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Memphis Appeal [Memphis], January 1862-June 6, 1862

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MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL

January, 1862 – June 6, 1862

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL [MEMPHIS, TN], January 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

New Year's Day.

Another year has rolled back into the dark sea of the past, to sink like its predecessors in the distance behind us, which every moment becomes more dim. For a generation it will be a memory, and then subside into a paragraph in the book of universal history. Fruitful in events as it has been—the era in which a new nation burst into life and claimed an individuality among the governments of the world—what a few lines will tell its history to future generations! To us, who will soon listen to the clock striking the hour that dismisses it from existence, it is yet a reality; a fountain throwing out troubled waters, which still seethe, and bubble, and roar around us, carrying us on to new and strange events—awaking lofty hopes—arousing mighty energies.

As a young traveler on leaving a home to which he will never return, pauses on the ridge of the hill which will soon hide from him forever the house of his childhood, the scenes of early trials and youthful pleasures, pains, and efforts, so we look back, at this midnight moment, on eighteen hundred and sixty-one. Much we have loved, much we have gloried in, lies in the spot we have left; but before us spreads a larger career, a nobler domain. From the summit of the full grown year we survey the valley of bygone time we have parted with, and drop a tear to its sacred memories. Turning we gaze on the prospect before us, the new, the untried, the future. O'er fair valleys and glittering streams, up among lofty mountains, whose purple tops glow with the light of promise, we gaze with joy, and yet with awe.

Our eye kindles—our heart pants—our souls bound within us as anticipation lights the coming future. Yet a hush comes to calm the wild emotion, as we think what must be suffered, dared, and done, before those streams are crossed, those rugged summits scaled. But the calm brings no faltering—the brow is knit with strong resolve—the arm is stiff with stern determination—the soul heaves with all the might of the indomitable will, to suffer, dare, and do, so that the end in view may be accomplished!

And thus we welcome eighteen sixty-two. Hope beams upon its birth; bright aspirations gem its face with smiles; coming success glitters like a jeweled tiara round its infant head. We welcome it with the thunder of victorious guns, the shouts of armed men, the clangor of the battle, and the shrieks of dying and retreating foes. Big with fate, the new year now is with us—powerless itself for good or ill, bears within its womb the coming days which, one by one, our own strong will and firm right hand may crown with fortune. Come on new year! dauntless we meet you, for we do not wait but make success; we will not feebly wish for triumph, but by bold deeds command it.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

J. C. McAllister,
Manufacturer of
Shirts and Military Clothing,
Ayres' Block—Court Square,
Memphis, Tennessee.

Shirts cut by measurement—Fits guaranteed. I am also prepared to cut and make

Military Uniforms to Order.

Mrs. Beeman, Shirt Cutter. Orders solicited and filled with dispatch.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

A New Gun.—The Plaquemine Sentinel has the following:

We had the pleasure of examining during this week a new rifled gun, invented by and made for Chas. A. Desobry, of this place, who has already been successful with the late United States government in obtaining a patent for an improved bagasse furnace. This gun appears simple and effective. The cartridge is of tin or some white metal [sic? metal?], the diameter of which is about half an inch. It can be discharged and loaded again at will. In a groove in the stock this cartridge is shoved into the barrel. By pressing a spring, a curved piece of mechanism springs back, exposing this entrance. After the cartridge is inserted, this semi-circular piece of iron, on which is the tube, is pressed back into the spring, and the gun is ready for firing.

After being fired, the discharged cartridge is easily pulled out again and another inserted. It appears, to our poor judgment upon such matters, that this gun is the simplest, and will be the most effective weapon in the gun line ever invented. It is so made that the French bayonet can be applied to it. The barrel, which is rifled and about an inch in diameter, is made to unscrew, and the shot gun barrel applied. In the butt end of the metal cartridge is a minute hole which admits the fire from the cap. It could be fired nine or ten times a minute, we should judge, though it should be pouring down rain all the time! Such is a hasty and feeble description of what we conceive to be a magnificent gun.

Mr. Desobry, we learn, intends to apply early for a patent, and also to exhibit his gun to the members of our present Legislature.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Suspended.—The German paper published in this city, the Anzeiger des Sudens, is suspended for the present, owing to the difficulty of procuring paper. A new German paper, we are informed, will make its appearance here in two or three weeks.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 7

Aid to the Soldiers.

Senatobia, Miss., December 28, 1861.

Editors Appeal: Will you permit us through the columns of your valuable paper, to give a summary of the proceedings of our society since its organization on the 7th day of September last.

The officers of our society are, Mrs. Jane Matthews, President; Mrs. Mary Steele, Vice-President; Miss Laura Rankin, Secretary; Miss Mat. Miller, Assistant Secretary; Mrs. Bettie Feeney, Treasurer.

Since our organization we have made up eighty-eight suits of winter clothing, three hundred and forty-one pair cotton drawers, and thirty-six flannel shirts.

We have obtained by donation, twenty pair blankets, one hundred and two pair socks, twelve pair gloves, and several quilts, comforts and coverlids. All of these se sent off some time since.

We have had one concert, and realized about fifty dollars. Our entire cash receipts amount now to one hundred and fifteen dollars.

We are still busily engaged, and have on hand 288 yards of calico purchased by the society of our own home merchants, who (be it said to their praise) put down their goods fifty per cent. below the old selling price for the benefit of the soldiers. The calico we are now making up into comforts for the Columbus hospital; they will all be ready in the course of a week.

We still have some money at our disposal which we wish to use to the best advantage for the relief of the brave men who are, as it were, forming a living fortification to defend the fair temple of American liberty from the polluted tread of a Vandal host.

By order of the Society.

Mrs. Jane Matthews, President.

Miss Laura Rankin, Secretary.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Woman's Invention.—The Eutaw (Alabama) Observer states that a lady of that place, being desirous of obtaining a military scarf for a relative, and not being able to buy one to suit her, cut up and carded a silk dress, spun it into thread and crocheted it into a most beautiful and elegant scarf, such as Jeff. Davis himself might be proud to wear.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Manufactures.

On Tuesday afternoon we paid a visit to the "Confederate Arms Factory" of Messrs. Froelich & Estvan, in the lower part of town. It is comparatively but yesterday—the time can hardly be counted by months—since, on the site of the factory (Mr. Dudley's Mills,) there was only the usual fixtures of a saw mill and planing machinery. Now there are facilities for turning out nine hundred cavalry saber blades per week, or will be by next week. We would have said, cavalry sabers, but that the difficulty in making the scabbards has not yet been fully overcome, but it soon will be, and then the factory will be able to put swords in the hands of a whole cavalry regiment every week.

We saw the operations of forging the blades—grinding and polishing them—tempering and fitting them with handles, involving sundry operations, and requiring the services of men of many trades. The factory has turned out and is turning out lances, saber bayonets, officers' swords, cavalry sabers, artillery swords, and we suppose all other cutting sticking and stabbing utensils.—Wilmington (N. C.) Journal.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 3, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Excellent.—In New Orleans they have a ladies' association for clothing the children of absent volunteers. This excellent association has distributed over five thousand garments,

clothing fourteen hundred and six children. We think there is a suggestion here that might advantageously be seized in Memphis.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 3, 1862, p. 3, c. 7

Patriotic Entertainment at Bolivar.

Bolivar, Tenn., December 30, 1861.

Editors Appeal: It is exceedingly gratifying to see that, while our brave men are nobly fighting the battles of the South, and hazarding their lives for what is dearer than life itself, the fair at home are doing all they can to help on the glorious cause.

It was my privilege last week to witness, in Bolivar, Tennessee, a most interesting entertainment, and rendered doubly so by the fact that the object was to assist the Southern Mothers, of Memphis, in their noble efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the soldiers, who have either been wounded in battle or fallen victims to disease.

Besides the citizens present the camp had sent her representatives in handsome, noble looking men, and Hardeman

"Had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A 'hundred' hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

I could not tell which to admire most, the rare beauty of the singers, or the beautiful strains of song that bore me up to realms of fancy and delight.

The tableaux were well chosen, well arranged and well executed. It may seem invidious to specify one particular scene, but I cannot forbear mentioning the "Eastern Slave market," as the very climax of the entertainment. It was a most beautiful picture. There, in various postures, some standing, some sitting and some in chains, but all arrayed in the gorgeous drapery of Eastern costume, their heads covered with magnificent turbans, their arms and fingers ornamented with brilliant jewelry, their forms and faces all radiant with loveliness, was as fine and rare a collection of beauty as could be found among the Georgians or Circassians of the East. The heartless seller, and the equally cold hearted buyer, standing there, added to the beauty of the scene by very contrast, and when the curtain fell a tumultuous shout of applause went up, and did not cease its rolling thunders till again the signal sounded, and the dazzling vision was opened to our eyes once more.

The remainder of the "varieties" were all very interesting, and the audience showed their appreciation by coming out in good numbers in the second night.

The ladies here deserve great credit for their efforts in this cause, as this is the second time within three months past they have gotten up such an entertainment for the benefit of the suffering soldiers.

W.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

"The Me-lish."—The Richmond Examiner is responsible for the following.

Everybody who traverses the streets of Richmond is aware of the immense quantity of gay and gorgeous fighting material disporting itself about the doors of the hotels. The other day one of the Choctaw warriors, who had just paid his respects at the War Department, was sauntering past the ----- hotel, when a handsome and highly decorated major was making himself the cynosure of female eyes. The Indian was evidently much struck by the military appearance of our hero, and pointing to the major's sword, exclaimed: "Reg'lar?" "No," replied the major. "Volunteer?" "No—militia." Drawing himself up the "native" gave the possessor of the ivory-mounted pistol a look of ineffable contempt, as he exclaimed with a tone of disgust not easily described: ""malish, oh he-elle."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Camp Amusements.—Nothing is possessed of so much monotony as "camp life," especially after going into winter quarters, and the soldier resorts to a variety of methods to relieve this dullness. No amusement seems so popular with the great body of our gallant army as Shakespearian readings, and singing and dancing. On Christmas eve, the "Young Guard" of this city, circulated neatly written play bills around the camp of the 15th regiment, stationed near Yorktown, setting forth that there would be a dramatic performance at the quarters of that company on that night, when the "eminent tragedian, Mr. George Charters, would make his first appearance on any stage." We have the honor of a personal acquaintance with this "eminent tragedian," and have often seen him, after "tatoo," when naught could be heard but the "slow, measured tread of the sentinel," emerge from his tent, with a regal robe, (which consisted of an old blanket, with a "strange device" upon it, so as to distinguish it from "any other blanket") closely drawn about him, and with a drawn sword, go through with the celebrated tent scene from "Richard III," to the infinite delight of the whole camp.

We learn that the officers stationed at Manassas by way of relieving the dullness incident to camp life, are about to cause to be constructed a "Temple of Thespis," and are endeavoring to engage a dramatic company, the members of which will receive their salaries from the officers, who will enact the part of "lessees and managers." We heartily hope that these brave defenders of the "Sunny South" may succeed in their undertaking to pass their leisure moments in so rational a manner.—Richmond Enquirer.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Cotton Seed for Soap.—It is said that cotton seed oil is equal, if not superior to the ordinary refuse-grease for soap. The process is so simple that any housewife may, with little trouble, make the experiment. Put as much cotton seed into a large strong iron pot, or wooden mortar, as can be mashed with a pestle, crush or mash them well; then boil in strong ley, and proceed as in the usual way. As grease may be scarce next year, it may be well to begin with experiments before the grease is exhausted.—Home Journal.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Something Good in Prospect.—We learn that the Scotchmen in Memphis are preparing a dramatic entertainment in which the play of Rob Roy will be performed by Scotchmen. That entertainment will take.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Southern Minstrels.—Frayne and Tannehill's Southern Minstrels give a performance this evening at Odd Fellows' Hall of a character calculated to amuse. The persecuted darkey, a new piece, and the artist's studio, also a new piece, and a variety of singing and dancing, are on the bills. Those who go to Odd Fellows' Hall to-night will have some hearty laughing to do.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Doctotorial.—While every family recognizes it as a solemn duty to pay for their sugar and tea, by some incomprehensible psychological idiosyncrasy, the conscience, so tender on groceries, is as insensible as leather on physic, and doctors' bills are treated with as little ceremony as pastors' salaries, or newspaper subscriptions. The doctors of this city have very properly taken action upon this injustice, and the result is seen in an advertisement which we publish this morning. The physicians give notice that from this date they will send in their bills at the termination of each particular case. When people take a carriage ride, or buy a new bonnet for their wives, they expect to pay for the treat—they have a right to do the same when they have their pulses felt or their tongues looked at.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Bible Society.—The annual meeting of the Memphis and Shelby county Bible Society will be held at the First Baptist church at half-past six o'clock on Sabbath evening next, the 4th instant. Important information of the past year's work and of the present wants of the society will be laid before the meeting, and officers will be elected for the coming year. During the last twelve months the entire city and county have been canvassed, and every destitute family willing to receive a Bible has been supplied. Ten thousand Testaments have been donated to soldiers, yet the work is but just begun, and loudly appeals for aid to the patriotic and Christian sympathies of our people. It is hoped there will be a full attendance of members, and of all the friends of the Bible, of all who have at heart the best interests of our gallant soldiers and of all the youth of the land.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Another supply.—It is stated by the Georgia Constitutionalist that the steamer Gladiator, which recently arrived at a southern port, was freighted with 30,000 Enfield rifles, and a large quantity of other munitions of war.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Vicksburg Sun, of the 3d inst., announces that its suspension temporarily has become necessary, until such time as a supply of paper can be obtained.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Letter from Richmond.
[Special Correspondence of the Appeal.]

Richmond, December 30, 1862.

Christmas has come and gone, the holidays are nearly over, and mid-winter rapidly approaches. The festive season has been remarkably quiet in all respects at the seat of government. In the camps, all has been serene, as much so as if no hostile lines confronted our

forces; in the city, the hilarities of our yearly saturnalia have been attended with but little lawlessness and violence, and the social entertainments customary at this period have been of an unusually temperate character. One or two stabbings in the streets and numerous little evening parties have marked the Christmas week, which will be set down as altogether the dullest within the memory of that worthy personage—the oldest inhabitant. Here and there, at old mansions in the country, the holidays were celebrated after the ancient fashion with innocent fun and love making by parties of fair young maidens and officers on furlough, just as though "wild war's deadly blast" had never been blown across the border, and the blockade was a mere delusion. In the glow of the bright wood fires, the young heroes told the story of Bethel, and Manassas, and Leesburg, and, perhaps, another story of a tenderer, but not less interesting sort, into the eager ears of enraptured listeners; and as the joyous time wore away, few thought of the months to come, the privations and exposure of the encampment and the bivouac, the long, and it may be the final, separation between the guests of the hospitable homestead. The weather of the current December, which has been all along more like that of Italy than Virginia, became softer and more delicious as Christmas approached, and is even now as bright and beautiful as a dream. Fine weather for military operations, and yet nothing whatever has been done in the Peninsula or on the Potomac. We are still under the spell of the "masterly inactivity." . . .

Dixie.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Summary: New Memphis Theater—benefit for General Hospital—"Evadne, or the Statue;" "Rough Diamond"

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Letter from Virginia.

Oatland Mills, Va., Dec. 27, 1861.

Editors Appeal: The regiments comprising this brigade, it can be truthfully said, have been enjoying themselves, individually and collectively, ever since the battle of the 21st of October, with, of course, the exception of the fluctuations of the weather. The past ten days have been spent in moving camps, and all are now pitched in a tolerable good position, where the anticipations run high that we will remain for the winter, at least all are making what preparations they can for a permanent stay. . . .

Christmas has passed and gone; coming without much intimation and leaving without any regrets. Santa Claus neglected the juveniles in and around here, and it seemed strange to miss the row of little stockings that was wont to be hung up every Christmas-eve night. The little ones attributed his non-appearance to the probable fact that the mythical old gentleman had gone to the war. In the regiments great excitement was occasioned by sensation intentions which were never fulfilled; but in the town, Christmas was observed a little, generally confined, however, to red eyes and aching heads.

A Christmas dinner was prepared at one of the hotels in town, among the principal advertised luxuries served up being egg-nogg. This important item attracted the attention of the soldiers, and a large delegation was present, who, at the tap of the bell, rushed in in true boarding-house style, and commenced a general system of extermination of the frothy beverage. The exhilarating effect soon caused an excess of belligerent feelings, and thence arose a general

row, in which glasses, plates, etc., formed the principal missiles. The guard soon ended it, however, who proclaimed in stentorian voice, "nobody hurt."

"Yours respectfully" spent his Christmas ruralizing "over the hills and far away," and after climbing mountain after mountain, found a little town with one store, one tavern, a postoffice, and a blacksmith shop. The tavern bore the unusual sign in large letters, "Manshon Hous, Eatin hear." This welcome invitation was accepted by your correspondent, and was refreshed with Virginia hospitality, of whisky and buckwheat cakes, which I judge to be the principal staples of Loudoun county, if I throw in "fat gals."

While on the top of one of the high points, a view of the surrounding country was charming, as well as romantic. I won't say anything about what old sol did do, or what pale lunar might have done, as I do not intend writing a novel; but away to the west was the majestic Blue Ridge mountain, covered with snow, while around and above me was a dry and genial atmosphere. A glance to the east also disclosed the Maryland hills wrapped in the bosom of winter, while the whiteness of the Yankee tents near Poolesville vied with the lofty hills.

Enlistments for the war are still progressing, and such is the interest and zeal manifested that I feel safe in setting down nearly the entire 17th regiment as volunteers for the war. The proposition of one hundred dollars bounty has much weight with those whose families are dependent upon their exertions, while the grant of sixty days furlough goes down like hot cakes.

The authorities here have now begun to grant furloughs of thirty days, (which by the way is short enough) but the soldier has to pay one-half his expenses, which I think is decidedly wrong. About one hundred from each regiment will be absent at a time.

Wishing you and your readers

A merry Christmas,
And a happy new year;
A pocket full of money
And a cellar full of beer.

I subscribe myself, your friend,

S. L. W., 17th Miss. Reg.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

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

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

From Leesburg.

Leesburg, December 27, 1861.

Editors Appeal: If a stranger from the North or South was to honor our camps with his presence, and to daily note the philosophic indifference manifested for all change of season, climate and the thousand and one petty annoyances to which all are more or less subjected in the monotonous routine of camp and military life, they could not but arrive at the conclusion that

military service had hardened us into a bona fide regiment of stoics, among whom Diogenes and his immortal washing tub, would not be considered worthy to associate. Whether lying out in several inches of water, or travelling and fighting on the shadow, rather than the substance of daily rations—in sunshine or storm, by running stream, or on the bleak, frost-covered mountain side, blanketless and supperless—these youth, reared in luxury and wealth, seem utterly indifferent to every change and reckless of the fortunes of to-morrow. Simple in their tastes and desires, indifferent to hardships and fatigue, they withstand every inclemency of weather and laugh good naturedly at all the real or imagined short comings of those asses, the quartermasters and commissaries. Give them their beef and bread, and plenty of fire wood—pay them once in three or four months, and not forget to give them plenty of rye—(coffee, of course I mean,) and I guarantee that Messieurs les Yankees will think twice before assailing them in the tented field. While I now write, preparations are going on for "winter quarters," and the sounds of axes and falling timber are resounding through the woods on every hand. Game cocks tied to the tent by one leg, are crowing defiantly at all directions—chicken fights are progressing in every sunny spot, while violins and circles of dancers are scattered in every warm and dry location, while others roar out bachanalian and war-like strains from every tent. It is Christmas! Far away from friends and home, these brave and simple-hearted volunteers make the welkin ring with their boisterous mirth—huge logs are crackling and roaring on camp fires—pots are boiling, and bubbling, and hissing for egg-nog, beef and pork are frying, and bread is baking—the regimental band has been imbibing, and is now playing away with great gusto, while some have formed setts for quadrilles to be danced by the fire light. It is Christmas! Groups are reading the newspaper and deciding the fate and progress of the war; officers and men are hobnobbing over the social glass; negroes are busy and gaseous over a pyramid of pots and pans, while their ear-splitting laughter and incessant rolling of the eyes gives positive assurance that they have made acquaintance with something stronger than water. Boxes, and bales, and trunks, and parcels have come from "home"—coats, and blankets, and boots, and hats are hawked about, and swapped, and sold, and tossed about, while long letters from the "Governor," and short ones from "sweethearts" are read, and praised, and laughed at, while "pay day" coming on the morrow, cheers are given for the quartermaster, and stentorian groans for the inartistic or tardy cash. It is Christmas! Friends with mysterious bundles and parcels, hid under the coat, arrive from town, and dive therewith into the depth and recesses of the tent, and hide them under the straw—friends with turkeys, and fowl, and a hundred other things, meet together and do hungry justice to the same, while songs and stories go the rounds of tents and camps, and everybody laughs, and everybody is "jolly" except the poor and unfortunate frost-covered sentinel, who, with muffled form and a very red nose, walks his lonely rounds and grins at what he cannot then enjoy. It is Christmas time, and even the lean, lank, solemn looking parson unbends in dignity for the occasion, and while forming one of a circle round the blazing logs, cup in hand, essays to joke, but being "coughed down" for the attempt, winks ominously at the egg-nog, and apostrophises [sic] largely on the vanity of things generally. The colonel, too, and the lieutenant, and the shrill-toned, brisk and soldierly adjutant smoke their Havanas on the portico of "headquarters" with solemn dignity, while the French band-master electrifies a knot of youngsters with all sorts of "impossibilities" on the trombone. It is Christmas time, and coming but once a year none care for expenses. The Yankees are the last persons thought of—cock-fighting and egg-nog, and story-telling are the prime order of things, just now, and despite all the parson says, and notwithstanding the "starchiness" of full-blown officials, rye and "egg fruit" are decidedly in the ascendant, and more than that has no baneful effect, since it simply tends to revive old

associations and strengthen those bonds of brotherhood which has indissolubly linked us for ever to the fortunes of our country.

But speaking of "presents from home," I would hazard a few words of advice to those who have sent things to the seat of war "for the use of the sick and wounded." To such kind friends I would simply say "keep all such things at home," but if sent at all let them be consigned to the company direct, as nine hundred and ninety-nine chances to one they never reach the palate of those for whom intended. Strange as the confession is, 'tis nevertheless true, that of all the nice things, preserves, etc., which thoughtful friends have sent us for the sick and wounded, I have never yet seen a glass of wine, or a particle of preserves, or pickle served out to the sick in all my experience or observation at the hospitals; yet, on the contrary, I have seen petty officers of all grades enjoying themselves hugely over what was intended for others, and treating their patients with no more solicitude and care than if they were so many cattle. Hence I say, let all who have any thing to send have them directed to the company or regiment direct, and let captains or commissaries tend to their distribution as common or individual stores, but by no means let them be handled by those drones of hungry officials who are the annoyance, burden and pest of nearly all our regiments—men, usually, who covet and seek any petty paltry office to escape the battle field, and ride rough-shod over their betters in the ranks. Time will not permit me to enlarge upon the peculations of "the Army Worm," but rest assured I have not been blind to their manoeuvres [sic], nor forgotten the shameless shifts resorted to by them, for self-aggrandizement, or petty oppression. Let me not mar the Christmas festival with strictures, but wishing you the compliments of the season in a bumper, believe me, etc.

T. E. C.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

The Obsequies of Col. Terry.—Saturday was the scene of the honors paid by the city of Houston and the military to the remains of the late Col. Terry. The display was one of the most imposing character. He died as he would have wished to die, and he was buried with all the honors an admiring multitude of friends could pay. No one could do too much. Every store and office in town was closed, and no person was wanting in respect for the dead. The procession with the military, marching by sections, occupied twelve squares and streets, and was by far the most imposing ever seen in this State. Every soldier in the ranks even seemed to vie with his neighbor in circumspection of bearing, and in exhibiting the best of military appearance.—Houston Telegraph, 30th.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Epiphany.—This festival was duly observed yesterday by a crowded attendance at the Roman Catholic church.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Fire Police.—We saw a petition last night, signed by 198 persons and firms, generally of the best business houses in the city, asking Council to make an appropriation to enable Mr. Jno. C. Bond to put a fire police into immediate operation. We understand that the men are intended to patrol the city from 6 o'clock at night to 6 in the morning, and give assistance in fire matters. Our new steam fire engine has not arrived, and some well digested and efficient plan to prevent and extinguish fire would be beneficial.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Trenton Standard has suspended in consequence of the difficulty in procuring paper.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Letter from Richmond.

[Special Correspondence of the Appeal.]

Richmond, January 2, 1862.

. . . The new year was signalized yesterday by the first levee of the President of the Confederate States. From 12 o'clock until 3 a continuous stream of visitors poured into the presidential mansion, where they were presented to his excellency by his aids, General Jones, Col. Joseph Davis and Col. G. W. Custis Lee. Mrs. President Davis was not visible, in consequence of a recent interesting domestic occurrence, but the honors of the house were gracefully done by her sister, Miss Howell, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Joseph Davis. During the reception, the fine band of the Public Guard discoursed some excellent music in front of the mansion. The ceremony of reception was very simple and very dull, being confined to the pump-handle movement of the presidential arm to each person presented, and his excellency, though very cordial in his manner and apparently in good health, gave signs about 3 o'clock of being a good deal bored by it. There were no refreshments served, there was nothing of display beyond the showy uniforms of the high officers of the army and navy, who went in a body and in full rig, and no chance whatever for Jenkins, who would have pronounced the whole business "stoopid" [note: as written] in the extreme. From the President's, the crowd went to Governor Letcher's, where, in addition to shaking the gubernatorial hand, they had the inestimable privilege (which many of them eagerly embraced) of getting uncommon jolly over a very big bowl of toddy, in the basement story. I think the hoi polloi on the whole preferred the lesser to the greater light, as I am quite sure the Governor regretted having provided the liquor, for they grew disagreeably noisy and demonstrative toward the bottom, and in one or two instances at least seemed disposed to honor the flag of Virginia by assuming the position of the tyrant on its folds. Sic semper tyrannis—thus always with whisky!

The heavens were illuminated at an early hour this morning by the light of a big fire, which in a very short time laid in ruins the Marshall theater and several adjoining buildings. The theater, though a small and poorly decorated establishment, has for forty years been the principal place of amusement in Richmond, and some of the finest actors of the day have appeared upon its boards. Gilfert was its first manager, during whose administration the elder Booth made there his debut as an actor. Subsequently Cooper, Vanderhoff, Kean, Ellen Tree, Power, Macready, Hackett, Mrs. Mowatt and others, held sway there over the sensibilities of the play-going public. Twenty-two or three years ago, George Jones alias the Count Joannes, and father of Miss Avonia—the recent pet of Australian audiences—leased the building, ornamented it at great expense with beautiful frescoes of Brigaldi, christened it the Marshall theater, and strove to resuscitate therein the "legitimate drahma," as he called it, but soon ran off in debt to everybody, and the business fell into the hands [of] W. R. Blake, the well-known comedian, who, in turn, made his exit ere long O. P., that is "owing the printer." Ten years ago, before achieving her European fame, Bosio sang there in Italian opera. Of late years, the house has been only semi-respectable, and since the war it has been beastly. Row upon row, murder after murder have made it a terror to quiet citizens, and though the manager, a few nights ago, instituted a new

order of things by banishing the bars, etc., etc., there is a general feeling of satisfaction that the building has been destroyed. The fire was the work of an incendiary, who was determined to effect his purpose, having applied the torch to four different parts of the house. He is supposed to be one of the rowdies excluded from the representations by the police—seeking thus his revenge.

Not a word of war news.

I hear that Beauregard's official report of the battle of Manassas is soon to be published by order of Congress.

Dixie.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 8, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Letter from Leesburg.

Leesburg, December 30, 1861.

Editors Appeal: . . . "Lige" White, of whom I had the pleasure of speaking approvingly in one of my letters, is now raising a fine company of cavalry in Loudoun county, and recruits are fast flocking to his standard. The object of his corps is to "scout" and protect a long line of the river during winter, and to summarily punish all depredations of the enemy who may be tempted from cupidity to cross and plunder. A better and more daring leader the cavalry cannot boast, and modest as he is in every pretension, I conjecture that his corps will render all very effective and meritorious service. Success to all brave spirits like him. Yours, etc.

T. E. C.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 8, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

A New York Nuisance.

We take the following from a late New York paper:

The personal advertisements of the New York Herald are becoming quite a nuisance—not that in general they contain anything objectionable in itself, anything obscene or immoral; but, besides causing much annoyance, their tendency is to do incalculable mischief. Many a virtuous young lady has been brought to ruin by this means. There are persons who make it a business to be riding up and down in cars and stages, so that when they meet with a young lady who seems as innocent and thoughtless as she is attractive, they may put a card in the paper describing her in full, and requesting an early interview or a letter. Strange ladies coming to the city are particularly subjected to this species of annoyance, and it is well that they should be put on their guard against it.—Cincinnati Commercial.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 8, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Consecration.—On Friday afternoon the synagogue of Beth El Emith will be dedicated by the Rabbi of the congregation, Rev. E. Maruson, at three o'clock in the afternoon. It is situated on Jefferson street, between Front and Second streets, over Prescott's lamp store. The public are invited to be present at the interesting ceremony.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Marshall Republican of the 4th says: We yesterday noticed a couple of old-fashioned spinning wheels, bright and new, in a wagon. Everybody in the country have gone to spinning and weaving. If the blockade lasts twelve months, our people will find out that they can get along very well by themselves.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Rogue's march Superseded by Yankee Doodle.—A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch, writing from "Camp 12th Mississippi regiment," Virginia, says:

The only new thing of note is a custom just adopted in the army. When a worthless soldier is "drummed out," it is done to the tune of Yankee Doodle, instead of the Rogue's March, as was the custom. The new custom arose from the fact that more rogues march any day, now-a-days, to the tune of Yankee Doodle than have marched in all time to the Rogue's March. The custom arose from a suggestion of Col. Harry Hays, of 17th Louisiana regiment, and does that gentleman credit as an observer of events.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 9, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Paris Winter Fashions.

From Le Follet.]

Two distinctly opposite styles will, it is said, meet with equal success this winter. The skirts of dresses will be worn either ornamented to excess, or—for there is no medium—thoroughly simple and void of all ornament. We can hardly realize this extreme of simplicity, especially as we find, our elegantes wearing flounces, soutaches, and passementeries of all kinds. It is true that for an indoor dress a variety of dress is unnecessary and even inconvenient. For "robes de ville," of course, the case is quite different. One thing is certain, a handsomely trimmed dress will always have a richer appearance than one less so, let the material be what it may. The only difficulty is to choose from the mass offered for our selection, comprising small gauffered flounces, ruches, braidings, passementeries of all kinds, buttons surrounded with lace or fur, colored pipings, tassels, pompons, of frayed silk, medallions of velvet or silk, embroidered in satin-stitch, lace flounces or insertions, very narrow gauffered frills, bands of velvets or silks a disposition, etc. It is impossible to name the thousand and one styles and materials for trimming dresses.

Flounces are never put to the bottom of the skirt, and are placed together, or in rows with spaces between, according to the fancy of the wearer. Many are placed in twos or threes, and each set headed by a rush or band of color. They are seldom put straight round the skirt, but in vandykes or scollops. The flounces are not hemmed—they are either bound or pinked. Many dresses are trimmed in tunique, and it is expected that this style, being a common one, as it gives hight [sic] and grace to the figure, will long remain in fashion. The bodies of dresses are made either round or with two points, if the latter, the points in front open. They are closed to the throat, or open encoeur, according to the style of the material, or the purpose for which the style was designed.

Alpaca is still a favorite material with the Parisians and seems to be gaining ground with the English. It has the advantage of falling in graceful folds, without so much danger in cutting as exists in many other fabrics. Poplins, either English or Irish, are much worn. Taffetas, antiques, and moirs [sic] still maintain their rank. Velvets are generally trimmed with Astracan,

either real or imitated [sic], in Thibet wool, or frayed silk. It is very rich and soft trimming. Foulards are much in favor despite the winter. The most fashionable are those with the brown or gray grounds, and colored flowers. A white foulard, with colored patterns, makes a very elegant evening dress, and has the advantage over tarlatane in that it will wash. Soutaches and cords are very much worn. The designs in which they are made are very rich and fantastic. The skirts are worn very full and long behind, but rather shorter in front than formerly.

Colored petticoats are as much in favor for out-of-door wear as ever. They are made in wools or droguets, in plain materials, and trimmed with wide bands of velvet or colored merino; in cashmere, with designs printed to imitate laces—this latter is hardly good taste; the most elegant and expensive colored petticoats are in black silk, quilted, with white or color in various patterns, in squares or medallions, etc.

The zouave vest is not superseded by the Garibaldi, but is no longer accompanied by the waistcoat of latute or muslin; the season requires warmer materials, such as cashmere in all colors, embroidered in black or white.

The robes de chambre "Louis XV" are in great favor, the front fits to the body, and the back put in large box plates [sic], which fall from the shoulder, the corsage is open to the waist, and the skirt is opened from the fastening at the waist. This style of dress, made in velvet and trimmed with chinchilla or astracan, has a very rich effect.

Laces of all kinds are much worn, both for dresses, bonnets, trimming, or for articles of outdoor apparel. Black lace is much worn in evening dress, and often accompanies white materials. The colors most in vogue, perhaps not those most worn, but at all events the most elegant and fashionable are grays in all shades, the Havana brown, a peculiar shade of green and a new shade of violet of a very blue tinge; this last color is an expensive one, arising from some difficulty in the preparation.

Evening dresses have hardly been decided on yet, but we have noticed one or two very elegant ones; they are generally made of tarlatane, Chambéry gauze and lace; light silks and satins being kept for older persons. Silk undershirts are seldom worn; tarlatane or crape giving a much more elegant effect.

Paletots are much worn; of all these the half-fitting basquine is considered the most distingue, and the most habille; it just falls into the lines of the waist, without being fastened, or fitting tightly to it. Shawls made in silk, velvet or cashmere, lined with quilted silk or trimmed with fur or lace, or surrounded with broad lace. We noticed a very elegant Arab burnous in black velvet, and trimmed entirely with lace.

For opera cloaks and burnous is the most elegant and the most full dress. If made in cashmere they are embroidered or braided in white or some color; they are also made in satin, terry velvet, or in white plush; this last is very novel. The satin must be embroidered in satin stitch, the terry velvet is trimmed with passementerie or lace, and the plush is surrounded with a large cord, and has a tassel at each corner. Chenille ornaments are very fashionable both for dresses and cloaks.

Ribbons of shaded velvet will be worn this winter for bonnets; black spotted with white, or violet with crossbars, seem the favorites at present. Artificial flowers will be in great request for ball dresses this winter; they should be mixed with lace, alençon, chantilly, English blonde or gold and silver lace. They are placed either in large detached bouquets or in long branches on the skirt.

The bonnets made by our principal milliners are no longer raised in a high point. They are distinguished from commonplace bonnets by the fact of their being rather square at the top

and very open at the sides; they are still large, but not so large as they were. The top of the cap is full of flowers, or feathers, etc., and the sides, of blonde or lace, are very full. The crowns are worn either loose or plain, and the curtains of a moderate depth. Bonnets are generally composed of two different materials—crape and velvet for full dress bonnets; silk and terry velvet for those of less dress. The most fashionable colors are claret, green, capuchin—a new gray, the violet before mentioned, and black mixed with white.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 9, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

From Texas.

The Houston Telegraph, of the 1st, contains the following welcome announcement:

["] We learned last night, that a steamer has arrived in a Texas port, within the past week, under British colors, bringing forty-five tuns [sic] of cannon powder, a large amount of rifle powder, 700,000 army caps, 500 cannon primers, and a considerable amount of coffee, dry goods, bagging, rope, etc. We acknowledge our indebtedness to the purser for a New York Tribune, of December 17th.["]

We glean the following from the same paper:

["] We are pleased to learn that a military lodge of Free Masons has been organized in Reily's regiment, Sibley's brigade, called Reily's Lodge, U. D.["]

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 9, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

A Female Spy on Horseback.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Post relates the following incident:

A horseman, clad in a sort of cavalry costume, with a heavy overcoat and slouched hat, had been noticed for some time dashing about the city in rather a suspicious manner. At last the authorities felt themselves warranted in arresting him, and accordingly, one morning, when trotting down Pennsylvania avenue, he found himself suddenly surrounded by a file of soldiers, and was carried off to prison. But the funniest part was to come. The investigation that followed resulted not only in the discovery of certain papers, but also of the fact that the cavalier was a woman. How long she had been at the game it is impossible to guess.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 9, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Who Wants Work?—Hands are so scarce at the levee that twenty cents an hour is paid to laborers loading and unloading boats, yet it is common for boats to be unable to get any assistance beyond their own crew. Yesterday of three New Orleans boats lying at the landing only one succeeded in getting hands outside of their own crew. Who wants work?

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 10, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

The Advertiser and Democrat, published at Lexington, Miss., have both suspended publication for the present, on account of hard times and the scarcity of paper. We see also that the Richmond Sun has been compelled to suspend until a further supply of paper can be procured.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Female Patriotism.

The Abingdon (Va.) correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch notices the following instances of the patriotic sacrifices of the ladies of the South:

["] Let me now tell the story of a Kentucky lady. It was related to me by one in whom implicit confidence can be placed. Some few weeks ago the hirelings of Lincoln went to Cynthiana, Ky., in search of "arms" and "secessionists." A gentleman, whom I will call Smith, was a strong southern man, and feeling that he would be among the first to be arrested, hastened away at dead of night. He was a man of wealth and influence, but such was the precipitancy with which he left his house and his all that he could carry nothing with him. He hurriedly escaped in his shirt sleeves to a widow's house in the neighborhood, with whom he was well acquainted, and stated his condition. The lady, who was herself wealthy, instantly and intuitively conceived a plan to relieve him. And what does the reader suppose that plan was? She ordered a horse to be saddled, took a servant behind her, went to Cynthiana, six miles distant, procured money for her friend, bought cloth, returned home, had the cloth cut and made into garments by the next morning, and started Smith off bright and early! Can any Virginia lady surpass this devoted [sic] to the southern cause? Such an act deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance; and the historian who fails to chronicle the heroic and daring deed of this Kentucky woman will fall short of his trust.

Another. Gen. Marshall sent his quartermaster here for the artillery destined for his command. There was not a sufficient number of horses to be bought in the ordinary way, and the quartermaster was empowered to impress. He met with a lady on a splendid gray horse. She was visiting some of her friends during the Christmas, and was twenty miles from home. She was asked the price at which she would sell her horse. She replied it was the only horse she had, and she had refused two hundred dollars for him frequently. The quartermaster informed her that one hundred and fifty was as much as the government could give, and he thought that the horse was necessary to aid in the defense of the country. Her reply was characteristic of the ladies in this country, "Kentuckian, take him." ["]

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

The Louisville Courier says, there is a soldier in one of the companies at Hopkinsville who never wore a hat. Acting upon the maxim of Franklin, he seems determined to keep his head cool. He is certainly an eccentric character, but he has fire in his eye and strength in his arm. Referring to this, the Atlanta Intelligencer says that there are several soldiers in the Georgia army who never wore shoes, and who absolutely refused to put them on when supplied by their captains with them.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Patriotic Southern Ladies.—A correspondent of the Petersburg Express, writing from Clarksville, Virginia, January 1st, says:

There lives in the lower end of Mecklenburg county, Virginia, two sisters and one brother. Some time in June last the brother volunteered in the noble defense of the South. The sisters said go, and we will do the best we can; and what they have done is not to be beaten. They have clothed their brother, gathered the crop and taken care of it; wove about one hundred yards of cloth for the soldiers, and made about forty garments for them, besides taking care of

and feeding all the stock. Such patriotism can never be overrun by the Yankee vandals, let them come as they may. I withhold the names, but it is certainly true.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 11, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Chaingang.—On Thursday there was not a single man on the chaingang in this city—something new under the sun.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 11, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Consecration of the Synagogue.—The new synagogue on Jefferson street, Beth El Emith, was consecrated yesterday afternoon, the solemn services of the occasion being by the rabbi, the Rev. E. Marcuson, with reverential dignity. The ceremonies were very interesting, taking the mind back to past ages when the songs of Zion pealed from the temple on Moriah's hill and were echoed from the hoary sides of the adjacent mountains. The services opened with sacred music from a fine band. Before the deep tones had died away the dedicatory procession entered the sacred precincts. First came a number of young girls, draped in white, each one carrying a beautiful wreath in her hand. A like number of boys followed, carrying lighted wax tapers. After them came the rabbi, bearing in his hands the sacred manuscript of the Holy Scriptures, and the procession was closed by six elderly members of the congregation walking two and two. The whole made seven times the circuit of the Tabah, which is in the midst of the synagogue. While this was done, the choir, led by Mr. Peres, and accompanied by the instrumental music, chanted in very pleasing style, in the Hebrew language, appropriate psalms. The dedication sermon was preached by the rabbi, who was followed with appropriate remarks from Mr. L. Alexander, and by a discourse from Jacob Peres, Esq., who called attention to the remarkable reaction now going on in the religious and political world. He pointed out the fallacies involved in the prevailing "isms," the causes of the attempts at reforms and the effort to unite opposing factions. He then proceeded to discuss his main topic, "the synagogue, the Jewish monument." The origin, destiny and future of the synagogue were considered. He then concluded by reciting the following lines:

Since Amram's son on Sinai's mount,
First opened revelation's fount,
Has Judah's race, though oft forlorn,
On high religion's banner borne,
Has caused salvation's rills to flow
To earth's confines, and taught to know
The nations, there dwells above,
A god of mercy, truth and love,
Who aids the good, supports the right,
And ne'er discards the heart contrite.

The services concluded with the chanting of psalms.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 11, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Correspondence.

Headquarters, Memphis, Tenn.,}
December 24, 1861.}

The Southern Mothers:

In assuming, in behalf of the Confederacy, the full and entire control of the sick and wounded at this post, it has been found necessary to consolidate your hospital with the Overton. It is not the intention of the general commanding to exclude from its hospitals those patriotic women of your city, who have done so much to alleviate the wants and suffering of our soldiers, but simply to place these institutions under military law, thereby better to govern them.

Appreciating as we do, the gentle hand and influence of "a mother's care," in soothing the bed of sickness and of sorrow, I most cordially invite you to co-operate with us in this good work, with the assurance that your presence shall always receive the kindest welcome.

I remain, most respectfully,

C. H. Mastin, C. S. A.
Supervisor of Hospitals.

Southern Mothers Rooms, }
January 7, 1862. }

C. H. Mastin, M. D., C. S. A., Supervisor of Hospitals:

The society of Southern Mothers beg you to excuse the delay in replying to your invitation to aid in nursing the sick and wounded soldiers at the Overton, which delay, they assure you, has arisen from the impossibility of having a meeting of the association by reason of the illness of the officers. They gladly accept the invitation, since their organization contemplates the continuance of their labors during the war, and they have at no time intended a cessation of their care of the soldiers whenever and wherever they can reach them; nursing them when needed, and supplying them with such comforts as the patriotism of the country may place in their hands.

Very respectfully yours,
Mary E. Pope,
Secretary, S. S. M.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

The Concert of the Season.—Prof. Winkler, whose high accomplishments and correct musical taste is well known and appreciated, has been devoting his industrious efforts and his fine talents for some weeks to preparation for what we believe will prove the concert of the season. On the programme are that glorious piece, "The Heavens are Telling," from the Creation; "Una Voce Poca Fa," from the Barber of Seville; "Southern Privateers," a quartette, for four male voices; the "Tyrolese Spring Song;" a selection of arias, recitavos, etc., from Lucia de Lammermoor, including the famous sextette; the "Texas Rangers," a fine quartette, by four male voices, arranged by Prof. Winkler; "Inquete Semplice," from an unknown opera of Donizetti's; a Tyrolese air, with variations, by Prof. G. Miller, on the violin. The selection is excellent, combining opera with popular music. Among the singers are Miss Gibbs, a charming and accomplished cantatrice, from Lynchburg, Va.; Miss Sallie Houston, Mr. Gibson, Prof. Miller, with a new piece on his violin, and others. The object of the concert is an excellent one; it is to provide means to assist families of absent volunteers who are in want of assistance, and there are some who greatly need aid. This splendid concert cannot fail to draw a very full and fashionable audience.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Southern Mothers.—The society of Southern Mothers has not, as reported, disbanded. Their patients have been removed to the Overton hospital, by Dr. Masten, the supervisor of hospitals, for reasons connected with the discipline of the army; they propose to continue to nurse the sick and wounded, and to supply them with such comforts—beyond what the government allows in the way of diet—servants, attendance and clothing, as the means placed in their hands will enable them to command. In vacating the rooms so long occupied by them, they return thanks to Messrs. Norton & Cook for the noble liberality, which so long furnished a home to their patients, to the gas company for a constant supply of gas, to the ice company for liberal daily donations of ice, to the butchers for supplies of meat, and to the public generally for a constant and generous confidence and support, which they fondly deem has not been misplaced, and which they beg may still be continued to them in their efforts to cheer and comfort the sick and wounded soldier. In this connection they return thanks for \$56 from the young ladies of Bolivar, Tennessee, by the hands of Miss L. Wood; for \$388.50 from K. J. B. L. Winn and his employees, and \$15 from an unknown friend in Columbus, Kentucky.

