the recruit with the female voice to fit on. He sat down, pinned the garment to his knee, and began to sew with the expertness of a professional seamstress. On being questioned, Mary plead guilty and said she wished to go to the war to avenge the death of an only brother, who fell at the battle of Bull Run. Miss Smith will be sent to Dayton.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 12, 1861, p. 1, c. 4

We learn that the young ladies residing in the vicinity of Porter's Chapel, seven miles from here, have formed themselves into artillery company and parade every other Saturday commencing next Saturday. They are mounted on horseback and armed with revolvers and

bowie knives; and from what we hear of them, are excellent shots. They have not as yet adopted a name, a common failing among all young ladies, as they are always ready to change their own.

How we should like to be Captain of that company. We would have them presenting arms and saluting us with all their darling might and main. We have not learned whether they intend going into camp, but presume that if they do, they will soon present the most formidable array of breastworks ever seen, by any of our Southern military men.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 12, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

A Good Reply.—The editor of the Lynchburg Republican who is with Gen. Floyd's forces in Western Virginia tells the following:

A few days after the fight at Skerry, near Charleston, Kanawha, two or three Yankee officers visited the house of Mr. Fry, who had been driven from his home by the enemy. A daughter of Mr. Fry saw them approaching through the gate, and confronted them in the porch with a demand to know their business. They stated they were looking for secession flags, and heard there were some there.

Her reply deserves to be hung up as an "apple of gold in a picture of silver." "Brave men," said she in scorn, "take flags on the field of battle—cowards only hunt them at the houses of defenseless women. Mine is in the hands of four brave volunteers—go and take it from them." The rebuke was crushing. "Tom," said the one to the other, "we had better leave here," and off they went, with the blushes of shame mantling their cheeks, if, indeed, they were not dead to the feelings which occasion them.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 12, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

The Graniteville factory, in South Carolina, has commenced the manufacture of cotton yarn for socks and stockings—the machinery for the purpose having been recently imported from England.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 19, 1861, p. 1, c. 4

Nashville, Hempstead Co., Ark., }
Sept. 18th, 1861. }

Ed. True Democrat—Is it not strange the surgeons in our army permit so many valuable lives lost from the effects of measles, when a little whisky toddy would lessen the mortality at least one half or three fourths. All that is required is to keep the patient's blood warm with the toddy throughout the disease.

As Lincoln has proclaimed medicines contraband of war, permit [me] to say to those whom it may concern, that vervinex is a very good substitute for quinine which may be found at the road sides in the unplowed fields and in open waste lands.—A strong decoction should be used—it is very bitter.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 19, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Socks for the Soldiers.

The following note comes to us from a young lady whose whole heart is with the Confederate service, and who in the intervals of time unoccupied by an exacting employment, labors unremittingly in work for the soldiers. Our women have done their whole

duty, whenever it has been apparent that they could be useful. The consideration of this interest in her behalf, will cheer the heart of many a soldier, as he walks the solitary round of sentry duty, or prepares for the charge when the hour of conflict comes.

Clarksville, Oct. 18th, 1861.

Major DeMorse—You will please be so kind as to insert a little notice in to morrow's paper, that any volunteers needing socks, can be easily furnished by the ladies, without being put to the necessity of buying. I have five or six pairs that I would like to give to some *needy person*, but it is impossible to find out who they are, unless some such notice is inserted in your paper. Mrs. R_____ has several pairs, and L___ E_____ a great many.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 19, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Col. S. B. Maxey's Regiment of Infantry, had eight companies officially reported, and two others nearly ready, which have been reported before this time. Leading citizens were making every possible effort to fit it out; had just finished preparing clothing and other necessities for Bennett's Company, with McCulloch. We saw a large quantity of clothing in the warehouse of Wright, Wortham and Gibbons. Each man's bundle was put up separately, enveloped with domestic, and marked with his name in ink. Each man had been furnished upon his memorandum, just what he called for. There was an unmistakable determination among the community to let the soldier want nothing that he ought to have. The merchants were furnishing coffee, sugar, molasses, etc., as desired. Coffee was retailing in Paris at 25 cents per pound, and salt at 6 and 7 dollars per sack.