City papers copy and send account to the teamsters.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 7

Another Gallant Texan Gone.

It is with pain we record the death of Colonel Lubbock, of the Texas Rangers, who died at the residence of Mrs. Felicia G. Porter, in this city, at 5 o'clock yesterday morning. It was only the day before his death he was elected colonel of the rangers, to fill the place of the lamented Terry, the election taking place at Bowling Green. Col. Lubbock was formerly lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. He had been sick for nearly three months, almost two of which he was an inmate of Mrs. Porter's house, where every attention possible was shown him, and where he was as well nursed as if he had been at home. His physicians, too, did all that was possible for human skill to perform.

Eleven hours before his death, the colonel's wife arrived, from her far distant home in Harris county, Texas, accompanied by his brother, Henry Lubbock. He son had also arrived from his school in Alabama, and his nephew, Theodore Lubbock, of the rangers, had preceded them two or three days from Bowling Green. All of them were around the bedside of the dying patriot, when he met the last enemy of man upon earth. And with what joy did he embrace the wife of his bosom! the partner of his younger and happier days! God grant the feeble and delicate widow may be enabled to endure the hardships of the arduous journey homeward.—Nashville Union, 10th.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

At Wholesale!

225 bales best 7-8 Osnaburgs,
10 bales Heavy Drills and Ducks,
10 cases Wool Hats,
3 " Gum Overshoes,
15 " Gents' Boots,

9 " Women's Stout Shoes,
 21 " Children's Shoes,
 6 " Youths' shoes,
 60 " Boys' Shoes,
 20 " Men's Kip shoes,
 6 " Russet Shoes,
 17 " Umbrellas,
 75 pieces Tweeds and Cassimeres
 50 " Jeans,
 50 " Ticking,
 25 " Kersey,
 20 " Merinos,
 100 " Plaid and Striped Domestics,
 20 " Gingham,
 10 " Heavy Shirting Checks,
 150 " Calicoes,
 50 " Hickory Shirtings,
 20 dozen Overalls,
 12 " Heavy Wool Jackets,
 300 pairs Pantaloon,
 50 Suits Gray Kerseys,
 500 dozen Spool Cotton,
 10,000 dozen Cotton Yarns,
 200 dozen Wool Socks,
 20 " Wool Hose,
 50 " Cotton Hose,
 50 " Misses' and Children's Hose,
 50 gross Military Buttons,
 200 lbs. Turkey Red Cotton,
 50 lbs. Knitting Cotton,
 30 lbs. Zephyr Worsted,
 30 lbs. Sewing Silks,
 100 Bed Comforts,
 Blankets, Mitts,
 Brown Shirtings and Sheetings,
 Bleached " "
 Checked Jaconet and Swiss Muslins,
 Table Cloths, Napkins and Towels,
 Plaid and Waite [sic?] Linseys,
 Canton Flannels, Green Baize,
 White and Red Flannels,
 Shawls, Neck comforts,
 Black Velvets, Alpaccas,
 Irish Linens,
 Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Gloves,
 Ladies' and Gents' Gauntlets,

Heavy Buck and Seal "
Grain Bags,
Wool Yarns, Carpet Warps,
Wrapping Twine,
Flax Threads, Needles, Pins,
Table Cutlery, Scissors, etc.
We offer the above, and other desirable goods to arrive, at Wholesale, for Cash.
Country Socks, Jeans, Linseys, etc. will be taken in exchange for goods.
John L. Taylor & co.,
Corner of Adams and Second streets.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 14, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Entertainment at Salem.—We learn from a communication from W. L. Stricklin, Esq., of Salem, Miss., that to-morrow evening, the 15th, the young ladies of that place will give an entertainment consisting of music and tableaux, for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers at the Methodist church. We are convinced that the fair ladies of Salem will give an entertainment of no ordinary interest and beauty, and that the patriotic citizens of the place will take care that a handsome sum for the soldiers shall be the reward of their benevolent exertions.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Letter from Richmond.
[Special Correspondence of the Appeal.]

Richmond, January 10, 1862.

. . . An order has been issued by Gen. Johnston banishing all newspaper correspondents from the lines of the army of the Potomac, in consequence, it is said, of important information having been given to the enemy by letter writers from the various encampments in that region. The sprightly "Bohemian" of the Dispatch brought his correspondence to a close, several days ago, probably in anticipation of this order. "Personne," of the Charleston Courier, has gone to Norfolk, and is enjoying the oysters of that ancient town. Capt. DePonte, of the New Orleans Delta, is in Richmond, writing up the gossip and political and military on dits of the capital in his lively way. Whether Gen. Johnston's order will silence your excellent letter writer at Leesburg, whose communications have kept the readers of the Appeal so fully informed of events in his neighborhood, I have no means of ascertaining. As his discretion has not been less conspicuous than his acuteness of observation, it would seem that his letters ought not to be interrupted.

Our daily papers manage, somehow, in spite of the blockade and the pause in military operations, to keep up their interest, and their respective circulations were never greater than at the present moment. The Examiner has been making a good fight lately with the rowdyism of Richmond, and has brought down upon itself in consequence the fierce hostility of all the "lewd fellows of the baser sort" in the city. It succeeded, before the theater was burned, in shutting up the bars in that establishment, and to its spirited paragraphs is due, in a great measure, the reform in the matter of gaming. During the last week, its local editor, E. A. Pollard, Esq., has been engaged in a warm controversy with a character known as "Hagan's John" (such is his own elegant style of writing his name), who had been detected in blackmailing the free negroes at work on the fortifications, and who was most properly exposed by the Examiner. "Hagan's

John" attacked Mr. Pollard in the counting room of the office of the Examiner and got the worst of it. There was a subsequent investigation of the matter before the Mayor, which ended in nothing; but Mr. Pollard's conduct throughout is upheld by all good citizens, and the course of the paper in the cause of order and decency will make it many new friends.

The Examiner is edited with much ability and prudence, but labors under the drawback of having to publish day after day whole columns of the proceedings of the Virginia Convention last spring and summer, from which the injunction of secrecy was not removed till recently. Looking for interesting items amongst rubbish of this sort is like excavating among the tombs, but occasionally one finds something startling as at Pompeii. This morning, the Enquirer gives us a report of certain charges of intemperance, etc., brought against Col. Francis J. Tomas, of Maryland, upon his nomination as colonel by Governor Letcher on the 17th day of June, 1861. These charges were examined into by a committee and "satisfactorily rebutted," but their reproduction now, even to show they were disproved, works a pathetic injustice to the memory of a brave man. Col. Thomas fell at the head of his regiment in the battle of Manassas and lies buried [sic] beneath that classic sod, and the "dewy fingers cold" of returning spring will not deck a more "hallowed mold" anywhere upon the wide battle-field, forever consecrate to glorious memories.

Recurring to the Richmond papers, I should not forget to mention that the Whig of this morning pays a high tribute to the influence and reputation of the Appeal. You know, doubtless, that the praise of the Whig is worth something. . . .

Dixie.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Letters for Abroad.—Persons wishing to send letters to Europe or any other part of the world, have an opportunity, by taking them to the Southern Express office on Court square. Postage \$1.50. Letters for the United States will be examined by a committee appointed by General Lovell, if approved they will be sent, if not, they will be returned. The mail leaves New Orleans next Wednesday but one, by way of Mexico, or if deemed prudent, by Havana.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

The Boat and the Flag.—The sensation that was excited when Capt. De Haven, of the steamboat Alonzo Child, hoisted the Confederate States flag in St. Louis, is well remembered. To mark the event, and the brave and patriotic gentleman who was the first to display the secession flag in the waters of the Upper Mississippi, the Governor of Missouri, Gov. Jackson, when the Alonzo Child was in New Orleans last week, went on board, accompanied by a number of distinguished friends, and in a speech replete with eloquence—the touching allusions to which, to the families of Capt. De Haven and other gentlemen present, left in Missouri, brought tears to the eyes of most present—he presented Capt. De Haven with a splendid and valuable Missouri State flag. We saw the flag on board the boat yesterday. It is very large, is of heavy blue silk, and surrounded with a brilliant lace bullion. On a ground of gold in the center, the State of arms are exquisitely painted, with the mottoes: "Salus populi suprema lexits," and "United we stand, divided we fall." Many Missouri citizens and others went on board yesterday to look at the flag, and to express their esteem for its respected owner; among whom were Gen. Parsons, formerly major-general, now brigadier-general of the State of Missouri. All who are acquainted with Capt. De Haven, will acknowledge that he well merits the honor implied in the bestowal of so beautiful a present from the hands of the Governor of Missouri.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 17, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Wool Interest in Texas.—We understand from the Austin Gazette that the Texas Legislature has passed a bill to protect the wool growing interest in that State, which provides that all persons owning sheep infected with scab shall keep them on their own premises, and on violation of this provision, shall be liable in damages to any person who may suffer injury by such violation. Also that no persons shall drive such diseased sheep into or through Texas under penalty of \$50 to \$100, and damages to all persons injured thereby.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Moccasins Vs. Brogans.—The Franklin (La.) Planter's Banner informs us that some of the sugar planters in that neighborhood are beginning to look around to discover a substitute for shoes for their negroes. They think that \$3 a pair for negro shoes, and a cent or two a pound for sugar will not do. They intend to make rough moccasins out of beef hides for cold weather, when shoes of some kind are indispensable, and let all hands go barefoot when the weather will admit of it.

The North American Indians formerly wore moccasins, and most of them wear them to the present day, in all of their hunting excursions, in war, and on all other occasions, and they answer a very good purpose.

The common moccasin is made by simply cutting a piece of rawhide in such size and shape that when the foot is placed upon it, and the edges are turned up over the toes and sides of the foot, these edges may be drawn and held to their lace by a string run through fifteen or twenty holes made for that purpose. Sometimes a flag piece of leather or rawhide is laid upon the top of the foot covering the instep, and worked to the edges of the moccasin with strings. The part behind the heel is cut nearly straight across, and turned up, and the edges sewed together.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Romantic Incident of the War in Missouri.

Upon the authority of Col. Jones, of the Missouri army, the Nashville Banner relates an adventure of a young lady of that State, as having occurred during the late campaign. Her name was Norah McCartey, though styled by our contemporary the "Jeanie Deans" of the West. The following is the history "as it was told:"

["]She lived in the interior of Missouri, a little, pretty, black-eyed girl, with a soul as huge as a mountain, and a form as frail as a fairy's, and the courage and pluck of a buccaneer into the bargain. Her father was an old man—a secessionist. She had but a single brother, just growing from boyhood to youthhood, but sickly and lamed. The family had lived in Kansas during the troubles of '57, when Norah was a mere girl of fourteen, or thereabouts. But even then her beauty, wit and devil-may-care spirit were known far and wide; and many were the stories told along the border of her sayings and doings. Among other charges laid to her door, it is said she broke all the hearts of the young bloods far and wide, and tradition does even go so far as to assert that, like Bob Acres, she killed a man once a week, keeping a private church yard for the purpose of decently burying her dead. Be this as it may, she was then, and is now, a dashing,

fine looking, lively girl, and a prettier heroine than will be found in a novel, as will be seen if the good natured reader has a mind to follow us down to the bottom of this column.

Not long after the Federals came into her neighborhood, and, after they had forced her father to take the oath, which he did partly because he was a very old man, unable to take the field, and hoped thereby to save the security of his household, and partly because he could not help himself; not long after these two important events in the history of our heroine, a body of men marched up one evening, whilst she was on a visit to a neighbor's, and arrested her sickly, weak brother, bearing him off to Leavenworth City, where he was lodged in the military guard-house.

It was nearly night before Norah reached home. When she did so, and discovered the outrage which had been perpetrated and the grief of her old father, her rage knew no bounds. Although the mists were falling, and the night was closing in, dark and dreary, she ordered her horse to be re-saddled, put on a thick surtout, belted a sash round her waist, and, sticking a pair of ivory-handled pistols in her bosom, started off after the soldiers. The post was many miles distant. But that she did not regard. Over hill, through marsh, under cover of the darkness, she galloped on to the headquarters of the enemy. At last the call of a sentry brought her to a stand, with a hoarse—

"Who goes there?"

"No matter," she replied, "I wish to see Col. Prince, your commanding officer, and instantly, too."

Somewhat awed by the presence of a young female on horseback at that late hour, and perhaps struck by her imperious tone of command, the Yankee guard, without hesitation, conducted her into the fortifications, and thence to the quarters of the Colonel [illegible] Yankee officers, with whom [illegible] politeness, "to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"Is this Col. Prince?" replied the brave girl, quietly.

"It is, and yourself?"

"No matter. I have come here to inquire whether you have a lad by the name of McCartey a prisoner?"

"There is such a prisoner?"

"May I ask, for why?"

"Certainly, for being suspected of treasonable connection with the enemy."

"Treasonable connection with the enemy! Why, the boy is sick and lame. He is besides my brother; and I have come to ask his immediate release."

The Yankee officer opened his eyes; was sorry he could not comply with the request of so winning a suppliant; and must really beg her to desist and leave the fortress.

"I demand his release" cried she, in reply.

"That you cannot have," returned he, "the boy is a rebel and a traitor, and unless you retire Madam, I shall be forced to arrest you on a similar suspicion."

"Suspicion! I am a rebel and a traitor, too, if you wish. Young McCartey is my brother, and I don't leave this tent until he goes with me. Order his instant release, or" here she drew one of the aforesaid ivory-handles out of her bosom and levelled [sic] the muzzle of it directly at him, "I will put an ounce of lead in your brain before you can call a single sentry to your relief."

A picture that!

There stood the heroic girl; eyes flashing fire, cheek glowing with earnest will, lips firmly set with resolution, and hand out-stretched with a loaded pistol ready to send the contents

through the now thoroughly frightened, startled, aghast soldier, who cowered, like blank paper before flames, under her burning stare.

"Quick!" she repeated, "order his release, or you die."

It was too much. Prince could not stand it. He bade her lower her infernal weapon for God's sake, and the boy should be forthwith liberated.

"Give the order first," she replied unmoved.

And the order was given; the lad was brought out; and drawing his arm in hers, the gallant sister marched out of the place, with one hand grasping one of his, and the other hold of her trusty ivory-handle. She mounted her horse, bade him get up behind, and rode off, reaching home without accident before midnight.

Now that is a fact stranger than fiction, which shows what sort of metal is in our women of the much abused and traduced nineteenth century.["]

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Wool Picking for Soldiers' Socks.—The young gentlemen and ladies, little boys and girls, of this city, under the superintendence of the matrons of the ladies' association, assembled in the basement of the Presbyterian church, on Friday evening last, to pick the wool from the scraps left after cutting soldiers' socks. This is highly commendable for its economy, utility and patriotism, besides furnishing a most agreeable entertainment for the young folks.—Huntsville Democrat.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

The Concert Last Night.—Bad as the weather was last night, the theater was crowded to hear Prof. Winkler's concert, and well were they gratified. The concert was a success, and the audience were more than gratified. Not only was the singing excellent, but the instrumental part was well led and finely executed. After the overture, which was applauded, a quartette was sung with spirit and correctness. Other quartettes were sung during the evening, and, as we expected, they were heartily encored. "The Texas Rangers," arranged by Prof. Winkler, was especially well sung, and is a fair piece of music. Miss Houston warbled two songs in a sweet, attractive voice that brought down warm applause and an encore. Then came "Una voce poca fa," by Miss Gibbs, of Lynchburg, Va. There was no little curiosity to know how the stranger would acquit herself. A very few bars removed all doubt, and won the entire soul of the audience. The notes came full, round, and musical, and as distinct as the stroke of the hammer and anvil. With an ease that nothing could disconcert, with an aplomb that inspired entire confidence in her powers, she poured forth the splendid notes of Rossini with an accuracy that would have pleased the maestro could he have been present. The roulader gushed from her throat like the free merry trillings of the thrush. Bird like and sweet came the stacato [sic] notes, like flowers tossed in the air and falling in a shower of beauty. We cannot particularize each piece, but in each she was successful, and was twice crowned with warm enthusiasm. Mr. Gibson's ballad was beautifully given and encored. The selections from Lucia di Lammermoor were a fest indeed to the lover of the opera; the sextette, especially after the soprano voice came in, was a glorious piece of music, rendered with spirit, filling the bosom of the entranced hearer with delight. Miss Houston surpassed herself. The bass of Mr. Mas was very effective. We congratulate Mr. Winkler on the success of this fine piece of music. The violin solo of Prof. Miller was worthy of fame. We were pleased with the concert, and have little to wish changed about it, except to regret a departure from the programme which jarred with the high character of the remainder of the performance.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Mobile, January 16, 1862.

Editors Appeal: . . . We are now arming men with a weapon new in this war and in modern warfare generally, but a most effective weapon, as it will compel the southern soldier to his best fighting points and throw the northerner on his worst, to wit: hand to hand fighting. This weapon is the pike; a large number having been, and still being manufactured, under the appropriation of the State Legislature. The Alabama pike consists of a keen two-edged steel head, like a large bowie-knife blade, near a foot and a half long, with a sickle like hook, very sharp, bending back from near the socket. This is intended for cutting the bridles of cavalymen or pulling them off their horses, or catching hold of the enemy when they are running away. This head is mounted on a shaft of tough wood about eight feet long. A gleaming row of these fearful implements of slaughter, beaming down upon them at the pas de charge, would strike the terror of ten thousand deaths to the apprehensive souls of Butler's Yankees. It can scarcely be doubted that we would have won more, and more decided victories than we have, had there not been an ounce of gun powder, except for artillery use, in the Confederacy. Then the southrons must have come to close quarters, and their superior physical prowess and nerve would have made their victories deadly and decisive.

I would mention that all our uniformed companies have good fire-arms, as also the regiments of the army hereabouts have. The mere militia have pikes, in part, and all who have pikes have the additional accoutrement of a bowie-knife of ferocious dimensions.

The "web-foots" of Mobile laugh at Abe's blockade. To them it is begun to be a good joke and a profitable one withal. None of them have been caught, and they are constantly slipping out and in with their light-heeled clippers. I would like to give you more particular information, but the blockade breakers would not thank me for heralding their successes. Few of these achievements find their way into print, but I assure you that some of these daring adventures make their trips to Havana with almost the regularity of a mail steamer in times of peace.

All quite at Pensacola—and dull, very dull, say the valiant spirits there, who chafe in inglorious repose.

Anon.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Gardener's Sale!

Having determined to change my business, I have for sale a very fine lot of three year old Asparagus Roots, a choice lot of mammoth Pie Plant [rhubarb], the very best selections of early and late Strawberry Plants, for marketing purposes; a large lot of Carrots, Parsnips, Oyster Plants or Salsify; Leek, Red and Yam Sweet Potatoes; Corn, Fodder, Hay, Garden Seeds; a few bushels Early Peas and Onion Sets; Garden Implements, Hot Bed Frames, etc., all of which will be offered privately during the week. The remaining part will be sold publicly on Saturday, the 25th instant, at 10 o'clock A.M.

A. Worley Patterson,
Hernando Plank Road,
Near the State Female College.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Mats! Mats!
Wipe Your Feet,
And Keep Your Carpets Clean!

Ingraham & Lees, No. 283 Main street, Brinkley Block have a fine assortment of

Allicante	Mats,
Shuck	do,
Coiar [?]	do,
Manila	do,
Jute	do,
Fancy Bordered	do,
Sheep Skin	do,
Parlor	do,
English	do,
For sale by	

Ingraham & Lees,
283 Main street.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Light! Light!
Cotton Seed Oil!

We keep constantly on hand a good supply of

Lamps!

For burning the Cotton Seed Oil—an oil which is fast coming into universal use in the Southern Confederacy. We also keep the Oil for sale, wholesale or retail.

Also,

Lard Oil, Non-Explosive Burning Fluid, Camphene, Pitch, Rosin and our well-known Bar and Soft Soap. Give us a call.

J. P. Prescott & Co.
No. 40 Jefferson street.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

5000 yds. Carpeting,
800 pairs Men's Kip Shoes,
1500 pairs Children's Shoes,
35 boxes and caddies Fine
Virginia Tobacco,
1000 lbs. Feathers,
2000 yds. Cotton Drilling,

20 pieces Ticking,
150 pieces Heavy Brown Domestic,
India Rubber and Buffalo Overshoes,
Cotton Yarns, Spinning Wheels,
Wool Rolls, Batting, Wadding,
 Wool Cards, Carpet Warp,
 Bed Comforts, Blankets
Axes, Hatches, Broad Axes,
Trace Chains, Table Cutlery,
 Gunpowder, Coffee,
Roe Herrings, Pickled Shad,
 Smoking Tobacco, Etc.
We continue to buy Socks, Linseys, Jeans, Wool, etc.
Taylor & McEwen.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

A Valuable Improvement.—We have noticed on exhibition for some days past, at the office of the Commercial Hotel, a hand loom, for which a patent has been obtained by Mr. J. J. Kendall. Its successful performance of the work for which it is designed, has been universally acknowledged by all who have seen it in operation, and it is so simple in its construction, and so easily worked, that a child can operate it as successfully as the most expert. It will turn out from fifteen to thirty yards of jeans, linseys or cloth, well woven, per day, with perfect ease. Mr. Kendall will remain in the city a few days, and invites all interested to call and examine his improvement. He is manufacturing the looms at Corinth, but wishes to dispose of the right to this district.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Respectability in Difficulties.—A short time ago a citizen of this place was spending the night in improper company, in the neighborhood of Beal street market. Not long after having retired to rest his companion arose and taking possession of his watch and nether garment, in the pockets of which his money was placed, stealthily left the room and disappeared. The gentleman, unconscious of what she had done, remained some time expecting her return every minute. He at length became suspicious, and left his bed, but on proceeding to dress he discovered his loss. He saw that he was victimized, but what was to be done? The room was a single one, without communication with others living on the premises. To awaken any one in any other part of the place would only be to expose himself without doing any good—if he awaited till daylight he would be in no better condition. The only alternative was to make the best of his way home. He set out—the night was rainy and the streets covered with mud, but minus a very important article of dress, the respectable citizen proceeded through alleys and out of the way places toward his home, where an amiable and unsuspecting wife awaited him. On his way he fell into the hands of the police, and was compelled to confess the position in which he was placed. By then he was supplied with the article of dress his wet and shivering limbs so much needed, and he reached his home. The next day the police arrested the woman. She refused to restore either the money or the watch, which was a gold one of great value, and much desired as being the gift of a dear friend. When threatened with prosecution she turned upon the gentleman and defied him. "You are a man of respectability," she said, "and a member of the

church; you dare not prosecute me." She spoke the truth, he dared not, and the watch and money remained in her possession.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Suspended.—The Montgomery Mail, in its issue of the 16th, announces the suspension of its daily and tri-weekly editions—the weekly to continue to be published as usual. This suspension is caused by the war pressure, and will continue until the blockade is raised, or entirely broken up.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 21, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Femininical.—About 4½ o'clock, yesterday evening a young woman was arrested by officer Sullivan while indecently exposing her person near Odd Fellows' Hall. Another girl who was with her that officer also took into custody for hustling ladies, among them an old lady of sixty, from the sidewalk. Their names were Lidia Angling and Annie Davis. The same officer arrested two other women yesterday, who were fighting, each armed with a hatchet, on Jefferson street, near the bayou. One of them had received a cut on the head, the other was considerably scratched.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Shelby Nurseries!

1862.

1862.

During the war we will sell our Choicest Trees at the following reduced rates:

Apples	15c each.	Almonds	40c each.
Peaches	20c each.	Raspberries	20c each.
Pears	40c each.	Blackberries	20c each.
Cherries	40c each.	Gooseberries	20c each.
Apricots	40c each.	Currants	20c each.
Nectarines	25c each.	Grapes	25c each.
Quinces	25c each.	Strawberries	\$1.50 per 100

Small Trees in quantity at very low rates. To all who can give us satisfactory city reference as to responsibility and promptness, we propose to sell Trees for notes due one day after date, but payment not expected till Cotton is sold; provided, in every case, the order amounts to twenty dollars or more. And we further propose to deduct ten per cent. from every bill that amounts to fifty dollars or more. These propositions are liberal. Our stock is as large and fine as any in the Confederacy, and we hope to receive a good share of the public patronage. We can give the best of reference if required. We will ship by Express, unless ordered to the contrary.

For Descriptive Catalogues and full particulars, address us at Collierville, Shelby county, Tennessee.

Koen & Bledsoe.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 23, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Femininical.—Mary McCarty becoming disgusted with her feminine career, on Tuesday night, threw aside her crinoline and put on masculine bifurcations, for which she was yesterday fined eleven dollars by the Recorder.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Letter from the Confederate Capital.
[Correspondence of the Memphis Appeal.]

Richmond, January 17, 1862.

. . . Some consternation was created a day or two ago in this city by the announcement—not that McClellan was coming here to celebrate the 22d of February, but—that there was danger of the supply of gas being cut off entirely in a very short time. I mentioned, some weeks since, that the street lamps were regularly extinguished by the watchmen at midnight, and people who keep late hours were compelled to grope their way home in darkness. The fear now is that we shall not be able to light a burner, neither in the streets nor in our dwellings. The trouble is a want of tiles in the retort chambers. Hitherto, that is to say, in the old United States, under Yankee domination, the city authorities were in the habit of procuring their tiles for the city gas works from New England, of course. Since the war, it has been discovered that the article can be obtained, of quite as good manufacture and of quite as reasonable terms, at a large pottery of kavlin [sic] clay in Edgefield district, South Carolina, within four miles of Augusta, Georgia. At the same establishment, besides many objects of rare beauty and elegance, rivaling Wedgwood and Minton, of British celebrity, they make the very best and cheapest telegraphic insulators that can be procured in America. Our superintendent of city gas works has a contract with this company for retort tiles, which should have been received before this time, and has dispatched a messenger to South Carolina to hurry them up. It is to be hoped he will succeed in his mission, for there are not candles enough in Richmond to last a fortnight, and as for oil it has all been bought up for mechanical purposes, the lubrication of machinery, etc., etc., months ago. . . .

Dixie.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

New Memphis Theater.
January 24th 1862.
For the
Benefit of Volunteers' Families
and the
Home for the Homeless.
Under the Sole Direction of
Mr. C. P. Winkler.
Part I

1. Overture Orchestra.
2. Gently, gently wake the song. Serenade for 4 male voices.
3. I am the Bayadere. Song—Miss S. Houston.
4. Blow on, blow on! Glee for 4 male voices.

5. In this modest Asylum. Air from "Betty." Miss M. Gibbs.
6. Over the Summer Sea. Air from "Rigoletts." Mr. Gibson

Part II.

Operatic Gems—From the Opera Lucia di Lammermore, by Donizetti.

7. Recitative and Cavatina for Bass and Soprano, Miss Houston and Mr. Schneider.
8. Chorus with Tenor Solo. Solo, Mr. Mas.
9. Sextett; Instant Vengeance, what Restraineth. From Linde di Chamounix, by Donizetti.
10. Our Faith then Fondly Plighting. Miss M. Gibbs.

Part III.

11. Overture Orchestra.
12. Robert, Idol of my Heart. From Mayerbeer's Opera "Robert." Miss M. Gibbs.
13. Violin Solo. Prof. G. Miller.
14. Speed Away! Quartette.

Tickets One Dollar.

For sale at McClure's Music Store and at the Theater.

Seats can be secured by application at the office of the Theater from 10 to 12 A.M., and from 2 to 4 P.M.

Doors open at half past six; Performance to commence at half past seven.

Special Notice.—Owing to the obstruction on Jefferson street, carriages will draw up on Third street, in front of the Post Office.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Grover & Baker
Sewing Machines!
Two Hundred
Grover & Baker Sewing Machines!

Comprising all kinds of that make. For sale in New Orleans by

Wm. L. Cushing,
57 St. Charles street.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

A Great Bargain!
For Sale
Four English Machines!
for
Knitting Undershirts,
Drawers, Stockings, Socks,

Etc.,
With all the necessary appendages,
--Also—

Two Buildings where the business has been carried on. Inquire at
Borgfeldt & Thompson's,
26 Cherry street,
Nashville, Tenn.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 24, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Texas Intelligence.—The Houston Telegraph says:

The Tyler Reporter of the 9th says several large droves of hogs have passed through town within a few days past, from the west, and destined for Louisiana.

A large building for a woolen and cotton factory is being erected at Dallas.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 24, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Manufacture of Cannon in Georgia.—The Rome Courier says:

At this foundery [sic] they are now completing, on an average, one cannon a day, and in the manufacture of gun carriages, caissons, etc., are fitting up a battery of six guns once in three weeks. With a few other establishments as active and energetic as are the Messrs. Noble, the Confederate States would soon be supplied with abundance of cannon of her own manufacture. We are glad to learn that these guns have been proved to be of the very best character of iron ordnance. The famous Cutts battery that did such distinguished service at Dranesville, we are told, was from this establishment.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 25, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

The Largest Orchard
and
Nurseries in the South!
Two Hundred Acres in Fruit Trees
And Fifty in Nurseries.

I have for sale at the LaGrange Nurseries, Warren county, Mississippi,

70,000 Pear Trees.

70,000 Apple Trees.

70,000 Peach Trees,

Nectarines, Apricots, Plums, Figs, Grapes and Strawberries.

Also—Shrubbery, Roses, etc., in abundance.

Send in your orders, as the season of transplanting is approaching.

All orders must be accompanied with the cash.

I will take Cotton for Fruit Trees, at 10 cents per pound, provided it comes up to middling quality, to be delivered in Vicksburg, free of charge.

Catalogues furnished to all applicants.

John Hebron,
Bovina Post Office, Miss.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 25, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Ward & McClelland
Wholesale and Retail
Druggists and Seed Dealers,
175 and 177 Main Street,
Opposite Worsham House, Memphis, Tenn.

Just Received and for Sale

50 boxes Garrett's Snuff,
50 boxes Goodwin's " "
25 bbls. Turpentine,
50 baskets Olive Oil,
25 boxes Castile Soap,
50 doz. Hostetter's Bitters,
30 doz. Scheidam Schnapps.
Garden Seed—A Full Supply.
Grass and Field Seeds
of All Kinds.

For sale low by

Ward & McClelland.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

The Present Social Condition of Bowling Green.

In the Bowling Green Courier, of the 20th, we find the following editorial article:

["] Bowling Green is not as quiet as the town Keats saw no the Grecian urn, "whose streets forevermore shall silent be." There is an infinite deal of running to and fro—galloping horses, plodding drays, strings of wagons, sauntering soldiers—such as was not seen in the town "in the olden time, long ago."

Bowling Green life and blackened boots are contradictory expressions. The streets look like a gray band of cooling lava—they are streams of a compound, which, to name it after its principal ingredient, we will call mud. Imported dirt, shaken from ten thousand feet, mingles with the native soil, and is seasoned with rare condiments of nameless origin and odor. This recondite substance has taken bold possession of the pavements, which we tread by faith, sinking our feet down through the dividing compound with a wavering hope that there is a bottom. It has invaded the houses, and has driven before it mop and broom.

None but the more verdant think of being comfortable. We look at our hotel keepers with a melancholy, only one step removed from the deepest deep, and the depths are sounded when we see their boarders. If we estimate a man's time at a dollar a day, his fire-wood will cost fourteen dollars a cord. It requires four days to get it hauled, (in which time one is told a score of lies,) six dollars to pay for it, two more days to get a wood-shopper, and two dollars to pay for chopping. There is a mystery connected with the business of hotel purveyor which we never

pretended to understand, and we involuntarily think of the gentlemen engaged for our hotels as little if any inferior in strategic ability to Napoleon himself.

From the most considerable grocer down to the ragged boy who hails you on the street with "Here's your cake," business is flush in the eating line. The army is gradually taking possession of the larger houses, and store rooms are coming in high demand. From present indications trade will soon be driven to shanties in the suburbs. But there is too much Tennessee money afloat to allow the energetic dealer to abandon the field. The army may drive them further into the mud, but there they'll stick.

Some books are sold. Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron and Keats—the delicate, divine Keats—have friends in the central army. We heard of some soldier having bought Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, *Aurora Leigh*. This is a hopeful sign. Nevertheless, we are not in possession of facts sufficient to justify us in saying that there are more thinkers than eaters. The Chinese theory, that the stomach is the seat of intellect, may be the reigning philosophy, which would account for the sedulous care with which it is nourished.

What we have said is not intended to encourage our good-natured friends in any flattering design they may have of visiting us. We appreciate the compliment, and will suggest, for the sake of our friend, that he come in day time. If vigilant all day, it is not impossible he may, by night, find choice lodging in some private hay-loft, but if he gets in at midnight on the cars, there is no hope. One of our enthusiastic friends, a trifle too unsuspecting, came up the other night. He reached here at 11:30 P.M. Failing to get in at several hotels, he found himself at the last place. "All full." "Can't I sleep on the sofa?" "The sofa's engaged." "Can't I get some blankets?" "All the blankets are spoken for." "Give me a chair, and I'll sit by the fire all night." "The chairs are all rented out." Looking around, our friend saw an old trunk in the corner, and inquired in a most forlorn voice, "is that engaged, too?" It was. He left the house just as the clerk began to draw chalk on the floor, with a view of setting apart the particular space each of several fortunate gentlemen had secured for the night! The morning found him at our door, wisely sad, having every appearance of

"A wandering melancholy ghost."

It is proper to say that the chances for lodging are now greatly diminished, as one of the largest hotels has, since our friend's adventure, been taken for a hospital.["]

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Tri-Weekly Appeal.—Many of our contemporaries have, within the last few months, been compelled to suspend publication, on account of the entire impossibility of obtaining paper to print their articles upon. Many of them have had the support of a wide and liberal circulation, but the patronage that in other circumstances would have brought prosperity, only had the effect of increasing their difficulties, and the more surely rendered suspension necessary. To escape such a contingency in their own case, the proprietors of the Appeal have been, and are compelled to make exertions of no ordinary character, and personally to travel over hundreds of miles to obtain a supply of the material upon which that journal is printed. But what is more than this, they are obliged to pay a very much higher price than was formerly charged. This change in price to them, compels a rise in price to their tri-weekly readers. That edition of the Appeal costs for the blank paper alone, all that is now charged for the printed sheet; from this date we shall be compelled to raise the terms of subscription, and the price of the tri-weekly Appeal will, for the future, be six dollars a year.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 26, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Army Suits!

650 Uniform Suits, made of heavy Kentucky Jeans; metal buttons, black trimmed trimmed [sic].

Speed, Donoho & Strange.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 26, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Heavy Tent Duck!

15,000 yds, very superior Tent Duck. For sale by

Speed, Donoho & Strange,
314 Main street.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 26, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Bloomer Dresses.—On Friday morning week, a number of young ladies, probably from the country, appeared on Broadway, New York, in full Bloomer attire—short dress, overcoat, and last, but not least, pantaloons, which one of the damsels had tucked in her boots.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Georgia Hay.—The Atlanta Confederacy says: "We have from Hon. G. H. Gilreath, of Bartow county, several bales of the best hay we have ever seen—it far exceeds in bright color, delightful flavor and nutritious properties, any northern or Tennessee hay that we have seen. It will keep a horse fat to smell it, (provided he can get enough of it to eat.)"

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Those who are grumbling about the sacrifice of luxuries imposed by the Lincoln blockade, ought to recall to mind the fact that during the wars of Napoleon, coffee sold in France for a dollar and a half per pound.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Odd-Fellows' Hall!

Tuesday, January 28th,

The Southern Minstrels!
Handiwerker's Brass and String Band.

Tannehill, Frayne, Sherwood, Boice and Master Charley, in their

Comicalities!

Go and see them.

Admission 50 cts.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

New Memphis Theater.

Friday evening, January 31st, benefit of Capt. Sherwin's Company, the Falwell Boys, the great drama transcribed from the French of

Camille, or the Fate of a Coquette.

Admission \$1.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Odd-Fellows' Hall!
Johnson's
Burlesque Opera Troupe!

Will open with their Fashionable Entertainments at Odd-Fellows' Hall, on
Thursday Evening, Jan'y 30th.

Admission to all parts of the house 50 cents. Reserved seats 75 cents.
For particulars see programme of the day.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Southern Minstrels.—Tannehill and Frayne's minstrels give one of their popular entertainments at Odd-Fellows' Hall this evening. They have a fine assortment of comicalities, pungent, piquant, peculiar, peppery, and provoking. There will be a merry time.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Johnson's Burlesque Opera Troupe, formerly the Tennessee Minstrels, have been compelled, owing to an accident to the furnace of the new Memphis Theater to perform in Odd-Fellows' Hall. The Hall will be thoroughly cleaned, chairs re-arranged and numbered so that families and parties may engage and secure their seats. This band numbers among its members some of the best negro delineators in the Confederacy. They will open on Thursday evening, January 30, 1862.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Home for the Homeless.—We have received the first annual report of this institution. The association of ladies organized, in April, 1850 [sic?]. An application to the city council resulted in the purchase and donation of fifteen acres of land, four miles from the city, on the Ohio railroad. The objects of the association are to provide a home of industry, an asylum for the aged and infirm, and a house of correction and reform for the erring. Owing to a want of buildings, only one of these objects has so far been carried out. Destitute women and children, such as would have been reduced to begging in the streets, have been lodged, clothed and fed,

they partly earning their own living. The Board of Managers consists of twenty-four ladies, two from each religious denomination in the city. Since the Home was opened December, 1860, a building containing six rooms and a dining room, with comfortable attic, has been erected. All the ground that could be used has been put in cultivation. Seventy-nine inmates have been received during the year, thirty-five women and forty-four children, five of the latter were born in the institution. A large proportion of them have been discharged honorably; a few have been dismissed for insubordination. The women are principally occupied in washing, ironing and sewing, and work of this kind is solicited. The institution requires more buildings and wider grounds. It is intended, if means can be raised, to employ a teacher of the children. The health of the institution has been good—there has been but two deaths. Owing to sympathy with objects connected with the war, the receipts have, for the last six months, been small, and donations and subscriptions are respectfully solicited. The receipts for the year were \$4003.73. Current expenses \$2783.30, expenses of building \$1026; leaving \$659.19 in the city treasury and \$82.25 cash on hand. The report is a well written and lucid statement. The objects of the institution are admirable, and if well conducted the Home for the Homeless will be one of the best organizations connected with our city.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 29, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Summary: Reprint of "A Month With the Rebels", Blackwood's Edinburg Magazine, December 1861

. . . But the slaves are not employed exclusively in outdoor labor. Necessity has taught the South that she must rely upon herself for many things which she cannot do without, and which, in former times, it was cheaper to import than to manufacture. Large numbers of hand looms and spinning wheels are seen in the country districts, which the population are rapidly learning to make good use of; and we met one planter who showed us enough cloth for the uniforms of fifty men, that had been entirely made on his own premises. . . .

At Charleston we had an opportunity of visiting one of those societies which are organized throughout the South for supplying the army with clothes. The central depot is situated in the middle of the town. In the basement floor we found large packages marked for different regiments then at the seat of war. Up stairs several ladies were engaged in arranging in "lots" different kinds of uniform, and measuring out cloth, flannel, linen, and cotton, to be made up by the hands of the fairest in the land.

We learn from those who have the superintendence of this vast establishment, that about one thousand ladies are daily employed at their sewing machines, making different articles of military attire. The work of the week which had just then elapsed, consisted of 200 coats, [illegible] pairs of trousers, 300 shirts, besides worsted gloves for the winter, stockings, old linen, and many fancy articles which were sold for the benefit of the society's funds.

These establishments save the government enormous sums of money, and appear to be increasing in number and efficiency every day.

The army, being composed in a great measure of volunteers, possesses the hearty sympathy and affection of the whole population, and as most families have more than one of its members at the war, the comfort of the soldier is not only universally considered a subject of patriotic interest, but also one which excites the anxiety and stimulates the energy of every household. When we met ladies who spoke with evident pride of the number of coats, trousers, shirts, stockings, which they had completed, we could not help hoping that the useful education

that the war had given them would not in happier times be thrown away, and that being independent of tailors, dress makers and haberdashers, they would be able to avoid many of those mundane difficulties which usually beset "frugal marriages" and interrupt the "course of true love." We may, perhaps, have also expressed our conviction that no "mother of seven," south of the Ohio, could ever have reason to "lament," but the daughters of the South, having emulated the virtue and Spartan fortitude of Penelope, would each be rewarded with as many suitors and as brave a husband. . . .

The appearance which a regiment presents on parade, is remarkable to the eye of a European. Many are composed of companies who have uniforms of different colors; but in these cases there is always some distinctive badge by which their particular corps can be easily told. This defect, consequent upon the companies being raised in different neighborhoods, is being quickly remedied, and we saw numerous regiments which had lately arrived, whose dress was all that the Horse Guards could desire. . . .

The Washington Artillery, composing many batteries, is composed of the best blood in New Orleans. The gunners, dressed in light blue uniforms, are all men of independent means. . . . From the same city comes a very different regiment, called the New Orleans "Zouaves," dressed in red caps, blue braided jacket, and trousers striped with light gray and red. These men look like pirates—bearded, fierce-looking fellows—

"Theirs to believe no prey, no plan amiss."

Apparently, at least; for, as they marched past the general with a long, swinging step, singing a wild martial air, we thought they were as formidable a body of men as we should care to see.

The drill of the enemy is the same as the French, the step even quicker than the Zouaves, and a good deal longer than that of the English infantry. Movements are executed with considerable precision, and as rapidly as in English light infantry battalions.

From the reports we had heard in the North, we expected to find ragged and half-clad regiments, instead of which we failed, during many rides through the various camps, to see one man who was not clad in serviceable attire. It was expected that winter clothing would be served out before the 1st of November, and that the dress would then become uniform.

But the point to which chief attention of officers and men is directed is the arms. Besides the Enfield rifle, most of the privates in the army carry at least one revolver and a bowie-knife—these are invariably kept bright and in good condition—and the early training which all southerners undergo in shooting squirrels, as soon as they are able to handle a gun, gives them a facility of using their weapons and a correctness of aim that renders their fire unusually formidable. . . .

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 29, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Femininical.—The fair sex figured largely at the Recorder's court yesterday. Four of them were charged with throwing rotten eggs and brickbats at the residence of a sister in sin. One of the four was fined twenty-six dollars, and the hackmen who drove them to the place was fined eleven dollars. Two others, one of whom had the pretty name of Emma Golden, were fined six dollars each for fighting. Two others, charged with a misdemeanor, had the luck to be discharged. The Recorder's court is extensively patronized; thirty cases were examined there yesterday.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 30, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

The number of cotton looms in operation in Mississippi is 183; 80 at Jackson, 40 at Grenada, 35 at Bankston, and 28. Each loom is capable of turning out sixty yards of cloth per day the full number of working days in the year, (313) which would give a product of 3,435,740 per annum. This aggregate will not near supply the wants of the State.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The North Carolina Arsenal.—Captain John C. Booth, superintendent of the North Carolina arsenal and foundery [sic], situated at Fayetteville, writes to the Baton Rouge Gazette as follows:

My foundery [sic] will cover three or four acres. My laboratory is shaping itself into a chef d'oeuvre, and I have the best chief in the world. I am getting out timber for one hundred field batteries and five hundred heavy gun carriages; the latter, however, will be made principally of iron. My rifle factory has just begun to work, and we ship to-morrow one hundred to Richmond. Then I am building a railroad connecting me with the road to the iron and coal mines, which also gives me communication with the river and steamboats. You will get a better idea of the magnitude of my establishment from the statement of the fact that the government has contracted for ten thousand tons of pig iron, to be delivered here, with the privilege of increasing the amount to twenty thousand tons.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], January 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Altered Muskets.