We saw at Paris, Mr. Converse, of New Orleans, who had been through several of our Northern counties, purchasing wool, buying generally at about 18 cents. His purchases, we understood, were made for the Confederate Government, to be worked up for the benefit of the army.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 19, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Plenty.

In Northern Texas we have the fruits of the earth in abundance. Corn rates at 25 cents per bushel. Immense quantities could be contracted for at that rate, to be delivered in any of our Country Towns. Wheat can be purchased at 50 cents per bushel in large quantity. The best flour made in Northern Texas, and not excelled in quality anywhere can be purchased in Paris, Lamar County, and probably throughout several counties, at \$2 per hundred pounds. Sweet Potatoes are plentiful, and are sold in the County Towns at 50 cents per bushel. Apples of excellent quality, are offered upon the Streets of Clarksville, every two or three days at one dollar per bushel. Beef is abundant, fat and cheap. Pork will be worth about \$5 per hundred at Christmas. Hogs are not in excess, but there is Mast, and Corn is a drug, consequently Pork cannot be at a high price. Now is the time for migration to Northern Texas, and emigrants are daily coming in, many of them from Kentucky, accompanied by trains of dark colored followers. Their force migration will not prove a hardship, but will result in great blessings to them, cheap and fertile lands, health, plenty, freedom from political cares, as members of an undivided body politic.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 26, 1861

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 2, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Rally! Missourians Rally!!

Taking it for granted that all Missourians able to bear arms, who recently left the State and brought their families, and property to Texas, are desirous to return for the purpose of defending their State which they only temporarily left, for the benefit of their wives and children. I suggest the following mode of action:

Form into messes of ten men; take one common two horse wagon, and four horses or mules to each mess. One tent, and as good a supply of clothing and arms as circumstances will permit, and make haste to Cassville, Berry county, Missouri where we can organize, and be mustered into the Missouri service, and thereby retain our citizenship in Missouri. It is thought that the road by Mill Creek ferry, Waldron, Van Buren and Fayetteville, is preferable at this season of the year; the Texas troops having consumed much of the food, on other roads. So here goes, let us see who will get to Cassville first, most of you reached Texas before we did, we hope we will find you in Missouri when we get there. If so you must be up and doing.

I expect to be ready to start by the 10th inst. Any person wishing to go with me, will report to Dr. W. M. Dodson at the Donoho house.

B. B. Harrison,
of Lebanon, Mo.

Clarksville, Nov. 1st, 1861.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 2, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Head Quarters 2nd Texas Cavalry, }
Oct. 16th, 1861. }

Dear Standard—

The Red River Company will be mustered into the Confederate Services tomorrow, and as our destination is Missouri, it is the opinion of those acquainted with the Climate that good warm clothes will be quite a necessary article for our men, and as a great many in the company from Red River are destitute of a good Suit of warm clothes, also deficient in their complements of Blankets, I earnestly request the good citizens of Red River who feel interested to procure such things as they may think necessary for the comfort of their friends who are unable to furnish themselves, and deliver them in Clarksville by the first of next month, and I will be there to receive and take them to the Company, anything in this way will be thankfully received by the company, and I doubt not if the Ladies will take the matter into hand, they will succeed in getting a full complement of these very needful articles. Our men have a very good opinion of the locality of St. Louis for winter quarters, and express a desire to drink the very good health of the Southern confederacy in that great Metropolis, on next Christmas day—success to the undertaking.

The first division of Col. Young's Regiment took up the line of march this morning, the balance will follow to morrow. It will be ten or twelve days before our Regiment will get off. There is still room in Capt. Sims Company for ten or fifteen recruits, and any one wishing to take the campaign through Missouri under Gen. McCulloch will report to me in Clarksville, and be ready to march by the first of November.

Respectfully,
W. B. Sims,

Col. Commanding.