Considerable prejudice exists against flint lock muskets altered to percussion, and this prejudice is, no doubt, well founded in most cases, inasmuch as many of the pieces so altered have been really dangerous and comparatively inefficient. This may be said of the great proportion of those altered by private contract. In these the tube, having so slight a hold in the barrel, is apt to blow out and injure the firer more than the person fired at. In truth, where a hole is drilled in the barrel of a flint lock musket the thickness is not sufficient to give a long enough thread to hold the tube firmly in its place.

We learn that this objection does not apply to the muskets altered at the Confederate armory in Fayetteville, where, by a process of punching the metal is crowded up around the hole made for the tube, so as to add materially to the length of the screw and render its hold in the barrel fully as firm as that of any original percussion gun. The old State arms thus altered are said to be equal to any muskets in use, and probably superior to any guns that could not be made, since it might be difficult, if not impossible, now to obtain as good materials as were used in the manufacture of guns made carefully during peace, and when unlimited opportunity of selection could be had.

Experiments have been made at the armory, to test the value and efficiency of the guns so altered, especially with reference to the tubes, and they have been perfectly satisfactory. Even in cases of guns that did not pass inspection the firing of a hundred rounds failed to show any effect whatever on the firmness of the tube.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The blockade attempted by the North is affecting the Yankees. The paper makers are breaking down since they have lost their southern customers. The Trenton (N.J.) American says:

All the paper mills in this city have suspended operations, simply because they cannot get cash for the manufactured article; and at such times as these, no reliance can be placed on men's promises to pay. Large sums of money have already been lost by our paper makers by the failure of the New York houses, and they do not feel like risking any more. We had four paper mills in operation in this city, all a year ago doing a very prosperous business.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Bellevue
Gardens and Nursery!

The proprietor of these Gardens offers to the public a variety of choice

Fruits, Flowers,
Evergreens,

Creepers, Greenhouse Plants, and hardy Shrubby of all kinds. An extensive variety of choice Pears, Apples, Peaches, Nectarines, Apricots, Cherries, Plums, Grapes, Strawberries, Quinces, Currants, Gooseberries, Figs, Pecans, Spanish Chestnuts, Almonds, Filberts, English Walnuts, Raspberries, etc. Also, thousands of Magnolias, of different kinds and sizes; Firs, Yews, Cedars, Junipers, Arbor Vitae, Tree Dwarf and Variegated Box, Hemlock and Weeping Evergreens, of sorts suitable for cemeteries.

Cut Flowers

Furnished at all seasons of the year. A choice collection of Bulbs and Flower Seed daily just received from Europe.

From persons unknown to the proprietor a remittance or satisfactory reference must accompany all orders. All orders should give specific directions as to route of shipment and place of destination. A moderate charge made for packing sufficient to cover expense of boxing, bagging, etc.

All packages, after being receipted for by boat or railroad, are at the risk of the purchaser. should any omission or mistake occur in a shipment, the same will be cheerfully corrected upon notice being given to the proprietor.

S. M. Wheaton,
Memphis, Tenn.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Scarce.—Local news has been very scarce during the last few days. On applying to a policeman last night for intelligence of anything going on, he replied: "There is nothing at all; there is too much mud for mischief."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Books for the Soldiers.—In camp the soldier passes many weary hours, especially at this period of the year, when he must be confined within when off duty. The pressure of tedious, unemployed hours is of evil influence both mentally and physically. As a means of relief to the

soldier, to amuse and occupy his leisure the Rev. Wm. A. Bryan, ward master in the general hospital at Columbus, has undertaken to get up a library of books to be lent to soldiers at that post. On this subject he has written to the Rev. Ed. MacClure, of Grace church in this city; from his letter we copy the following: "In connection with my duties as ward master in the hospital I have made an effort to get up and sustain a circulating library for the whole army at this place. I have succeeded in collecting some three hundred volumes; when this became known I had applications so numerous that in ten days most of them had been read again and again. I ask you in the name of members of your own communion, and of the army here, to present our claims to your congregation, to booksellers, librarians, literary societies, and to all who may be willing to send us books. We do not ask for new and finely bound books, but for any good old works that may have long lain neglected in the book shelves. I wish ministers of other denominations to apply for us to their congregations for contributions of books that we may have such a collection of useful reading matter as will suit the taste and gratify the minds of our soldiers." We are desirous to call upon the various ministers of the city to invite their congregations to contribute. We presume all ministers will receive books for this purpose, they may also be left with the Rev. Mr. MacClure, who will forward them, the Rev. Mr. White, of Calvary church, or in the Appeal counting room. One book from each citizen will make a good library for the boys at Columbus.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Richmond, January 27, 1862.

Give me leave to sermonize a little.

Your correspondent went to church yesterday, as is his habit, and heard a most eloquent appeal from an eminent divine in behalf of missions, which was followed up by a collection for that excellent object. The church was large and fashionable, the pews were filled with miserable sinners in elegant attire, and the collection, let us hope, was large, although it was exceedingly ragged. The red velvet bags on the ends of long poles were stuffed quite full of shinplasters, with probably not a coin of any denomination in the bottom. . . .

There is a distillery in this city, the proprietors of which are making a clear profit variously estimated at from two to four thousand dollars a day! There's a per diem for you! They manufacture whisky. Would you know what this whisky is? It is a chain-lightning, blue-ruin, liquid fire, death in the cup, aqua tofance, a more vulgar but not less certain poison than the wine of the Borgias. It has been so well known in Virginia for years that practicing physicians, in the country, when called to attend sick negroes on the plantations, inquire first of all whether they have been in the habit of using it in harvest; if they have, the ordinary medicines will be wholly inefficacious. Well, this infernal drench, which was sold before the war at 23 cents a gallon, and the like of which may be obtained to-day in Hogopolis—I mean Cincinnati—at 13 cents, is eagerly bought up at \$1.60 a gallon. The sale of the establishment are only limited by the capacity of manufacture, the demand being infinitely greater than the supply. And where does it go? Every drop of it to the army! Nor is this wholesale laboratory the only one in operation here. Smaller distilleries have already been established in the neighborhood of the city, and are springing up every day, in consequence of a demand which is every day increasing. There is nothing men will not do for money. The auri sacra fames overrides all considerations of duty and patriotism.

These facts give us pause.

The amount of public inquiry, of demoralization, of crime, which is caused by this immense production of whisky can not be computed. The seeds of ruin are thus sown broadcast

over the land, and the fatal crop will only too surely be gathered in crowded hospitals, in bloody street fights, in fatal military misfortunes, in the utter debasement of the finest body of soldiery the world has ever seen collected. Can nothing be done to remedy this frightful evil? Are we powerless? Shall the Confederate States of America be left at the mercy of a few unscrupulous whisky-dealers, whom we have more to fear than the ships of Burnside or the bayonets of McClellan?

I am no advocate of a Maine liquor law, and have never believed in legislating men into sobriety. I can even suppose that a ration of spirituous liquors may be rational, that it is necessary to the comfort and good health of troops in the field—though this is at least questionable. But the liquors should be pure and the quantity fixed by strict military regulation. If the vile compound to which I have referred, is to be carried into every camp, and the men allowed to drink what they can procure, it needs no gift of prophecy to declare that we shall be beaten, that our efforts for independent nationality will be unavailing.

What is the remedy? Not certainly in "general orders." Good generals like Braxton Bragg and Joseph E. Johnston, recognizing the appalling mischief wrought by the bad liquor in camp, have issued strict disciplinary orders on the subject, but these have no effect whatever upon the distilleries. The sale is undiminished. The distillers laugh [sic] at the moral deductions of the commanding officers, and deride the official signature of the "A. A. G." Clearly there is but one way—the fountain of bitter waters must be sealed or purified at its source. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the distilleries must be cleaned out.

We establish a censorship of the press, we legislate concerning the adulterations of food, we protect ourselves against the impurity of drugs and medicines, we have laws prohibiting the wearing of concealed weapons—shall we not defend our defenders from the poison of the distilleries?

I leave the matter with you, Messrs. Editors, and with your readers, having sermonized somewhat prosely, perhaps, and beg that you will agitate the question of an excise, as a matter absolutely of life and death to the Southern Confederacy. . . .

A sad accident occurred this morning in the laboratory of the Confederate States armory in this city, in the fixed ammunition room. A shell in some manner ignited and exploded, severely wounding six of the workmen, and setting fire to the building. The flames were soon extinguished by the fire brigade without material damage to the armory, but two of the sufferers were so badly injured, I am sorry to learn, that their recovery is despaired of.

General Longstreet arrived in town yesterday from Centerville. His mission is a distressing one—to bury two sweet little children, who died on Friday and Saturday, within twenty-four hours of each other. The general has the lively sympathy of this whole community in his deep affliction. . .

Dixie.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Wholesale!

60 doz. Fine Black and Drab Hats,
2[illegible] M. G. D. Percussion Caps,
50 cases Youths' and Children's Shoes,
10 cases men's superior Kip Shoes,

350 pairs superior Gray Army Pantaloons—all Wool filling;
2000 yds Army Jeans—all Wool filling;
1000 yds. superior homemade Flannel,
1200 yds Cotton Drillings,
5 pieces Ticking,
150 dozen Ink.
Heavy Kip Boots—Women's Kip Shoes,
Black Merino, Canton Flannels,
Gray Shirting Flannels
Weaver's Sleys and Shuttles, Wool Cards,
Bleached and Brown Sheetings and Shirtings,
Zephyr Worsteds, Flax Threads,
Black Sewing Silks.

To arrive 100 bags Cotton Yarns, 10,000 yards English Calicoes and Jaconets, 500 kegs Nails. For sale by

John L. Taylor & Co.,
Corner Adams and Second streets.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 2, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Fruit.—G. R. Angelovich, opposite the Appeal office, has for sale fifty boxes apples, twenty boxes lemons, and eighty boxes oranges. A good opportunity to buy fine fruit in good condition.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 2, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Home for the Homeless.—At ten o'clock this morning, at the First Presbyterian Church, will be held the first annual meeting of the association of ladies by whose pious and devoted efforts this important institution has been commenced. Like all our new institutions the Home has to struggle with difficulties, with opposition, and with lukewarmness; to help in the struggle to conquer the difficulties, to carry out triumphantly a magnificent design of holy charity, the old and new members, and ladies of the city, are invited and urged to be present at the meeting, to enrol [sic] their names among those who are setting on foot a plan to help the poor, to console the sorrowing, to teach the ignorant, to protect the orphan, to console the widow, to relieve the sick, and to bring comfort to the dying; and also to take the families of deceased volunteers when they are left friendless, and to be to them husband and father. Will not the ladies crowd the house, pay the trifling initiation fee and enrol [sic] themselves among those who are carrying on this good work? To those who have a superfluity of this world's goods, who dwell at ease, and who have it in their power to help on this enterprise of kindness, the appeal is especially made. A large meeting is desired, and a large acquisition to the subscription list is earnestly sought for. Ladies, let not the call be made in vain.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 2, 1862, p. 3, c. 8

Chesterfield Tactics.

The following, from a late Yankee paper, will be appreciated by the lovers of fun:

Lord Chesterfield was greatly regarded as the paragon of politeness; and as some people think that orders given by military officers, from a colonel down to a corporal, as a general thing, are entirely too harsh, a correspondent, who has paid much attention to military etiquette, sends us the following, which plainly shows that even in warlike times these little amenities incident to first class gentlemen are not to be forgotten. Our correspondent, who is a member of the Home Guard, says:

From the fact that the usual mode of giving command by military officers falls so harsh upon the ears of sensitive privates, the following style has been attached to a regiment of "Reserved Grays," and is appropriately termed the Chesterfield manual:

By Commanding Officer.

1. Gentlemen, you will please give me your attention.
2. You will be kind enough to cast your head and eyes to the right, and endeavor to observe the "immaculate bosom" of the third gentleman from you.
3. Oblige me now by casting your visual organs to the front.
4. Allow me to suggest the propriety of coming to an order arms.
5. Gentlemen, will you condescend to order arms.
6. You will confer a special favor by coming to a support.
7. If it meets with your approbation, I beg leave to propose that you carry arms.
8. Now, gentlemen, you will please present arms.
9. I shall consider myself under everlasting obligations if you will once more oblige me by carrying arms.
10. Having a just and high appreciation of your intrinsic worth, as well as your exalted position in society, I humbly trust that I am not infringing upon your good nature when I request you to trail arms.
11. Gentlemen, for the last time, permit me to remark, that it is my earnest desire that you should come to a shoulder arms.
12. If it is not too laborious, I should be delighted to see you change your position by coming to a right face.
13. To conclude your arduous exercises, I will still further trespass upon your well-known affability by desiring you to come to arms port.
14. Gentlemen! soldiers! blood-stained heroes! if congenial to your feelings you may consider yourselves dismissed. I beg to remark, however, that should it suit your convenience, you will be kind enough to hold yourselves subject to be again called into line, which you will be made aware of by the repeated and vigorous tapping of the "spirit-stirring drum," recollecting at the same time, that the first vibrations of that sweet instrument that strikes the tympanum of your ears, is merely precautionary. Allow me to exclaim, in stentorian voice: Sever the ranks! march!

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

"Pony," one of Thayer's minstrels, said his lady love died from the following complaint: "She kotched cold in her chest, and it settled down into her trunk, went through her valise and burst open her carpet-bag."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Rio Coffee, Etc.

500 lbs. Rio Coffee, superior;
160 half bbls. N. C. Family Roe Herrings,
25 bbls., N. C. Shad,
300 lbs. Sole Leather,
800 lbs. Live Geese Feathers,
30 half boxes Fine Virginia Tobacco,
10 bales Heavy Plantation Osnaburgs,
5 bales Light " "
Spinning Wheels, Cards, Wool Yarn, Cotton Yarn, Knitting Yarn, Carpet Warp, Turkey Red
Cotton, Winding Blades (Clock Reels to arrive) Batting, Calico for Comforts, Weavers' Sleys,
Shuttles, etc.

We continue to buy Socks, Jeans, Linseys, Wool, etc.

Taylor & McEwen,
184 Main street.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Editors Appeal.—I have on hand one dozen round jackets made of good jeans and well lined, that will fit boys from ten to fourteen years of age, which I will give to those who have fathers in the army, if they will call at my clothing depot well indorsed.

J. C. McAllister, Ayre's Block.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Raisins!
Through the Blockade.

2000 boxes Malaga Raisins—whole, half and quarter boxes. For sale by

Burnett, Hendrix & Walker
165 Main street.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 5, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Richmond, January 29, 1862.

. . . There has been a good deal of talk in and out of the Richmond papers of late with regard to the social aspects of our city, and the disputants are as far as possible apart. According to one set of critics, Richmond is excessively stupid. There is a lack of hospitality among her citizens. We have no amusements. Because there is war, that affords no sufficient reason why young ladies and gentlemen should be bored to death. Care killed a cat. Ennui is a distressing malady. The other class of censors contend, and I confess I think with much force, that the present is no time for the gaieties and dissipations of a metropolitan winter. In a struggle for life and death, when our brave fellows are keeping up a heroic fight with the frost and the foe in the field, or falling before the fever in the hospitals, it becomes our daughters, far more our sons, who are not in the camp, only in the departments as clerks, etc., to check the levity of youth—to leave camellias and diamonds and patent leathers and hot suppers and the German, and all the display and

pleasant tom-foolery of the ball room, unused till the return of peace. Moreover, with the heads of families, lavish expenditure, just now in mere luxurious entertainments would be not only wicked, but, what is far worse, in the estimation of the world, vulgar. And if Richmond during the eventful winter of 1861-2 is less lively than other cities, which are seats of government, the people of the Confederate States at large will credit the fact to the good sense and patriotism of its citizens, rather than adduce it as a proof of their want of hospitality. . . .

Dixie.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 5, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Letter from Virginia.

Leesburg, January 25, 1862.

. . . Of local news there is not much worthy of transmission or comment. Gen. Hill and Griffith are apparently untiring in their offices, perpetually in the saddle, and ready for anything. "Local defense" is now a favorite subject with all, and companies are forming as volunteers to serve the cause in this manner. Among other organizations of this character I would particularly mention the cavalry company of Captain "Lige" White, which already numbers some sixty gallant spirits; enlisted under their adventurous leader. . . .

T. E. C.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 3-4

Richmond, February 1, 1862.

. . . The Examiner complains that the gambling houses, which underwent a temporary suspension under the visitation of the police, have commenced "their little games" again with dogwood chips and less elegant apparatus, and are nightly offering their fascinations to the mob of officers in the city. The most stylish and expensive of these establishments has inaugurated a new system by which to avoid a descent upon them by the officers of the law in future. The regular patrons of the bank are furnished with latch keys, by means of which they can let themselves in at the outer door and successively pass through half a dozen barriers to the inner hall of the temple, and to provide against the use of the passe-partout by any unauthorized person, such as a policeman for example, servants are placed in the passages where they can always command a view of the staircases and thus bolt the inside doors in case of necessity. This dodge is considered as making the business perfectly secure.

I am sorry to say there is but little improvement in the morals of Richmond since the destruction of the theater. The rowdies now infest two smaller places of public amusement, where a fight occurs almost every evening. The old "plug ugly" element of Baltimore ruffianism enter largely into the lawlessness prevailing here, which never fails to manifest itself at these resorts where "My Maryland" is sung.

By the way, the author of this song, which is to be the Lillibullero of Lincoln's overthrow in Baltimore, complains with abundant reason of the bad treatment he has received at the hands of the press in the way of typographical errors, both in this and other productions of his muse. The second line of "My Maryland," as generally sung and printed, reads

"His touch is at thy temple door,"

whereas the author, referring to the tyrant that has bound Maryland in chains, designed to say

"His torch is at thy temple door,"

which is a very different proposition. But the printers made sadder work still with the lyric—"There's Life in the Old Land Yet." The second stanza of this should begin as follows:

"Minions! we sleep but we are not dead
We are crushed, we are scourged, we are scarred,"

but to the horror of the author it has frequently been printed—

"Minions! we sleep but we are not dead,
We are crushed, we are scourged, we are scared,"

and "scared" is just the very thing that Marylanders are not. . .

"Blind Tom," the negro musical prodigy, is giving concerts here to crowded houses. The ladies and gentlemen amateurs advertise another concert for next week.

The weather is wretched again, rain and mud, mud and rain, and utter darkness in the streets, not a gas light throughout the entire city, except before the departments and in the markets. No war news.

Dixie.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

For Mattresses, Army Cots,
Comforts and
Waterproof Goods!

Go to C. Woolmer & Co., Jefferson street, near the Post Office.

Attention, Soldiers!
C. Woolmer & Co's. Camp Cot

Can be folded, making a chair and table, and when the legs are folded, occupies a space only seven inches in hight [sic]—Headboard and Pillow making a Portfolio and Valise. Manufactured and sold by

C. Woolmer & Co.
Jefferson street,
Memphis, Tenn.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Outrages in Virginia.

From the correspondence of the Richmond Enquirer we take the following recital of the outrages perpetrated by the Federal troops on the upper Potomac:

Hampshire County, January 24, 1862.

In passing over the road from Romney to this place to-day, I was shocked to see the signs of the inhuman outrages perpetrated by the enemy under Col. Dunning, of Ohio, just before their evacuation of Romney. The appearance of the country betokens an inroad of savages rather than of men claiming to be civilized. Everywhere is to be seen the most wanton destruction. The greater part of the houses between Romney and Hanging Rock are in ruins. The little village of Frenchburg, six miles from Romney, has been entirely consumed. Nothing is to be seen in the

place of the once picturesque and pleasant village but a smouldering [sic] mass. Not a single house of any description has escaped the incendiary, and all along the road one sees house after house, barn after barn in ashes. At every turn dead hogs, cattle and horses, which have been wantonly shot, are to be found. When I came to the farm of Col. Blue, a sad scene of desolation presented itself. His dwelling, barn, stables, everything is in ruins, and on every side might be seen piles of dead hogs, cattle, and even dogs, upon which these gallant warriors had wreaked their vengeance. I saw twelve hogs in one pile. They seemed to have aimed to destroy every living thing. But one thing was yet lacking to fill up the measure of the infamy of Col. Dunning and his brave comrades, and this they added.

Near Col. Blue's lived a helpless poor old man, a shoemaker, whose humble dwelling these self-styled apostles of civilization and justice rudely entered, and then shot him dead. After this they dragged his body a few feet from the door, and set fire to the premises, leaving his corpse to be roasted and partially consumed by the flames. His crime was that he had sold shoes to the southern troops!

These are but few of the outrages which marked the occupation of Romney by the northern troops. Long and fearful would be the catalogue which would chronicle them all. In every direction the people have been robbed; their grain, horses and slaves taken, and this from Unionists as well as from Secessionists. The villainies perpetrated in this county within the last few months by wretches laying claim to humanity, nay, even civilization, are almost incredible.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

The Levee at the White House.

Washington Correspondence New York Evening Post.]

The presidential levee far outshone that of the old. Even the semi-secessionist croakers who go to the White House to ridicule and tell every lady they meet how much finer things used to be, can but confess that the red, blue, green, and east rooms were most resplendent that night, without the reflected lights of their vanished southern belles. Southern women are very sumptuous. They fascinate with their vivand grace, their exuberant sweetness, their sensuous, prodigal beauty. They lack the exquisite delicacy of perception and feeling, the broader intellectual culture of the woman of the North; but they cultivate their manners with as much assiduity as the former do their heads and hearts, exalting their social magnetism to the dignity of consummate art. It is very natural, then, that people who have been accustomed to bask in the splendor of Mrs. Douglas's smiles, and to believe that Mrs. Crittenden, Mrs. Jeff. Davis, and a few others, alone made the bon ton of Washington society, should deplore their departed idols. But we get along very well without them. The tides of beautiful women sweeping under the chandeliers left nobody room to regret the absent.

With a single exception, Mrs. Lincoln's costume was in exquisite taste. She wore a dress (decollet) of azure silk, shot with white, mottled with gorgeous velvet leaves of a deeper blue. A shawl of point lace hung over her arm, and a point lace berthe of marvellous [sic] fibrous texture, encircled her neck. Her ornaments were pearl bracelets and necklace; her head dress of blue and white plumes.

Mr. Lincoln looked a little care-worn, thoughtful; if not anxious. But in such an assembly, how easy it is to see that he is not a selfish man. Every motion, every look, indicates the genial kindness of his heart. The Hutchinson family were present. Taking both of "John's,"

hands the President told him with what pleasure he remembered his singing in Springfield, and asked if he would sing for him the dramatic song of the "Ship on Fire."

In a moment more, the great drawing-rooms were vocal with the rich melody of the Hutchinson voices. "Only think," said little Viola Hutchinson to me, with childish naivete, "after I was through, N. P. Willis kissed my hand, and thanked me for the song. No one ever kissed my hand before. And you know he is such a lion." "Yes, a born lion," I replied, as I watched him promenade with Mrs. Lincoln, beaming down on what he calls her "motherly face." At least, he is inevitable. At concert, reception, lectures, the first object stamped on the retinae is the Brummelish figure and Byronic forelock of N. P. He does not at all resemble the man who, from the death-bed of a "consumptive" composed as many farewells to the world as John Shivery did epitaphs to his own memory, when expecting to die daily for the love of little Dorrit.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Deprivations.—The war has deprived us of coffee and fashionable bonnets and has sadly limited our allowance of bacon, and for the last two weeks the clerk of the weather has entirely cut off our supply of sunshine. Is he not a fit subject for a congressional committee of inquiry?

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Soldiers' Library.—We learn that the Rev. Ed. McClure has received a considerable number of books at his residence on Monroe street, next door to Grace church, for the Soldiers' Library at Columbus. Any books left in our counting room for this purpose, will be forwarded. The gallant fellows want reading for their leisure hours. Let every citizen send a book.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

The Southern Mothers have received, through the hands of Mr. Muir, \$70.30, proceeds of a concert and tableaux in Macon, Fayette county, Tennessee, and from Mr. Jas. H. Steen, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, \$159, proceeds of a concert given by the "Pine Bluff Amateur Minstrel Band." One dozen flannel shirts sent to them by the Military Aid Society, Mrs. E. H. Pope, secretary, were distributed to the patients of the Overton.

Mary E. Pope, Sec. S. S. M.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Wanted.

1000 Bushels Red Stock Peas.

J. M. Patrick & Co.
18 Front Row.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Summary: Formation of an Irish Brigade CSA proposed at Columbus, KY, January 30, 1862—preamble, resolutions, address to the Irishmen enlisted in the Western Department.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Elopements of a Dozen Nantucket Wives.

On Saturday evening last our unusually quiet community got somewhat excited to hear that at least a dozen of our good citizens, who for years had enjoyed the bliss of matrimony, found themselves deserted by those who had promised to sustain them in sickness and health and be to them affectionate and obedient wives. Many a forlorn husband sat choking and silent at the supper table. Some had to swallow their grief and undress the little ones who were sobbing at the absence of their maternal guardian. Lots of backs unused to bending had to be bowed over the wash-tub and bathing-tubs to prepare young America for a Saturday night bed. Some fumed, some grumbled, and some sat and silently dangled their watch keys and chain, and some went stalking by moonlight to find, if possible, their absconded half, and lead her home by the ear to duty and dish-washing. But it was all no go. Saturday night rolled away, and Sunday and Monday, and houses were still wifeless, and husbands still moody and astonished.

After a while it leaked out that the ladies were on a "toot" by themselves, and making good a threat they had often pronounced to their better halves, to prove to them that women could keep a secret, and had skill enough to hide and have a good time where their wonderful wiseacres of husbands could not find them. They succeeded. Although every nook and corner of the town was searched wherever a dozen pretty young wives could hide themselves, yet it availed nothing. They hid themselves, and fed themselves, and enjoyed themselves, while their anxious husbands were passing and repassing often within a few feet of them, and none the wiser in regard to their vicinity.

These gay and good humored ladies are to have a turkey supper as a penalty from their obtuse husbands who went poking round with hand lanterns and poorly trained terriers to look out or smell out the hiding place of one lot of women who could keep a secret. They have got them now safely at home, and have promised the dear creatures, if they would not serve them so again, they will no more "go to the lodge," when it is not lodge night, nor go down town "to meet a man," whose name they cannot tell, nor have "writing to do," when they should be with their wives and little ones.—Nantucket Inquirer.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Fire-Proof Dresses.—"A Sufferer" writes to know if there is no simple and inexpensive means of rendering dresses fire-proof. It should be more generally known that all light textile fabrics may be made fire-proof by steeping them, or the substance used in making them, in a diluted solution of chloride of zinc. The finest muslin, when so prepared, will not blaze when submitted to the fire.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Ordered to Leave.—At the Mayor's court, Richmond, Va., on Tuesday week, Harriet Holland, a quadroon from Memphis, Tennessee, charged with living in that city contrary to law, was ordered to leave instant.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Cutting Up.—Officer Sullivan yesterday arrested two girls who were being driven up Main street in a hack, while in a state of intoxication; they were "cutting up" and one of them threw the bonnet of the other into the mud.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Mud! Mud!—Everywhere mud is predominant. Efforts are made, in a despairing way, to keep the crossings of the main streets in a passable condition, but they much resembled the attempts of the angry old lady who strove to keep the waters from the tide entering the house by strenuous exertions with a broom. The ladies are prisoners as close as the houris in a Turkish harem, like the caged parrot, they "can't get out;" and the men have the streets to themselves, which is no improvement to the appearance of "all out doors" in Memphis. Hurry on those street railroads. Ladies, why don't you rebel, and—declare that not a lord of creation shall have another smile or ladies' favor until they are making a "long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether," to have street railroads, so that, spite of the mud, you could have the liberty of the streets, shew [sic] your new bonnets, and do your shopping. How many stores, that for the last two weeks, have been bare of business as heaven is of visitors from Chicago, could have been making money if the railway cars came rolling up Main street every half hour pouring down customers at their doors. The aldermen are busy discussing a plan to build a hall for themselves, which they can do very well without; let some attention be bestowed, and without delay, on what the citizens require as a necessary thing for their business, and the ladies an absolute requirement for their comfort. The street railway will cost the city nothing, on the contrary, it will pay largely toward the city taxation. The money is ready, the material is ready, only let the City Council say the word and we shall have street railways in a trice, and then a fig for the mud.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Coffee.

A lady encloses us a recipe for making coffee from red wheat—red being much better than white—using one fifth part of Rio coffee. She asks who discovered the particular virtues of coffee, and wonders that we have waited until the blockade to realize a palatable substitute. It is said the virtues of coffee were discovered by the prior of a monastery, who noticed that his cattle which browsed on the coffee-shrub would wake and caper all night. He was thus induced to administer a decoction of the berry to his monks, to prevent their sleeping at matins. Others ascribe its origin to the Persians, as far back as the 15th century, when it was used by the dervishes to inspire joy and induce wakefulness during their night-long devotions. It subsequently was introduced into Mecca, where it cheered and encouraged the followers of Mahomet in their long pilgrimages, and was used by all travelers and students. It was first used in England in 1652. Probably the reason its use has become so general, is that none of the substitutes proposed possess its cheering and invigorating qualities. We shall try the recipe you enclose.—Field and Forest.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

To Candle Makers!

For Sale, cheap for cash, the best Machine for dipping Candles in the world, with the rods, reservoirs and appurtenances. Also, one sixty gallon Kettle and one one hundred gallon Kettle.

They can be seen at our Factory on Monroe street near the Bayou.

Bateman & Co.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 8, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Where is Gas Light?—Last night was cloudy and dark, yet not a lamp in the city was lighted. The new contract by which the lamps are lighted and extinguished by the gas company, and not by the city as heretofore, has just gone into operation. Is this "beginning of troubles" a sign of yet more troubles to come? The matter was discussed in Council last night, and some action taken upon it.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 8, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Soldiers' Families.—A petition, of which the following is a copy, is about to be presented to Judge Pettit. It is on a subject with which the community at large feel great sympathy: "Hon. J. W. A. Pettit: The undersigned commissioners, appointed by the County Court to disburse a recent appropriation of said court to the wives, etc., of our soldiers, would respectfully represent to your Honor the importance of a renewal of said appropriations, the first one having been exhausted. The undersigned are fully advised, from experience, of the necessity of such an action of the County Court, and would urgently request your honor to convene said court, and recommend a renewal of their first and very liberal appropriation. Lewis Amis, jr., Samuel Tighe, S. T. Morgan, H. Vollintine, A. P. Merrill, C. M. Farmer, J. O. Greenlaw, Jno. Robinson."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 8, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

A Lady's Studio.—We had the pleasure yesterday of visiting an artist's studio, and that artist a Southerner and a lady—Miss Annie Perdue, at No. 326 Main street, between Union and Gayoso. She has just finished a portrait of Gen. Price, which has been inspected by several officers and civilians of Missouri, who are acquainted with the general. They give it high praise for fidelity, and pronounce it a good likeness. As a picture it is most creditable to the skill and genius of the youthful artist. There is a freedom of touch, a naturalness of expression, and a charm in the coloring that gives us a high idea of the young lady's intuitive perception of the esthetic principles of her divine art. We have had much said of late, and not too much, of the importance of cultivating southern literature and southern art. Here is a young lady, destined, if encouraged, with a liberal patronage, to take an important place in the future list of southern painters. Those who have a taste for her glorious profession should pay her studio a visit, and all who desire faithful and well executed portraits will find her well capable of doing all they could desire.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 9, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

The Wheat Regions of Texas.

From the Galveston News.]

A gentleman who has just been traveling over most of the wheat counties of Texas, informs us that the people in all that section are more independent and prosperous than they have ever before been. The fine wheat crop of the past year has placed everybody in easy circumstances. The market for it has been greatly enlarged, the blockade having excluded competition by the usual large importation of flour from the Northwest, so that for the first time in our history, Texas has had no other flour than that produced by her own soil, while the extensive demand for it to supply the whole coast and the thousands of troops now waiting the

approach of the enemy, has carried the price up to a higher figure than has ever been known before. It is true, a large share of this enhanced price is caused by the heavy rates of transportation, but even the price paid at the mills is, we understand, nearly double what it has usually been in previous years. . .

The farmers generally completed sowing their fall wheat about the first of December, and the quantity of ground sown is larger than it has ever been before. The labor saving agricultural implements now in common use enable the farmers to cultivate more acres to the hand than we had imagined. The gang-plow, patented by Mr. Wilson, of Dallas, is now being extensively used. A gang of four plows, worked by four or five yoke of oxen and a single man, breaks up four acres a day, plowing the ground deeper and better than the common plow, which will do only about one-fourth of the work. To show the quantity of land cultivated to the hand, our informant states that he met an old acquaintance there, who is engaged in wheat raising, and has only one negro man to help him. With this small force he cultivated, last year, 247 acres in wheat and eight acres in corn. But he has to get additional help in harvesting. From this it is easy to see what enormous profits are made by the Texas wheat growers, with an average yield of fifteen bushels to the acre, at the least calculation, and twenty bushels being a more common yield.

Our friend had never visited that section of our State before, and he says he was astonished to find a country so beautiful, so productive, so well settled with a wealthy population, and so well supplied with all the comforts and necessities of life.

The people there manufacture nearly all their own clothing in their families. Spinning wheels and hand looms are found in every house. The soldiers that have gone to repel the invaders of our country, are all clothed in their own domestic manufacture—whether of wool or cotton. The hand loom and spinning wheel will, however, soon be superceded [sic] by cotton and woollen factories, a number of which were chartered by the last Legislature, and some are already in operation on a small scale. It is manifest, therefore, that the people of the wheat country have very little cause to complain of the blockade, as [it] is scarcely known to them except by its benefits.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 11, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

A "Broomstick Battalion."—We learn from a lady friend that a project is on foot among the gentler sex of Memphis, to organize a "broomstick battalion" for the especial protection of such young gentlemen as are indisposed to enlist in the military service for the protection of their country. Nice young men that attend "small tea parties," wear kid gloves, and have their hair dressed five or six times a week by the barber, will receive their particular attention.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 11, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Meeting Yesterday.—At a meeting of the citizens of Memphis and suburbs, at the city hall on the 10th inst., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

["] Resolved, by the meeting, That the Mayor of the city be requested to issue a proclamation desiring that all business houses, banks, offices, etc., of the city be closed at 2 o'clock P.M. of each day, that the people may have opportunity to drill, that all patriotic citizens are expected to obey it, and that the meeting adjourn till 9 o'clock this morning to meet at the City Hall to organize and drill. ["]

All the patriotic citizens of Memphis, Chelsea, and Fort Pickering are respectfully requested to meet at the City Hall this morning at 9 o'clock, each bringing his gun and other weapons, where a military procession will be formed for drill. By order of

A. Wright, Chairman of meeting.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Southern Arms.—The Fayetteville (N. C.) Armory is turning out some highly finished firearms at this time. The Observer notices a splendid rifle lately manufactured at these works. It is much the same in general appearance as the United States rifle, for some years past made at Harper's Ferry, and at Springfield, Mass.; but for certain improvements in the matter of sword-bayonet, Maynard primer, and perfections of finish in all parts, it must be pronounced very far superior. The back sights are set for 300 and 500 yards.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Letter from the Confederate Capital.
[Special Correspondent of the Memphis Appeal.]

Richmond, February 5, 1862.

The ruffianism of the city is frightfully on the increase. Not a day passes without some shocking outrage on law and public decency, and the nights are filled with all manner of tumult, violence and crime. Men are knocked down and beaten in the open streets. Men are stabbed and hacked to pieces. Pistols are drawn at almost every corner with an alarming frequency. The headquarters of the rowdy class is a low place of amusement, known as Metropolitan Hotel, formerly the House of God, when the congregation of the First Presbyterian worshipped within its walls, now the chosen court of the devil. The entertainments are of a varied sort, often winding up with a general fusillade in the gallery, where the most conspicuous seats are set apart for the "great social evil," with flaming dresses and painted cheeks. Only night before last, pistols were fired from all parts of the house upon the occasion of "a muss," and last night the symptoms of an unmanageable outbreak were so unmistakable that the proprietors had the good sense to close the establishment. The worst feature of this lawlessness is the tendency it has shown towards a regular organization. The ruffians are enrolling themselves into distinct parties, clubs or clans, with party cries and catchwords and wearing their own peculiar badges by which they are known to each other, and by means of this machinery they hope to defy the police. Only one thing remains to be done, if the municipal authorities of Richmond are impotent to restore order to their town, and that is that Congress shall remove the seat of the Confederate government to Nashville or some other city where the Mayor and police can and will maintain the laws. It is scandalous that the Capital of the Confederate States should be the scene of one continued broil between outlaws as vile as the lazzaroni of Naples. . . .

Dixie.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Cotton Spinning.—R. L. Patterson, Esq., proprietor of the Wachovia steam mills, in Salem, N. C., has put his machinery in order, and is now spinning cotton thread. This article is scarce in the South.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 13, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Shooting at a Woman.—The name of "Big Mary" is notorious from the frequency with which the owner of it appears at the Recorder's and Magistrate's courts. On Monday, a man with

whom she cohabits entered her house, on Gayoso street, and found a man occupying the place in a manner he considered an infringement upon his own rights. He commenced an attack in a manner that lead the intruder to pick up his boots, and other personal property, and run off in his drawers. The man sent a "leaden messenger" from his pistol after him, which failed to reach the aim. He then turned on the unfaithful Big Mary, and fired at her three times. The last ball struck her on the right side of the head, grazing the skull, and causing the loss of considerable blood. The injury, however, is not serious. The man, who probably believed he had killed her, fled, and has not yet been arrested.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Another Suggestion.

Columbus, Ky., February 11, 1862.

Editors Appeal: There is [a] great deal of services rendered in the army by white men that could be as well or better done by negroes, and without any impropriety. For instance, there are employed as drivers of wagons and ambulances for each regiment, say twenty-five able-bodied men, who would make an aggregate—supposing we have three hundred regiments—of seven thousand five hundred. Then there are cooks and nurses in hospitals and details to attend the sick, making probably an average to each regiment of twenty more, which would make six thousand more. Thus you see we have thirteen thousand five hundred men fit for duty, who are doing service that could be better done by negroes, for all know the negro and mule go well together, and they are better cooks and nurses than white men. Now there are ample negroes in the South, owned by patriotic men, who can spare them from their farms without any detriment to their interest, to take the places of all those soldiers who are driving wagons and cooking in hospitals, and doing other menial service that would be quite as well done by the negro as white man. Suppose that these thirteen thousand five hundred men had been in the service, and with Zollicoffer, we would never have suffered a defeat at Mill Spring. These men would make a good division—one that would render invaluable service in a contest with the enemy. I write to call the attention of citizens who have and can spare the slaves, and the authorities who have the power to control the services of the slaves, to the subject.

Hickman.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Important.—The Montgomery Mail submits the following suggestion:

One great obstacle in the way of paper manufacture, in the South, is the difficulty of obtaining clean cotton or linen rags. The saving, collecting and baling of rags has been considered a business too small for most persons to engage in. We respectfully suggest to such persons that they give their rags to their slaves, and allow them to wash, bale and send them to market for their own account. Sambo and Dinah will thus make a handsome little revenue annually, and at the same time subserve a great public interest. There are many thousand dollars worth of rags annually wasted, swept out or otherwise destroyed which ought to be made to aid the cause of southern independence in the manner indicated.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

500 dozen Coats' Spool Cotton;

100 gross Shoe Laces;
500 dozen Ladies' Hose;
200 packs Pins, all numbers;
100 dozen Hair Brushes;
50 dozen Ivory Combs;
30 dozen Rubber Round Combs;
Needles, Hooks and Eyes, Flax Thread,
Lead Pencils and Agate Buttons,
Coat, Pant and Vest Buttons,
Linen Handkerchiefs and Dress Braid,
Linen Shirt Bosoms,
Shirts, Drawers and Suspenders,
Dressing and Tuck Combs,
Two hundred pieces Bleached Domestics,
Brown and Bleached Drillings,
Corset Jeans and Cottonades,
Children's Cotton and Wool Hosiery,
Ginghams, Calicoes, DeLaines,
Swiss, Jaconet and Nansook Muslins,
Window Shades and Curtain Muslins,
Ribbons, Velvet Ribbon and Belts,
Crash, Brilliants and Paper Muslin,
Table Cloths and Napkins,
Sheet Wadding brown and white;
Cotton and Linen Damask,
Wool Cards and Cane Hoops.

Wm. A. Coit,
Second street, corner of Beal st.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 14, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Letter from Virginia.

Leesburg, February 4, 1862.

Editors Appeal: Long rows of comfortable mud huts upon the hillside, parallel with, and at convenient distance to the river—plentiful supplies of army stores, and kind, considerate officers, abundance of acceptable "trifles" from home of eatables, clothing, and reading matter—those are the qualities of our winter quarters in Virginia. Yet, while without, upon the broad expansive landscape, winter has thrown her mantle of icy, hoary desolation—and, while the winds are howling through the mountains, and snows interminably fall, I close the door upon all without, and piling logs upon the ashes, comfortably smoke by the hour, and as the fire crackles fast into a cheerful blaze, and midnight silence deepens, my thoughts will unconsciously revert to men and times when war was not. . . .

[discussion of pre-war, now wartime, leaders of Confederate Missouri, including physical appearance and dress]

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 14, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Valentine Day.—This is Valentine day. We believe our fair readers are more in favor of the young masculines sending bullets to the enemy than "perfumed missives" to themselves.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 14, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Banks Closing.—The various banks of the city give notice through our columns this morning that in compliance with the Mayor's proclamation, they will close at two o'clock in the afternoon instead of at three as heretofore.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 14, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Captured Flag.—Capt. W. S. West, provost marshal of New Madrid, exhibited to us, in our office last evening, a United States flag taken by a picket party of four or five men a few days ago, who, under command of Dr. W. P. C. Hendington, made a bold dash into Charleston, Mo., tore the flag from its staff, and rode off before a Lincolnite could lift a hand against them. The gallant Missouri boys are hard to beat.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 14, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Serious Affray.—On Wednesday night a number of abandoned persons of both sexes had a ball at Fransioli's place in Fort Pickering. At two o'clock in the morning a quarrel arose and a fight followed, in which a considerable portion of those present participated. A number of pistol shots were fired and some four or five persons were wounded. We were unable to learn whether any of the wounds were likely to prove fatal. One man was shot through the cheeks, and another received a bullet in his leg.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 14, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Attention, Allifuquis.—The Allifuquis are notified to attend a meeting of their order, at the Excelsior, 338 Main street, on Saturday, February 15, at half-past seven o'clock. All friends of the southern cause are invited to attend. By order of President Phillip Mead.

John Walker, Skylahlphyne.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 14, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Proclamation.—In accordance with the following resolution, adopted at a meeting of the citizens of Memphis, I hereby request all business houses of this city of whatever character, to close their doors from and after this date, at two o'clock P.M.

John Park, Mayor.

Copy of resolution adopted unanimously by a meeting of citizens at the city hall, on the 10th day of February, 1862:

Resolved by this Meeting, That the Mayor of the city be requested to proclaim that all business houses, banks, etc., be closed at two o'clock of each day, and all patriotic citizens, are requested to obey the proclamation.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 15, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Bully Memphis.—The Athens (Tenn.) Post has the following: "A gentleman just from Memphis, assures us that common cotton cards are selling there at fifteen dollars a pair, coffee at ten cents a grain, and everything else in proportion. Memphis always was a bully place."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 15, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

The Fort Pickering Affray.—Cornelius Martin, C. Brophy, H. Morris and Melinda St. Clair were examined before Recorder Moore yesterday at Fort Pickering at 2 o'clock on Thursday morning. All were fined, and the two former are now in jail. We learn that the outrage did not occur at Fransioli's as had been reported to the police, but at a boarding house in his neighborhood, kept by Mr. Smith. A number of respectable ladies and gentlemen were having a ball there, when a company of worthless characters, male and female, entered the ball room. In the attempt to get rid of the intruders pistols were fired and four or five persons were wounded. A respectable lady who was present was shot above the ankle.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Cultivation of Fish.—A correspondent of the Greenville (S. C.) Herald thus describes a fish pond in Sumter district: During my last visit to Sumter, I was shown all over the plantation of my friend Freeman Hoyt, Esq., and here I met with a perfect model of a domestic fish-pond. My Hoyt told me that the little stream of water running through his place, was the main thing that sold him the land. The branch ran through a low place of such a form as to enable him, by a dam of some fifty yards long, to construct a pond of 700 feet in length, by 150 in width, with a depth varying from the shores to 12 or 15 deep in the centre [sic]. This gives him a pond of over 2¼ acres where he could raise nothing else. One year ago this spring, he deposited in this pond eight good-sized trout, and near three hundred thousand eggs, with a large amount of smaller fish for the trout to feed upon, and he now has the water literally swimming with the finny tribe. His trout are now one year old, and I caught one while there that was over seven inches long. My Hoyt will not catch his until next year, and then I think he will almost be able to supply the town of Sumter with fish. The water running from his dam passes through a sieve, so that his fish cannot escape from the pond. A little below the dam is built a small two-story house, the lower story for bathing, while in the upper one is kept all the apparatus necessary for cultivating, feeding and taking the fish. All this convenience has been gotten up with a trifling expense, and will be in the future a large source of pleasure and profit to Mr. Hoyt and his family, and a perfect blessing to his neighborhood.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

An Incident in Baltimore.—The more we hear of the outrages of the Yankees in Baltimore, the more assurance we have that the people of that down-trodden city would hail with joy the day of their deliverance. A gentleman who left there very recently furnishes a narration of incidents of every day occurrence, one of which is sufficient to illustrate this position. A lady, whose brother was known to have participated in a gallant exploit at an early period of the war, had become an object of especial venom among the Yankees, and was consequently narrowly watched. Not long since, while she was passing through the streets, a Federal soldier seized her and throwing her violently to the pavement, tore open the bosom of her dress and took from thence a Secession flag. The outrage was observed by an Irishman, who had prudence enough to say nothing at the moment, but followed and watched the scoundrel as he bore off his trophy; and on the first convenient opportunity stepped up and accosted him with, "Be jabbers! ye knocked down an innocent female in the strates, ye dirty blackguard! Take that, and that, and that!" accompanying his vehement expressions with blows of his ponderous fist, nor did he leave the hapless Yankee until he had disguised him to such an extent that his best friends would not

have recognized him. Of course, the Irishman made himself scarce immediately afterwards, acting upon the rule that self preservation is the first law of nature.—Rich. Dispatch.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Soldiers' Families—Our wealthy citizens are determined that the families of soldiers now in the war from our city, and of those who may go, shall be adequately provided with the necessities of life. We conversed yesterday morning with an influential gentleman of this city, who went out with a subscription book on Friday and obtained eleven thousand dollars for this object. Last evening the fund amounted to fifteen thousand dollars. It is intended to create a fund of fifty thousand dollars, which will be dispensed by a committee among the families of soldiers requiring assistance in their husbands' absence. The wealthy people of the city are called upon, individually, to contribute to this object. Many of them are so situated that they cannot themselves go into camp; they must help to support the families of those who shed their blood to save their country and the property of the rich man from the invader. Women and children must not wait while their husbands and fathers are sharing the dangers and fatigues of war. Let those who have the means contribute, and with no niggard hand, to this fund.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Soldiers' Widows and Orphans.—As the war progresses, and especially that portion of it in which our own Memphis people are engaged, there will be widows and orphans left without a protector. Such will be a sacred legacy left by their heroic sires for a grateful people, who treasure the memory of the brave, to support, to shelter from want, to educate, and to set them out in life under circumstances worthy of the honored names of the patriotic dead. We learn with pleasure that the ladies of the Home for the Homeless at their late meeting adopted a resolution that their institution would take charge of the widows and orphans of slain soldiers, provide them with a comfortable home, with education, and start the young persons in life in a way to become prosperous citizens. To do this the wealthy, for whom the patriotic soldier is fighting, must provide this valuable institution with the means of carrying out their benevolent intentions. We know of no better way than that proposed by the ladies of making provision for the destitute widows and orphans, left a legacy to a grateful country. Shall not steps be taken to provide the necessary funds?

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 6

Benefit to Refugees.—The Southern Burlesque Opera Troupe will give two benefits on Monday and Tuesday nights next at Odd Fellows Hall, for the rebel refugees who have had to leave their homes on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. There are many persons fleeing to this city from that portion of the State, and the contributions given will be handed to Mayor Park for distribution. These benefits should be patronized.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 7

The Way to Provide for the Families of Our Soldiers.

Editors Appeal: I notice that subscriptions are on foot to raise a fund of \$50,000 or \$60,000, to support the families of such men as will shoulder the musket and go into active

service when they feel certain that their families will not be left to want and privation. The object of this subscription is to afford a permanent, not a temporary support for those dependent upon husbands, fathers and brothers whom this war may have called to the field; and looking to the expenditure of the money voted by the county court, it is evident that the \$50,000 or \$60,000 sought to be raised, will last only about one year, if disbursed as the county fund has been disbursed. As our enlistment are all now for the war or for two years, the relief should continue for that period; and, in order to render it thus permanent, I propose to be one of a hundred gentlemen who will obligate themselves to pay each \$50, monthly, for the two years or for the war, for the use of the families of such volunteers as need assistance. The money to be employed in purchasing provisions by the wholesale and distributing them to the needy, through the instrumentality of a free market as has been done in New Orleans. Let the market be regulated by a directory who shall inquire into the necessities of each applicant, and let the directory issue weekly tickets for the provisions necessary for their support. Food is the important item, for work is so abundant here, that any family, if in health, can get clothing by work. The county court might also make a subscription for the same purpose; and in this way a fund of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per month might be raised, and our gallant soldiers feel at ease about the welfare of those whom they have left behind them.

H.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 7

Home for the Homeless—Washing.—The managers of this institution having established a laundry at the Home, are now well prepared to take washing, and would respectfully solicit the patronage of the public. Price, 75 cents per dozen.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 16, 1862, p. 3, c. 7

Garrett's best Scotch Snuff, 50 dozen received by Potter & Merwin, 65 Jefferson street, near the post office.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Letter from the Confederate Capital.

Richmond, February 11, 1862.

. . . Great solicitude is felt here for the army in Kentucky, and the safety of your city; and yet, in spite of our own darkened horizon and the dangers which menace our sister States, hundreds go every night to hear Blind Tom.

Dixie.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Chambermaids Wanted!

Ten dollars per month for good, quiet chambermaids, will be given to those who apply immediately at the Gayoso House.

D. Cockerell,
Proprietor.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

A Spinning Factory
For Sale Cheap!

Four hundred and eighty spindles, with cards and other machinery annexed, is offered for sale at a reasonable price, either for cash, or on time for good indorsed notes. For further information call on John Brooks, of Lexington, Tenn., or John D. Smith, at Henderson, Tenn., on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, about 18 miles Southeast from Jackson, Tennessee.

Brooks & Smith.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 18, 1862, p. 4, c. 1

The Knoxville Register says that Capt. Storms, who had been commissioned by Gov. Harris to collect arms in Blount county, has delivered three wagon loads of guns at the armory in Knoxville, and have several loads yet to transmit. In addition to this he has armed a company, raised in Blount, for the Confederate service. Besides the firearms captured by Capt. Stephens, he also has a two horse wagon load of the most dangerous looking bowie-knives we have lately seen. These arms have been principally taken from disaffected men in Blount county, many of whom, we learn, are now making their way to the mountains to join the Lincoln army.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Express Agent Fined.—H. Borden, agent of the Southern Express, was fined six dollars yesterday for carrying on his business without taking out a license. He appealed from the decision of the Recorder, contending that the business in which he is engaged is not one of those requiring a license. It strikes us if the express business has not hitherto been subjected to the operation of the license ordinance, one fine appealed from and decided by competent authority is as effective as the harassing process of inflicting a fine a day. The 550th section of the Code of Tennessee says that the occupations and transactions to be deemed privileges and taxed, and not pursued without a license, are selling at auction, selling on commission, the business of a broker or broker of real estate, granting policies of insurance for companies not chartered by the State, the business of banking, importing or selling playing cards, shaving notes, keeping a race track, theatrical and musical exhibitions, menageries, circuses, legerdemain, keeping a confectionary, or a stallion or jack, and retailing liquors. We do not know under which of the above eighteen heads the business of carrying goods by express is ranked. The city charter gives powers to the Board of Aldermen to license negro traders, livery stables, auctions, grocers, dry goods stores, forwarding, commission, and all other mercantile houses, coffee houses, tippling houses, confectioneries, brokers, insurance offices, hotel keepers, pedlars [sic], bankers, shows, circuses, theaters, and all other places of public amusement, and to tax the same. Also to license drays, carts, hackney coaches, etc., porters and their charges, coachmen, hackmen, etc.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Good News!

Just Received—

106 Yards all wool English Gray Cloth.
125 Yards North Carolina Gray Cassimere.
200 Yards Alabama Gray Cassimere.

--Also--

A Supply of Staff Buttons and Lace for Trimming.

I am prepared with Cutters and Journeymen Tailors to put up uniforms with neatness and dispatch, in as good style as any establishment in this city.

Give me a call.

J. C. McAllister,
Ayres Block.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 20, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Stylish Memphis.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent writes to that paper as follows: Visiting Memphis a few days ago, for the first time in ten years, I was greatly surprised at the expansion of the place and its stylish improvements, as well as at the great amount of military and civic business transacting. The quantity of sugar and molasses there is positively tremendous; the whole landing is covered, and the streets and warehouses fairly glutted with the saccharine. Of course, you understand this—the blockade and the gorge of the railroads. The draymen of Memphis are getting rich under the sweet pressure. They get five and sometimes as high as ten dollars a load for hauling sugar from the landing to the Charleston depot, such is the anxiety of shippers to get ahead of each other. The shinplasters and checks of Memphis are various as those of New Orleans. Brass dray checks appear to be the favorite circulating medium. The Planters' Bank shinplasters it from five dollars down to five cents. And you will smile to hear that the clipped bills and checks and the omnibus tickets of New Orleans are as good currency as any in Memphis. At least I took them and passed them without trouble. These are bully times. From the Crescent City to the Bluff City, and even up to the very gates of Cairo, every man appears to be his own banker.

[Note: from this point on, most issues are two pages only. Since prior this point the format has been advertising page, general news page, local news page, advertising page, I have continued to place the general news page (now page 1) before the local news page (now page 2) no matter in which order they were microfilmed.]

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Fiends in Human Shape.—The Winchester Virginian says it has been informed by a reliable gentleman that eighty-five houses in Hampshire were burned by the Yankees, and that the Yankee commander (now on the line of the railroad, in the northern port of Hampshire) threatens to burn every house within his reach, if his pickets are disturbed. To the crimes of stealing horses and other property, arson, murder, etc., committed by the Yankees in Hampshire, that of rape is to be added. Five respectable females were victims of the brutes. Will not a just God blast such infamous wretches?—Petersburg Express.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

In Town.—Many refugees from Nashville were in town yesterday. The dry goods stores did an active business owing, it is said, to a large proportion of them having arrived in advance of their wardrobes.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Soldiers' Families.—The subscribers to the fund of the association for the relief of the needy families of soldiers in the army, held a meeting yesterday at the Merchants' Exchange, T. A. Nelson in the chair, and W. O. Lofland, Esq., secretary. The chairman announced that \$30,000 was already subscribed toward the fund. The following resolutions, offered by Mr. Nelson, were adopted:

Resolved, That the subscribers to the fund in aid of the needy families of soldiers, in the service now, form themselves into an association to be called the "Association for the Relief of Needy Families of Soldiers in the Service."

Resolved, That a committee of twelve be appointed whose duty it shall be to solicit subscriptions from the citizens of Memphis, and of Shelby county, for the purpose of carrying out the object of the association.

Resolved, That it is with pleasure that we now announce to the soldiers who have families entitled to aid from this society, that the subscriptions already amount to more than \$30,000, and it is confidently believed that the patriotic and liberal citizens of the county will as soon as called on, increase the amount to \$100,000.

Resolved, That we feel warranted in assuring our brave men who may enlist in the army, or those who may re-enlist, that their families shall be cared for, and not permitted to suffer while they are absent.

Resolved, That the affairs of the association shall be managed by a board of five directors, who shall adopt such rules for their government and for carrying out the objects of the association as they may think best. And that they be authorized to employ such assistants as may be necessary, and to call on the subscribers to the association for installments, from time to time, as necessity may require.

Resolved, That the election of directors be held between the hours of 11 o'clock A. M. and 2 P. M. at the Chamber of Commerce on Friday, 21st inst., under the supervision of the secretary of the Chamber, and that each subscriber be entitled to one vote for every one hundred dollars subscribed, and that each subscriber, if less than \$100, be entitled to one vote.

Resolved, That the city papers be requested to publish, from time to time, a list of those who have so generously contributed to the association.

Resolved, That in the event of the disability or resignation of any of the directors, the remaining directors shall fill the vacancy.

Resolved, That the five directors of the association shall be chosen only from the subscribers to the fund.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 21, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

An Appeal from a Lady.

Editors Appeal: I hope you will not think me bold—boldness I deprecate above all other things in women, but the want of it in man I deplore.

I come with an appeal from my bleeding country to lay it at the feet of the young men of my disgraced city. In the name of my God, in the name of scores I have seen die in those hospitals without hearing a murmur drop from their pallid lips; in the name of those, the thought of whose hideous, ghastly wounds still sicken the souls of delicate women who attended upon them; in the name of those whose smoking blood, made the sun lurid for three long days at Donelson, and the scent of which birds of prey and the wild animals still snuff from afar; in the name of pride of manhood and honor hereafter, what are young men doing in Memphis at such a time as this? What! do they intend to let band after band of gallant men from their neighbor States, yes, and band after band from the far frontiers of Texas, toil and travel worn, file through these streets on their onward march to drive back a foe, whom they must have made up minds to receive and acknowledge as masters or they would not be here? And are you really willing, my countrymen, to be slapped in the face, snubbed, pricked with bayonets, hustled from the sidewalks and insulted by every epithet that a gloating, jubilant Yankee can manufacture, and justly heap upon the head of cowardice? And this, too, day after day, and perhaps months and years before the very jaws of bright and lovely ones whose smiles you have so often sought. think of those lovely ones gulping down the indignation they dare not utter as the rude slur and offensive words of hatred, and abhorred hirelings meet them at every turn—their watchword, beauty and booty! Young men, come out from behind the counters. Get from behind molasses and sugar casks. Take the pen from behind your ears. Wash the ink from your finger tips. Stave the ledger across the counting-room. Grasp your musket, or what is better, your cold steel, and be off. The very sight of a broad-clothed, frangitanni [sic] perfumed, macassar-haired, rigorous, tall young man behind a counter, is a blasting mildew to the eye-balls of patriotism! I have ever been an admirer of perfect manhood when I could think what a noble spirit must actuate such a form, but now I am ashamed to look you straight in the face as you measure my tape, for fear you will divine my thoughts and blush. I am afraid to mention the names of our brave soldier boys for fear it will give you offense. Young men, from behind those orange stalls, their cigar stands, at their desks, in their bar-rooms and restaurants, in their buggies and on their fine horses, for the love of heaven come out! The sight of your bright, happy faces makes my heart sick. Heads of firms! there are plenty of young women who in this emergency, could make excellent clerks and need your money. Take them to sell your dry goods and cease making counter-hoppers of your young men when you could make soldiers of them. Every young relation I have on earth is in the field. Had I one to hold back I should weep over his disgrace and forget the ties that bound him to me. Married men may have some excuse for not going off—wives and young children are clogs upon their efforts. But if there be any here, who from fear, or the doubly accursed love of gold, would not lay the city in ruins, and fight over its ashy altars ere the polluting footstep of the foe should deface it, let them be accursed—may their wives and children turn in loathing from them, and let history say for them molasses and sugar, sacks of coffee and salt, dry goods, rent-rolls and lawyer's fees push their souls out of their bodies, so deep into the unfathomable depths of oblivion that the light of honor has never been able to decipher their records. Young men! infamy lingers in the atmosphere of Memphis. Glory and honor beckon from afar. Women and children are wandering homeless through the land. Widow's wails are rising to heaven. Mangled men are writhing under the knife of the surgeon. A voice is heard! Streaming eyes and bloodstained are appealing to you—'tis the voice of your country! 'Tis the streaming eyes and bloody hand of your native land that beckon. Will you linger?

Thiste.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 5-6

Richmond, February 14, 1862.

. . . The committee appointed by the provisional Congress to make choice of a new flag for the Confederacy, have been engaged a long time in looking over the thousand devices which have been submitted to them, but are not yet quite ready to report. The design which will most probably be selected has been exhibited by the Hon. Roger A. Pryor and meets with general approval.

But lest your printers may not be able readily to "set up" the diagram, I will endeavor to describe the flag. The field is divided into two equal portions by a perpendicular line running down the middle—the outer portion being just one half the flag, to be of a bright red. The inner [sic] portion is again divided into two equal parts by a line drawn diagonally from the top of the perpendicular line just mentioned to the lower portion of the flag next the staff; thus making two triangles, of which the diagonal line is the common hypotenuse [sic]. Of these the triangle next the staff is to be blue and will be spangled with the stars of the Confederacy; the other triangular portion will be a pure white. The Confederate colors will thus be preserved, while the flag itself will be wholly unlike the United States flag and will be easily distinguished at a great distance. . .

Dixie.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

What a knapsack should contain.—The official regulations in Louisiana enumerate as follows: One blanket, one shirt, one undershirt, one pair of drawers, three pairs of socks, one pair of shoes, one towel, one tin cup, one tin pan or plate, one knife and fork, one cake of soap, one handkerchief, a piece of oil cloth to use under the blanket, and nothing else. No token of friendship, no daguerreotypes, no books, are allowed. But we don't suppose there would be any objection to a hair brush, a comb, a toothbrush, a box of blacking, a shoe brush, a little looking glass, and scissors, with thread, needles and pins. We suppose many ladies will be called upon to pack the knapsack of their volunteering friends. Let them make a note of the above.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

The Texas White Man, of the 30th ult., says that within four or five weeks previous to that time, about 103,500 pounds of pork were packed in the town of Weatherford, Parker county.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

The Houston Telegraph says: "Upwards of 35,000 beeves have crossed Turscacete crossing in this county within the last four months, bound for New Orleans."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Potatoes.

150 Bushels White Neshannock, Pink Eyes and Peach Blossoms. For sale at

Shannon & Sibbald,
19 Madison street.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Chelsea Nursery!

We have on hand a large and full variety of every kind of

Fruit Trees!

Ornamental Trees for Garden, Flowers or Putting out
Plants and Roses in every variety.

Moret & Behringer,
Proprietors.

Gardens and Groves arranged. Bouquets of unsurpassed style and beauty furnished by orders, with price named, and left at the drug store of Chandler & Co., where we also have a stand.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Flowers, Evergreens,
Etc., Etc.

On Tuesday Next, the 25th instant, Messrs. A. L. Andrews & Co., Auctioneers, No. 251 Main street, next door to J. E. Meriman & Co.'s Jewelry store, will offer for sale a large and beautiful selection of Flowers, Evergreens, Shrubs, etc., consisting in part of

Japonicas, Heliotropes,
Geraniums, Roses,
Varieties of Cactus,
Etc., Etc.

The especial attention of the Ladies is called to the above sale. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A.M.

Frank Hyde, }
Auctioneers }

A. L. Andrews & Co.,
General Auctioneers.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 25, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

A Southern Woman's Opinion of the Crisis.

Editors Appeal: I am a woman, I know it is presumed the limit of a woman's business is bounded by her own house; but in times like these, when thousands of women and children are driven from their homes and friends, it may be conceded to our sex the right to think a little, and possible [sic] to speak a little. Who can tell how soon the Memphis women and children may be forced to flee from the insolent foe? But why must we flee? Are there not men enough in our country to drive back the invader? If there are not, for God's sake let the Governor call out the mothers of the South to defend their children and their homes from desecration. Women have proved brave soldiers before to-day, and can do it again, if need be.

Messrs. Editors, I was one of the last who wanted to begin this war, but now it is begun, I feel we must fight it out to the bitter end. We must conquer or die. Not only the last man, but the last woman must fall in this dreadful conflict before we talk of submission. There is no returning to the point whence we started. This quarrel has been baptized into immortal life by the blood shed on the battle field. The very infants in our arms prattle of inextinguishable hatred to our foes. Who is so ignorant of the human heart as to believe there can ever be an equal Union now? Who does not know what we must expect from a conquering and triumphant enemy? Our opinions insulted, our feelings outraged, our property stolen, our country crushed down by taxation! And can it be credited for an instant, that the proud southern heart could tamely submit to an ignominious vassalage?

Suppose we are overrun and patch up a peace, and the northerners fill our land with forts and strongholds, and maintain a standing army in our midst to keep down disaffection. Can we be kept down? Will all the aids and appliances of a powerful tyranny be able to keep us down? Freemen can never be slaves! There would be an eternal succession of rebellions, until our cause were triumphant, or our race extinct. Therefore, men of Memphis, you would economize blood and money by now, now rushing to arms, and fighting on until you have achieved an eternal separation and a glorious independence.

I am told there are men in our midst whom the late disasters have disheartened and discouraged. If there be any such, send them to us, the women of Memphis. We will point them to the dark days of the first revolution, to the days of Valley Forge, when our band of patriots were famished, and frozen, and sick, yet not disheartened—to the days when every seaport city was in the hands of the enemy, and defeat on defeat had fallen on us, but not overwhelming us.

Just one hundred and five years ago one of the smallest kingdoms of Europe offended all the great powers of the continent. Austria, Sweden, France, Russia, the Germanic body, and Saxony, were all leagued against the little kingdom of Prussia. They swore to dismember it, to divide the spoils among themselves. Prussia had not five millions of people; the allied enemies had one hundred millions. Faint hearts would have yielded without a battle, the odds were so unheard of, so fearful. It is said every soldier and politician of Europe believed the conflict would end in a few days, in the utter prostration of the kingdom of Prussia. But Frederic, the unconquerable, took the field against his powerful foes and maintained it for seven terrible years. During some of those years his campaigns were made splendid by glorious victories. During others, the darkest disasters seemed to sink him into irretrievable ruin. He continually carried poison about his person, determined not to outlive his kingdom. His capital was twice taken and plundered by the enemy. On one occasion he had an army of fifty thousand men. By one battle, in one day, he lost all save three thousand. He saw no resource left. The country was desolated and exhausted, the coin debased, "but still there were men and beasts, armies and food, and still Frederic fought on."

This man was triumphant; he saved his kingdom—not an acre was wrested from his grasp. After seven years of the most terrible warfare the civilized world has ever seen, an honorable peace was concluded. And must southerners talk of submission because defeats have come on us? Our defeats are our glory. They are of no kin to the Bull Run defeat enacted by our enemy. OUR men fell with their feet to the foe. The day shall come when Tennessee will erect monuments to her sons who so bravely fell at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. They are not unwept, those noble men. Every woman's eye fills with tears as she listens to the tale of the brave fight they made for three days, without food, without rest, up to their knees in mud and

snow. Their memory is immortal. Our children will honor and revere them as martyrs to the cause of freedom.

People of Memphis! is Columbus to fall? Are the brave men there to fight against fearful odds as at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson? Are the women and children of Memphis to be run from their homes, as at Nashville and Clarksville? Is the insolent foe to flaunt his flag from our towers and steeples?

The women of Memphis can scarcely walk the streets for the men that throng them. Why do they not rush to Columbus and fill the ranks there thinned by sickness? Are they willing to be conquered?

There is a cry among the poor that the rich hold back for the poor to fight their battles, and married men wait for the unmarried. The time for such distinctions is past. All must fight or all must be ruined. The poor must fight, for if we are conquered their poverty will be ten fold more grinding. The rich must fight, for if we are conquered they are rich no longer. The single man must fight, for if we are conquered, he loses liberty and honor, boons a hundred, nay a thousand fold of more worth than life itself. The married man must fight. He fights for the home of his wife; if he is a father, he fights for the birthright of his children, for their godlike inheritance of freedom; he fights that they may have peace in the time to come. If he falls in this sacred cause, his memory is immortal, his children grow up to honor and revere his name.

Mr. Editor, if I write strongly for a woman, let it be remembered my husband is at Columbus, and Columbus MAY fall, as our other forts fell, for want of men. Memphis is full of men, let them go. My husband at Columbus, my house full of refugees from the towns taken by the army, can you wonder if I speak earnestly? What woman does not dread the future, when men throng the streets instead of rushing to arms.

The Wife of a Soldier.

Sunday, February 23, 1862.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 26, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Summary: Sketch of the new flag of the Confederacy, according to the correspondent Dixie. See his description above.

note: February 27 is a four page issue.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 4-5

Letter from Columbus.

Columbus, Ky., February 24, 1862.

Editors Appeal: . . . Who is "TRISTE?" Her name is on every tongue, and I am anxious to know the authoress of an appeal well worthy to rank with the efforts of Kossuth to arouse the flagging spirits of the Hungarians, as a young lady friend of mine was to know the name of your polished correspondent "Dixie." Her appeal, to say the least of it, is powerful, and the young men of Memphis, who will heedlessly pass it by, must be dead to every impulse of patriotism, honor, or manly feeling. She is, however, but one of the many ladies of Memphis and the south, who have proved beyond question, by their kind and gentle ministrations to the sick and wounded volunteers, the truth of the poet's apostrophe:

"When pain and anguish wring the brow

A ministering angel thou!"

In times of peace home is woman's place—the social circle the empire in which she reigns a queen, and to the family altar she brings the purest and tenderest affections of her nature; but in all great struggles for liberty, when violence threatens to usurp a barbaric sway, when the cherished and fundamental principles of republican institutions are set at defiance, her mild and gentle disposition seems to burst forth in the wildest, most impetuous and daring patriotism. Unmoved by ambition's glittering hopes, she rises above the dangers that surround her; and in accents more touching than those of Horbutius or Tully, Chathorn or Roussel, she comes forth like John of Arc, a willing martyr for her bleeding country's cause. True patriotism must be dead, and patriotism forgotten in your fair city if the voice of Triste passes heedlessly by. All the powers and all the enthusiasms of your young men, I am confident, will be aroused in response to her eloquent and touching appeal; and soon the enemy's cannon will cease to boom athwart the fair plains of Tennessee, and no longer shall the oppressor's sword crimson our soil with the best blood of our land. God grant that it may be so.

Juvenis.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 27, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Ladies, to the Rescue!—A lady of this city, well known for her high talents, sends the following for publication: "A number of the young ladies of Memphis offer their services to the merchants and bankers, to stand behind their counters in the place of the clerks, who are now so much needed at Columbus behind bayonets."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], February 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Patti's Concert.—The concert tendered to our gifted young friend Carlo Patti by his numerous admirers in this city will take place at Odd-Fellows' Hall, on Thursday evening next. The Theater, we learn, could not be obtained, owing to some professional impediments. Signor Patti has left his profession, and it was hoped would have been regarded in a non-professional point of view. The ladies are looked to to use their influence to gain for this patriotic young gentleman a successful concert. He laid aside a profession in which his powers as a composer and a performer promised him a high rank, to enter the army of the Confederacy. He has served the term of his enlistment and has re-enlisted for the entire war—let it be seen that his spirited zeal is appreciated among his fellow-citizens in Memphis.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 1, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

The Defense of Columbus.

Editors Appeal: In this morning's Avalanche are some strictures which, no doubt, the writer fancies very cutting, and for which I suppose I may come in for my share. I am neither, as he suggests, a woman crazed by the panic, nor man in petticoats. I am, as I stated in the article that came out in last Tuesday's APPEAL, the wife of a soldier in Columbus. There are many of my sex, in this city, who feel with me on this subject; nor do our children suffer from neglect because of our anxiety for our husbands, as this amiable writer would insinuate. The mothers of this land need no urging from this writer to make them perform their duties to their children. The very paper that publishes his strictures tell us the enemy is coming on Columbus with 100,000 men. Is there a woman with a loved one there whose heart does not stand still as she

hears the rushing of the coming storm? And in times like these this man dare reproach us for the expression of our anguished solicitude. This man dare assert men able to be soldiers should stay at home to protect female relatives. Short-sighted vision! The best way to protect women is to slay the foe before he gets a foot-hold in our midst.

I am a woman; I mingle with my sex; I know their sentiments. I assert they think with me if Columbus falls as Fort Donelson fell for the want of men, woe be to the people of Memphis! If Columbus falls the blood of that devoted band will cry aloud from its heights [sic] and trenches; will cry to the men that throng our streets, whether they be Memphians or strangers. Are they not southerners? or is the city already in possession of the enemy?

I do not perceive that the crowd on our streets is perceptibly thinned. The pavements are yet darkened with the stream of the sterner sex. Darkened! Oh, my God! and the word brings to mind that black cloud now darkening over Columbus—Columbus! where so many loved ones are working and watching and waiting, with brave hearts and steady eye, for the coming conflict. Husbands, brothers, sons, lovers, are there. To us, the wives, the mothers, the sisters of that band of soldiers, standing guard at the threshold of our valley, sworn to lay down life in its defense; to us, it is a daily marvel that the men in our streets do not rush to Columbus and join that noble guard.

Why do they not? Did they not to a man vote to go out of the old Union? and will they now like slaves, like curs, stand still and be whipped back to the government they abjured? Forbid it, race of freemen; admit for an instant, there was no just cause for leaving the Northern States, admit 'twas whim, caprice, folly, anything you will, must freeborn men be whipped into good conduct? Has one section the heaven-given right to dictate terms to another? Oh! monstrous doctrine of insolence and absurdity. A doctrine doubly insolent, doubly absurd, coming as it does from a people who have always made the largest professions of freedom, always set up the hugest cry about liberty of any people on the face of the green earth. Free speech, free thought, free everything was their hobby, their watch-word, by which they imposed on the nations of the earth. They continually taunted the South with its non-possession—they eternally vaunted their own absolute inheritance of the God-like boon.

In early youth I was grossly deceived by these loud professions. I naturally adore Liberty. LIBERTY! The very word is grand and large; it expands through space. It sounds out a tocsin of joy and hope to the listening nations. In the freshness of youth my ear caught the thrilling sound; it seemed to come from the North—the North which called itself "the free North." I respected, I loved the North. I loved it for the worship it seemed to pay to the god of my idolatry. This worship has proved itself but a lip service. By her own acts the North has given the lie to all her professions of freedom. Future ages will stand aghast at the monstrous absurdity perpetrated by this people—at the fantastic contrast between her conduct and her teachings. For eighty years they professed to believe in the right of a people to frame its own government. In the face of this, they gather up 700,000 Vandals to coerce ten millions of freemen under a government they hate. For the last quarter of a century they have been pouring out torrents of crocodile tears over the vassalage of the black race, a race born and bred in bondage, a race, not reduced to ignorance and degradation, not made inferior by its white masters, but created so by the Almighty for his own wise purposes; yet this consistent people—a people with the hypocrite's tears yet streaming from their Puritan eyes—send forth their hordes of hirelings to enslave thirteen sovereign States. And while the echoes yet send back their cries for free speech, and free thought, every bastille [sic] within their limits is filled with the victims of their tyranny. Prisoners, for opinion's sake, groan in dungeons as deep and dark as the

dungeons that disgraced the middle ages in the absolute monarchies of the old world. By her own acts the North has given the lie to all her professions of freedom. She has bound on her brow the infamous name of Hypocrite. The nations of the world look on her with scorn and contempt, the true lovers of liberty loathe her. She has cast aside the cloak of virtue, and stands hideous in her naked deformity.

Of all monsters of wickedness, a hypocrite is least to be trusted, most to be feared. We are told her policy is "kind and conciliatory in the extreme." Who does not know the cat's paw is velvet until she is ready to devour her victim? Is there one so short-sighted as not to know, when once in her power, prostrate at her feet, she would set her armed heel on our necks and grind us to the dust? Who but the most foolish will put faith in her "kind and conciliatory policy?" If now, when we have her at bay with 300,000 men, she has the insolence to talk of annihilating one of our States, the insolence to arraign for treason one of our generals fallen in her power, the insolence to discuss the propriety of abolishing our institutions, what height [sic], what depth of audacious insolence may we not expect from her should we suffer ourselves to fall conquered, to lie in fetters, helpless at her spurning feet? Is there an ignominy [sic], is there an outrage she would hesitate to inflict?

People of the South, think of this! Our country is our mother. Our noble mother—our beautiful South. Who does not love her? Has she a son who would not lay down his life in her defense? The insolent foe, drunk with recent successes, triumphs over her griefs and flaunts his jeers in her tear-stained face. Her daughters weep for her, her daughters pray for her, but her souls, tears and prayers are not for them. Up! sons of the South; avenge the mother you adore. Drive back the invader from her soil. Oh! my country! even your daughters would die to bring you peace, to bring you honor.

The Wife of a Soldier.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 1, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Bellville Factory Burned.—We regret to learn that Bellville Factory, Messrs. Geo. and Wm. Schley, of this city, proprietors, was destroyed by fire last Tuesday night, about nine o'clock. The light was distinctly seen from the city. The fire, as we are informed, originated by accident in the oil cloth department of the building and communicating to the turpentine, varnish and oil in use there, obtained such speedy headway as to become unmanageable almost at once, and admitted of but little time to save anything.

The factory was insured to the extent of \$20,000, about one-fourth its value--\$10,000 in the Virginia Marine and Fire Insurance company, and \$10,000 in the Southern Mutual. This is the second time this factory has been burned, having been destroyed about three years ago. This time, the loss is irreparable, it being impossible to replace the machinery; and the loss is a public as well as a private calamity. It is most serious to the proprietors, and not only deprives the government of manufactory [sic] much wanted, but throws out of employ a good number of industrious poor, who were dependent on its successful operation.—Augusta Chron., 25th.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 1, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Nurses and Servants Wanted!

I wish to hire six or seven good female NURSES and four or five good NEGRO BOYS at the Overton Hospital immediately.

G. W. Correy,
Assistant Surgeon P. A. C. S.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Soldiers' Families.—We are informed by Judge Hill that the Shelby county court yesterday at Raleigh made an appropriation of twelve thousand dollars (\$12,000) per month to support soldiers' families.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 2, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

The news boys of New Orleans are organizing into a battalion "in view of the perils which now surround us." The True Delta says "there is not in this or any other community a more industrious, useful and patriotic class than the news boys. They are sometimes a 'little wild and turbulent,' but these are only faults of youth. If the accursed hosts of Lincoln should ever reach this city, they will wish they had the devil at their heels in preference to the New Orleans news boys."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 2, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

3500 yds. Heavy Gray Army Jeans,
2000 yds. ray Army Shirtings,
1000 prs. Gray and Brown Army Pantaloon,
50 gross Military Buttons,
200 dozen Army Handkerchiefs,
50 dozen Drab Army Hats,
50 dozen fine Drab and Black Fur Hats,
50 dozen Black and White Negro Hats,
500 yards bright colored Plaid Linsey,
50 boxes Fine Tobacco,
50 bales Batting,
150 Heavy Blue and Gray Pilot Jackets,
50 suits Heavy Gray and Brown Kerseys,
100 cases Men's, women's, Misses', Boys and Children's Shoes.
Readymade Coats, Pants, Vests, shirts, etc.
Drawers, Cravats, Collars, Gloves,
Fine and Stout Boots and Shoes,
Blankets, Comforts, Pillows, Socks,
Bleached and Brown Shirtings and Sheetings,
Striped and Plaid Osnaburgs, Tickings,
Towels, Combs, Toilet Soap, tumblers,
Pins, Suspenders, Paper, Ink, Pens,
Crash, Huckaback, Irish Linen,
150 pieces Dotted and Figured Printed Jaconets,
For sale by

John Taylor & Co.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Col. Forrest.—This gentleman, whose gallant deeds have excited so much admiration, is now in the city; in another part of this paper is a call upon the young men of the city to take arms in the company of Capt. McDonald, in Forrest's regiment. The recruit will find his own horse; all other equipments are furnished by the government. Capt. McDonald's company left Donelson with only the dress they had on, all their other clothing and equipage being left behind. The captain will call upon our citizens for assistance to fit out his brave fellows for another campaign. Such a call will not be made in vain.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

The Weekly Appeal.—there has been an irregularity in the issue of our weekly, and this week we are compelled to send our subscribers a half sheet. We are much pained that this should be the case, for it has always been our pride to fulfill all our undertakings to the letter, but the extreme difficulty of procuring paper leaves us no alternative. We have used and are now using our greatest efforts, and are incurring a very heavy expense to keep ourselves supplied with paper, but no exertion can prevent straits and difficulties. In this state of things we can only pledge ourselves to do all that money and the severest exertions can do to prevent, if possible, further irregularity, and to make good to our subscribers any temporary deficiencies that have, or may arise.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

The Free Market.—The association for the relief of the families of soldiers in the army have opened a free market, where provisions are freely given to the objects of their care. These families must be taken care of and supplied with what they require, and the citizens are appealed to liberally contribute to keep up the free market. Money, cotton, sugar, in short all kinds of necessaries and provisions are receivable [sic?] A book is opened at the merchant's exchange where all who are willing to aid this patriotic and benevolent work may register their names and their contributions.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 5, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Refugees.—The trains from Norfolk every afternoon bring up a large number of refugees from points below us. Yesterday evening a great many ladies, children and servants, who have fled from the scene of the future operations of the hostile armies. Some stop here, some go to Richmond, and many go further into the country. It is a sad sight thus to see innocent women and children driven from their comfortable homesteads by the fortunes of war, but it is infinitely more so when we know that they fly from a merciless invader, who seeks to subjugate and destroy us, to confiscate our property and desolate our firesides.—Petersburg Express.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 5, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Notice!

I will not receive anything more at the Military Store until notice is given by me.

Jno. E. Logwood,
Military Storekeeper.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 5, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Carlo Patti's
Complimentary Concert
at
Odd-Fellows Hall.
Thursday Night, March 6th, 1862.
Programme:
Part I.

1. Overture, "Zampa," Herold Orchestra.
2. Solo and Chorus, "Dear Mother I'll Come Home Again," Mrs. Katzenbach, Miss Hammerskold, Messrs. Maas and Hagood.
3. Air and vars. for violin and Piano, "Let me Weep," H. S. Saroni, Signor Carlo Patti.
4. Song—"Je suis la Bayadere," Bochsa; Miss Hamerskold.
5. Flute Solo—Stanca di Pinconbatt, Forde; Mr. H. Farmer.
6. "Judith" Beneath the Ramparts of Bethula, Concone, Mrs. Jas. Armour.
7. Duo pour Violin et Piano, Op. 14, De Beriot and Osborne; Sigr. Carlo Patti and Mr. F. Katzenbach.
8. "D'un Pensiero," Sixtette from Somnambula, Bellini; Mrs. Jas. Armour, (amina;) Miss Hammerskold, (Lisa;) Mrs. Katzenbach, (Theresa;) Sigr. Carlo Patti, (Elvina;) Mr. Hagood, (Aless;) Mr. Maas, (Rudolpho.)

Intermission of Ten Minutes.
Part II.

1. "Tremolo Waltzes," Libitzky Orchestra.
2. "Duet from Robert Devereux," Donnizette; Mr. and Mrs. Katzenbach.
3. Russian Air, Violin and Flute with Piano Accompaniment; H. S. Saroni, Sigr. Carlo Patti and Mr. H. Farmer.
4. Ballad—"I Love Thee," Carlo Patti and Mrs. Hamerskold.
5. Solo on the Piano russe; Mr. F. A. Pfaffensehlager.
6. Violin Solo—"Carneval de Venice," Sigr. Carlo Patti.

Tickets, One Dollar!

Tickets may be had at the Music store of Jas. A. McClure, where, also, reserved seats may be secured.

Doors open at 7 o'clock, concert to commence at half past 7 o'clock precisely.

The Piano to be used on the occasion is one of Hallet & Cumston's semi-grand's, and has been kindly furnished by Messrs. Ames, Huniwell & Co., Gayoso Block.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 5, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Railroad Accident—A Sad Romance.—An accident occurred on Wednesday evening, on the East Tennessee and Georgia railroad, by which several persons were injured, one fatally. The train which was bringing the 23d Alabama regiment to this city, ran off the track a few miles this side of Cleveland, wrecking the train badly. A girl, in uniform, who was with the soldiers

without revealing her sex, but who did not belong to this regiment, was sitting on the platform of one of the cars, had her legs so badly crushed that amputation was necessary, and both were taken off, but without avail; and death put an end to her sufferings last night. She gave her name as Lilly White, and told a sad story of woman's wrongs.

She had disguised herself in male attire, and joined this regiment with the expectation of finding her deceiver, who is in the army, and avenging her shame. A few of the soldiers were slightly wounded, but none others seriously. This poor girl's fate is another warning against the danger of sitting on the platforms of railroad cars in traveling.—Knoxville Register.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Mississippi University Hospital.—By order of Governor Pettus the university buildings, at Oxford, are appropriated, and are now being fitted up for the use and benefit of sick and wounded soldiers of the Confederate army. To meet the wants of the institution, an appeal has been made to the friends of the cause for donations of good nurses, servants, bedding, clothing and hospital stores, such as mattresses, pillows, blankets, comforts, quilts, sheets, towels, old linens, lint, second hand flannels—very important—socks, linseys, bales of cotton, and, last but not least, money. All packages and communications should be addressed to W. F. Avent, Oxford, Miss.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Tyler Reporter, of the 27th ult., has the following:

We learn that five fellows were hung at South Sulphur, Hopkins county, a few days ago, for treasonable conduct. Right! Preach us long funerals about the evils of mob law at other times and under other circumstances, but we say hang the last one that can be caught. We have been notified to watch for Lincoln incendiaries, and let us do it, and never have to hunt the same one twice.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Things in San Antonio, Texas.—The San Antonio News of the 20th of February thus sketches the appearance of things in that beautiful city:

A person in traveling through our city could hardly be persuaded that the blockade was still in existence. You see bustle and business on every corner, and all our markets well supplied. We have any quantity of coffee at fifty cents per pound, and some two hundred sacks of this article arrived here during the past week. Our gardens are wearing their carpets of green; buildings are going up, and our city is not only widening but becoming more corpulent, and we will venture the assertion that there is not a town in the State that pays day laborers better than San Antonio, and some will not work, but continue as usual, loafing on the streets, complaining of hard times. Every few days the different companies may be seen drilling. All this in a city not very near Abraham's bosom.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

The Sick Soldiers.—A gentleman, one of our merchants, who sat up in a room with six patients in the Overton Hospital, on Sunday night, informs us that attendance as night nurses is very greatly wanted there. The necessity is too great for mere chance assistance and unorganized efforts to meet. A regular and methodical system of night attendance is wanted. Who will make an effort to organize a methodical system, and who will volunteer to carry the system out?

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Overton Hospital.—The large number of sick now in our military hospitals, and the probability of a large accession of patients at an early day from the battle field, calls upon our people to extend to them all the help with the resources of the country will supply. The Society of Southern Mothers, so long and so well known for their unselfish devotion to the sick soldier, are still at their work at the Overton, and night and day some of their number are in attendance upon the patients. They earnestly appeal to the people everywhere in the South to continue that confidence which, on previous occasions, poured into their treasury the means to make their nursing effectual by supplying nourishing and delicate food, invigorating and pure cordials, fresh bedding, and the thousand little necessities of a sick room. All contributions from abroad should be directed to Messrs. Pickett, Wormeley & Co., No. 8 Front Row.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

The Police Force.—Our police force have of late had hard duty to perform; the present Council materially reduced their number, while circumstances connected with the war have brought very many strangers into the city, and as thieves, gamblers, and swindlers always follow the crowd there has been an unusual number of that class of gentry among us. At the present time the number of the floating brigand population is greater than at any previous period, and just now, when the services of the police are so much required their ranks are being thinned by the volunteer and militia service, and the services of some of those remaining are partially required to assist militia organizations. These are facts which in justice to the police force, should be taken into account in estimating their services, and should also awaken serious attention on the part of those interested in the safety and welfare of the city. Judging from numerous occurring incidents and from many circumstances that came to the knowledge of the police, the new Provost Marshal will find a wide field for activity. We have too many disreputable drinking houses, too many gambling houses, and other vile places.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

A Feminine in Pants.—Mrs. Piquet was found parading the streets on Sunday night in masculine habiliments. Nelson Warsaw was in company with her. The Recorder fined them six dollars each.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Closed.—The drinking saloons were generally closed throughout the city yesterday, but the knowing ones say they found plenty of back doors open. Whether the Provost Marshal's order applies to the back as well as the front doors remains to be seen.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

The Florence Gazette, of yesterday, says:

We learned yesterday that the Federals had landed a large force at Savannah, Tennessee. We suppose they are making preparations to get possession of the Memphis and Charleston railroad. They must never be allowed to get this great thoroughfare in their possession, for then we would indeed be crippled. The labor and untiring industry of too many faithful and energetic men have been expended upon this road, to bring it up to its present state of usefulness, to let it fall into the hands of our enemy, to be used against us. It must be protected. We, as a people,

are able to protect and save it. If unavoidable, let them have our river, but we hope it is the united sentiment of our people that we will have our railroad.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Warlike.—The city has a very warlike appearance just now; lamp post committees and street corner lounges are much less numerous attended than they were a week ago, and in every quarter are seen squads of men drilling, while persons in uniform are hurrying to and fro as if they had important business upon their hands.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

The Crescent regiment, the first from this city to respond to the call of our gallant Creole chief, numbers 900 muskets, and is one of the most complete and efficiently equipped regiments we have yet sent to the war. It was organized and placed on a war basis in a few days. Its gallant colonel, Marshall J. Smith, has won the highest distinction by the energy and promptitude with which he formed and organized this regiment.