Skip to November 16, 1861

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 16, 1861, p. 1, c. 4

Goods.—Several wagons arrived this week from Texas with goods for New Orleans. Merchants from the city have been making large purchases here for shipment. Unless our planters start their spinning wheels and looms at once, they will be unable to purchase any clothing for themselves or their negroes.—Cad. Gaz.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 23, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

North Fork, Creek Nation, }

Oct. 26, 1861. }

Maj. DeMorse:--

. . . About one third of the number of emigrants we have met are slaveowners, and most of them represent themselves as coming from the Northern and Western portion of Missouri. I do not condemn them for running their property, and bringing the women and children to Texas, but they are infamous cowards and the finger should ever be pointed at them, unless they return to their native State to drive back so wicked an enemy.—Since we left Red River I am satisfied I have seen more men going from Missouri than are in this regiment, and it looks to me, as if Texas was saying to these cowardly creatures that know not the value of liberty or their own rights, stand back we will do your own fighting. Sacrifices of person and property will have to be made. Our cause is common and all should share alike.—Let no man desert his post. . . .

Yours &c.,
Dixie.

Skipped to December 21, 1861.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], December 21, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

The Christmas Holidays.

The week usually given to our negroes for uninterrupted enjoyment and freedom from labor is coming. In peaceful times, we have doubted the propriety of giving to this class, a much longer term of idleness than is accorded to most of the masters who own them. It is several years since the writer of this has had a week of unrestrained enjoyment, and freedom from the cares of life. He imagines that his life passes as evenly as that of most persons who have a business to look after, and a household to provide for, but he knows that it is much more shadowed with care than that of most plantation negroes. We hear, that at Natchez a few days since a conspiracy was developed, and it became necessary to hang more than thirty negroes. In Harrison County, as we are informed, an extensive conspiracy has been ascertained, and the leaders punished. We have no fears of wide spread conspiracies by which the slave population would become dangerous to the whites beyond this, that in their extreme ignorance, they might be wrought upon, and some damage to a few individuals might ensue, perhaps one or two unprotected women murdered, or outraged. In this County, negroes are treated with great indulgence, and we are glad always to know that the bond of the laborer, white, or black, is not depressingly onerous; but we should not forget what has been; we should recollect that Martinique was a negro paradise, and that it was changed to a hell for the philanthropic proprietors and their families. We have not a word of

caution that there is any plot fermenting here—not a word. We know that if it were so, it could not result as in Martinique—nevertheless it is the province of reflective beings, never to live like thoughtless fools, and trust to chance. One good man killed—one poor woman wronged—would bring an excitement of horror, and the retribution might be terrible, and might afflict the innocent. So, let's be cautious.

Too many negroes gather about our town on Sundays; too little patrol surveillance is exercised at any time. We were glad to find a patrol of respectable citizens out, on Thursday night last.

We would suggest to each owner of Slaves not to let them leave their homes en masse during the holidays—rather to alternate their leaves of absence, and to give them specific passes, indicating where each may go and for how long; and require them to report themselves in accordance with the permission granted. An ounce of preventive precaution is worth many pounds of care. Will our readers heed this?

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], December 21, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Christmas.

Availing ourself of a very general Country custom, which we have seldom followed, we shall rest somewhat during the next week, and issue no paper from this office on the 28th inst.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], December 21, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Locke's Regiment.

This body of mounted men, from Eastern Texas, has been ordered into winter quarters in this county, where provisions and forage are plentiful and cheap. Their horses will create some market for our corn, though we could easily and cheaply feed a half dozen such organizations.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], December 21, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Swords.

At Honey Grove in Fannin County, we were shown, last week, Swords, and Bowie knives the manufacture of Mr. W. P. Woodson of that place, which are conclusive evidence, that the necessities of the present crisis will be met in a great degree by home production. These weapons were of very serviceable shape; well tempered, neatly finished, with good handles—the sword with a double guard to the hilt—the knife with single guard—both with leather scabbards. The swords are sold at \$20—the knives at \$10.00. Mr. Woodson had carried on a Blacksmith shop heretofore, and had made plain sheath knives, but never anything like these weapons, until necessity stimulated the effort. Most of the officers in Maxey's regiment have swords made by Mr. Woodson.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], December 21, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

Praises are valuable only when they come from lips that have the courage to condemn.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], December 21, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

Beef Packing.

The undersigned from New Orleans, La., are now packing beef at Jefferson, Texas.

We are giving $3\frac{1}{4}$ @ $3\frac{1}{2}$ nett, or \$18@\$20 per head for good fat cattle, four years old and upwards, delivered at our packery.

Refer to C. C. Alexander, at Bonham.

Hilliard, Summers, & Co.

47::3w

Skip to February 8, 1862.