The uniforms, consisting of strong, substantial grey cloth, and very neatly and handsomely made, were furnished in three days. The men of this regiment may be styled the Young Guard of our city. They are chiefly the younger brothers and sons of those who are already in the army. Many have left the high schools and academies of our city. Very many of the regiment are below twenty years. We know several of the principals and teachers of our public schools in the ranks.—N. O. Delta.

note: March 14, 1862, is a four page issue

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Northern Opinion of the South.

The army correspondents of the Cincinnati papers have been furnishing their readers many sketches of their observations in Tennessee. Of course their tales are told for the edification, especially, of the people of the North, and should be accepted with many grains of allowance. The following extracts from the correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette will not be found uninteresting:

The Rebels of Nashville.

A good deal has been said about the dormant Union feeling in Tennessee. Most of the statements about this "dormant feeling" has been exaggerated. In Nashville we ought to find a large proportion of loyal men; yet the assertions of those who have the best means of ascertaining the facts in the case are, that loyalty to the government is to be found only among the mechanics and laboring classes of the city; that the mercantile and business men are nearly all sympathizers or abettors in the rebel cause, and can only be made to side with the government by repeated and unequivocal demonstrations of its ability to enforce national law. That this is true appears evident from the fact that as soon as it became known that the Federal army was advancing in Nashville, all the business houses in the city, with a few exceptions, closed their doors, and many of the merchants commenced shipping their goods further south. Nearly all the

gold and silver coin belonging to these merchants has been sent to Atlanta, Georgia. The streets of Nashville wear a sad and gloomy aspect. Whole rows of houses which two years ago were occupied by families of wealth and respectability, surrounded by all the circumstances that make homes happy and prosperous, stand vacant, and the gaze of the passerby is met, instead of, as in former days, with fine, tapestry window curtains and neatly polished marble steps, with panes of dust-dimmed glass, over which the spider has spread his web, as if to hide from recognition the mournful vacuity within. If Tennesseans had cause to pride themselves upon the architectural beauty of their capital city, it was before the bats and the owls of treason took up their abode in the finest edifices of Nashville.

The Texas Villains.

The Nashville Banner does not say anything, of course, about the depredations which two Texas regiments, in ascertaining that they must evacuate the city, committed on unoffending citizens. Throwing off all guise, these villains openly entered upon the legitimate object of their enlistment, just before the arrival of the Federal army, and commenced a system of plunder and robbery which would disgrace any civilized nation. They knocked men down in the public streets, in open daylight, and rifled their pockets. They entered private houses, and defiantly carried off such articles of value as they could lay their hands upon. They dismounted riders to steal horses—all this conducted, too, toward the people of a city where they had been named as protectors of God-given rights. Such acts of these the Banner includes in the general term of "riot."

[The Gazette's correspondent was not in Nashville or he might have learned two important facts, that with a few exceptions, the Texas rangers did not stop here, and that there was the smallest possible foundation for his story. In fact, that it was a veritable fancy sketch.] . . .

Clarksville—How Secession Leaves It.

Clarksville is, next to Nashville, the most important point in the western half of Northern Tennessee. A pleasant little city of five or six thousand inhabitants, with steamboating up to Nashville and down to Paducah, and railroad connections to Louisville and Memphis, with a larger shipping trade than Nashville, beautifully located on the rolling bluff of the Cumberland, with flourishing business houses, elegant private residences, full academies and female seminaries, tasteful churches, and the seat of not a little wealth and refinement—so the rebellion found Clarksville.

It leaves her with trade destroyed, many of her business houses bankrupt, her costly bridges burnt, preventing railroad connection with either Louisville or Memphis, some of her best families exiles within the fast receding boundaries of the Southern Confederacy, a regiment and a half of her sons prisoners of war in the North, a victorious general's headquarters established in the residence of one of her absent traitors, sentries at every corner, an armed guard patrolling the streets, encampments of loyal soldiers around her treason-built forts, the people sullen, cut off from the cause to which they had given themselves, and forced to associate with and depend for the very necessities of life upon the North they have been so industriously reviling.

Such are the rights secession has brought to Clarksville; and still the people pray the end may be not yet.

[It is rather singular that all this prosperity should depart with "Secessia!"].

Still Rebel.

We have all been curious to know the condition and feeling of the people in the rebel States. Here is a piece just cut of rebeldom, and still palpitating with its old life-blood. The people may eventually return to their allegiance, and become good Union men again; but just now they take particular pride in informing us that there are but six Union men in the whole city. They submit quietly to a force they know it would be madness to resist; but they are frank enough to make no secret of the fact, that all their hopes and sympathies are with the rebellion, and that for us their best wish is that we may get soundly beaten on every field where we meet the southern armies.

Secessionists Professing Confidence.

Strange as it may seem to those who, flushed with our recent successes, are predicting that a month will end the war, these people seem to believe in the ultimate success of their cause. Fort Henry they talk of as an affair hardly worth mentioning; and they insist that Fort Donelson wasn't so very big a thing after all. The gunboats were beaten, they say; the land forces were driven off on Thursday and Friday, and on Saturday forenoon they nearly made a Bull Run stampede of it for us; and, in short, but for the cowardice of Buckner, and the "excessive caution" (with due emphasis on "caution") of Floyd, Fort Donelson, they maintain, might still be theirs.

The Gunboats.

They cherish a very wholesome respect for our Mississippi fleet, (which a captured letter very mildly calls "the infernal hell-born contraptions known as Yankee gunboats,") but they insist that while "the Federals are dangerous on the river, we can whip 'em anywhere, easy, on land."

One to Five.

"It's about time," I suggested, in the course of a conversation with one of their merchants, "that we were getting beyond the idea that one man on either side can be equal, in a fight, to five of his antagonists." "Why," responded the merchant, with evident earnestness, "why, I never heard it questioned before that one southern soldier was as good as five northern ones." I strained my eyes looking to see if the man was joking, but there was no room to doubt that he was in absolute, solemn earnest. And yet he was an intelligent, educated business man.

How Gen. Smith Treated a "Rebel."

Gen. Smith has made a very favorable impression upon them. The gray-haired old veteran looks like a soldier. He was very cordially received by Cave Johnson and other

prominent citizens on his arrival, and there seems no doubt that whatever latent Union feeling there may be in the place he will draw out.

His treatment of a pompous rebel at headquarters, the other day, was characteristic. The man called on him to ask a special favor. "Who are you, sir?" asked the general. "I am a southerner, sir, (very pompously), and I am not ashamed to say, a Secessionist." "Get out of my room you scoundrel! don't talk to traitors! Get out of my room, sir!"

Excitement During the Fight.

Clarksville was in a perturbed state during and after the battle at Fort Donelson. Up to Saturday evening, all was the most perfect confidence. They received almost hourly dispatches from the field, and each gave additional encouragement. On Friday, Gen. Pillow threw them into a fever by telegraphing that the gunboats were within two hundred yards of the fort, and that his guns had no effect on them; but subsequent dispatches soon glorified over the brilliant victory they had won over Commodore Foote. During the jubilation it was decided advisable to hang one of the Union men, as a terror to future evil-thinkers. They finally thought best, however, to wait till they were ready to celebrate the victory, and by that time there was so much confusion, the hanging was overlooked, and every body was more concerned about the safety of his own neck.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

A Woman Elected Mayor.—At a recent city election in Oskaloosa, Ia., Mrs. Nancy Smith, Democrat, was elected Mayor by a majority of twenty-one over the Republican candidate for that office.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Since the liquor blockade was established in Huntsville, it is astonishing to see the number of ailing persons of all sorts, who need a little liquor for "the stomach ache and their other infirmities." The doctors are busy writing permits for its purchase, and great is the ingenuity displayed in running the blockade. N. B. The physicians at Bowling Green fixed the fee for a liquor prescription at \$5.—Advocate.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 14, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

The gun factory at Holly Springs, Miss., is now turning out forty good muskets per day. It will soon be able to turn out 100 per day for the government. Muskets are the best weapon for three-fourths of the army. It shoots strong, far and accurate, and seldom gets out of order.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 15, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Nashville Items.—The Times of the 8th says:

Two men dressed as soldiers, went to the residence of a gentleman of this city the other day, and inquired of his lady if there were any "secession flags" about the house. She replied that there were; that the negro children had two or three with which they amused themselves. They demanded that they be produced. The lady indignantly replied that brave men sought flags on the battle field and not from defenseless women. About this time the brother of the lady came into the house, when the scamps deemed it the better part of valor to beat a hasty retreat. . .

We heard that the house of one of our citizens was searched yesterday for Texas rangers, dressed in ladies' clothing. Somebody was "sold."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Speculating.—A week ago a New Orleans paper spoke of Memphis having "a nest of speculators" in her midst. A correspondent in the *Abeille*, of that city, says that speculators there are going from store to store buying up the stocks of black cloth, anticipating that the loss of life in approaching battles will cause so great a demand for black for mourning that it will rise greatly in price, and they will secure that object of the speculators' aims, "a handsome profit." Well done, New Orleans! A pretty place that to talk about "a nest of speculators" in Memphis!

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Rye Coffee Not Injurious.—We publish in another column a paragraph from the *LaGrange* (Ga.) Reporter, which states that more than one half of the substance of rye, when burned, is phosphoric acid, and that its effect upon the structure of the bones is so injurious that rye coffee is a dangerous beverage. Rye coffee is in extensive use among us at the present time, and if the statement be true, it ought no longer to be drunk. The action of phosphoric acid upon the bones is injurious in the highest degree, but we are informed by Mr. Farnsworth, druggist on Main street, who is an accomplished chemist, that the quantity of phosphoric acid in rye, and it is found only in the hull, is too minute to produce any appreciable effect upon the system. Parching the grain, instead of increasing the quantity of the acid, which is of a volatile nature, drives it off and leaves the grain free of any deleterious constituent. There is a diseased rye known as "ergott," which has powerful properties that are sometimes used for injurious purposes, but the size, color, and smell of the grain in that condition, are so different to the healthy state, that a child can readily tell the difference. We may safely drink rye coffee, and defy phosphoric acid and federalism.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Soldiers' Families.—In the midst of the excitement caused by troubles around us, we are glad to see that the families of soldiers absent in the field are not forgotten. The president of the association for their relief has received the following, dated Memphis, March 13, 1861.

F. Lane, President Free Market:

Dear Sir—We herewith send you five boxes soap and one box candles for the free market of Memphis. Shall contribute same amount each month.

Yours truly,

J. P. Prescott & Co.

The market value of the above generous contributions is \$111. Mr. Lane informs us that several contributions have been received from the country, of potatoes, meal, and other produce. We see it stated in one of the Provost Marshal's orders, that sugar and molasses, if found concealed, will be destroyed. We suggest that it would be much better to turn them over to this association than to destroy them; they would be distributed among the families of soldiers. Any kind of provision will be thankfully received at the free market, No. 10 Shelby street, and faithfully distributed. The president of the association, F. Lane, Esq., is attending with great diligence to the distribution. The list of soldiers' wives and children now receiving from the free market includes nearly 2000 persons.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 16, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

An Appeal for the Soldier.

The Medical Director of the General Hospital lately established at I-u-ka, informs us that the invalid soldiers at that point are in great need of many comforts required for the sick, which it is impossible to supply from the regular hospital stores of the army. The want of comfortable quarters, incident to the rapid movements of a large and active army, has contributed to induce an increase of sickness, especially during the late wet weather, and unless they are provided for, much suffering that could be relieved by contributions from the abundance of those who are defending, must ensue.

The appeal is specially directed to the ladies of Northern Mississippi and Alabama. Many of their husbands, brothers, and sons are in position to become the recipients of their benevolence. The invitation is to them, and others, to forward boxes of cordials, light bread, hams, butter, and other delicacies for the convalescent, and old cotton sheets and linen that can be spared. All packages should be marked—"Medical Director, I-u-ka, Hospital Stores."

Ladies, do not let this appeal be made in vain.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 16, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

The Richmond Enquirer of the 10th inst. says:

Miss Ann E. Scott, a resident of Leesburg, was arrested in that city by order of Gen. Hill last week, and sent to Richmond, where she arrived on Saturday evening, and was at once consigned to "Castle Godwin." It is understood that she is suspected of having played the spy for the Yankees. The prisoner—the first female of the war arrested by the Confederate States government since the commencement of these troubles—is about twenty-five years of age, and has a brother in the Southern army.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

The Yellow Flag.—The yellow flag was hoisted last evening at the hospital in the Overton Hotel.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

"Brilliant" Saloon.—At this saloon, Mr. S. Oishel is now supplying his customers with excellent coffee, delicious chocolate, fine tea, splendid cigars, and unrivaled pies. The saloon is in Center alley, rear of Merriman's jewelry store. All change tickets he has out will be received. Give Oishel a call.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

St. Patrick's Day.—Yesterday was St. Patrick's day—St. Patrick's day and no whisky to be got, this is hard on our friends of the Green Isle.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Juvenile Thieves.—Four girls, the eldest not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, were yesterday afternoon arrested on the landing, each having a sack partially filled with rice, which they had stolen from a tierce, the head of which they had contrived partially to remove. One of them said her mother had sent her out with orders that she must get something. If such

things are done from poverty, means should be adopted for relief; if from vice, it must be repressed.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Movements on the Tennessee.

Our latest intelligence of the movements of the enemy is that a large force has been landed on the west bank of the Tennessee at Chalk Bluffs, twenty-six miles from Corinth. At this point it is said they have thrown up defenses of considerable strength and extent. They have also commenced the construction of a road in the direction of Corinth, several miles of which have already been completed. Their force now concentrated on the river is variously estimated at from forty to sixty thousand.

The outrages committed by their scouting and foraging parties upon the property of the States Rights men, are reported to be of the most destructive character. In every instance all personal property that they cannot remove, or that would not be of service to themselves, is utterly destroyed. Instead of making converts to their cause, their conduct is having the contrary effect, as has been the result of all their forays into the country.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

At the late term of the Confederate States district court, held at Tyler, Texas, a decree was entered for the sequestration of 40,000 acres of land, valued at \$150,000. In Western Texas, the sequestration property amounts to \$30,000,000.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

The Fight on the Tennessee River.

A member of the 18th Louisiana regiment furnishes to the New Orleans Picayune the following narrative of the fight in which the corps engaged with the enemy's black gunboats:

Pittsburg consists of three log houses and a pig sty, and is situated on both sides of the road which runs down between two very high hills to the river, making the only landing on this side of the river for several miles up or down. Hence No. 1 is (or was) on the bluff close to the edge; No. 2 about one hundred yards back on the road—both on the left side—and No. 3 on the edge of the bluff about two hundred yards to the right of the road.

At 12 o'clock, on the 1st, the Miles artillery arrived and had got two of their pieces into position, when the smoke of two gunboats coming up was discovered. The artillery commenced firing at long range.

Our line of battle was formed at our camp, almost four hundred yards from the river. We were marched across the road and took position in a valley, the shot and shell raining over our heads, and cutting the tree tops all around us. Just as we got to the road the rear of the line was halted to allow the Miles artillery to pass in full retreat. Our regiment was nothing daunted, however, and looking round at my boys, I could not see a lip quiver or a cheek blanch. We were marched under the iron rain to our position in the ravine, and waited there for nearly two hours, watching the falling tree tops and getting used to the music of the shells.

Our colonel thinking we were too much exposed, ordered us over the hill into the next ravine, and here our first man was wounded—Lieut. Watt—who was struck with an iron ring of a grape stand, which had glanced from a tree, bruising his leg very severely, but did not prevent him from following up the fight.

The enemy had not landed, finding that our artillery was silenced, and had taken possession of houses one and two, the first of which they set fire to. Our colonel gave the order, "Forward, charge," and with a whoop and a yell forward we went.

We had to cross three hills before we came in sight of the enemy, and when I rose the bare bluff there lay the two black rascals, blazing away at us, their launches crammed with men, evidently hesitating what to do. We gave them but little time to make up their minds, for, as we stood on the top of the hill over which the shot and shell flew thick and fast, we poured a terrible fire of musketry into their launches and through their port holes, until they bundled on board their gunboats again, leaving three dead and four prisoners on shore, and sullenly retired, their fire slackening considerably. As we rose the brow of the bluff, Corporal Huggins C. Ensign, of the Orleans cadets, fell, torn and mutilated by a shell, his left arm broken, and left side torn out. We must have been over half an hour on that naked hill, cheering and firing, the grape tearing up the ground, the shells humming, and the musket balls whistling around. Lieutenant Lavery, who was wounded early in the fight by a ball passing through his thigh, could not be induced to leave the field, and having borrowed a Maynard rifle, he leaned against a sapling, and blazed away as hard as he could. The consequence of which, however, is that his wound is very much inflamed.

The fight, take it for all in all, was a brilliant little affair. With our muskets alone we drove off two gunboats, each carrying four sixty-four's and two thirty-two's, and a twelve-pound howitzer. I cannot imagine what made them leave so soon unless that we had killed and wounded a large number in their launches and on the boats. We heard this morning that they buried sixty or seventy on the other side of the river, and think it very probable, as during the time we were peppering them the average distance of our men from the boats could not have been over seventy-five yards. They were under the bank, and we poured it right down on them. We on the right never saw a Yankee on shore, as when our left advanced to the charge they retreated precipitately to their boats, and as they passed through the hills down to the river it was only our extreme left that had a chance at them, but when we got them out on the river every one had a fair pop, and I could see the bullets falling round the launches like big rain drops.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Another Appeal to the People of Tennessee.

Editors Appeal: Gen. Beauregard appeals to the planters for their bells, to be cast into cannon. If our country needs the metal, should not our churches give their bells to this sacred cause? True worshipers need no sounding brass to call them to the house of God. In times like these the human heart naturally flows out in prayer; every thought is a prayer—prayer for our imperiled country, imperiled friends. These bells have long served in well-doing. Thousands of straying feet have they called into the paths of peace, up to religion's altar. There is now a stern duty to perform—sterner, but no less sacred. Mold these bells into cannon and let their roar sound the death-knell of tyranny. Let their thunderous music make the song Tennesseans most delight in. Memphis may fall into the hands of the Vandals, and if Memphis falls, her men, her

metal must fall back and fight on for freedom. At this time the South can ill afford to have either her men or her metal fastened up within Yankee pickets.

The Yankees are astonished at southern hopefulness. One of their reporters, writing from Clarksville, says: "Strange as it may seem to those who, flushed with recent success, are predicting the war will end in a month, these people seem to believe in the ultimate success of their cause." And why should we not believe in our ultimate success? Because within the last two months we have met several severe defeats? How little you seem to know—we will not say of southern nature—but of human nature, Mr. Reporter. Our defeats have only made us in more deadly earnest. We are just getting properly stirred up. The fall of fifty Fort Donelsons will not find us conquered. You may pour in your Yankee hordes until our race is extinct, but not conquered. You may slay the eight millions of men, now arrayed against you, but there are as many boys growing up to whom their mothers will teach an eternal hatred of the murderers of their fathers, the invaders of their homes, the polluters of their country's soil. In time these boys will be men, and the sons of southern mothers are not born for bondage. The day of reckoning will come.

It is probable that the enemy may get possession of the Mississippi river, of the cities on her banks, of the cities on the Atlantic coast, and yet the fight will be but begun. Even in that case, our condition would not be so bad as other nations have fallen into, yet have struggled up from victoriously. I have already mentioned the case of Prussia, with only five millions of inhabitants, fighting for seven years against allied Europe. In the annals of the world there is not a parallel to so unequal a contest—five millions of people at war with one hundred millions, yet triumphant in the end!

After the dreadful battle of Pavia, which left ten thousand Frenchmen dead on the field, Francis I himself made prisoner, dispatched a letter to his mother, Louise, the regent, containing only these words: "Madam, all is lost except our honor."

The honor of a nation is its soul, its spirit. Until our honor be lost, there will always be power to retrieve disasters. The honor of the South is untarnished.

When Francis I, the brave, chivalrous king of France, sent that memorable letter to his mother, the kingdom was in a fearful condition. Robertson says: "France, without a sovereign, without money in her treasury, without an army, without generals to command, encompassed on all sides by a victorious and active enemy, seemed to be on the very brink of destruction. But the great abilities of Louise, the regent, saved the kingdom. Instead of giving herself up to lamentations, as were natural to a woman so remarkable for her maternal tenderness, she discovered all the foresight, and exerted all the activity of a consummate politician."

In the history of the world there are many such examples; and yet, in the face of history, our foolish foes persist in believing the South is conquered because we have lost two half-manned forts.

"Whom the gods destroy, they first make mad."

We will not positively assert that the gods intend to destroy the Yankee race, but are positive they have lost all common sense. Witness this extract from a Yankee reporter to a northern paper:

"Gen. Smith has made a very favorable impression upon them (the Clarksville people.) The gray-headed old veteran looks a soldier. Whatever latent Union feeling there may be in the place he will draw it out. His treatment of a pompous rebel the other day was characteristic. The man called on him to ask a special favor. "Who are you, sir," asked the general? "I am a

Southerner, sir, and not ashamed to say, a Secessionist." "Get out of my room, you scoundrel! I don't talk to traitors! Get out of my room!"

We look in vain to find the irony in this statement, but no! the reporter is in cool, dead earnest. In the same passage that tells us, 'if there is any latent Union feeling Gen. Smith will be sure to draw it out,' he gives us a sample of the general's low bred bullying of a southern gentleman for the honest utterance of his sentiments. If this is the way Gen. Smith proposes to "draw out Union feeling," we confidently predict he will not, in a hundred years, get enough to fill a pint bottle.

Andrew Johnson has accepted the position of military governor of Tennessee. The Yankees think there is a peculiar fitness in this appointment. So think we. We prefer they send us Andrew Johnson to any man in the world, unless it be Emerson Etheridge. There is but little difference between them. Let us be content with Andy and return dutiful thanks to Abraham for all such favors. Our purpose in mentioning this matter, is to hereby extend to that military governor an invitation from us, the women of Memphis, to visit our city. From our hearts we hope he may come, and when he comes, when Tennessee soil is dishonored by the tread of that dastard traitor, let him beware. In her darkest days of oppression France had her Charlotte Corday, and when the dark days fall on Tennessee, her men may be beyond her borders fighting in the ranks of freemen, but her women will be left. Let Andrew Johnson beware. He may find a Corday in every woman he meets; he may expect at every corner, in every crowd, the ball that is to send him to his Maker's presence, unshrived of his odious crimes.

The Wife of a Soldier.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Free Market.—This market is supplying a large number of soldier's families with meat, potatoes, flour, sugar, bacon and other necessities. Its present expenses are about \$1200 a week, and the number of applicants are increasing. We call attention to the fact that while the "Soldier's Families Aid Association" is keeping up the free market; the county has authorized an allowance to soldier's families. Unless some concert of action is agreed upon between the two the same parties will receive sufficient food for their living from the one, and money from the other, and the means of both will be expended disadvantageously. It appears that an understanding might be come to, in which both could work together with good benefit. If the county would appropriate a portion of its funds to the free market, it might give an allowance in money to each proper applicant for the payment of necessary expenses, and the remainder of the allowance might be granted in the form of orders on the free market for provisions, and perhaps other necessities, such as wood, might be included in the articles dispensed at the free market. We beg leave to call the attention of country friends who have potatoes, turnips, or any other vegetables or supplies to dispense to the support of the families of men who are enduring the fatigues and dangers of the field, to the free market, where their aid will be gladly welcomed. The market is at No. 10, Shelby street, between Union and Gayoso streets.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

A Suggestion to the People.

We are told that the towns and villages in the northern counties of Mississippi and Alabama are crowded with refugees from Kentucky and Tennessee. These people have

abandoned their homes and property, under the belief—well founded, no doubt, in most instances—that they would be unsafe in the event of the advance of the enemy. The brutal conduct of the Federals in many parts of the country—their unjust seizures and confiscations—their wanton destruction of private property, and their ready appropriation of family supplies—have very naturally had the effect of driving many citizens from their homes, to the great grief and loss of themselves and their families.

Where persons have taken an active part in the revolution, whether male or female, we think it best for them to remove themselves and their property beyond the reach of the enemy. They should carry with them their slaves especially. Their cotton, sugar, molasses and tobacco should be destroyed, and their provisions turned over to the Government.

We speak, of course, of such districts as lay in the path of the Federal army, or within its reach. Outside of the field of their operations our remarks can have no application; but within this circle, we think it best that all slaves should be removed, and all cotton, sugar, etc., burnt, whether they belong to persons who have participated prominently in the war or to non-combatants.

The Federals are on their best behavior just now in this State. Should they be able to advance farther into the South, which we do not apprehend, they may continue thus to demean themselves. They will be finally driven back, however, and it is then we look to see them do most mischief. There is less cause of apprehension from an advancing army, flushed with victory, than from one that has been beaten and forced to fly. Burning with revenge and exasperated by defeat, they will pillage and burn on their retreat what they have spared on their advance.

All other persons, however, especially the aged and infirm, and such as have been prevented by their peculiar situation and circumstances in life from engaging actively in the war, should remain at their homes, and continue to pursue the even tenor of their lives. If they have any slaves, they should be sent to a place of safety, and their cotton and such other produce as the enemy may desire, should be destroyed. By remaining at their homes they may manage to support themselves and families, and protect the little property they have; whereas when they flee to other parts of the country, they not only can produce nothing themselves, but they help to consume what others produce. In this way the districts not overrun by the enemy will be required to sustain the resident population, as well as the army and the refugees.

As already intimated, we do not believe the enemy will be able to advance much, if any further. We do not think it proper to state the grounds for this belief now. But such is our belief; and in a short time we look to see the invader turned back from his course and driven beyond the Ohio.

Our remarks do not apply to able bodied men; they are expected to join the army, and to take with them their rifles and shot-guns.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties.

The army correspondent of the Savannah Republican has been circulating through a portion of East Tennessee, in search of items, and his experience was a severe one. He will, undoubtedly avoid that particular locality in future. Writing from Stevenson, Alabama, he says:

["] Leaving Chattanooga after a breakfast upon a "rasher" of bacon minus the streak of lean, a piece of cold corn bread, and a cup of hot rye coffee without cream or sugar, I turned my face towards Murfreesboro. The cars were crowded to suffocation, and it was with difficulty one could get a seat, or retain it after he had got it. The further we advanced, the greater the difficulty of proceeding, owing to the number of returning trains laden with stores, sick and disabled soldiers, and women and children seeking a place of safety. I succeeded in stemming the current as far as Tullahoma, but had to abandon the effort there, and leave the train. Fortunately I had procured three hard boiled eggs and a pinch of salt for dinner, and a friend at my elbow gave me a "drop" wherewith to wash them down.

The return train, which presented the only opportunity to retrace my steps, was if possible, more crowded than the one I had left. Indeed I found it necessary to make friends with the engineer and fireman, who kindly permitted me to occupy a place upon the tender, on condition that I would assist in throwing wood to keep up the fires. In other words they required me to work my way, which I did willingly enough. On reaching a depot known as Corwan, at the foot of the mountains, we were visited by a thunder storm which drove me from my perch upon the woodpile, and compelled me to stop for the night at a house kept by a one-legged man, a few of the occupants of which were one idiot, two pigs, a man with a freshly broken arm, and a number of sick and weary soldiers. It is the dirtiest place I have yet encountered. Fortunately the landlady had a supply of eggs, and upon them I made my supper and breakfast entirely, without bread or drink. At 8 o'clock this morning, we took a freight train for this place, and after worrying and struggling over the mountains through a snow-storm, we succeeded in accomplishing the passage—a distance of twenty-five miles—in eight hours. It is now bitter cold, and I write in the back-room of a store house, in the midst of a crowd of rough mountaineers and shivering soldiers who press around the fire. The train that passes here at 10 o'clock to-night for the west, will take me to Huntsville, the future headquarters of General Johnston, provided, always, I can get a seat.["]

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Newspaper Epidemic.—Referring to the fact that there are now but three newspapers published in North Mississippi, the Oxford Intelligencer says:

Had we the capital Croesus had, we could not continue the Intelligencer, for printing paper is not to be had now, at any price. We have used the last sheet we had in our office. We are extremely sorry that we have been thus starved out; but it could not be avoided, on our part.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 21, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Liquors Destroyed by Ladies.—Some twenty ladies of Statesville, North Carolina, proceeded in a body to the railroad depot of the town, a few days ago, and with hatchets and hammers destroyed five or six barrels of whisky and poured the liquid poison upon the ground; a fitting libation (says the Iredell Express) to the devil and his imps from the hands of patriotic women, whose mission, pending the war, is to "go about doing nothing."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Federal Comments from Nashville.

The army correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, in his letter from Nashville on the 1st inst., says some things about Nashville and its people which are quite amusing. He says:

["] There is none of that manly tread, and eye-flashing defiance, the southern papers have told us to expect, and which Americans are eminently capable of showing, when their cause is just, and the iron heel of oppression is attempting to grind them. The remaining inhabitants of Nashville do not indulge in any of this, but go about gloomy and taciturn, moping from store to store, seldom looking strangers in the face, and giving that idea of smothered hate which makes the beholder determine to keep out of dark alleys after nightfall. It would need urgent pressing by a Nashvillite to have the honor of any Union officer's company at tea, for the Fed might imagine that strychnine looked like white sugar, and had occasionally been mistaken for it.

At first the people here took little pains to conceal their dislike, but are gradually becoming more tractable. They will sell poor articles for good money at a moderate price, and not fly into a passion if Confederate scrip is refused in exchange for treasury notes. Ladies, too, appear upon the streets, and, although endeavoring to seem gazing in an opposite direction, take side-long peeps at marching columns proceeded by fife and drum, and sometime deign to keep the nose moderately straight when saluted in gallant military style by a passing officer. This slight letting down, however, only occurs when the "Fed," is good looking, and a colonel or general. The time of majors and captains has not come. Occasionally a carriage or two rolls along, with a family group within, and ebony perched on the box seat holding reins and whip.

One or two stately dignitaries, have emerged from their hiding places also, and stand in the doors of princely residences, non-committal in speech or action.

I noticed at one house a group of children playing on the porch—among them a beautiful little southerner with dark eyes and a wealth of ringlets, who, as we passed, skipped to the front step, and, either accidentally or by design, exposed a small secession apron, the three bars and stars stamped upon it, while its owner placing one thumb against her nose, and her little finger against that of the other hand, went through that childish and graceful motion whose precise meaning has never yet been explained. Some say it expresses profound knowledge, others profound contempt. Her companions after staring a moment, to see if the strangers were genuine Yankees, went through a similar maneuver with skill that showed practice, and immediately disappeared, a pair of spectacled eyes having gazed patronizingly from a window during the whole performance.

"If Nashville ever becomes Union, it will be when Gabriel turns final trumpeter;" exclaimed my soldier friend, who had witnessed the nosical display with astonishment, and to whose bright buttons it was owing.

Just afterward we met a crowd of negroes on their way to the levee to view the troops and gunboats. Asking one where he was going, he said to see "dem Unioners." He had been in Fort Donelson, and was brought back by his master, who fled with Pillow. "I tell you what, sah," said he, "Massa Linkum shoot dam straight; knocked the head off parson Bigelow's nigger clean as if cut with a knife. Lor how de kannerstir spikes did fly. Massa said Linkum used a keg o' nails each load." And down the street they went with regular plantation swagger, increasing in number at every corner.

The greatest blow to Nashville has been the destruction of its two fine bridges across the Cumberland. Of that I gave full particulars in my last. Gov. Harris' words when waited upon by the citizens and requested to refrain from such vandalism, were: "Has Nashville come to this—hesitating to sacrifice two paltry pieces of timber for the cause? Go back and tell those who sent you, that another word and their own roofs will be blazing above them." As related to me by one

of the committee, the outburst of the great bridge-burner was spiced with "tall oaths," conscientious Harris being no exception to the general rule a man goes by when mad. Although denouncing bitterly the conduct of their traitor ruler, the sufferers, with a prospect that it may be years before the structures will be replaced, still cling to a cause that is ruining them.["]

The last assertion is decidedly rich. If the correspondent of the Republican was told that story by any body in Nashville, he may set it down that he was sold at a cheap rate.

The army correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, in his letter of the 27th ult., furnishes this "fancy sketch:"

["] Our regiment was the first on shore. It would have made tears start from a statue to have seen old and young press round the loved flag, and imprint warm kisses of devotion on its bright stars and broad stripes. The color bearer himself was not exempt from the homage, for in their enthusiasm the people raised him from the ground and bore him in their arms.["]

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

A correspondent of the Goliad Messenger says that Mr. Tabor, of the Brownsville Flag, has made arrangements to import a large quantity of newspaper—enough to supply the papers of Texas, which he will furnish at cost.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Juvenile Stealing.—A system of stealing from packages about the bluff and in other parts of the city, by children sent out by their parents with bags in their hands daily for the purpose, has of late been persistently pursued in this city. This proceeding is not only causing heavy loss to our merchants, but it is breeding up thieves and prostitutes in our midst. In order to do something to check the evil, officers O'Brien, Brannan and Hickey, furnished with search warrants, yesterday entered a number of houses from which they recovered a considerable quantity of hams, bacon, and sugar, which the owner can obtain by applying at the station house. They were taken from the homes of the following children, which children were arrested: J. O. Day, Maryam Magione, also Mrs. Brown, of the Navy Yard, and J. D. Spain, R. Sheean, and Maggie Coveny, residing on the corner of Main and Jackson streets. The night police deserve credit for their activity in this matter.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 23, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Texas Intelligence.

. . . The Paris Press announces its suspension for want of paper. The San Antonio Herald is much more fortunate, judging by the annexed extract:

["]In spite of old Abe's blockade, the Herald office is well supplied with paper. We received a lot last week from England, by way of Matamoros, and also a lot from New Orleans. The prices, it is true, were enormous, but we were glad to get it at any cost. From this statement our subscribers will perceive that there is no prospect of the Herald's suspending for want of paper. We will state, also, that our subscription list is rapidly increasing, and our friends very punctual.["]

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 23, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

The Louisville Journal tells the following as having recently occurred in Nashville.

["] A few days ago, as Gen. Buell was riding on horseback through the streets of Nashville, an aristocratic lady, a Mrs. W., living in a fine, large house, stood at an open door or window, waved a rebel flag toward him, and cried, "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy!" The general reined in his horse, turned toward the lady, touched his hat with all the courtesy and suavity for which he is remarkable, and surveying the fine house from top to bottom with the eye of a connoisseur, quietly remarked, "An excellent house for a hospital." In less than two hours every room was full of sick soldiers, and Mrs. W., was pointedly requested to take care of them. We heartily congratulate her upon her blessed privilege of ministering to the needs of suffering patriots.["]

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

The Overton Hospital.

Editors Appeal: I would call the attention of the ladies of Memphis to a few facts with regard to the wants of the Overton Hospital, and hope they will consider it no reflection upon their liberality and patriotism to do so. While there are many noble women engaged in the work, with a spirit, too, worthy of our holy cause, there are many more needed. With several hundreds sick, it is impossible to render them as comfortable soldiers, who are fighting for all that is sacred to us, should be. Everything is done that can be, with the means employed; but will not many more make the sacrifice, and come to our aid? I am sure they will.

They also need contributions of food of the proper kind. It is true there is an abundance furnished by government, but not of the description, of course, which conduces so much to the nourishment of the suffering, and the building up of convalescent patients.

Certainly there are many families who can afford to give something, and if all such would do so, it would fall lightly on each one. Both buttermilk and sweet milk are very grateful to the sick, especially the former, which is much desired by the soldiers. Hams, poultry, eggs, butter, lard, vegetables, as well as many other things which may be suggested to the readers of this, will be thankfully received. Feeling sure that to have these wants supplied, it is only necessary to direct the attention of the public mind to a simple statement of facts, they are kindly submitted by a lady.

A Lady

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 26, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

East Tennessee University.—The buildings of the East Tennessee University, at Knoxville, have been given up to the military for hospital purposes.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

At Wholesale!

225 bales best 7-8 Osnaburgs,
10 bales Heavy Drills and Ducks,
10 cases Wool Hats,
3 " Gum Overshoes,
13 " Gents' Boots,

9	"	Women's Stout Shoes,
21	"	Children's Shoes,
6	"	Youths' Shoes,
60	"	Boys' Shoes,
20	"	Men's Kip Shoes,
6	"	Russet Shoes,
17	"	Umbrellas,
75 pieces Tweeds and Cassimeres		
50	"	Jeans,
50	"	Ticking,
25	"	Kersey,
20	"	Merinos,
100	"	Plaid and Striped Domestics,
20	"	Ginghams,
10	"	Heavy Shirting Checks,
150	"	Calicoes,
50	"	Hickory Shirtings,
20 dozen Overalls,		
12	"	Heavy Wool Jackets,
300 pairs Pantaloons,		
50 Suits Gray Kerseys,		
500 dozen Spool Cotton,		
10,000 dozen Cotton Yarns,		
200 dozen Wool Socks,		
20	"	Wool Hose,
50	"	Cotton Hose,
50	"	Misses' and Children's Hose,
50 gross Military Buttons,		
200 lbs. Turkey Red cotton,		
50 lbs. Knitting Cotton,		
30 lbs. Zephyr Worsteds,		
30 lbs. Sewing Silks,		
100 Bed comforts,		
		Blankets, Quilts,
Brown Shirtings and Sheetings,		
Bleached "		
Checked Jaconet and Swiss Muslins,		
Table Cloths, Napkins and Towels,		
		Plaid and White Linseys,
Canton Flannels, Green Baize,		
		White and Red Flannels,
		Shawls, Neck Comforts,
		Black Velvets, Alpaccas,
		Irish Linens,
Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Gloves,		
		Ladies' and Gents' Gauntlets, }

Heavy Buck and Seal "
Grain Bags,
Wool Yarns, Carpet Warps,
Wrapping Twine,
Flax Treads, Needles, Pins,
Table Cutlery, Scissors, etc.
We offer the above, and other desirable goods to arrive, at Wholesale, for Cash.
Country Socks, Jeans, Linseys, etc., will be taken in exchange for goods.
John L. Taylor & Co.,
Corner of Adams and Second streets.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Immorality.—J. Keefe, H. A. Morris, Mollie Smith, and Mollie Hardin, arrested by night policemen Ryan and O'Bryan, were fined six dollars each by the Recorder yesterday, for being on the premises of Tom O'Donnell, on Washington street, for immoral purposes. O'Donnell was charged with harboring them, but it appearing that the room was rented by Tom Dugan, who gave the parties the key, O'Donnell was discharged and Dugan was fined eleven dollars. The fines were inflicted for violating the Provost Marshal's order.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

The Ladies of Nashville.

All the correspondents of the Northern press, writing from Nashville, credit the ladies of that city with demonstrating the most ultra southern sentiments. There seems to be no misunderstanding their political proclivities. Here is what the correspondent of the New York World thinks of them:

["] While I am on the subject of manners and deportment, I will occupy a paragraph with the she-cessionists of this city. They are our most rancorous and rantankerous opponents. To be sure, they do not rush into the streets and fall upon our troops with broomsticks and bodkins, but they do fall upon them in doors with a weapon of which they have long been expert mistresses. Such an exhibition of acerbity, vengeance and venom I have never seen exceeded. Countenances that have heretofore belonged to the softest of the softer sex, seem now to have become the property of very vixens. These amiables gnash upon us with their teeth. They breathe out threatenings and slaughter against us. Their eyes—blue, black, or grey—ordinarily captivating from their languid luster, are transformed into balls of fire, and emit sparks that smarten the spot they fall on. Mouths, usually slow, simpering and sweet of speech, now chatter away with the most energetic animosity.

The older females share the spirit of the sulkier sex, and move like hoopless specters about their dark and dismal residences. I called upon one of them with a greeting and message from her sister in Illinois, from whom she had long been blockaded. I presented them to her. [Silence.] I observed that it was a fine day. She said it was. I did not ask her to be seated. I did not send any word by her to her sister in Illinois. I bid her good afternoon. She did the same to me.

I shall make no further attempts at describing the condition of this people. It exceeds description. Suffice it to say that the citizens of Nashville are in what Lindley Murray would call

the indicative mood, and blue perfect tense. I must not fail to say, however, before leaving my lampoon of the ladies, that all of them are not of this unnatural pattern. No, no; the blessing of our wounded ones here upon female philanthropy would rebuke the discrepancy. The hospitals are abundant in the charity and attention of women. Among them is the venerable Mrs. James K. Polk. ["]

On the same subject the Dayton (O.) Journal publishes, by permission, the following, from a private letter from Lieut. R. W. Lowe, of the 19th, United States army, dated Nashville, March 9th. Lieut. Lowe says:

["] Everything is dead in Nashville, and the people are very bitter. Most of the men have long since left, but the women are as mean and impudent as possible. Whenever they pass a soldier on the street, they twist their pretty faces into all imaginable shapes to express their intense disgust, and if you get into conversation with them, they will wish you all manner of evil, and abuse you without mercy. Even at church, this morning, they turned up their noses disdainfully at my shoulder-straps and brass buttons. One young miss in the choir expressed herself by displaying a miniature secession flag. It will take a long time to win these people back, but I firmly believe that fraternal feelings will one day be restored.["]

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

The Nashville Banner of the 20th says: "The city presents such a lively, business-like appearance, that the casual observer might suppose Nashville to be itself again. Such is not the fact, however, for although many of our stores are opened, there is but little legitimate business transacted outside the hotel and provision line. The hotels are constantly filled."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Mrs. McEwen, of Nashville, was visited by several of the Federal officers, and she unhesitatingly told them that she had been the last person in Nashville to take down the stars and stripes, but now she was for eternal separation.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

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

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

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Texas Intelligence.

The San Antonio Herald, of the 15th, says:

["] A train of twenty-five large wagons arrived in this city last Monday from Monterey, Mexico. They were heavily laden with blankets, shoes, leather and other needful articles. They brought, also, 118 sacks of powder—about twenty-five or thirty thousand pounds.["]

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 30, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Letter from the Confederate Capital.

Special Correspondence of the Memphis Appeal.]

Richmond, March 24, 1862.

. . . Gen. Winder is pushing martial law to very absurd lengths in this city. Four more respectable druggists were arrested on Saturday, and their stores closed by military authority, upon a charge of selling whisky. The facts were, that detective policemen, sent for the very object with forged orders, purporting to come from practising [sic] physicians, and setting forth that the liquor was wanted for medicinal purposes, purchased each a bottle from these four apothecaries respectively, whereupon they were sent off under a file of soldiers to the military prison. This may be called sharp police work. Little boys have also been taken up for galloping through the streets on horseback. While such is the severity of the administrators of martial law de minimis, the gambling houses are permitted to go on without let or hindrance, their elegant sideboards groaning with the weight of well-filled decanters pro bono publico. Indeed, it is so well known that liquor of all kinds can be procured at the fashionable hells for the asking, that thirsty gentlemen invite each other to visit them with the convenient formula, "Let us run the blockade." If the authorities are resolute upon putting a stop to drinking in Richmond, let them close the faro-banks, and they will benefit the morals of the city in two ways at once. . .

Dixie.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], March 30, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Medical Department,
C. S. Army.

The Medical Purveyor's Office, C. S. Army, Western Department, has been removed to Jackson, Mississippi.

All communications and requisitions for medical supplies must be sent to me at that place.

Richard Potts,
Surgeon and Medical Purveyor, C. S. A., W. D.

Note: April 1, 1862 is a four page issue.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

The First of April.—This is all fools day, but the times are too serious for joking.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Limestone Springs.—This beautiful and healthy spot, warranted by the proprietor to be the safest place in the confederacy during the existence of the present trouble, is for sale for \$10,000. They are near the Blue Ridge tunnel, thirty miles south of Chattanooga. See the advertisement.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Soldiers' Widows and Orphans.—We learn that an application will be made to Council tonight, for an appropriation for the benefit of the widows and children of soldiers that may be received in the Home for the Homeless, in accordance with a resolution lately adopted by the ladies having that institution in charge, to receive and afford a home to such. To carry out this resolution will, of course, entail a heavy expense. The Legislature had a resolution before it to make a grant for the purpose, but it adjourned before the subject could be voted on. In New Orleans the City Council has made liberal appropriations for soldiers' families. The example has not been followed here. Many soldiers' families will be left destitute, not only from the death of the father and husband, but from the loss of limbs and the consequent inability to support those dependent upon them. The claim presented to Council is a strong one, and merits a generous and liberal attention.

Note: April 3, 1862, is a four page issue.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Important Loss.—The Houston Telegraph, of the 22d ult., says: "We learn that the entire archives of the old Federal court, including records, documents, etc., were stored in the building that was burned on Monday morning, and they were all destroyed. These records were of immense importance, and their loss will be seriously felt by many parties whose interests, to a vast extent, were in litigation in that court."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Letter from the Confederate Capital.

Special Correspondence of the Memphis Appeal.]

Richmond, March 26, 1862.

. . . Martial law improves. Provost marshal, J. C. Maynard repudiates the trick resorted to by his subordinates, to entrap respectable apothecaries into selling whisky, and the apothecaries have been discharged. Our streets are once more quiet and safe, at any hour of the day or night. The gas lamps are lighted again. Gen. Winder brings up the hack drivers to the strict observance of the city ordinance concerning fares. It is also whispered that the faro-banks will be taken into hand at an early day. If the extortion of the city markets could be abated, it would be a blessing. Turkeys are five dollars apiece, eggs sixty cents a dozen, butter one dollar a pound, milk twenty-five cents a quart, oysters two dollars a gallon! Perhaps our Congressmen were not so much to blame after all, in stickling for their three thousand a year.

The flag committee have not yet reported. I visited the room of the chairman yesterday, and there saw bushels of bunting, silk satin, ribbons, calico-fashioned into an infinite variety of banners, oriflammes, gonfalons, pennons, streamers—painted, stamped, embroidered, braided with a bewildering confusion of stars, suns, mullets, crosses, or and argent, gules and azure, enough to perplex any three gentlemen in the Confederacy. . .

Dixie.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

A Patriotic Lady.—One of our best known gentlewomen—born, we believe, near or within this city—says the Mobile (Alabama) Advertiser—in sending a portion of money to this

office, accompanied it with the following note. She has come of a brave race of true Southerners, and it is not strange, therefore, that her heart and life, if need be, are in this work. Such words ought to inspire our people:

["] Think nothing of the delay, but remember that if times are hard with the men, how much harder for widows. Our only comfort in making so many sacrifices is that we had rather die than yield to Lincoln's government. Every foot of this land is dear to me, and I say contend for every inch of its precious soil, sacred to the memory of grandparents, parents and husband, for they all rest quietly under the sod of Alabama, where I hope to rest with my children by my side. May God keep the unhallowed feet of the enemy from ever touching this sacred spot. I have not a doubt of our final success and victory; but, oh! we may wade through a sea of blood; but then we will have the comfort to know that we bought our children's liberty at a price not with money, but blood. Truly, Lincoln acts upon the principle, annihilate or subjugate! May the Ruler of the Universe touch his Pharaonic heart ere he turns him and his army into this sea of blood.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

The Louisville Journal says: It would be no wonder if the spirit of rebellion were to burn fiercely in our city, considering how many petticoats it is fanned with.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 3, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

A New Lance.—The Rev. Mr. Graves, a well known elder of the Baptist church, yesterday showed us a new lance of his invention, which he warrants bound to kill. The blade is triangular, the edges are serrated like a saw, and the wound it would produce would paralyze the whole system. At the end is a weight of iron, by which the center of gravity is thrown lower down the shaft than in the ordinary pike and lance. Below the blade is a guard, in a crescent form, the inner portion of which is formed so as to cut on drawing back the lance. The shaft doubles up in the center for easy carriage. It is intended for both horse and infantry.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 3, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

Artemas Ward in the Army.

As I previously informed you, I am captain of the Baldinsville company. I riz gradooly but majestically from drummer's secretary to my presint position. But I found the ranks wasn't full by no means, and kemmenced to rekroot. Having notist a general desire on the part of young men who are in the krisis to wear epplerts I determined to have my company exkloosively of officcers, everybody to rank as brigadier-general. The follerin was among the varis questions I put to rekroots:

Do you know a masked battery from a piece of ginger-bread?

Do you know an epplert from a piece of chalk?

If I trust you with a real gun, how many men of your own company do you spec you can manage to kill during the war?

Hev you ever heard of Ginerol Price, of Missouri, and can you avoid similar aksidents in case of battle?

Hev you ever had the measles, and if so, how many?

How are you now?

Show me your tung, etc.

Sum of these questyuns was sarkastical.

We are progressing putty well with our drill. As all are commanding officers, there ain't no jealousy, and as we air all exceeding smart, it ain't worth while to outstep each other.

The idee of a company composed exkloosively of kommanders-in-chief originated, I spose I skurcelly need say, in these Branes. Considered a idea, I flatter myself in putty hefty. We've all got the taktix at our tungs ends, but what we particularly eksel in is in restin muskits. We kan rest muskits with any body.

Our corpse will do its dooty. We go to the aid of Columby—we fight for the stars.

We'll be chopped into sassige meat before we'll exhibit our coght tales to the foe!

We'll fight till there's nothing left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wriggle. "Ever of thee,"

A. Ward.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 3, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

When some of the courties [sic] endeavored to excite Phillip the Good to punish a prelate who had used him ill, "I know," said he, "that I can avenge myself, but it is a fine thing to have vengeance in one's power and not use it."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 3, 1862, p. 4, c. 1

An Incident.

One day last week, in making his usual visitations, the Rev. Dr. McCabe called in at the Maryland hospital, Richmond, and in making his rounds, was attracted to the bed of a young and delicate boy, suffering from the effects of protracted fever. The little fellow had seen only fourteen summers, and his thin, pale face bore marks of disease and suffering. The following occurred, as reported by the chaplain:

"How old are you, my son?" said the reverend gentleman.

"I was fourteen my last birthday."

"Why, that is very young to be in the army!"

"Yes, sir; but I thought it my duty."

"Where are you from?"

"Mississippi, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Dwight Sherwood."

"Why, that is a northern name."

"Yes, sir, my father was a northern man, but he has lived in the South for many years, and is a good southern man."

"And your mother, where is she?"

His little thin lip quivered, as he said with an effort to suppress emotion, "She is dead."

"Well, my son, you are very young, and you are very sick. You are not able to endure the fatigues of a campaign, and if you get better, you had better return home, hadn't you?"

The boy turned his large, eloquent eyes upon his interrogator, and finally, but modestly replied, as a slight flush passed over his pale, expressive face, "not until the war is over."

"Why, what can you do, you are so young and so delicate?"

"I am a marker, sir, and I hope to soon be up, and in the field again. I think it my duty."

"Well, you ought to try and be a good boy, to avoid everything that is wrong, and you ought to pray to God to give you a new heart, and to keep you from falling into bad habits."

"I do, sir," said the little fellow, his eye half concealing itself beneath the long, soft lash. "My mother taught me to pray. I have kept out of scrapes, and have had no difficulty with any one but once, and I did not seek that one."

The reverend gentleman then held further conversation with the brave little fellow, and promised to see him again.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

The Crystal Palace.—Oshei has opened this splendid saloon, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, and tea, coffee, chocolate and cakes can be had at all hours. He has a julep lemonade that is an excellent drink. Call and try it, and you will excuse "the blockade."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Cider.—The question is frequently asked whether cider is allowed to be sold in this city? We can answer, authoritatively, that it is not. Cider may be an innocent beverage in itself, but it can readily be made the vehicle and cover of something stronger.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Scarce of Light.—Since the new arrangement with the gas company matters do not seem to work well. At night the lamps are frequently not lighted for hours after thick darkness has made walking in the streets hazardous. In the morning they are often extinguished long before a ray of light glances on the eastern sky. When the lamps are lighted they are robbed of more than one-half of their illuminating power for want of the glass being kept clean.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 4, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

From Corinth.

It was generally thought at Corinth, when the last train left, that a battle was imminent in a very short time. The scouts reported that the enemy had completed the two bridges which were necessary to enable them to advance, and it was thought from the nature of their preparations, they would not delay doing so.

LATER.—By the passengers who arrived at eight o'clock last evening, we have information that the movements of the opposing armies in the last two days, have been such as to bring them in a proximity that would seem to make a battle inevitable at an early day.

For the contest that is expected very possible preparation has been made by our commanders, and the utmost confidence of the result is entertained. The only fear is, that the enemy will decline the encounter, and, should our forces advance, retire to the Tennessee river, and cross with their transports.

They were, however, we are advised, largely reinforced early yesterday morning, and may risk an engagement. The next few days will develop the result of the great movements now being made in the vicinity of Corinth.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Federal Expedition Up the
Tennessee River.
What it has accomplished.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.]

Savannah, Tenn., March 12.—The greater part of the Tennessee river expedition arrived at Savannah, Hardin county, Tenn., on the evening and during the night of the 11th inst. As the sun broke over the canebrakes that line the river banks, it disclosed such a scene as neither that nor indeed any river on the continent ever witnessed before. For nearly two miles up and down the stream lay the fleet. More vessels were constantly arriving; the channel was filled with them, gliding about in search of landings near their respective brigade headquarters, and the air was heavy with the murky smoke from hundreds of puffing chimneys.

The expedition had indeed reached the sunny South. We were seventeen miles from the Mississippi line, and only twenty-five from the northwest corner of Alabama, precisely as far south as the northern line of South Carolina, and further down than any of our armies, excepting the small ones that have gone around by the seacoast expeditions.

The troops arrived in pretty fair condition. The Donelson forces that embarked at Fort Henry were positively refreshed by the rest they had got afloat, and the beautiful sunny weather had largely aided to diminish their sick lists. The new troops, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa, that came up from Paducah and beyond, had been aboard too long for health, and unfortunately it became evident that they would not be permitted to disembark for several days yet.

Four divisions (of brigades improper exactly to enumerate to each division,) were organized, and troops enough either had already arrived or were on the way to form one, if not two more. Our Ohio Gen. Sherman (late commander in Kentucky,) as the ranking brigadier in the district had the advance division; next came Gen. McClelland, then Gen. Hurlburt, (both of Illinois,) and last, Gen. Lew. Wallace, of Indiana.

Gen. Smith, also promoted for Donelson service, had received his major-general's commission, and by virtue of it had the command of the movements in the field, as next to Gen. Grant, the ranking officer in the division.

Gen. Smith's headquarter's [sic] boat was landed at the Savannah wharf about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 12th; his yawl came across to Gen. Lew. Wallace's headquarters, on the opposite side of the stream, and the two generals had a brief conference.

The consultation lasted for half an hour, the two generals traced out a few courses on the maps, and made a few inquiries as to distances. Gen. Smith entered his yawl again, and Gen. Wallace gave the order, "Brigade, regimental and company officers will see that their men prepare three-days rations, and hold themselves in readiness for immediate movement."

March of the Division.

Near Savannah, Tennessee, }
March 14, 1862. }

The march of Gen. Wallace's division last night and the night preceding, was in no-wise different from hundreds of marches the same troops and other troops, all through the seat of war in the West, have made, and yet, common as were its fatigues, but few of its participants will ever appreciate them.

Plan of Operations.

The plan of the movement was briefly this: At the two towns of Purdy, in Tennessee, and Corinth, in Mississippi, pretty strong rebel forces were known to be posted, and between them was direct railroad communication. To attack one was therefore to attack both till the railroad connection could be destroyed. A few miles south of Purdy was an important railroad bridge, with long trestle work on each side. From this bridge a good road led to a landing on the river four or five miles above Savannah. Gen. Wallace was to move up the river after nightfall, so as to throw the rebel scouts off the scent, move out on the road six or eight miles with his infantry, and meantime send his cavalry ahead to destroy the bridge and trestle work, and capture a passing train if possible. The infantry would be within calling distance to support the cavalry in case of attack, or prevent their being cut off by a movement in the flank or rear.

A Success—Ohio Cavalry.

The plan was carried out exactly according to the programme. In a night so dark that a rider could only see his horse by the frequent flashes of lightning, and under a pouring rain, Major Hayes, with a battalion of the 5th Ohio cavalry, guided by a Union man of the vicinity, marched some twenty-six miles, reached the bridge at an early hour, destroyed it, and the track and the trestle work for half a mile, tried to catch the down train from Purdy, but were foiled by the conductors having been advised by the people of the neighborhood of his presence in time, and got back to the point at which the infantry were resting at five o'clock in the afternoon.

March of the Infantry.

The infantry march, though shorter, was still harder. The advance had hardly been disembarked and started off till a thunder-storm came up. Through the whole night it rained, almost incessantly; the march often standing for half an hour waiting in the mud and rain for some advance regiment to get out of the way; every body was soaked before the rain was half over, and when it was ended the blankets were so wet as to be useless.

The Rebels Burning Their Cotton.

For miles an ill-defined lurid glow of light was seen illumining the murky sky, and shining dimly through the woods. As it was seen from different positions in the curves of the road, the men imagined each appearance to be a new light, and there was much talk of signal fires and admonition to be ready for attack any moment; but, at last, just as the darkest hour before daylight, they came up to it, and the mystery was solved. A speculative farmer had bought up some fifty bales of cotton, which were stored in an old shed by the roadside. Late in the preceding evening a battalion of rebel cavalry had been done to the river, and returning, greatly alarmed at the formidable appearance of the fleet, had fired the cotton to prevent the Lincolnites from getting it.

Taking Prisoners—Sharp Practice in Picketing.

Throughout the day Gen. Wallace kept scouting parties out around the position of his infantry. The results of their labor were the capture of three rebel privates and one captain, and ascertaining that Gen. Cheatham, with a force that when all concentrated, amounted to full 15,000, had marched from Purdy the day before to take possession of the very landing at which we had disembarked, (where a high bluff gave a splendid position for artillery to command the river), and that, foiled in this by our arrival, he was then lying within four and a half miles of our position. Our brigades were kept constantly changing their places; and if the rebel scouts could make anything of Gen. Wallace's dispositions or numbers they must have possessed extraordinary powers for combinations.

The rebel captain was taken by a Yankee ruse that must have struck him as exceedingly unchivalric. He was out on picket duty. One of our scouts came suddenly upon him at a point where two of his pickets were posted. Fortunately the scout was quick-witted, or the capture might have been on the other side. "Who are you?" he boldly inquired of the first rebel he reached. "I'm a picket." "Well, so am I, but a little off my post, looking around for the Yankees." "Where is your post?" asked the captain; "You've no business to be away from it." "Come this way and I'll show you," responded the scout. The moment he got out of sight of the two privates he quietly informed the officer that he was a picket on the other side, and would have to take him along! And he actually marched the captain in, sword, pistols, shoulder-straps and all.

Gen. Cheatham Perturbed.

Gen. Cheatham was so astonished by our unaccountable demonstrations that he never dreamed of attacking us, and actually burnt a little bridge between the positions to prevent us from attacking him.

Having successfully performed all that was required of him, Gen. Wallace started back to the boats about eleven o'clock at night. The rains were over, and the boys had a beautiful moonlight march back. By two o'clock they were all aboard, and turned in for the night, after severe duty for thirty-six hours in succession.

The Advance of the Expedition into Mississippi.

Tyler's Landing,
Tishomingo Co., Miss., March 15.}

The national armies have at last made a descent from the North to the Gulf States. I write from the northeast corner of the rebel President's own State and on the opposite shore is Lauderdale county, Alabama.

Sherman's Division on the Move.

At noon, yesterday, Gen. Sherman's division moved out from the Savannah landings and steamed up the river, preceded by one of the saucy looking Cincinnati gunboats the A. O. Tyler. On reaching Pittsburg, where the gunboat engagement was fought a few days ago, the fleet stopped, and after reconnoitering for a moment or two, the gunboat dropped in a shell on the bluff where the rebel battery had been posted. The glasses showed nothing but utter desertion on the shore.

A few miles up, another dangerous looking bluff was reached, and another shell thrown with the same result. Without further detention, the fleet moved on, and, a little after dark, came in at the landing, a mile or two across the Mississippi line. Orders were promptly issued to prepare for marching, and about three o'clock the division moved out under another pouring rain.

Plan for Sherman's Movement.

The plan for this movement, like that for Gen. Wallace's, was to send out the cavalry in advance to destroy a bridge on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, while the infantry moved up to support it, and save it from being flanked or cut off.

The cavalry started off at the proper time, but about nine o'clock they returned. They had got within six miles of the place, when they found a creek so swollen with the recent rains as to be impassable. Meantime the infantry had only got out with infinite trouble, some three or four miles from the boats. The rain was drenching, and the poor fellows had a hard time of it in their first experience of marching in Mississippi. To many of the Ohio regiments it was the first trial of actual service. The Seventy-First Ohio, Col. Rodney Mason, had the satisfaction of bringing out the fullest regiment in the entire division.

Rise in the Waters.

The little streams rose so rapidly that the troops had difficulty in returning. A creek that they waded very easily at five in the morning they were compelled to bridge at nine, before they could get back. The artillery had great difficulty in crossing at all; the caissons were nearly carried down the stream, and the guns went under and almost mired to the bottom of the creek under six feet of water. Some idea of the freshet can be had when I repeat what a pilot told me, that the Tennessee rose eight feet in twenty-four hours.

The movement was a failure, but it was nobody's fault. The elements were against us, and so the rebels still have uninterrupted communication between Memphis and Charleston.

The Advance Division Returns from Mississippi.

Pittsburg, Tenn., March 16.—General Sherman's fleet came down here in the night. The effort against the Memphis and Charleston road had failed, and so we united here with Gen. Hurlburt's division for a more important movement.

The rebels are known to be near us in strong force, and now we have the cheering news that Manassas is evacuated, and the Potomac rebel army can just as well turn up here as not. The old rebel camp here—occupied till the gunboats shelled them out of it—shows that a considerable force lay at this particular point, and we hear of considerable bodies at Purdy, Corinth and Florence; and, besides, Johnson, Floyd and Pillow cannot be far off.

Our troops are already disembarked, and before morning we are to move. Some rebel prisoners, taken to-day, boast that before two days have passed "we'll be driven back into the river, and have half our boats sunk."

Nothing Further Accomplished.

Cairo, March 22.—The Lexington arrived this morning from the Tennessee river. She reports that our forces are scattering into the country round about Savannah, accomplishing nothing of importance beside the occasional capture of the enemy's scouts, and the bringing into our lines of prominent rebels, charged with assisting the Confederacy with money and provisions. Our forces have entire possession of the Memphis and Tennessee railroad, in the vicinity of Savannah, and reinforcements cannot be sent to Memphis. Other points are threatened on the Mississippi, by that channel of communication, at least.

Gen. McClernand and his division were at Savannah; Gen. Grant had established his headquarters at Pittsburg. The high water at those points still continues, rendering military operations impossible.

The Michigan 2d artillery and Capt. Powell's battery were sent up the Tennessee yesterday, as were also four transports with troops from Benton barracks.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

The Invaders at Washington, North Carolina.

From the Wilmington Journal.]

By a private letter from Washington, Beaufort county, kindly shown to us, we learn that on Friday morning, 21st inst., news was received at Washington that five of the enemy's steamers were approaching. At the pilings in the river they were obstructed and met with some delay in disposing of the obstruction, but succeeded in blowing it up with their submarine battery. Between one and two o'clock two of the boats came up to the wharf, and their commander put his foot on shore—said he was glad to see so many to meet him, he hoped they were all good Union men, and woe to the Secessionists!

All the way as they came up to town a splendid band played "Dixie" and "Auld Lang Syne." On landing they formed a line headed by the drum major, a big stout man with a tremendous cap and a big feather in it, and a mallet in his hand. They sent for the authorities, and when Sheriff Campbell and clerk of the court, Corden, approached, they asked for the court house, to which they went and hoisted the Federal flag, playing Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, the Star Spangled Banner, and Dixie. The flag being up, they gave repeated cheers. Our people preserved the utmost silence, manifesting much humiliation at the proceedings, but, under the circumstances, there was no help for it.

They said particularly they didn't want the negroes, and if one came on board, they would hang him. They destroyed the gun-carriages in Mr. Byers' ship-yard, and took a parcel of tools belonging to one of the workmen. They cut up the gunboat on Farrow's ship-yard, and would have burned it, but they said they feared firing the town. They demanded the lantern that had been taken from Hatteras light, and threatened to hold Mr. Myers, in whose warehouse it had been stored by the collector, responsible.

They threatened to have Mr. Myers' and Mr. Willard's steamers, which are up the river, and said they intended to bring a light draft steamer for the purpose. There was a hundred soldiers only at the hoisting of the flag, and they were very handsomely equipped and splendidly armed. When they left they said they would send a boat occasionally to have a look around. They made no arrests nor said anything about the oath. They expressed themselves disappointed in not finding more Union feeling existing, particularly in the Mayor, who had been represented

to them as a Union man. They said they brought four thousand men, the steamers in which they were being anchored below.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Wanted for the Sick.—The following is a list of articles much wanted for the comfort of the sick at the Overton Hospital. It is made out by one of the ladies of this city who is kindly devoting herself to the assistance of those who are suffering there. Any of them sent to the hospital will be faithfully devoted to the use of the brave fellows languishing there, and assist to restore them to the active service of their country: Poultry of all kinds, fresh meats of all kinds, game, sweet milk, butter milk, fresh butter, eggs, spring vegetables, turnip greens especially; gritz [sic], sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, lard, corn meal, pickles and catsups, preserves, can fruits; jellies, domestic wines, cordials, sponge and ginger cake, custards, baked and boiled; calf's foot jelly and blanc mange; any delicacies proper for invalids and convalescents; pepper, all kinds of herbs, especially sage; soap, suet, beeswax, rags of all descriptions, linen, cotton, white and colored, old shirts and pillow slips, half worn shirts, drawers and socks, towels, spreads, new or old, vials for medicines, etc.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 5, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Anticipation.

There was a restless feeling in the city yesterday. Like puffs of wind before the crashing storm, came the recital of facts and incidents, movements and preparations occurring in the vicinity of the Charleston railroad and the Tennessee river. "The hum of preparation" was not absent from our own city, and men's minds were turned with dizzy apprehension, or with exulting anticipation, toward the battle which most persons believe to be approaching. Anxiously every rumor was canvassed, events were calculated, positions discussed, and probabilities balanced. The belief that if a battle shall occur between the forces now marshaled in array against each other, it will have an important bearing on the mighty struggle now pending between the South and her boasting foe, was universal. The possible importance of coming events was contemplated with thrilling earnestness, their bearing upon the Confederacy, upon the fortunes of our own city, and the fate of friends and acquaintances, were gravely glanced at. The even of anticipated battle is a solemn time, not only to those who expect to be engaged in the direful conflict, but to those who watch the bustle of preparation, and await with strained vision, and shuddering interest, the moment when the clangor of the loud-voiced trumpet, and the hoarse shoutings of excited thousands, announce that the supreme and decisive moment has arrived.

While the natural feelings and reflections suggested by the solemnity of approaching strife existed yesterday among our people, there was no intimation of fear or doubt. The universal thought expressed was—let but the wiley [sic] enemy leave his tortuous strategy, his uncertain advances, and his feigned retreats—let him but meet the Southern host breast to breast, and try the issue by the test of gallant deeds, brave hearts, and chivalrous feats of arms, then the day is ours. Let force of arm and resoluteness of soul, be the umpires of the contest, and our flag will bear away the laurels. Where the decision lies in Southern will and Southern deeds, "there's no such word as fail." The result of the coming battle, as confidently anticipated by our citizens, is that described by Scott:

Oh, who that shar'd them, ever shall forget

The emotions of the spirit rousing time,
When breathless in the mart the couriers met,
Early and late, at evening and at prime;
When the loud cannon, and the merry chime
Hail'd news on news, as field on field, was won,
When hope, long doubtful, soared at length sublime
And our glad eyes, awoke as day begun,
Watch'd joy's broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 5, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

The Mobile Register has been requested by Dr. Nott, Medical Director at Corinth, to state that the profession has responded so promptly to the call for aid, that the demand for surgeons for the present, is fully supplied. Dr. Nott says: "If we have a great battle, which I have reason to believe is not far distant, we shall be glad to have a good deal of additional assistance."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 5, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Firing a Mortar.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.]

The firing of a mortar is the very poetry of a battle. A bag of powder weighing from eighteen to twenty pounds is dropped into the bore of the huge monster. The derrick drops the shell in; the angle is calculated; a long cord is attached to the primer, the gunner steps out upon the platform, and the balance of the crew upon the shore. The captain gives the word, the gunner gives his cord a sudden jerk, a crash like a thousand thunders follows, a tongue of flame leaps from the mouth of the mortar, and a column of smoke rolls up in a beautiful fleecy spirals [sic], developing into rings of exquisite proportions. One can see the shell as it leaves the mortar flying through the air, apparently no larger than a marble.

The next you see of the shell, a beautiful cloud of smoke bursts into sight, caused by the explosion. Imagine ten of these monsters thundering at once, the air filled with smoke clouds, the gunboats belching out destruction and completely hidden from sight in whirls of smoke, the shells screaming through the air with an unearthly sound, and the distant guns of the enemy sending their solid shot and shell above and around us, dashing the water up in glistening columns and jets of spray, and you have the sublime poetry of war.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 5, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Cotton Cards,

At retail. For sale by

W. B. Miller & Co.,
197 Main street.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

The "Last Word."—The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more strive to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb shell.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Texas Intelligence.

We glean the following from the Houston Telegraph, of the 28th inst.: . . .

The fodder house, gin and mill house, together with 100 bales of cotton, of Col. J. W. Groce, were set on fire and burned on the 20th. Who the incendiary could have been, it is impossible to know.

A public meeting was held at Sumpter, Trinity county, on the 17th ult., at which Col. Norton presided. The object of the meeting, as explained by Capt. Rowe and Mr. Tegarden, was to consider a request of the Polk county Indians for aid to get into the military service of the country. These Indians were represented by Antonio, chief of the Alabamas, Bill Blunt and Will, Chiefs of the Muscogas, and Mata Kina, chief of the Gashattas.

Antonio made a speech, which was interpreted by Bill Blunt. He said they know nothing about the Yankees, but that they live in this country, and want to fight for it. They are willing to fight anywhere in the State, but unwilling to go out of it. They wanted aid in procuring authority from the Governor to raise an Indian company with Indian officers, and a white man for commissary, to attend to their interests, etc.

They then chose as their chief warrior, or captain, John Scott Waka, an Alabama Indian, and for their next in command, Thompson, also an Alabama Indian, and Robert J. Rowe, a white man, for their commissary.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

The Fashionable Bonnet.—Owing to events now transpiring, to the terrors of grim visaged war, most of the annual observances pass with little or no attention. There were no jokes on the first of April, no processions on Washington's birth-day, no fire-works at New Year's, and even the event of the installation of the permanent government, and the inauguration of its first President, passed by unmarked by the festivities that usually distinguish the occurrence of important national events, but spring could not pass by without the solemn assumption by the ladies of a new fashion of bonnet; and, accordingly, in the street and at church, we see all sorts of faces, blond and olive, round and oval, smilingly gay or dignifiedly grave, all surrounded with a bonnet of the same shape and conformation. About this "new spring bonnet" we have heard among our lady acquaintances a rather curious history. It is said that it is not a "new style" of bonnet at all; that last year some specimens of it were shown, but so horrible was the shape, so ungraceful the tournure, so unsuited to any class of human countenance the appearance, that the discomfited modistes withdrew it in despair, and the whole stock lay neglected and despised. This spring, however, advantage was taken of the *Journal des Modes*, being inaccessible to the fashionable world of the South, to foist off, as "new style," the neglected enormity of 1861. And it is an enormity—destitute of grace and devoid of beauty. The only excuse we have heard in favor of the "fashionable bonnet" is, that if a gentleman, wearing a wide brimmed summer hat wishes to salute a lady with her bonnet on, the perpendicularity of the bonnet front offers no obstruction. We think this is rather a scandal than a truth, however. We remember several years

ago that the ladies wore a bonnet that was styled a "kiss-me-quick," but we do not believe that the present bonnet was adopted because it is a "kiss-me-quick." As we look at this bonnet we cannot help thinking that the first idea of it was got in a fright. Some amiable lady heard a story of the conduct of a dear friend, that "made her hair stand on end;" the front of her bonnet was pushed up by her hair, and staid up, and the effect of the accident was attributed by the lady's friends to fashion. Thus it probably came that we have a fashionable bonnet that is compounded of a bonnet crown and a modern parasol—which is of the shape and size of a wash basin—stuck around it endwise. As a considerable amount of imitated vegetation (both in flower and leaf), is usually stick beneath the Vishnu-like radiation of the front, it is possible that the accident which originated the "fashionable bonnet" of to-day, was a lady's falling on her face on a flower bed in her garden, and rising again with her bonnet front crushed back, and a head full or two of the posies from the bed sticking beneath it. What will the ladies living in the time of the third President of the Confederate States think when they see the portrait of a lady taken while wearing the fashionable bonnet in the first year of the first President? We already, by anticipation, see them pucker their pretty lips, and hear them exclaim in shuddering astonishment—Oh, what a fright!

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Help for the Overton!

We love our country, our injured and suffering land! It must be saved or we are lost indeed. It must be saved or we become slaves of the vilest system of tyranny that ever triumphed in its wicked designs. Woman is powerless in many respects to aid in its defense, but "she hath done what she could" is the highest praise and most grateful tribute that can be inscribed to the memory of those who have done what they could. If those who have fallen in defense of our rights are uncared for, neglected, or suffer for proper attention, it weakens the faith and unnerves the arm of those who are still bravely struggling for its accomplishment, and may deter many from pledging their all in its support. It is our imperative duty, as it should be our highest privilege, to devote ourselves in this way. Therefore, in consideration of the great amount of sickness and suffering at the Overton, and the advancing season, when we may expect a still greater increase; and further, in consideration of the sudden and emergent calls which have been made—compelled to be answered by transient and inexperienced nurses, and creates such inconvenience and confusion; and lastly, in consideration of a great and eventful battle, which may sadly and suddenly overwhelm us with its helpless victims. Therefore, we, the ladies of the sixth ward, in order to secure greater system, uniformity and concentration of interest for the poor sufferers at the Overton, do pledge ourselves to furnish daily, the requisite number of nurses for one ward of this hospital—bringing with us the necessary provisions of the sick-room. At the same time we earnestly call upon our gentlemen friends of the sixth ward, to form themselves in a similar association, to watch by night, in the same ward of the hospital. We feel assured that no argument is necessary to induce them to co-operate with us, in this labor of love, humanity and patriotism!

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

The Battle on the Tennessee.

Editors Appeal: En armende for my brusqueness at the Gayoso as I passed you, and in compliance with your request, I send you a brief and hurried account of the battle of Shiloh [sic], more glorious than Taylor's victory, when Davis, Quitman, M'Clung, Bradford, Hays and brave lamented McCulloch, led Yankees to victory.

Allow me, however, in justification of myself, to premise that I am worn out in body and mind and therefore unable to render the battle in minute detail.

Early yesterday morning I approached the field of battle, and was directed by our gallant Sam Tate (himself hurrying on) to the nearest point of attack, while the thunder of artillery, and tempest of musketry rose on the air, I galloped through an old hurricane four miles north-east of Monterey [sic], where all the elements had spent their powers as a grand prelude to the storm on which the fate of empire now hangs.

In striking contrast with all that is horrible and sublime, the blue birds were singing their Sunday morning anthems, and the landscape seemed wedded to the quiet sky. But you are impatient of prevailing weakness and eager for facts.

I find myself on the left wing of our forces in Col. Bates' command. His men are fighting against overwhelming odds, and falling like autumnal leaves around him. A battery to his right pours a terrific fire on the foe and seems the last hope of our poor fellows who are charging to the cannon's mouth—they waver, fall back, seem almost cut to pieces; the gallant colonel falls (shot in the thigh) but not as you have it, killed. I thought the day already lost and fell back to a place of safety with a full determination to remain in the rear, but encountering Gen. Cheatham's division, and some gallant fellows whom I had seen on another battle field, my anxieties got the better of my discretion; I galloped along the lines and give more flattering accounts than I ought.

The different companies shout as I give the news; and Lieutenant Col. Tyler cordially exclaims: "I will gladly give my life to save this wing." Poor fellow! the next time I saw him, his gallant form was stretched in an ambulance—his cheek blanched that never blanched in danger, and his brow contracted in agony. He had received a horrible wound in the thigh. God grant it be not mortal.

They are in the hail of grape and musketry, which had riddled our left wing before reinforcement. Col. Smith's regiment is almost decimated, but close like the air over their wounded and dying at each belch of the Vandal's cannon.

Stephens' and Douglas' regiments are on the left, obeying the order of our gallant, great, but unpretending "Frank"—"Drive them into hell."

In this charge Capt. Rogers fell wounded—and poor John, of the gallant 6th, paid the price of liberty.

Alas! Alas! for these regiments!

Like Bates' and Smith's, they are completely riddled; and though they have forced the enemy from his position, they cannot long stand against overwhelming numbers.

Hark! what shout is that in our rear? Whence those martial orders, re-echoed from officer to officer? Halt! Halt! Dress! Forward, march!

Breckinridge, far as the eye can reach along the hills, leads on his martial host.

Already the enemy's left are retiring on his gunboats—has given way—his center shaking and shouts of victory pierce the air.

But I could only guess at what transpired beyond my own little sphere.

Suffice to say our gallant leaders, Beauregard, Bragg, Johnston, Gladden, Polk, Ruggles, Chalmers, Hindman, Cheatham, Bowen, Clark, Breckinridge, Loring, Wood, Slaughter and Hardee, were charging a line three miles in length of a desperate and determined foe.

That they whipped them at every point, and at night fall, are masters of the field.

I subjoin a list of killed and wounded, with whom I came in contact on the field and in the hospitals.

I could give you more of the killed; but, alas, while the wounded could furnish me their names, thousands on the bloody field had left their glorious names only to their children.

God defend them, and heaven's heaviest curses fall upon those misers who are hoarding gold while many of these heirs of poverty and a noble name are without food or raiment!

I was so fortunate as to capture two Federals, whom I brought to your city as the first fruits of the 6000 taken by our brave boys on the field.

J. W. R.

Partial List of Killed and Wounded.

[list]

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

The Maynard Rifles.—We are advised that private dispatches have been received in the city stating that Lieut. Dupuy and private Thos. Turley, were wounded in the battle on Sunday. They belonged to the Maynard Rifles of this city—of which company six others are reported to have been injured.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

The Chemical Works at Montgomery, it is announced, will in a few weeks be in condition to make from three to four hundred weight of sulphur [sic] and brimstone daily.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Haversacks and Canteen Straps.

I want twenty thousand of each, within the next ten days. Ladies will find employment and aid our soldiers, by calling at the corner of Third and Monroe streets at once.

W. R. Hunt,
Ordnance Office.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

For the Ladies—Spring Fashions.

From Madame Demorest's Quarterly Mirror of Fashions, for the spring of 1862, we learn that the spring styles exhibit more care and taste than those which have preceded them. The mass of materials may be less costly, but the colors are more varied, delicate and charming, and the taste, coquetish beauty of arrangement, make up for the absence of more luxurious qualities. Gray will be less worn than in the past two seasons. Trimmings will be used profusely for

dresses—buttons, frillings, bows, puffs and double ruchings being the favorite style. Coat sleeves have nearly all assumed a modified "leg of mutton" shape. One design is straight at the wrist with a medallion cuff, which extends upon the upper or full part of the sleeve. The upper part forms an immense puff, and is laid in three treble box plaits at the top. Another design is loose at the wrist, rounded on the upper side, where a broad frill is festooned at intervals with flat bows. Shepherd's wool checks are regarded as the most reliable in black and white. They are in demand for suits consisting of dress and short English paletot or sack. Flowing sleeves are never out of fashion.

In bonnets, the "three stories" of winter will be eclipsed by the four, five, and six of spring. In other words, the bonnets for spring are very high in front, and form a square instead of coming to a point over the forehead, without, however, flattening in the center in the least. For ordinary walking bonnets, fine white split straw, bound and trimmed with green, or green and black, are new and becoming. Very stylish straws are simply decorated with velvet, with straw ornaments. Straw trimmings have been brought to such perfection as to be extremely beautiful. Silk hats are always more or less in vogue.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

To the Daughters of the South.—We want your aid. We want bandages, splint, cloths, lint and old linen. We greatly need these articles now! Be prompt to serve your patriotic brothers who have suffered in the recent struggle. Please send at once supplies to Columbus and Holly Springs, Mississippi, for the hospitals belonging to Gen. Hardee's army corps. Transportation will be free, and your generous donations regarded with great favor.

I am, respectfully,
Surgeon G. W. Lawrence,

Medical Director 3d army corps, Army of the Mississippi.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

General Hospital, }
End of Union Street, Memphis. }

I have been ordered to remove all the sick from the State Hospital, which I have done, to receive as many of the wounded as there is room for. It is only necessary, I know, to inform the ladies of the city and country that we are without bandages, old linen and cotton, and to-day the wounded will arrive. We will be very thankful for these articles, and, if possible, we hope the ladies will send these articles this morning. The bandages should be made of good unbleached shirting, five yards long and two and a half inches wide.

J. M. Keller, Surgeon C.S.S.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

A Gunboat Proposal.

Editors Appeal: I wish to make a proposition through your columns to the ladies of Tennessee. That proposition is, that we purchase an iron-clad steamer, to aid in the formation of the Navy of the Confederate States. Having already given what is more precious than money, or any earthly treasure—some of us our beloved husbands, and most of us our noble sons, let us unite our efforts to strengthen their hands and cheer their hearts by the purchase of such a vessel,

which, with the blessing of God, may prove as formidable to our enemies as the Virginia. I propose to give to the Secretary of the Navy or his order one hundred dollars to the attainment of this object. An equal sum from each patriotic lady of the State will accomplish it. Messrs. Editors, please speak for me and my sisters. Ask them to respond to this appeal, and say that you will become the agents for our noble purpose. The money will be paid whenever it is called for, through you. I mention ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, in order that more of us may share in the honor.

Mrs. J. B. Gray.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 9, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Fashions La Mode.—According to the Paris fashions for the present month, the mode of decreasing the width of the skirts of dresses at the waist is more and more adopted; the bottom of the skirt must be very full—an ample training skirt is quite inadmissible in the street—only allowable for indoors or carriage wear. Even tarlatan and tulle dresses are made with trains. Every breadth is gored; all silk dresses are submitted to this rule. Visiting dresses are no longer made with plain skirts. That which constitutes the true elegance of a robe is the trimming. Velvet is no longer so frequently placed in wide bands at the edge of dresses, but in ruches, put on in grocques or rings. Trimmings of the same material as the dress is also worn. Narrow plaited flounces, set on in threes; bouillonnes between, or rows of terry velvet. On one dress of black gros de Suede we notice an insertion of black guipure over velvet ribbon. Another robe, silver drab moire antique, with some of the same guipure over white taffetas. The most costly material seems not to be a la mode, unless trimmed; we may, perhaps, except moire antique and velvet—yet these are frequently ornamented.—Godey for April.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Bitter Female Secessionist.

Four young gentlemen, who have been residing in Alexandria for some months, a few days ago engaged apartments of a highly respectable lady in Prince street, with her two daughters, aged respectively sixteen and eighteen.

Although the lady and her daughters were open and avowed secessionists, the former having two sons in the Confederate army, the young gentlemen were, nevertheless, surprised to hear them speaking so contemptuously and bitterly of the Union.

The young gentlemen, it appears, took it into their heads to hoist the stars and stripes on the top of their dwelling one day, upon which the lady and her daughters, when they discovered it peacefully floating above them, raised a storm of indignation.

One of the young ladies then clambered to the roof of the house at the risk of life or limb, and with the spirit of a tigress tore down our national flag, trampled it beneath her feet, and then threw the fragments into the stove. Not content with this disrespect, this young traitoress took the ashes of the burned flag and pitched them contemptuously in the street.

The worst feature, perhaps, of this whole affair is that the entire family is from the northern part of New York, and have lived only a few years in Alexandria. Their friends and relatives still reside in New York.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Irving Hospital.—Under the care of Dr. C. S. Fenner, who was charged with the work by the military authorities, the rooms in the Irving block, lately occupied by the Southern Mothers, have been cleansed and fitted up with comfortable beds. Doors have been broken through to allow of complete communication between the suits of rooms. A large kitchen has been fixed up with the necessary appendages. There was but one patient there last evening, Lieut. Crawford, who resides fifty miles down the Mississippi railroad; he was wounded in the battle of Sunday last, receiving a bayonet stab in the eye. He is doing well, and will return home to-day. The hospital, when we went over it, was already favored with the presence of ladies—kind-hearted and compassionate matrons, full of the angel-like spirit of Florence Nightingale—who were waiting to bestow their soothing cares on the suffering soldiers, as soon as they should arrive. Under the care of Dr. Fenner, who is experienced, industrious, patient, and of kind manners, we expect to see the Irving Hospital well and satisfactorily conducted.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 2-3

Corinth, April 8, 1862.

. . . When Gen. Prentiss was taken prisoner he expressed a great desire to see Gen. Beauregard, and was brought before him on the battlefield. I was there, standing near the general, and witnessed the interview. Gen. Prentiss addressed Gen. Beauregard, and told him that he considered him the best general in our army. You are mistaken, said Beauregard; I know in our army better generals than I am, and among those I will cite Sidney Johnston, whom we have unfortunately lost to-day. Prentiss was surprised to see in Gen. Beauregard a man of small stature, and so easy in manners. He admitted our victory to be as great as Manassas, and our troops to have fought desperately. His battle flag was captured by the 9th Mississippi regiment; I saw it brought this morning to headquarters. Presently three more flags were brought to Beauregard at Shiloh [sic]. . . .

This morning I saw a private pass with a Federal flag. It was the regiment's colors of the 15th Illinois, captured by private John Williams, of company C, 18th Mississippi regiment, now orderly of Gen. Garner. The 1st Louisiana infantry, in the charge upon the enemy's camp, took a whole section of artillery and three regimental colors. . .

Ette.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 11, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

The Peculiarities of the Day.

In the whirl of passing events we scarcely notice the strange things that are daily happening and existing around us. The bonnet that the ladies wear in the streets and at church, excites but little of our attention, but if in 1882 we should happen to see a portrait of a person wearing a bonnet of 1862, how strange it will appear to us—so it will be of the events of eighteen hundred and sixty-two. How those of us who are then living, will be listened to with gaping mouth and staring eye, as we relate events and circumstances of "the war!" The war has affected almost every department of our life, and rudely torn away the whole habits of our past existence. Our dress, food, literature, business, devotions, pursuits, out of door conduct, and fireside conversation, are all changed and modified by the influence of the war.

What would the people of the south have said two years ago, to any one who should have predicted that they would get their breakfasts without coffee, and drink the juice of parched rye

as a substitute, without a word of complaint or a wry face? Yet, the feat is done. The failure of our usual supplies of barreled meat from the cities of the West, has made a change in the diet of every man and woman in the Confederacy, and a no less striking change in the produce of the plantation. How astonishing it will appear, in a few years, that a time existed when planters raised corn and potatoes, fattened hogs and cultivated garden vegetables, while cotton was by universal consent neglected, and this at a time when cotton was worth in Liverpool twenty-eight cents a pound, yet selling on the plantation at five cents. How odd it will be to remember that certain merchandise was forbidden to be brought into the city, and certain kinds of produce to be taken out; and that in many places in the markets and stores, dealers could sell only at prices dictated to them by a Provost Marshal. While our eating is thus affecting, our drinking is no less so—slings, juleps, smashes, and all the paraphernalia of drunkenness, is in a state of suspension, and every groggery in the city is closed. Not only is the coffee gone we drank with our families at home, but the brandy we pledged our friend's health in abroad.

Our dress is affected to an equal extent with our food. The very books, that with plates of glaring colors used to show us how the beaux and ma'ams of New York and Philadelphia wore their hats and bonnets, coats and dresses, are no longer to be found among us. We do not know what the fashions are, and without a grumble don anything we can find in the stores that is to be bought; and the stores, having no means of replenishing their stock with "new goods from the East," our "go to meeting coats" are often more remarkable for their comfort than for their elegance.

In our business there is a change that in twenty years will make every listener doubt as he hears the story. Days pass by in which neither railroad trains nor steamboats bring a pound of freight. 'Change hour passes without a visitor at the mart of commerce, without a document being placed upon the bulletin board, a sample on the table, or a sale on the register. What is yet more, every store closes at two o'clock in the afternoon, and the city one-half of every day has the quietude of Sunday.

In our reading we have no books "just published," no New York weeklies or monthlies, no European magazines; have not read Dickens' last, or commenced Collins' new story; have not seen the last principal "star" on the stage, and do not know who is the reigning prima donna at the opera. Our newspapers have felt the martial influence as strongly as other things. They never had so much variety as now, since Faust pulled the press; they are of all sizes and colors, and sometimes contain four pages and sometimes two. They are short enough for a pocket handkerchief one day, and big enough for a table cloth another. They assume as many hues as Niagara in the sunshine, and are by turns blue, yellow, green, red, purple, grey, and common brown packing paper. At church our prayers have conformed to new events, and if they do not conform there are indications that the war can extent its prerogatives beyond the precincts of the battle-field.

Our very medicine has experienced its share of the change; epsom salts have become an expensive luxury, and quinine is a treat "niggers and poo [sic?] white folks" find beyond their reach. Even our sleeping apartments have been invaded, and blankets are all gone to the soldiers' tents. Politics are dead. A political enemy is a curiosity only read of in books. We have no Whigs, no Democrats, no Know Nothings, no nothing. Our amusements have revolutionized. The winter has passed by without a company having been engaged at the theater, or a single circus having spread tent. Our people have done their own playing and their own singing, and the most accomplished ladies in town have spent the mornings in sewing coarse shirts or

pantaloon for the soldier to wear, and sung in public at night to gain money for the soldiers' equipments.

How far we might extend this list every reader of our remarks knows, but brief as it is, few of the changes the war has brought upon us as it enumerates, it contains the mention of facts that will excite wonder if read twenty years hence.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 11, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

W. B. Miller, Geol. Dashiell,
 John H. Taylor
 W. B. Miller & Co.,
 197
 Main Street,
 Clay Building.
Offer at Reasonable Advance on Cost
Musquito [sic] Bars,
Brass Eagle Buttons,
Gilt Eagle Buttons,
Bleached Shirtings,
White Brilliants,
Turkey Red Muslin,
Printed Lawns,
Printed Organdies,
Printed Jaconets,
Printed Brilliants,
Black Lace Mantles.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Fine and Jail.—Dr. Parrott was charged before the Provost Marshal yesterday, with having made a disturbance in the Irving Hospital and used disrespectful language of ladies nursing the wounded there. He was fined fifty dollars and sent to jail for ten days.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Our Hospitals.—We have now two fine hospitals open in the city, the Overton and the Irving. The former is in charge of Dr. G. W. Currey, assistant surgeon, P. A. C. S. Dr. Curry gained a large store of experience while having charge of the hospital of the Southern Mothers. He is a valuable member of the surgical staff. We regret to say that he is suffering considerably at present from the effects of making a slight wound in his hand while engaged in an amputation. This does not prevent him, however, from exercising all his usual activity. Dr. Fenner has the Irving hospital in excellent order. He has secured the valuable services of Mr. and Mrs. Brewster in the house department.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 12, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

A Trophy.—The 9th Tennessee are in possession of the Minnesota battery flag, captured by them on Sunday last. The regiment fought so gallantly as to draw from Gen. Cheatham the highest encomiums.

Occurrences in Jacksonville Before and
After its Occupation by the Yankees—A
City in Flight.

From the Florida Sentinel.]

A very natural dread of the enemy produced an almost universal desire to get away from Jacksonville, as it was known that the river defenses were to be abandoned. But whole families cannot move with the celerity of an army furnished by the government with means of transport and subsistence. How to go, where to go to, and what to do for a livelihood if they fled, were the difficult questions to be solved. There having been but little business doing in the city for some time previous. Drays were scarce, and the few to be had were monopolised [sic] by merchants who had valuable stocks of goods to remove. A dray load soon went up from 25 cents to \$1. One day families were all packed up and resolved to go, but a rumor the next day that our troops were ordered off to the scene of war in Virginia or Tennessee, and that every place along the line of railroad was overflowed with refugees from Fernandina and Jacksonville, would cause them the change their minds and unpack again. Bitter tears were shed as families bid adieu to loved homes, never, perhaps, to behold them again, and to go they knew not where. Sad, indeed, was the scene as the weeping and affrighted poor beheld their wealthier neighbors depart, and knew that themselves must remain behind, exposed to the outrages of a hostile soldiery.

The Night of Terror.

On Tuesday, the 11th, it was reported that a large body of our troops were coming on the next train to lay the city in ashes. Late in the afternoon the cars came; and crowded with soldiers. To the anxious inquiries made of the officers as to the object of the expedition, it was answered that private dwellings were not to be burned. As night drew on the lurid flames from Mooney's foundry, several large saw mills and vast piles of lumber, n fire, revealed the true objects of the expedition. The people breathed freer, and a feeling of calm security was pervading the city, when it flew from lip to lip "the Judson House square is on fire." Volleys [sic] of small arms were heard, and it was said that several citizens had been shot at, and that old Mr. Parker was mortally wounded. As the officers of the battalion disclaimed having given authority to the persons who were thus burning and shooting, and as no one knew whose house might be in flames next, the scene of terror which ensued beggars description. The streets and open squares were soon strewn with every description of household furniture, and groups of weeping and affrighted women and children stood in the chilly air and upon the damp ground nearly all night long.

A providential shower and change in the direction of the wind alone saved from destruction the entire upper part of Jacksonville.

We have never heard any satisfactory answers to the questions asked on every hand, "Who perpetrated these lawless acts?" and "Where were our troops that they did not prevent them?" The men who did it came with the battalion; their designs were well known in Jacksonville before they came, and some of the officers were told by citizens immediately on their arrival, of the threats these men had been making. It is also certain that they left upon the

train with the soldiery, bearing large quantities of goods plundered from Robinson's burning store, and have been heard since openly boasting of the distinguished part they took in the events of this memorable night.

Let it should be thought that Mr. Robinson and Mr. Keen, of the Judson House, had acted so as to render them peculiarly obnoxious to the friends of the South, it is but just to say that both gentlemen, although of Northern birth, had conducted themselves with great prudence ever since the war began, and had contributed liberally toward the outfit and maintenance of our troops. The only reason we have ever heard alleged why these men were burnt out and the houses of other northern men were spared, was that the Judson House and Robinson's store were owned to a large extent at the North, had therefore been confiscated, and they were determined that Confederate property should not fall into the hands of the enemy.

The Arrival of the Gunboats.

As threats had been made that all who remained in town until the next night should be shot and their houses burned, a scene of wild confusion and distress was witnessed all over the city on Wednesday morning. Men offered freely five dollars for a single dray load to the depot, and some say they offered as much as ten dollars per load. The depot was soon literally piled up with trunks, boxes and furniture, while every lighter and small boat that could be procured were busy carrying off the people across or up the river. But at twelve o'clock the much dreaded gunboats arrived before the town, and this cut off all chance of escape by the railroad.

Col. Burritt, accompanied by several other gentlemen, proceeded in a small boat, bearing a white flag, to the foremost gunboat, and, on his return, stated that he made in substance the following speech: "I have been selected by my fellow citizens to inform you of our defenseless condition, and to express the hope that we shall be treated according to the usages of civilized warfare. That there may be no misapprehension as to our feeling towards you, I deem it to be my duty to state that the sentiments of this city, and of the whole State of Florida, are almost unanimously in favor of the South, and that the war you wage against us is unprovoked and unjust, and, although in your power, we are not willing to take an oath of allegiance to the northern government." To which Captain Stephens, commander of the naval forces, replied: "We come as enemies only to those who shall be found in arms against the United States, nor do we intend to impose an oath on any one."

As the enemy's ships, their decks literally crowded with men, moved up slowly to their positions in front of the city, a few men who occupied a wharf a little above where the writer stood, waved their hats, and a few females (we could not tell whether they were white or colored, but they were certainly not of the first circles), waved their handkerchiefs. At this a storm of indignation assailed them from the crowd around, and, if those men value their lives, they will be sure to leave whenever the Yankees do.

A Doomed City.

That one of the largest cities of our State, and a magnificent river, navigable for more than two hundred miles, and with points upon it so easy of defense, should have been given up without the firing of a gun, has very naturally exasperated the people of East Florida. But why, it is often asked, are some persons in the interior so enraged against the city itself, and so anxious to see it laid in ashes? The answer, we think, is easy enough. Jacksonville was a stronghold for

the old Union party, and, since the secession of the State, some few of that party, southern born, have continued to express sentiments favorable to a reconstruction of the Union, while others, of northern birth, have given evidence that they sympathized with the North in the present war. Also, the town has, to a large extent, been built up by northern capital and enterprise, and the impression has hence gone out that Jacksonville is rotten to the core. That this impression is a wrong one the number of volunteers from that place in our army, and the large amounts contributed there towards their outfit, very plainly show. But men are not disposed to reason calmly in times of excitement, and the sins of a few northern sympathizers are to be visited upon a whole city.

The condition of many poor families who have remained is truly lamentable indeed. Threatened with flames from their own countrymen and shells from the enemy in case the place is attacked by our troops, they truly "dwell in the midst of alarms." Hints have also been thrown out by the northern men who intend to leave with the enemy, and who are unwilling that their property should be confiscated and become the property of the Confederacy, and before departing they design setting their own dwellings on fire, and the houses of certain persons who have fled. As these buildings are scattered promiscuously over town, the threat is tantamount to a general conflagration. Thus, without a special interposition of Divine Providence, Jacksonville, fair queen of the east, is doomed to the sad fate of Hampton. If so, may God raise up for its inhabitants friends like unto those who so generously aided the Charleston sufferers.

McKendree.

Tallahassee, March 26, 1862.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Arrest of a Female Spy.—A gentleman connected with the army of the West, who arrived in this city yesterday evening, on the State train, informs us that previous to his leaving Corinth, a woman had been brought in, who was arrested while on her way to Nashville for the purpose of conveying intelligence to the enemy. She had been within the lines for some weeks past, during which she had been very assiduous in ministering to the wants of the sick soldiers; for some reason, however, not explained to us, she fell under the suspicions of the officers, and on her departure from camp, some days ago, on pretence [sic] of a visit to her friends, a small detachment was ordered to follow and watch her.

Her movements soon convinced them that something was wrong, and keeping up the pursuit, they quickly learned that she was an enemy of the south, in service of the Federals, and that her object within our lines was to obtain a thorough knowledge of the plans and forces of the Confederates, which information she was now attempting to convey to the enemy. Becoming fully satisfied of this fact, the squad arrested her and brought her back to Corinth; here, with what appears to us unaccountable negligence, she was permitted to retire alone to a room, without being searched, and when, a short time afterward, the guard proceeded to her room for the purpose of searching her, they had the mortification to discover themselves forestalled, as all that remained of the written evidence of the treason was the smell of burned paper.—Atlanta Commonwealth, 4th.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Murder—A Desperate Scamp.—We learn that the wife of Lewis Cates, who lives in Buffalo, in Carter county, was killed by one Powell Phillips, who lives in that section, under the following circumstances: He was going to see a Miss Britt, who lived with Mrs. Cate, who is her

sister. To plague the young man, Mrs. Cates put on men's clothing and pretended to be courting the young lady, which exasperated Phillips so much that he drew a pistol and fired it, taking effect upon the breast of Mrs. Cate, who lived but twenty minutes after being shot.—Jonesboro (Tenn.) Union.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Servants Wanted.—We are directed by Dr. Fenner, the excellent physician of the Irving Hospital, to call attention to the fact that help is wanted very greatly, and those who will send negroes of either sex will render a great good to the suffering soldiers. Will country friends notice this? All that can be has been obtained in the city. Milk, all kinds of vegetables, and old linen, will be very gladly received. The friends of the suffering soldier will do much good by noticing and doing what they can.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

Lead Wanted for Our Soldiers!

I understand that ten or fifteen tuns [sic] of LEAD can be spared from the dwellings and the stores of Memphis, with but little damage to them. We need this article for our soldiers. Will our patriotic citizens enable me to furnish it?

W. R. Hunt,
Ordnance Officer.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 13, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

A Yankee Life-Preserver.

A gentleman exhibited to us yesterday a steel-lined vest, taken from a Federal officer who was killed in the late battle. It is an excellent specimen of Yankee ingenuity, and admirably adapted for the purpose intended—a bullet, sword, or bayonet-proof protection to the upper portion of the body in battle. Although of considerable weight, padded springs reaching over the shoulders cause it to sit easy upon the person, and it does not in the least impede the movements of the wearer. A ball had struck the plate on the right breast of its owner during the battle, causing but a slight indentation and falling harmless. He was afterwards killed by a ball in the head. The vest was numbered 18,383, showing that thousands of the enemy are provided with similar articles. We are advised, also, that one of the prisoners captured was found to have one of them on, which fact leads us to suggest that hereafter all captives be examined.

The utility of these articles was made manifest by one of our own troops on the battle-field. Discovering a fallen enemy close to him, he removed the mail-vest and applied it for the protection of his own person. A few moments afterward he was struck full in the left breast by a ball from the enemy's ranks. He was unharmed, of course—the invention being all the designers intended.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 13, 1862, p. 1, c. 5-6

The Raid of Osceola, September 21, 1861.

Memphis, April, 1862.

Editors Appeal: I have been requested by several friends to publish a statement of facts which occurred at Osceola, and of which I had personal knowledge. At first I deemed it unadvisable, but on reading an article in the Appeal in reference to the conduct of the Federal troops at Nashville, their pretended kindness and consideration to the people there, and the evident motive thereof, I determined to send to your paper a simple account of my experience of their wanton cruelty and insult, when policy holds forth no inducement for hypocrisy. I have been further confirmed in this resolution from a perusal of Andrew Johnson's speech at that place. It is right that a few startling truths should meet his mass of falsehoods. Read what he says of the friendly intention of our invaders, and then all I shall tell you of their treatment, of what they call a conquered province, and judge what your fate will be when the chains they are forging shall be clasped around you.

Perhaps the people of the South who have heard of the raid of Osceola, have wondered what should have given to this remote little village such importance in the eyes of the Kansian robbers, as to make it the object of an expedition, in which, they acknowledge, three thousand men and two pieces of artillery were engaged. In the first place, it was a stronghold of men, who had risen en masse whenever their forays called for protection to the border, and they had long threatened its destruction. Then when South Carolina boldly proclaimed the old Union null and void, in consequence of northern violation of all its sacred obligations, and the selection of a sectional candidate for the presidency, who publicly declared that "the irrepressible conflict" should be the most important part of the programme of his administration, the citizens of this place raised one of the first secession banners that floated in the air of Missouri, and companies formed there were among the first to enlist in the holy cause. The ladies were untiring in their zeal, and were busy night and day in the completion of tents and clothing for the soldiers of their own and other counties. All this gave it a notoriety of rebellion which was used as an excuse to cover the other and more powerful motives which induced the raid. Like Capt. Dalgetty, the promise of good pay was heard when the call of patriotism was unheeded. Our merchants had large and rich assortments of goods, which were freely exchanged with the State troops for scrip, for the issue of which the Legislature had given no sanction. A branch bank was established here and its glittering heaps were a great temptation. Col. Snyder, of the State army, had in operation a cartridge factory in the suburbs. When Gen. Price moved up from Springfield to Lexington, a part of the ammunition was sent to Osceola for safe keeping until called for. All these things were well known to Lane and Montgomery, as we afterward discovered that the latter was in constant correspondence with a woman in our midst, a Yankee, it is true, but one whom we had considered a lady. The first intimation of danger was a threatened attack from the Union rabble of Thomasville, a Black Republican town near us. All of our men who were not in the army banded together, keeping watch day and night, and this and the opportune arrival of Capt. Landis, and a company on their way to Price, saved us from that demonstration. Hardly had that cloud passed by when the news came that the regular Kansas jayhawkers were marking on us with a force of about 5,000 men. We had no defense against them. A little company of 36 men under Capt. Weidemeger was all the opposing force left us. The specie of the bank, the papers, etc., were hastily concealed; \$90,000 of the specie about my own residence, which did not make me feel very comfortable. The negroes of the town and neighborhood were sent with provisions to the woods; a few goods were hidden, and then as the alarm of their advance came nearer the few gentlemen left, among whom were the bank officers, sought refuge in the thick growth

around the place. At about 3 o'clock in the night, we, the defenseless women and children, heard the first reports of their firearms mingled with those of the brave little band of 36 who fired at the foe from behind an old building, as they neared the town. The contest against such odds was short, of course, though 40 of their number were killed, as one of their officers and several of their privates acknowledged. A pause, and then the cowards, fearful to advance on the unprotected town, commenced a cannonading which endangered the lives of the females and children who were its only garrison. By sunrise they had satisfied themselves that they might make the venture, and poured in. Then commenced the pillage. The stores were broken into and rifled; their Union brethren, of whom I am thankful to say there were but few, called to share in the robbery. The unlicensed soldiers seized on the whisky first, and soon became so ungovernable that the officers ordered the destruction of what remained of that article. The rude outlaws entered the dwellings, demanding of the ladies their sentiments, "North or South?" and commanding an answer. I for one was glad of the opportunity to declare myself separate and distinct from all sympathy with such a band of thieves, and they certainly heard no complimentary words from the ladies of Osceola that day. As soon as they had taken all they desired, the torch was applied, and amid the shrieks of the frightened women and children, and the roaring of the first kindled flames, they went on from the stores to the bank, which had been left open, even the safe, to prevent its destruction; to our church which was destroyed with laughing words and blasphemous jests, and then to the private dwellings. Lastly, the court house, with all the records, was set on fire, because, they said, secession soldiers had sheltered there. The houses of my two sons, one of whom was absent in the army, and my daughter, were consumed among the rest. Mine was in the suburbs and fortunately escaped. I was very uneasy about the money, but although they searched other residences, mine was overlooked. Our barn filled with grain and hay was burnt, and a soldier was approaching the house with a torch, but was prevented by Montgomery from applying it. Just then a panic seized them. They heard a rumor that Gen. Slack's division of State troops was advancing from Warsaw, and pell mell they obeyed the hurried order to retreat with their ill gotten booty. Quickly ever trace of their presence, except the run they left behind, had disappeared, and we thought we should be at peace again. But soon we heard a noise behind our smokehouse, and on going thither found a Federal soldier seated on a powerful horse, flourishing his revolver in a drunken, bravado manner. I spoke to him as calmly as I could, and asked him what he wished for. "You have had a little fire here to-day, madam," he said, with an unfeeling laugh. I told him "yes, an outrage had been committed there, such as the civilized nations would shudder to hear of." "It is all right, madam," he replied, "you deserve it all for your cursed rebellion." I asked him again if he wished for anything. He said he wished me to tell him the shortest way to the ford. I gave him the information required, and he turned off, rode by the back yard where my daughters and niece were sitting, threw his pistol forward, nearly in their faces, frightening them very much and passed on to the front yard. I went to the front portico to watch the movements, fearing that he intended to set fire to the house. When he reached the gate, he placed two fresh caps on his pistol, and holding it up called for me. I went with as brave a look as I could assume, and asked why he called me to him. He intimated that the way to the ford which I had directed him to take, looked too much like an ambushade, and asked me to guard him through the thicket. I told him nothing could induce me to do so, and shewed [sic] him the broad road, and told him if he was afraid he had better proceed in that direction. He paused a moment, then dashed down the brushy way to the river, and plunging in swam his horse across, fearing to look for the ford.

From this time until Fremont's advance and final retreat, our men were too uneasy to stay often in their houses at night, and lived like wild beasts more than human beings.

We heard of the capture of Lexington, and hoped that our delivery was at hand. Then the news came that Price was forced, for want of caps, to retreat again towards the Arkansas line, and soon after, that Fremont was advancing with a powerful army. This was confirmed in a few days by the arrival of Lane's division on the banks of the Osage, opposite Osceola.

A company of Delaware Indians, mounted and led by Lt. Johnson, plunged into the stream, and the gentlemen of our household had hardly leapt the palings into the thickets beyond the house, ere they had surrounded our dwelling, and commenced their insulting search. You may imagine the effect produced by a band of whooping Indians, arrayed in war dress and paint, on unprotected women, who had so lately passed through the terrors of their first visit. They found six good guns around the premises, some lead and bullets, and about sixty kegs of powder concealed in our carriage house, part of which belonged to our army. They also found nearly \$10,000 in coin, which had been buried in the yard—our paper money of less value, we had about our persons. Lieut. Johnson captured two of our negro men and forced them by threats of hanging, shooting, etc., to show them our farm teams, etc. The goods which had been saved from the burning, our supply of flour, some furniture, clothing and jewelry, were there. The goods they distributed among their Union friends. The flour and clothing they bestowed on a train of negroes sent off in haste to Kansas. The furniture was broken up, the ladies bonnets, laces, jewelry, etc., stolen or wantonly destroyed. Even the books did not escape them, but were torn up and scattered to the winds. A volume of Bancrofts "United States," containing a portion of the history of the revolution, told too heavily against them, and was reduced to fragments. Lieut. Johnson then proceeded in his disgraceful work, to yet lower depths of infamy, by commencing a search through our house. No place was too sacred for him to invade, and with smiles and unfeeling remarks he opened our family papers. Several letters from my soldier son to his father, (but lately dead) he boastingly held up as proofs of treason by which to wrest from the widow and orphan all that robbery had left. These with several from the Hon. Wald P. Johnson, abstracted for the same purpose, he refused to return to me, and when I applied to Lane, he endorsed the decision. I wondered if I were dreaming when I looked out from my window, while this was going on, and saw the stars and stripes, waving near, its once glorious folds, protecting and sanctioning the proceedings of desperadoes, who had forgotten that a Constitution ever existed, which protected the liberties of the people.

This young lieutenant was scarcely advanced to manhood—so young and yet so old in wickedness. He belongs to a good family in Indiana, and his brother-in-law, who was evidently ashamed of his conduct, said he was astonished at his rapid march in evil, and acknowledged that he would "not only steal, but lie about it afterward."

I must do the Jayhawkers the justice to say that some of their officers were respectful and kind to us, which is better than my experience of the "gentlemanly Sturgis" and his lawless troops, who came just after. We were kept in constant terror, however, by their threats against our absent sons, brothers, and friends. Several of the officers told me that Lane has sent the Indians out, with orders to shoot them down wherever they were found. I went to his headquarters with my son's wife, who was almost frantic, to learn the truth. He calmly told me if was so, and advised me to send him word to give himself up, spicing his remarks and advice with oaths and curses against the rebels. He spoke against treason as if he had never been an attainted traitor, with Federal troops after him, when he made his famous run into Iowa.

When Lane, the leader of the van,

His swiftest soldier still outran.

When Gen. Sturgis came he denounced his illustrious compeer in unmeasured terms, and, at first we thought him sincere. But before he left we discovered the source of his indignation, in the fact that he had been awakened to the knowledge that Lane was the more successful and profitable rogue. His soldiers were much more insulting than Lane's, and spared us neither curses or threats of every evil. May God grant that I may never be placed in such brutal company again, where woman's purity and dignity were unrespected, and where, for the first time, my cheek burned with shame that I had ever been a citizen under their disgraced banner. What does it cover now?

Oppression, wrong, and tyranny,
Cold-hearted thirst for anarchy,
Licentious passion, wild and free,
And shame's disgusting brow.

Some of Lane's officers deemed it their duty to protect the citizens who wished for it, by placing a guard around their houses.

Terrified by the conduct of the soldiers under Sturgis, I rose from a sick bed to go and ask for a similar safeguard. Col. Fuller, a member of the general's staff, seemed much amused at my distress and application, but promised to grant my request. But he never sent the guard, and left us exposed to fears worse than death, during his stay in Osceola. This is a simple statement of some of the scenes which occurred at Osceola, during the ravages of the war in Southwest Missouri. I could add incident on incident, horror on horror. I could tell of the reign of blood and terror in Jackson county and other unfortunately exposed parts of the border, but this may surely suffice. Andrew Johnson knows all this, and yet he comes to his own State—a State which has honored and loved him—with the kiss of Judas, to betray her. I hope the golden bribe of his treachery may Tarpeia like crush him with its weight. As much as I have suffered, I would suffer on, even to death, rather than see my countrymen of the generous and chivalric South yield to the tender mercies of men like these. I pray that the tide of blood may soon be stayed by the establishment of the liberties of the Confederate States; otherwise I had rather share in their annihilation, than see them vassals to tyrants who ignore every honorable principle of civilized warfare, and glory in rapine, murder, and robbery. If the voices from the desolation of Missouri could speak, the ruined fields, the rifled granaries, the brave men murdered, the women and children driven from burning homes in the rigor of winter, the violated sanctuaries of the living God, if these could speak, they would send trumpet tones of warning to those among us who weakly deem that submission may purchase immunity from all this wrong and degradation. Brethren of the South! your hope lies in the justice of your cause, in strong arms, brave hearts, and the God of battles.

Glory to them who die in this great cause,
Kings, bigots, can inflict no brand of shame,
Or shape of death, to shroud them from applause,
Their hangman fingers cannot touch their fame.

Though fortune waver, still there will be some
Proud hearts, the shrine of freedom's vestal flame,
Long trains of ills may pass, unheeded, dumb,
But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come."

Missouri.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 13, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

A Wisconsin editor says "babies are an uncommon sure crop in that State." So they used to be in this State, but it is suggested at our elbow that in consequence of the absence of sixty thousand fighting men the crop will not be near so large this year. What effect will a short crop have on the market value of the article? Who can tell?

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 15, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Families of Volunteers!
Notice!

The Quarterly Court has ordered me to request every Alderman in the city to give certificates to such wives of volunteers as are in indigent circumstances and to none others. The wives of commissioned officers may receive aid if in such like circumstances. The number of discharges and desertions, birth of children and death of children, make it necessary that new certificates be given to the women, else I will be constantly cheated and pay off those not now entitled.

I respectfully beg the Aldermen to act in the matter and appoint a time in their respective wards when and where the ladies can find them. Blank forms for each Alderman can be had at my office, adjoining the office of the Sheriff.

John W. A. Pettit,
Judge County Court.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

The Battle of Elkhorn.

The associate editor of the Tyler (Texas) Reporter furnishes that paper with the following account of the battle at Elkhorn. As Mr. Douglas participated in the battle, his statement may be relied on:

Van Buren, March 15, 1862.

Within the last ten days much of interest has transpired in this region, accounts of which you have doubtless had before this. On the morning of the 3d of March, Gen. Van Dorn ordered us on a force march to the vicinity of Curtis' army, in Benton county. Accordingly we moved, and on the 6th our cavalry encountered 3000 Federals near Bentonville, surprising them, capturing their foragers, and engaging the main body and killing 30 or 40 of them, and losing four or five. We were in hearing of Seigel's cannon, as he fired retreating; but did not reach the scene until he was gone. Greer's regiment did good service in the engagement.

On the 7th, after marching all night, we attacked the main body of the enemy, in his rear and on his right, thus cutting off his retreat, Price moving on him from the north, and McCulloch from the west. At 9½ o'clock, Price opened his cannon, which was responded to, and at 10½ McCulloch commenced the attack, myself firing the first gun, which struck well in the midst of a battery, which was promptly charged and captured by our cavalry. Our infantry was ordered forward on the left, and our battery planted in the center. We opened on a fine battery in our

front, at a distance of 400 yards, and for an hour I paid but little attention to the progress of the battle generally, as the belching mouths of the enemy's big guns refused to be silent.

But at the end of that time, with my entire approbation, our antagonists limbered to the rear and hurried away, leaving the field to us, together with 17 dead Federals—the captain among the number. Our loss was four men wounded and three or four horses killed. It seems strange that no more damage was done us in this deal, as the shot and shell fell in showers around us; besides the enemy had two rifled guns, whose fire was so accurate as to compel us several times to move our guns out of their range.

During our engagement, McCulloch had led the infantry forward to our left, and inch by inch had driven back the enemy around the slope of the mountain near half a mile. The General rode up to our battery after we ceased firing, with the glow of victory in his face, and asked our success. He paused but a moment, and rode away.

Soon I heard a tremendous roar of musketry to our left, of which I learned that Gen. McCulloch had led the old 3d Louisiana and some other regiments in person to a charge, which proved to be a very dangerous one. The enemy being driven back several hundred yards, concentrated on that wing and resisted him with a three-fold force—also opening a masked battery on him. The infantry promptly drove back the superior numbers, and took the battery; but, in the moment of victory, the noble patriot, McCulloch, fell! Almost simultaneous with him fell the gallant Gen. McIntosh, Col. Hebert commanding 2d Brigade, was, about the same time, cut off and captured; also Maj. Taner, commanding 2d Louisiana.

Our troops, not aware of the misfortunes of their leaders, fell back and formed and awaited orders. The battle ceased; our troops awaited orders; and about 3 o'clock, P.M., Gen. Pike ordered us to move by the road to Price's rear—which we accordingly did, reaching him after dark. We found that the work had gone bravely on with Price, Gen. Van Dorn commanding in person. He had surmounted hill after hill, until he had reached and driven the enemy from the commanding summit, where is situated the Elkhorn tavern—had captured one fine battery, and the enemy's commissary and quartermaster's stores, with extensive supplies. The day seemed ours without a doubt; all rested on their oars during the night. A complete capture of the enemy seemed to be the aim of our general.

Early in the morning, Gen. Van Dorn ordered up the best battery. Ours was carried up by his aid. We were posted on the South slope of the hill, in the center, nearest the enemy. Two other batteries and some infantry were posted near us. At sunrise we opened on the enemy's batteries to our front, at a distance of 600 yards. Our fire was answered with great spirit, and soon the roar became ceaseless and sublime. The battery to our left (6 pieces) fired a few rounds and fell back. The one to our right fired slowly, while the enemy, with eight batteries, poured a torrent of shot, shell and canister upon our little band.

Our boys manned the guns with coolness and great rapidity. Soon many of them were wounded and finally Charlie Erwin, the brave boy, fell nobly by his gun; our numbers being finally diminished to about one half the proper number of cannoneers, I took my position at gun No. 2, as gunner.—Lieuts. Boren and Davis also acted as gunners. We stood their fire for an hour and a half, when the 12 pounders' ammunition failed, which we reported, and were ordered to fall back. Capt. Harts' battery took our place. We moved back to replenish our ammunition chests.

In about 40 minutes the enemy moved up with infantry four deep, and cavalry in rear, and broke our center, when Gen. Van Dorn ordered the forces to fall back to the left, which they did in perfect order, and were marched away to the Southeast—save our battery, which, with 3

pieces of Price's artillery, one regiment of infantry and one company of cavalry and some stragglers, failed to get the order, and moved down the Springfield road. We were pursued by the Cavalry about one mile. The infantry formed once and drove them back.

Our battery and Capt. Teel's two miles from the field, took a dim road over the mountains to our right, while the other batteries moved up to Keetsville, and turned to the right. We marched hard, all day almost without a road, and the evening shades found us fifteen miles away in the White River mountains; and, by marching all night and the next day, we succeeded in outflanking the enemy, and making our escape. We continued our march over an almost impassable road, and on the 4th day were met by Greer's regiment as an escort, the presence of which made us feel quite agreeable.

All the artillery got out safely—besides, we brought away three fine pieces of the enemy's. (The other captured guns were spiked and the woodwork burned.) I have not time to comment or give many details, which might be of interest. The battle, though protracted, was not the most destructive, being fought principally with artillery. The grandeur of the battle is indescribable, as we had sixty guns and the enemy a greater number. The boys say Oak Hills was a baby in comparison with it.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

The City.—The city is very quiet. The pursuit for local incidents was a vain one yesterday. When outside matters excite attention, little goes on of a startling kind within the corporate limits. We look for something to be stirring that will arouse attention in a very short time. The Provost Marshal's superintendence, and the prohibition of "liquid fire and damnation" are working wonders for the morals of the city.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

The Passover.—The stores and places of business of our Israelitish fellow-citizens were closed yesterday morning. It is their usual feast of the passover, which commemorates the escape of the Jews when God, smiting the first-born of the Egyptians, passed over the houses of the Israelites, the door posts of which were sprinkled with the blood of the paschal lamb. [discussion of Passover] There is something very striking in the celebration of these rites of a land so distant and an age so remote in a country whose very existence was unknown ages after the events enumerated took place.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 17, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Woman's Devotion.—A Soldier's Marriage.—Benj. C. Vickers, Esq., of Kent county, Maryland, came to this city two years ago, and was engaged in the mercantile house of Kendig & Cook, of this city. He was ardent in his feelings for the southern cause, and left his business for the army. He entered a Memphis company, the popular Shelby Grays, of the 4th Tennessee regiment. At the battle of Shiloh this regiment made a charge, the heroism and gallantry of which was surpassed by no incident on the battle field. It was necessary that one of the enemy's batteries, which was greatly annoying our troops, should be taken. Two regiments charged upon it, but failed to take it. Col. Neeley's regiment, the 4th Tennessee, was then called upon to make the attack. The boys of the 4th, at the time of the battle of Belmont, were at Columbus. They were deeply disappointed because they had not an opportunity of joining in the fight on that occasion, and have ever since been burning for an opportunity to distinguish themselves. They were called upon to charge the formidable battery. They did so, and carried it. In this gallant

charge Mr. Vickers received a fatal wound; a one and a half ounce Minie ball passed through his thigh, inflicting a fatal sound. He had for sometime been engaged to a lady, highly respected in this city for her amiable character, personal virtues, and great musical powers—Miss Sallie Houston. The lady, with a devotion of which only woman is capable, fulfilled her engagement with her wounded fiancé. The couple were married yesterday, at the residence of D. S. Mansfield, Esq., by the Rev. Dr. White.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 17, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Wanted at the Irving.—Dr. Fenner has got the Irving Hospital in excellent working trim. His assistants are industrious in the performance of their duties, and the ladies are giving invaluable aid, but serious inconvenience and difficulty is felt on account of the want of servants. There are many who cannot attend to aid in nursing the sufferers themselves, and who by submitting to a little inconvenience at home, can send a negro. Let the wanted aid be given.

The Wounded Soldiers.—There are now many wounded soldiers in the hospitals of this city. The ladies, God bless them, are attending upon them with unremitting kindness, but many little necessities and comforts are required for them beyond what are allowed by the government. To procure these, money is wanted, and many of our citizens have contributed nobly. That the public generally, may have the opportunity of rendering their assistance, Prof. Miller has generously undertaken to get up a concert, the proceeds of which will be paid over for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. The concert will take place at the theater on Monday evening next, and we doubt not a substantial amount will be raised for our brave sufferers.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 17, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

The Free Market.—We want our citizens to keep in mind that we have a free market in this city, at which, three times a week, the necessities of life are dealt out "without money and without price" to the needy families of soldiers in the service of the Confederacy from this city. The following statement, for which we are obliged to T. A. Nelson and H. B. Chiles, Esqs., shows what the society that sustains the "free market" is doing: We are now feeding, of soldiers' families, 4,109 which consumes each week 2,318 lbs. bacon, 265 lbs. flour, 50 bushels peas, 900 lbs. rice, 75 bushels potatoes, 2,000 lbs. sugar, 120 gallons molasses, 55 bushels corn meal; 2 sacks salt, 4 boxes soap; also vegetables when we have them; the value of which is \$1,456.95. The applications for relief are increasing from week to week. The funds on hand are ample for present purposes, and we rely confidently on the liberality of our citizens in sustaining the society for the future. We are desirous to say that the society would be very thankful to country friends if they would send vegetables or any other produce of the farm or the garden they can spare, to No. 10 Shelby street, between Union and Gayoso, for distribution. They can thus afford valuable assistance to a noble object.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 17, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

The Wounded Soldiers.—We want to hire thirty negro men to serve at the various hospitals in the city. Parties having negroes will comfort and relieve the wounded soldier, by sending them to the hospitals, and will receive for their services twenty-five dollars per month.

W. O. Lofland,

Sec'y and Treas. of the Committee for the Relief of Wounded Soldiers.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 17, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

The Women of the Revolution.

There is nothing more striking in the proceedings connected with the revolution now in progress, than the part taken in it by the women of the South. They are bearing their full share of the burden, and performing to supererogation, duties they have undertaken on the impulse of a devoted and self-sacrificing patriotism. In sharing the privations, and assuming a share of the labors essential to the final success of the cause in which the country is now engaged, the ladies of the South have not forsaken that gentleness of demeanor, nor those retired and modest habits that make them so engaging and so loveable. What they do is performed under impulses that are kept within the sway of propriety, with the calmness of well-regulated reason, and the circumspectness that flows from good sense.

They have all the warmth of patriotism, and the desire to render personal service in their country's cause, that distinguished that miracle of her sex, Joan of Arc. But they have no wild imaginings, no mystical dreams; they hear no strange voices calling them to their country's aid, as did the inspired maid of Orleans. For the women of the south of this day to know their country requires their aid is enough—they need no other call. Neither with Joan of Arc do they step from that gentle and loving domain where their mild graces, their quiet dignity, and their modest attractions make them so powerful, and so irresistible. They assume not, with the martyred Joan, habiliments unbecoming her sex; they put on no coat of mail, they wield no sword, they march not at the head of advancing armies, nor mix in the blood and carnage of the battle. The pattern they imitate is no Joan of Arc, issuing the word of command, amid the clangor of arms; no Charlotte Corday, apostrophizing [sic] liberty at the guillotine; but Florence Nightingale, the noble woman who has demonstrated that patriotism can be allied with benevolence, and active service in the cause of the country with the retiring characteristics of the female sex.

Since the war broke out, how many thousands of our gentle countrywomen, ladies raised in affluence, whose fingers were more familiar with the piano keys than the needle, have spent months in laboriously sewing at the coarsest material to make clothing for our young men in the field. We have seen them from "early morn to dewy eve," seated patiently in some school-room, church or vestry, toiling as faithfully as the unhappy heroine of "The Song of the Shirt" at their laborious task. A rude, rough, harsh task it was, but "the boys" wanted clothing, and the country wanted the boys, and that was incentive enough and payment enough.

At the moment we are writing, hundreds of the gentlest ladies of the city are leaving their elegant homes, where all the appliances and luxuries wealth procures surround them, to spend the day in hospitals, where sick and wounded soldiers are detained from their active duties in the field by wasting suffering. Overcoming the disgust that the least fastidious must feel at entering rooms crowded with beds, in which lie patients moaning with pain or wasting with disease, they seat themselves beside the sufferers' couch; no, not couch, but plain, prosy, hospital pallet, and look on and aid while the physician lays bare gaping wounds, while blood flows, and the lance pierces the torn flesh. They cool the brow with icy applications, smooth the pillow, administer the necessary potions, kindly coax the sufferer to partake of food offered with smiles, and reasoned with words of sympathy and soft, womanly winningness, that is of itself the best of all medicine to the sick and suffering soldier, who can have no fond mother, no loving sister to watch, and soothe, and comfort in the pain, the lassitude, and the weary, weary hours of sleepless restlessness. Often have we watched delicately raised ladies performing kindnesses such as

these, and more than it is necessary here to specify, until we have left fully the sentiment experienced by a grateful Irishman, when he said of one who kindly nursed him in sickness: "When I began to get better I used to lie for hours in my bed watching her, expecting every minute the wings would start from her shoulders, and she would fly back to heaven, where she belonged."

But the Southern women do more than these things—they give their sons to their country. Stifling the pleadings of their hearts, subduing their fears, conquering the anguish that is rending their souls, deliberately encountering the days of fearful expectancy, and nights of despondent sleeplessness that must be their portion during the absence of their children, they send their loved ones forth to the battle. These are the sacrifices which "the women of the revolution" are making.

An incident that occurred in this city yesterday, which is mentioned in another part of this paper, illustrate the spirit that prevails among the ladies of the South at this moment. A soldier arrives mortally wounded from the field; the lady to whom he is engaged—one standing high on account of her attractive powers, amiable disposition, and unusual talent and acquirements—in order that she may have a wife's sacred right to lavish upon him all her cares, all her wealth of love, all the treasures her heart has hoarded up with a miser's care, to pour upon him when he should be her own—united her fate with his, and his few days will be gladdened, his sufferings lightened, his last moments soothed by the accomplishment of the great wish of his life.

When we contrast woman's devotion, her cares, her toils, her self-immolation, her untiring labors, with what man does in the struggle of war, how striking is the difference! Man's path is strewn with carnage and deluged with blood; devastation, flame and death mark his desolating course; but woman's toils and efforts are all for good. They are glorified with the halo of charity; sympathy, gentleness and kindness immortalize her deeds. She seeks to shelter the houseless, clothe the shivering, cure the sick, and assuage the sufferings of the wounded. With such attributes of affection and mercy about her, a sacred beauty, a holy purity environs her, and consecrates her works of mercy.

The history of the Southern revolution that will be read by future generations, will recount great deeds performed by brave and gallant men, heroes who died on the battle-field for their country's gain; but the story will be one of destruction and death. How bright will be the page in which "the women of the revolution" are mentioned—with what reverence will their deeds be regarded—what a solemn sanctity will enshroud their memories! Earnestly will the women of the future command to the imitation of their daughters the lofty virtues of "the women of the revolution."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

750 Lbs. Cotton Wrapping Twine and Heavy Sewing Cotton,

50 pieces Plaid and Striped Osnaburgs,

600 pairs Russet Brogans,

40 " Black Brogans and Army Shoes,

400 " Gray Army Pantaloons,

450 " Red Atakapas Pantaloons,

250 pieces 4-4 English Calico,

150 " Fancy Lawns and Jaconets,

100 " Black Lawns and Calicoes,

50 " Black and Fancy Gingham,

3000 lbs. fine and common Chewing Tobacco,
10,000 German Cigars,
150 dozen superior Hickory Shirts,
50 " Drilling Drawers,
75 " Linen Silk and Plaid Handkerchiefs,
150 pkgs. N. C. Herrings and Shad.
For sale by
Taylor & McEwen.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

In the late battle each corps had its separate battle flag. The New Orleans Delta's correspondent says that that of Hardee was a blue ground with a white globe or circle, that of Bragg was our ordinary battle flag with yellow trimmings, that of Polk was a tasteful banner of light blue with white stars on a red ground. They were distinct and easily recognizable at a distance.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

A Good Substitute for Coffee.

Take some brown sugar and burn it perfectly black, then add hot water till it is reduced to the consistency of syrup, and put it in a bottle, ready for use. For six persons, take five table spoonfuls [sic] of the liquid, and put it in your coffee pot, then put in the dripper one table spoonfull [sic] of ground coffee, and drip the boiling water through the coffee on the syrup, in such a quantity as suits your taste. It is now ready for the table, where it is prepared in the usual manner with milk and sugar. To the above proportions can be added more coffee, if you have it to spare. The burnt syrup will keep any length of time.

N. B. Care must be taken not to pour the burnt syrup through the dripper.

This is really an excellent substitute. If you feel disposed, publish it in your paper for the benefit of economists.

A Lady Subscriber.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

A Flag for Rucker.—At Island No. 10 the flag of the brave young Capt. Rucker, the commander of battery No. 1, which kept the enemy's gunboats at a distance during the famous attack of the 17th of March, was shot down eleven times, the last time it was almost buried in the sand; it was finally burned by the enemy. Would it not be appropriate for his fellow-citizens to present him with another? not a showy one, but such a substantial stand-winds-and-weather sort of a flag a fighting man likes. Capt. Rucker is now at Fort Pillow.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 18, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

A Scathing Letter from a Missouri Lady.
[Published by Request.]

Callaway County, Mo., Jan. 20, 1862.

Col. A. M. Hare, Commander of the Federal Forces at Fulton, Missouri.

Sir: Will you pardon an intrusion which nothing but a mother's solicitude could induce? I am informed that a part of your command are now engaged in pillaging and despoiling the home which I left a few days since, because I expected daily to be turned out, as other helpless women have been by the same forces; but especially because I am threatened with arrest. I understand that our estate is to be confiscated, and myself and little children are to be driven from a plentiful and happy home into abject poverty and want. I cannot express astonishment at this, for troops whose highest glory is the forcible seizure of unarmed citizens, or a midnight assault on a haystack or brush-pile, will not hesitate to stoop to any depth of infamy. I suppose that I am to be held responsible for my husband's "political heresies," and upon this premise I found the right thus to address you. My husband, sir, is in the Southern army. He is a "rebel," and I glory in the fact. He is in favor of constitutional liberty, a warm friend of that freedom which our forefathers established, and is therefore opposed to the dictatorship which "his holiness, pope Abraham" has reared on its ruins. In common with others, he is battling to drive a band of mercenary invaders from the State, that freemen instead of hireling butchers may decide the destiny of Missouri. If for this my home has been desolated, or my helpless children made beggars, I welcome poverty and abandonment. I had rather the idol of my heart should go down amid the wreck and [illegible] of battle, in a death struggle for liberty, and that I and my innocent babes should be plunged into orphanage, penniless, than that he should disgrace us by the slightest submission to a foe without principles and without honor.

From your position the inference is reasonable that you are "acting under authority from Washington." Yet, while I have a profound contempt for the author of your faith, charity would suggest that you be held personally culpable only so far as you lend yourself to the prosecution of his atrocious designs--while it would thus not be foreign to good manners to allow you the benefit of any doubt that might arise as to your conduct. Individually, it is not part of my purpose to whitewash the record which your unholy zeal has written in our midst; of homes made tenantless, of hearts lacerated, of affections' throne dismantled. No grade of "authority," no exercise of "military necessity," can purchase exemption for that single tragedy, (the Criswell murder), the memory of which will cling to the murderer like the mark of Cain while he lives, and forever doom him when he dies.

Although, sir, the individual rights of property, as recognized and guaranteed in your constitution's chartered privileges have been annulled and made void by armed rogues, and its most sacred provisions violated in a thousand forms, would it not be well, even yet, to pay at least a passing respect to that ancient and "higher law," which says, "Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's man servant, nor his maid servant, nor anything else which is his." This latter clause would, I suppose, embrace hay, corn, oats, horses, cattle, and might possibly have a very remote reference to articles of the household, books, private papers, etc.

If, sir, you came to Missouri to fight, as is so vauntingly said, why, I pray you, do you not go where you can get accommodations, and cross foemen worthy of your steel? Why do you insist on the stereotyped evasion that our general "can't be caught," "won't fight," "can't be found," etc., when it is patent to the whole world that your army have found him on several occasions, and were met with bloody hands at Springfield, at Drywood, and at Lexington? He is even now preparing for your reception the most approved hospitalities of the season at his favorite stand at the Southwest. With so excellent a host at your service, why aggravate a skirmish with undisciplined and unoffending citizens; and when defeated by them, why drag from the bed and the fireside aged men and little boys, and publish a long list of "prisoners of

war," to embellish "another brilliant achievement of our arms?" Why is it, that, instead of meeting men marshaled in arms, it is so much the more preferable, in the language of one of Quixote Lincoln's local Sancho Panzas, to "surprise" defenceless [sic] men with cavalry in out-of-the-way farm houses, in hay lofts and in corn stacks, capturing them in detail? Where is the "tranquility" you came here to restore, aye, and that "protection" you came to give to all—is it not such as vultures give to lambs?

There is a seeming inconsistency, colonel, in thus proclaiming the majesty of freedom and the glory of independence to a people beleaguered with bayonets, and deprived of the simplest privileges of American citizenship. The people of our country are now unfortunately situated much as were our gracious sovereign's loyal subjects a few weeks since, when cowering with mortal fear under the roar of the British lion, in the complications of the Trent affair. Can you not sympathize with us? But one more question, and I will not trouble you further. With what favor does your newly patented oath meet?—that oath at which liberty revolts and freedom shrieks; that monster oath which fear of death, or the dungeon, still more intolerable, forces us to approach with a smile, and turn from with a compliment, though the heart sickens with disgust, and the brain burns with indignation while the heartless tyranny imposes it. Let me ask you, sir, if you claim to be a sensible man, and yet believe that the consciences of freemen can thus be chained? I have a bright promising boy of three summers, and as I kneel with him in supplication to the Father of Mercies and endeavor to teach him the duty of love to that Creator, I do not fail to learn him to hate, with all his heart, the perpetration of such an enormity; and, as Hamilcar swore Hannibal to eternal enmity to Rome, so will I obligate him to avenge, with a life's service, the wrongs of our country. But sir, a better time is coming. Missouri will yet be free. Her oppressors will yet, however unwillingly, be compelled to "retire in good order" from our soil. The ensign of Columbia will yet wave where the prostituted stars and stripes, that we once loved so well, now swing in insolent triumph. God wills it, (Joel, chap. ii. 20th verse) and the great Price and his cohorts are coming.

"The hall is in motion

Resistless and free as the waves of the ocean."

The name of that little band already fills the earth with its glory. They are the elect and anointed heralds of liberty's new evangel to man. The flame they are kindling now in exile will soon reach and illuminate the dear native homes from which they have been driven with such violence, and take a terrible revenge on the oppressors of their friends and families. The highest motives that move men to action on the new theatre of fame, "not motives of gold or of fortune, but higher and holier than these." It is no weak, impotent voice that speaks to them of freedom. The voice of the Eternal is summoning them on. Angels are beckoning them. "The battlements of heaven are crowded with martyrs" gone before, who, bending down from their eminences, are pointing to the "victor's crown in the sunlight of immortality," and urging them on to victory and to glory. What though the fortune of war seem temporarily adverse to our arms, and every plain from Arlington to Sierra Nevada be burthened [sic] with the tread of legions marshalling for the onslaught and the plunder, still we will despair not, for as Israel had a Moses and the colonies a Washington, so we have our own chosen chieftain, who will leave us on the borders of "Dixie Land," but, like Joshua of old, will establish us there in freedom and independence. History has given his name to immortality. It can never die. He holds his patent of nobility from no earthly monarch; it bears the seal of Nature's God. His reputation

"Has passed through glory's morning gate,
And stands erect in Paradise."

His memory will be cherished in millions of grateful hearts when self-constituted autocrats, whose steps are now counted by army contractors, and times by sycophantic huzzas, shall have long since mouldered [sic] and been forgotten.

Defame him and malign him as you will, yet when you, sir, and the master who sent you, shall have passed away to a grave where no one will ever pause to shed a tear or speak of a virtue; when this modern Tamerlane shall have gone from his palace of skulls with fear and trembling, to answer for the hundred thousand human souls which his unholy ambition has hurried up to the supernal throne, and when all men shall behold in the fearful retributions of his doom another fulfillment of that immutable decree, "They who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth," then, sir, the proud dominion of Sterling Price will be the fond affection of a great nation of freemen. "His name will live in glory and a benison for ever."

Permit me to state, in conclusion, that the ruin you have made, and are likely to make, in our vicinity, will disengage our citizens from any necessary attention to our home and its concerns. They will therefore be enabled to devote their whole time and best energies to the service of their country.

With due consideration,
Mary C. Norton

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Good Friday.—Yesterday was Good Friday, a day of great solemnity among the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics. It commemorates the event of the crucifixion.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Free Market.—At the free market, No. 10 Shelby street, yesterday, 516 persons were relieved; the following articles were distributed among them: 1500 lbs. flour, 54 bushels corn meal; 680 lbs. bacon, 20 bushels peas; 800 lbs. sugar; 50 gallons molasses; 4 bushels salt.; 70 lbs. soap; 5 bushels parsnips.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

A Flag for Rucker.—We stated yesterday that the flag of Capt. Rucker, the brave defender of Island No. 10, had been shot down eleven times and finally destroyed. This notice brought us yesterday a note from Mrs. John G. Jones, in which she says: "Seeing in your issue of this morning, that our brave Capt. Rucker, the hero of Island No. 10, is in want of a flag, and having one at home partly made, I hastened this morning to complete it. I wish, through you, to present it to the brave hero, with the hope that he may be protected by the Protector of all, in his efforts to protect us and our little ones from the invading foe." The note was accompanied by a large and very handsome silk flag with the stars elegantly worked. It has a fine silk cord, with elegant long tassels, also of silk, of scarlet color. We shall have great pleasure in forwarding it to Capt. Rucker, who will be proud of the gift of a Memphis lady.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Notice!

The high prices that I am compelled to pay for supplies forces us to advance the prices as follows:

Board with lodging per week	\$20 00
Per day with lodging	3 00
Per month without lodging	30 00
Dinner	1 00
Breakfast	75
Supper	75

D. Cockrell,
Gayoso House

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Notice:

The stringency of the provision market compels us to advance our prices to the following rates:

Board and Lodging per week	\$20 00
Board per day, with lodging	3 00
Dinner	1 00
Breakfast	75
Supper	75
Board per month, without lodging	30 00

Rambaut & Cox.
Worsham House

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

A lady of Greensboro' not long since, gave a very fine quilt to Rev. J. J. Hutchinson to be sold for the gunboat fund. He offered it for sale in Marion and got over a hundred dollars for it. The crowd gave it back to him to be sold over again. He carried it to Tuscaloosa and got bout \$500 for it and received it back again. He then carried it to Summerfield and got another five hundred and the quilt back again. He then carried it to Selma and sold it for \$1005, for the benefit of soldiers families, and we suppose will continue to sell and re-sell it until he foots up thousands more.—Eutaw (Ala.) Whig.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Gas Lighting.—Matters do not work well in the gas lighting line. On Friday night all the lamps on Shelby street beyond Beal, about half a dozen, were not lighted.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Bottles, Bottles.—Bring on your second-hand bottles. We will pay the highest cash price for bottles delivered at our store on Second street.

Stillman & Breen.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

"Secesh" Crinoline in Clarksville.

Notwithstanding the presence of the Lincoln soldiery in Clarksville, they have been unable to squeeze out the patriotism of the ladies of that city. A correspondent writes us as follows:

Secesh girls in Clarksville, Tenn., are conquered but not subdued; for they have, right under the very noses of their Yankee oppressors, formed themselves into a bona fida company, well drilled, which they call, very appropriately, and doubtless in derision of the well-known feats of said oppressors, "The Rebel Masked Battery." They appear on the street frequently in complete Confederate uniform, which consists of rather a short grey dress, blue stripes down the sides, coat sleeves, blue cuffs, tight waists, with blue lappels [sic], standing collars, secession cravats, and the whole profusely trimmed with gold lace and brass buttons, ad infinitum. Turned up black hats with a long black feather in front, with a gold star and white buckskin gauntlets, complete the dress; deadly pistol and dagger; there are about seventy-five in the company. The Federals are on the qui vive to find out where the young ladies drill, but that they manage to conceal with woman's usual strategy. Hurrah, for the Clarksville girls.

We suggest that the Feds at Clarksville had
"Better leave the girls alone."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Pittsburg Landing.

From the Louisville Journal.]

The following description of Pittsburg Landing was given to the Chicago Tribune by a friend who left it last Friday week. This place, which woke up one morning and found itself famous, at that time consisted of two log shanties, one under the bluff, used as a baker for the troops, and another on the top of the bluff. Besides these a few scattered houses comprised the entire town. It is twelve miles from Savannah, the county seat of Hardin, being on the west bank of the river. The bluffs at Pittsburg are very bold, and from 150 to 200 feet above the river. A little distance back from the river the country is broken into a succession of sharp ridges, steep hills, and gorges, not much unlike the region along the Potomac in front of Washington. The roads are excellent, and the country generally is heavily timbered, with sparse clearings. A military man would pronounce the region unfavorable for field operations, from its irregularities and sharp gorges, suggesting ambuscades and masked batteries by its very conformation. The whole vicinity of Pittsburg has been for two or three weeks past an immense camp. The view of the situation, previous to the fight, will be made more complete by the statement that the weather at that place was mild and spring like, and so warm that our troops slept in the open air enveloped in their blankets, in preference to the closer atmosphere of the tent.

Our lines extended along a front of from six to eight miles, or from Crump's Landing, six miles below Pittsburg, to a place about two miles south, or above on the river. Our pickets were thrown back into the country to a distance varying from four to eight miles west of the river. This advance, in the vicinity of a place called Pea Ridge, was held by Gen. B. M. Prentiss with an unorganized brigade of regiments recently thrown together. Gen. Hurlbut, four miles further east, had a column of 14,000 men. Gen. Grant had retained his headquarters at Savannah up to Friday, although but a few troops were left, and he was daily expecting to transfer his headquarters to Pittsburg. Troops kept arriving daily in large numbers to swell the Federal forces. Gen. Buell was known to be marching from Nashville with his heavy columns. This fact

decided the rebel leaders to defer the blow no longer. Beauregard, it is said, did not deem it safe to await attack at the not tenable position at Corinth, eighteen miles distant, and resolved to make the assault, hoping to throw Gen. Grant's camps into confusion before Gen. Buell could reinforce him. The first attack seems to have been made on Friday, when the Federal outposts were driven in by a formidable charge of rebel cavalry. This was but foreshadowing of a general assault and engagement, which was ended only on Monday evening.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Free Market.—At this market yesterday, the following provisions were donated to 648 persons: 2000 pounds flour, 35 bushels corn meal, 800 pounds sugar, 81 pounds soap, 700 pounds bacon, 20 bushels sweet potatoes, 4 bushels salt and 60 gallons molasses. Contributions of vegetables or other produce will be thankfully received, and faithfully dispensed at the free market, No. 10, Shelby street.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Liquor Prescriptions.—The Provost marshal has issued a notice in which he says the liquor traffic in this city has been very much abused. He therefore orders that for the future physicians shall report to him weekly what number of prescriptions they have given, who to, and for what quantity. Druggists are also weekly to report, what number of prescriptions they fill, who they are for, and the amount of liquor ordered in each. Physicians are ordered not to prescribe more than eight ounces of intoxicating liquor in any one case, except for special causes, which must be specified on the prescription. The term "spirits," used in the order is defined to include all intoxicating liquors, wines, beer, ale, porter, etc.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

The servants' crop of the South forms no inconsiderable proportion of the general amount. The Augusta Constitutionalist advises that the servants be encouraged and aided in devoting all their crop lands to provisions this year.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Wanted!

50 women to go to Grenada, Miss., to make cartridges. Inquire of
R. Grindrod, Superintendent,
Corner Monroe and Third streets.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

To
Seamstresses and Tent Makers.

Being located at Jackson, Miss., for the purpose of getting up Quartermaster's supplies for the C. s. Army, I am prepared to give steady employment in making Clothing, Tents, etc., to any number of Seamstresses or contractors, with or without sewing machines.

G. W. Cunningham,

Assistant Quartermaster,
Jackson, Miss.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

To Quartermasters
And the Rest of Mankind.

Being about to move to my old home, Jackson, Miss., where I will be prepared to continue the business of manufacturing Clothing for the army and carrying on the Tailoring business in all its branches, I offer for sale for a few days, in this city,

1000 pair Pants,

1000 pair Draws,

10 well made Duck Tents for Officers,

5000 lbs. good clean Rags, Tables, Counters, Shelves, etc. I have a good stock of North Carolina Cassimere and Trimmings for Officers Uniforms, which I will continue to put up to order till the Feds get in sight about old man Cheek's. Call at

J. C. McAlister's,
Ayers' Block.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

The Free Market.—This benevolent and altogether praiseworthy institution, is dispensing valuable blessings to the families of soldiers now absent in their country's service. It is a credit to the city of Memphis. The liberality of a number of citizens started and continued it, and others who wish well to the absent soldiers will find it worthy of their liberality. Persons in the country will confer a great benefit by sending to the market, No. 10, Shelby street, supplies of vegetables and produce. The thanks of all good men are due to the philanthropic gentlemen who have devoted their valuable time and services to this Christian undertaking. Yesterday the number of families relieved were 472, to whom were distributed: 1500 pounds flour, 28 bushels corn meal, 20 bushel sweet potatoes, 40 gallons molasses, 600 pounds sugar, 3 bushels salt, 500 pounds bacon, 16 bushels peas, 60 pounds soap.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Suggestions for our Volunteers—The March.

We will begin our observations upon this subject, first, by attention to those things which concern the individual, and then come to those which may be considered as duties of the soldiers to each other, and to their officers; coming at last to the duties of an officer conducting the march.

Shoes.—The shoes should have broad thick soles and low heels, with soft upper leather. They should fit well on the instep, be roomy across the ball of the foot, and leave the ankle free. The upper leather should be kept pliable with grease, and a change always ready, in case the pair on begin to chafe the feet in any place, also that one may always have dry feet at night.

Socks.—The socks should be heavy woollen [sic] ones, thick but soft, and great pains must be taken to have them clean and free from sand or gravel.

Soap and Towel.—Soap and a towel should be carried conveniently ready for use, to wash and dry the feet as often as desirable. A little water from the canteen on the towel will be of great service when more can not be got.

Blisters.—Stick them on two sides near their edges, so that, when pressed on, all the water will escape. Leave the dead skin as a protection until new forms. If the skin is broken, protect the part with grease, free from salt or soap. Have an eye to the nails.

Rest.—At a halt, recline, selecting a dry spot, or throwing down a blanket or rubber cloth, if the rest be of many minutes' duration. Raise the feet alternately and the blood will flow back, relieving the legs and feet from all feeling of fullness and weariness. More rest can be obtained by the judicious use of a few moments than of hours, if seated, say on the damp ground, with the blood prevented from returning from the feet and legs, by the binding of cloths or a cramped position. In very wet days or places it is sometimes a help to lean against anything, and raise alternately the feet until the blood flows back.

Times for Rest.—Most military writers agree in making their first halt within the first half hour. It need be but for a few moments, as it were; but it enables all to arrange anything wrong about the dress or accoutrements. It takes away from beginners the fear of the fatigues of the day, and it shows a care for a saving of strength, which they would not perhaps practice for themselves. It causes the body to take on gradually the habit of exercise, and the system has ample time to gather its forces for the use of the parts to be employed. Once an hour may do afterward with tolerably well-trained men. Arbitrary rules cannot, perhaps, be given that will suit every case. The rule should be, rest must precede fatigue. As sudden transitions are bad, the march should end as begun—carefully, gently. In training men, never overdo; always stop within the known ability of the man or men.

To Walk with Ease.—Throw the chest forward; this the knapsack will have a tendency to induce. Pass the feet near the ground by the action chiefly of the thighs, and do not let the foot on the ground remain. In this way the Indian glides, as it were, with a light step and great powers of endurance. Contrast with this the rapidity of motion necessary to make the same progress, where the foot is planted heel first, as if never to be taken up again; the body at each step losing its impulse, the foot, the whole frame jarred; a great effort being required at each step to give the body its lost motion. If glide is the word for the first, jerk is that for the last. The order to fall in should be obeyed with the utmost promptitude by every one. An officer should see to it that careless men do not keep others waiting; the men should be made to see that this is one of the bad effects of a want of ready obedience.

Falling Out.—If a man has permission, and is compelled to fall out, his arms and pack should be carried by his comrades to enable him more easily to overtake them; and they will see to it if one is habitually slow to come up.

Slight Indisposition.—If a man is slightly unwell it may be better for an officer to have him relieved of his pack, etc., for a part of a day, rather than to have him in the hospital wagon, pack and all, the next.

The officer commanding should thoughtfully select the ground, as the water, etc., as well as the time for his halts.—*Charleston Mercury*.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Suspended.—The Memphis Christian Advocate of yesterday announces that in consequence of the failure of paper and suspension of mails, it has become necessary to suspend the paper. If a supply of paper, ordered a month since, is sent on, the publication will be

resumed. The suspension will be regretted by the numerous readers of the Advocate. It is deservedly a general favorite, and under the able management of the Rev. Mr. Watson, has sustained a high character.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 26, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Free Market.—This valuable institution is pursuing, with undeviating regularity, its work of benevolence, dispensing the necessities of life to the families of soldiers. The president of the society, F. Lane, Esq., is indefatigable in his attention to his important duties. We are indebted to H. B. Chiles, Esq., for the following account of the business done in the "free market" yesterday:

Number of persons furnished with provisions, 500; 1300 pounds flour; 30 bushels corn meal; 700 pounds sugar; 700 do bacon; 70 do soap; 3½ bushels salt; 25 do potatoes; 20 do peas; 25 gallons molasses.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Our Paper.

The Appeal will continue to be punctually issued in Memphis so long as the city is in possession of the Confederate authorities. Should it, however, be occupied by the enemy, taking a lesson from the despotic suppression of the Nashville journals by Andrew Johnson, we shall discontinue its publication here and remove to some safe point in Mississippi, where we can express our true political sentiments, and still breathe the pure and untainted atmosphere of Southern freedom. We cannot do such violence to our feelings as to submit to a censorship under Lincoln's hireling minions that would deprive us of the privilege of expressing at all times our earnest God-speed to the progress of Southern independence, and write and speak what we think. Sooner would we sink our types, press and establishment in the bottom of the Mississippi river, and be wanderers and exiles from our homes.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Free Market.—The active dispenser at the Free Market, H. B. Chiles, Esq., reports the number of persons supplied yesterday to be 756, who received 2300 pounds flour, 45 bushels corn meal, 850 pounds sugar, 850 do bacon, 95 do soap, 5½ bushels salt, 19 do peas, 4 do shallots, 35 do sweet potatoes, 75 gallons molasses.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Medical Practice.—The weekly reports made to the Provost Marshal by the physicians and druggists of the number of prescriptions given and made up present some remarkable features. Among those of this week were seventy from one particular physician. This indicated a flourishing practice, but interrogation brought out the fact that all the other prescriptions given by the doctor did not amount to one a day, and examination showed that among the whisky patients, the physician had included himself, a few of the seventy being for his own benefit.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 30, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

A Substitute for Coffee.—The ground sassafras is an excellent substitute for coffee. It is not only nutritious, but a more efficacious corrector of the habit, in cases of the eruptions of the

skin and scrofula, than the sassafras wood or the compound decoction of sarsaparilla. It is a powerful preventive of cutaneous affections, and particularly valuable as an article of diet for consumptive, rheumatic, gouty and asthmatic invalids.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 30, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

To Make Candles.—Take ten pounds of tallow, put it in one pint of milk and two table spoonsfull [sic] of soda, and boil it until the milk is all evaporated; then strain the tallow, and put in six drops of aquifortis to the pound of tallow. Make the wick about the size of that used for a star candle—darning cotton makes the best wick. This will make a tallow candle that will burn clear, last long, and will not run.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], April 30, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Ancient Druids.—The order of Ancient Druids, adorned with splendid regalia, turned out in procession yesterday at the funeral of Mr. Muehleman, a member of the order, who died of wounds received on the field of Shiloh. A considerable number of the members of the order are in the army.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 1, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Volunteering Extraordinary.—Our paper yesterday contained a note from Mr. Williams, principal of the Academy of the blind in this city, stating that his little son of eight years of age, and a juvenile negro of about the same respectable maturity, were missing and supposed to be on their way to the C. S. army. Sure enough, both aspirants for military glory were picked up on the Central railroad, below Gordon, twenty-three miles from Macon, which distance they had traveled on foot, and intended to camp for the night nine miles below. They had taken provisions along with them, and were bound for Savannah to volunteer in the Napier Artillery. They struggled manfully with their captors, and were extremely loth to forego their errand. And yet this little boy is naturally a very docile, timid, diffident and self distrusted child, and has been carefully raised to habits of obedience. Does not this case strongly illustrate the martial spirit of the times.—Macon Telegraph.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Free Market.—From the report of H. B. Chiles, Esq., we learn that at this benevolent and patriotic institution yesterday 456 persons, members of soldiers' families, were assisted with the following articles: 604 lbs. bacon, 50 gals. molasses, 27 bush. potatoes, 1400 lbs. flour, 15 bush. peas, 700 lbs. sugar, 28 bush. corn meal, 3½ bush. salt, 60 lbs. soap.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Juvenile Villainy.—In consequence of information received at the Station House last night, officers Brannan and O'Ryan, entered on a search for a quantity of army pistols which had been stolen from the landing, in the north part of the city, hidden away in trunks under beds and other hiding places in various houses. Yesterday, a pistol, sabre, knapsack, belt and cartridge box, were found in another part of the city, there is yet more of similar articles not yet found. These had all been stolen by little fellows, some of them not more than four or five years of age. A little girl was likewise arrested who was concerned in the robberies. These little thieves lie down by any box, trunk, sack or cask in which they find a hole; this they enlarge, if necessary, and then steal as much as they can to escape undetected. We have no means of dealing with

these young thieves, who will grow up to be a curse to the community which has suffered their minds to remain uncultivated, and their morals to be depraved. There is a manifest defect in our practical judicial system, by which the parent and guardians of such, who are the real criminals, pass unpunished.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Blankets! Blankets!—the winter is over and you do not need them. I need from twelve to fifteen pair for those who cannot purchase them. A scout needs a blanket especially. They give themselves for your sakes, can you not, will you not spare to them one or more blankets. Send them before Saturday to 133 Woodruff block.

Ed. E. Porter,
Captain Porter's Partisans.

Saddle Bags.—Have you not a pair stowed away for which you have no special use? Send them to me—my men need them. They cannot be bought or I would not ask you for them. Search for them and bring or send them to-day or to-morrow.

Ed. E. Porter.

B. B.—Bugles and Blacksmiths.—Wanted, two bugles. Also, two smiths qualified to shoe horses and repair wagons to be attached to my command. Good wages will be paid.

Ed. E. Porter,
Woodruff Block.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Free Market.—At the free market yesterday five hundred and twenty-eight persons were aided with the following amount of provisions: 1500 lbs. flour; 23 bushels corn meal; 600 lbs. bacon; 1 brl. mess beef; 53 gallon molasses; 17 bushels sweet potatoes; 15 bushels peas; 66 lbs. soap; 3 bushels salt; 600 lbs. sugar.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

The Overton Hospital.—We have several times called upon our citizens to give their assistance at the Overton Hospital and many have tendered their aid there who have afterward abandoned the good work they had intended to do, on account of unpleasant influences that have hindered the performance [of] their good wishes. Persons who have gone with the desire of doing their best for the sufferer lying there, have met with unkindness in some instances, and ministers of religion going to offer the consolations of their office to the dying, have not been treated with the respect due to their sacred office, and have in some instances been refused admission altogether. We have hitherto refrained from mentioning these unpleasant matters, but the receipt of the card below, in which Dr. Curry very handsomely engages that as far as lies in his power no insult or rude repulse shall occur, but ladies and gentlemen shall be treated with the respect due to them, authorizes us to do so on this occasion. We learn that on Thursday night only three persons were present to attend to the large crowd of patients; now there is an engagement that that those who go shall meet with polite treatment, we urge upon those who can to give their aid, it is greatly needed. Gossippers [sic] and busybodys [sic] will be of no service, but those who have a heart to work to alleviate suffering and do good, will find an opportunity to worthily imitate the glorious example of Florence Nightingale at the hospitals of Scutari. The following is the card of Dr. Curry:

Overton General Hospital,}
Memphis, May 2, 1862.}

To the Patriotic Ladies and Gentlemen of Memphis:

Your services are much needed, at this time, to assist in nursing the sick soldiers at the Overton Hospital. Many, very many of you have, as yet, rendered little or no assistance in this department, while many have exhausted their strength and need a chance to recuperate. Last night there was a great deficiency of nurses. Only think of the inevitable consequences. Your defenders—southern soldiers—suffering, desponding, perhaps dying, for want of your sympathy and attention, while prostrate with disease, contracted by exposure and overexertion in saving you and yours from our enemy, who purposes your subjugation and ruin! I have heard that some persons complain of having been insulted or rudely repulsed, while aiding, or offering to aid, the sick. If there be just cause for such complaints, I regret it, and can only promise, that so far as in my power, all ladies and gentlemen who come here to help (and not to promenade the halls and get in the way), shall be treated with due respect. In this connection I might say, that no fair-minded, considerate person will take offense at the enforcement of those prudential regulations, designed expressly to exclude the idle or unworthy. Come, then, and help us to save the lives of the gallant soldiers of the Southern Confederacy.

G. W. Currey,

Asst. Surgeon C. S. A. in charge Overton Hospital.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 4, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Man is like a snow ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like butter; but kick him around and he gathers strength with every revolution, until he grows into a vast avalanche. To succeed you must keep moving.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

A Cheap Dye.—A gentleman has handed us a specimen of cotton yarn colored to represent copperas, which it does very closely. The dye employed is very cheap. It is made of red or black oak bark, the rough outside of which should first be trimmed off. Make a strong decoction of the bark by boiling, and to a pot of about ten gallons, add a table spoonful of blue vitrol [sic]. The yarn to be colored should be put in and boiled for an hour or two, and then washed as much as you please. The color will stand, and the yarn will be found soft and free from the hardness usual in copperas dye.—Exchange.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Dangerous Practice.—Boys on Main street are indulging in the amusement of jumping on and jumping off the railway cars when in motion. This practice is full of danger, and will inevitably result in the death of some of these thoughtless ones if it is persevered in. Precisely the same proceeding was common on the Memphis and Ohio railway some years ago; it resulted in the death of one of the boys, who was run over by the locomotive at the foot of Main street. We yesterday saw a boy receive a very violent fall from jumping from a moving car. Another boy had a narrow escape of life; he was standing in the rear of the hind car, when the train unexpectedly to him began to back. The police should inflexibly take to the station house all who indulge in this dangerous practice.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

From Middle Tennessee.

We learn that at Columbia, the county seat of Maury county, an attempt was made about ten days since, to get up a grand "Union" demonstration, which terminated in a most humiliating and disgraceful failure. Flaming posters were handed around the streets and stuck up at public places, announcing that the "loyal" citizens of Maury, would, on a certain day, present General Negley's brigade of Hessian invaders with a "Union" flag. Accordingly, upon the appointed occasion, the brigade assembled at the court house to bear its blushing honors, when but three citizens, of the whole population of Maury, presented themselves as participants in the infamous and treasonable procedure! This trio of traitors should be handed down to posterity, and we accordingly give their names: C. P. Bynum, C. D. Crawford, and Junius Wilson, all three of whom have long been regarded as men of doubtful loyalty.

It is stated that the Federal commander, Negley, was so mortified at this demonstration of "Union sentiment," that his whole speech in reply to the presentation, consisted in a protest against the policy of the movement as one calculated to divide and exasperate the people. It proved a complete "fizzle" in every respect, and only served to attest the stern and unwavering devotion of the people to the Confederate cause.

We are pleased to learn that the people of Middle Tennessee—even those who were once lukewarm in support of the war—are every day becoming more bitterly opposed to the rule of Andrew Johnson and his minions, by reason of their atrocious outrages on the rights of persons and property.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Another Style of Breastplates.—We extract from the Atlanta Commonwealth:

The same gentleman also informs us that he saw and examined a breastplate that had been taken from a dead yankee. It was made of very fine wire, woven closely together, and could resist a ball from the most powerful rifle. Although his breast was protected by this novel contrivance, his head was left exposed, and in its very center he had received the fatal ball.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

A Chance for Ladies!

Ladies having old Wigs, Braids, or any kind of old Hair can dispose of them by applying to

Francois Lavigne,
Jefferson street.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Free Market.—At this excellent institution, yesterday, seven hundred persons were relieved with the following articles: 800 pounds bacon; 1700 pounds of flour; 750 pounds sugar; 16 bushels peas; 47 bushels corn meal; 3½ bushels salt; 57 gallons molasses; 90 pounds soap. Contributions of vegetables or other produce are solicited from the friends of the soldier.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

In Pants.—Among the parties introduced in court yesterday to the Recorder was Miss Lydia Angela, who, having become disgusted with crinoline, and especially with the frightful staring, outspreading, skyscraping, flower-bed-containing fashionable bonnet, had put on a neat coat and pants, a tidy white stand up collar and a felt hat, and was parading the town unencumbered by flowing garments or head covering monstrosity. For thus indulging her dislikes, and entering her practical protest against the fashionable bonnet she repudiates, as more fit for the ample front of a cow than for the head of a woman, Lydia was compelled to pay six dollars to the city treasury.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Overton Hospital.—We have again and again been asked to call public attention to the condition of the Overton Hospital. We have not done so because we have reason to believe that a newspaper article on the subject would not aid in producing the change that is desired. The hospital is entirely under military authority. The assistance formerly given by the citizens' committee to such good purpose has been dispensed with. Those who wish to see a change at the hospital should draw up a brief and plain statement of fact; let it be signed by well-known parties personally acquainted with the facts stated, and forwarded it to Gen. Beauregard. The general's well-known humanity might be relied on for the rest.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Letter from Corinth.

[Special Correspondence of the Memphis Appeal.]

Corinth, Tuesday, May 6, 1862.

Last night the surrounding hill-tops, woodlands, fields and groves, with pretty cottages here and there, were exquisitely silver spangled with the soft rays of an adolescent moon. It was a charming landscape; while dotting the surrounding country for miles were to be seen the white tents, the pale camp-fires—burning low, for it was ten o'clock; while naught broke the stillness of the hour save the gallop tramp of some courier, and the clinking rattle of his saber as he hurried by on his mission. It was a night for lover's dreams, and many a bright vision of endeared loveliness and beauty—of the cherished, fondling wife and babes—rose up in the minds of our sleeping soldiers, as they lay dreaming of their homes. Suddenly soft and most exquisite melting music floated on the air, and the notes of the "Irish Emigrant's Lament" brought forth many a sigh from the breasts of the recumbent soldiery.

Gen. Price's splendid band was serenading Gen. Beauregard. The "Mocking Bird," "Dixie, and "La Marseillaise," were severally played, when refreshments were sent out to the band; after which Gen. Beauregard appeared on the porch of his villa, and addressed the party as follows:

He cordially thanked them, and said he was very much gratified for their serenade. He was very fond of music, which now he rarely ever heard, and it reminded him of his own home, which was far away and in the possession of the enemy. Although he could not at this time relieve his own city, he hoped soon to be in the possession of some of the norther cities, and thus effect an exchange. Again he returned his thanks, and bidding them good night, withdrew.

Gens. Polk, Bragg and Hardee were also honored with a serenade.

I inclose [sic] you Gen. Bragg's address to his soldiers. It is plain and simple, but determined and heroic, like the spirit of the author.

Sparta.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Cotton Yarns.—The Carolina Spartan, referring to late quotations of prices, asked at the cotton factories of Daniel McCullough, near Rocky Mount, and J. Starke Simms, on Pacolet, remarks:

"For some cause, the ruling rate of cotton yarn in Spartanburg is nearly double the price we have quoted above. We have eight factories within a half day's ride of our court-house, and five of them in this district, and they all continue a price, set upon it by the demand. Sheetings and shirtings are more than double the price of 1861 and cotton higher than it is now. It is hard to supply our soldiers with clothing at these prices, but we see no help for it at present, only through such patriotism as is exhibited by J. Starke Simms and Mr. McCullough.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 8, 1862, p. 2. c. 5

Free Market.—Mr. Chiles reports that yesterday 416 persons were furnished at the free market, No. 10, Shelby street, the following articles: 1200 lbs. flour, 22 bushels corn meal, 570 lbs. bacon, 12 bushels peas, 2½ bushels salt, 550 lbs. sugar, 52 lbs. soap, 40 gallons molasses.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 8, 1862, p. 2. c. 5

Flag Presentation.—The Appeal Battery, Capt. Bryan, left on the cars last night for Corinth. At the Charleston depot, previous to their departure, the lady of Dr. Keller presented them with a beautiful flag. In doing so she said:

Captain Bryan—Sir: It is with no ordinary feelings, and I may add, on no ordinary occasion, that I present through you, to the Appeal Battery, this flag. The foe insults our native land and proudly apes the conqueror, and you, with your gallant boys, go to defend her. I can proudly say, no company, no regiment in the service has more gallant officers, and no men will prove more daring. Confident that you will make the Appeal Battery a terror to the invading vandals, to your arms I bequeath this battle-flag—

"O, genius of this happy land,
Descend and bless this chosen band;
Give them to meet their daring foe,
Then liberty shall nerve their blow."

Capt. Bryan responded in spirited and appropriate terms, and his men received the flag with three hearty cheers for the amiable donor, at the conclusion of which several of the men made earnest appeals to Capt. Bryan that to them might be committed the honor of carrying the flag in the fight.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 8, 1862, p. 2. c. 6

The Poor and the Erring.—In the city of Memphis, if a person through accident, sickness, or otherwise be reduced to poverty, what provision has the city laws made for his wants? If our Recorder's court disclose, as it often does, that children are living without paternal care and subsisting by crime, or that parents are training their children to theft and living upon the product of their robberies, what refuge has the city provided to rescue them from evil influences and raise them to habits of honesty and religion? If an erring woman wishes to return to purity and God

what refuge is offered to her? It is with shame and sadness that the reader will find himself compelled to reply to these questions, that the city has entirely failed to perform a duty which her own interests, as well as the sacred promptings of holy charity, make imperative. If the poor die from hunger, and the wanderer perish houseless in our streets, whose is the disgrace? If a portion of our young citizens are brought up without education, without instruction in the principles of religion, and without the means of gaining honest bread, who will be the sufferer when their unchecked budding vices have grown to full crimes, committed against our own citizens? If we will not pay for saving the young outcast from becoming a felon, we must first endure the consequences of his guilt, and then pay for his trial and his punishment in the penitentiary. The expense must be incurred one way or other—shall it be in punishing the adult or in reforming the child? Struck with the need there is for a place that should prove an asylum for the wretched and a place of reform for the erring, the good ladies of this city, in April, 1860, organized the society of the "Home for the Homeless." Since then they have contributed and expended a large amount of money, and performed a good deal of downright hard work, and have got their excellent enterprise started. Before the difficulties incident to an institution on so large a scale as this were surmounted, the troubles of the revolution arose, and the holy work of mercy was disregarded in the struggle with the foe, and in the excitement of blood and death. The consequence is, the enterprise must have some powerful and permanent help, or it will cease to exist before the gratifying results it is calculated to produce are secured. In this strait the ladies look to the city, very properly, considering that the help of the city's poor and the reformation of the city's criminals are matters in which the city's interests are deeply concerned. They applied to the City Council, and a bill was introduced into that body—a copy of which will be found in the Council report in this paper—which proposes to take from the ladies all legal management in the institution, and any control over what their money and their toils have secured. The Board, if this ordinance pass, on furnishing aid to the "Home," are to vest its management in three or five of its own members, who may, or may not, co-operate with those who have started this worthy enterprise. This is emphatically unjust, though we believe there was no intention to rob the ladies of their share in a work they are so thoroughly interested in. If the city furnish the required aid, let them appoint a portion of the managers, and the ladies, who have done so much, let them appoint the other portion. By this system, justice will be done to the good samaritans who have toiled so laboriously, and not only that, but their powerful assistance will be secured in conducting the establishment. While the ladies assist to manage it, it will not sink into a mere heartless city institution, but the poor inmates will have sympathy, and the erring will have those softening and elevating influences which make woman so powerful in leading to good. Not only justice but policy makes it desirable that the assistance of the ladies should be retained. The city will thus gain a valuable ally, the Home will be an abode for those who have a claim on assistance, and a refuge for juvenile criminals whom it is desirable to rescue from destructive influences. Let the city add her share to what the ladies have done, let the ladies continue their exertions, and let the asylum for the poor and reformatory for the vicious be managed by the representatives of the City Council and those of the Home society, acting harmoniously together to assist the suffering and to bring the erring back to virtue and to God.

Free Market.—At the Free Market yesterday five hundred and fifty-six were furnished with the following articles: 600 pounds bacon, 500 pounds sugar, 34 bushels corn meal, 1400 pounds flour, 15 bushels peas, 54 gallons molasses, 38 pounds soap, 3 bushels salt.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Aid Wanted.—The aid of gentlemen to nurse is greatly wanted at the Overton Hospital, at nights. The patients are suffering for want of attention. We have been called upon by a friend who, on Thursday night, was the only person to attend to an entire floor. Dr. Curry has pledged himself that some causes of offense that existed shall be no further cause of trouble, and those who are inclined to do good to the sick and suffering soldier through the hours of night, which are so long and often agonizing to the patient, have now full opportunity.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Juvenile Criminals.—The introduction into Council of an ordinance [sic] establishing a poor house—an institution greatly wanted in this city—gives opportunity to suggest that some special provision should be made in that institution for juvenile criminals. This class of unfortunates abound in this city to an extent we never suspected until recent events made the fact public. Since the changes caused by the war have crowded our bluff and empty spaces about the city with merchandise, especially sugar, a swarm of young children of both sexes, from four to fourteen years of age, have been habitually stealing all kinds of articles, even navy pistols, from chests at the government landing. Provided with a bag hung around the neck with a string, they will lie down beside a sugar hogshead, coffee sack or box of goods, and availing themselves of holes or cracks, which they will enlarge and sometimes make for themselves, they rapidly fill their bag, take the stolen property home and return and renew their cunning depredations. In some cases the children, when arrested and interrogated, have stated that their parents had sent them out with orders to "go and get something." If these children are brought before the Recorder what can be done with them? That officer has power only to fine, if the fine is not paid, as of course in these instances it is not likely to be, the prisoner is sent to the chain gang. There the boys are put into the company of the worst miscreants in the city and become hardened in guilt by the very mode adopted to punish their errors, and the girls must mingle with the lowest of these outcast females, who are the great blot on our civilization. This is evidently to damn yet deeper the already polluted soul. If this be not done, the young culprit escapes punishment altogether, and finding guilt can be indulged in with impunity, evil practices are pursued until all sense of purity, honesty and self-respect is destroyed, and the juvenile criminal grows up to be a curse to society. Society has neglected him, and he punishes society by preying upon it. The young sugar and coffee stealer becomes a pickpocket, a garroter or a housebreaker. After much injury has been inflicted and property lost, the criminal is arrested. Then the public has to pay magistrate's fees, jailor's fees, lawyers' fees, witness' fees, and all the multiplied expenses that accumulate from the arrest to the trial. If, after all the expenses, a verdict of guilty is found, the criminal must go to the penitentiary and be maintained there. Take into consideration the injury and loss one of these criminals inflicts upon society, and it will be evident that if society had taken the juvenile criminal, given him an education, then put him out where he would have been instructed in honest labor, the expense would be much less than is required in the case of a convicted criminal, while the honest man would spend his life in contributing to the possessions of society instead of taking away from them. It is manifestly our interest, to say nothing of higher motives when we find children raised by their parents or

guardians in criminal habits, or when we find them homeless and friendless, exposed to every evil influence, take possession of them, put them where they will be taught to fear God, to live uprightly, and to labor industriously. There should be a department in the poorhouse for such children of bitter misfortune, where they can be taught to read, write, and work. We earnestly hope this subject will receive attention, and that a provision will be made to receive from the horrible fate that impends over them, such young people as now come before our magistrates charged with guilt into which they have been driven by vicious parents, or into which they have fallen because they are without home and without friends.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 10, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Texas and the Confederacy.

Now, says the Charleston Mercury, that the enemy is struggling for the control of the Mississippi river, the great State of Texas may for a time at least, cut off from communication with her sister States, and forced to depend upon her own resources, in men and material, for her own defense. But there is probably no one State that can better afford to take care of herself. She has a voting population of about 65,000, and a fighting population of at least 100,000. With a Mexican, Indian, and coast frontier of great extent to protect, she has yet no troops, other than her own sons, within her borders, though the gallant Texans have shed lustre [sic] upon the fame of their State on every battlefield of the war.

The Mercury is informed, on good authority, that Texas has now in the field forty-four full regiments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Of these, seventeen are enlisted for the war, and ten more are about to do likewise. These regiments, numbering, in the aggregate, over forty thousand men, have all been raised without recourse to draft. With a population so hardy, patriotic and brave, with her teeming soil and her boundless resources in provisions of every kind, there can be no doubt that Texas will give a good account of herself, while the rest of the Confederacy is struggling in the grip of the great Yankee anaconda.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Free Market.—At this admirable institution, yesterday, no less than seven hundred and sixty persons received assistance as follows: 2400 pounds flour, 56 bushels corn meal, 18 bushels peas, 984 pounds bacon, 95 pounds soap, 800 pounds sugar, 60 gallons molasses, 4 bushels salt. Any person friendly to the families of soldiers now in the field can aid this philanthropic labor of the free market by leaving vegetables or any sort of provisions with H. B. Chiles, Esq., at the free market depot, No. 10, Shelby street.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 14, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Tin Roofing.

The Government needs and must have all the Tin Roofs on the cotton sheds in this city, and it will pay a fair value for them. Parties having such are requested not to sell them to persons who are trying to buy them up to speculate on the government. An agent is here to purchase all such roofs and will call on all who have them.

J. T. Trezevant,

Acting Ordnance Officer.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Letter From Richmond.

Special Correspondence of the Memphis Appeal.]

Richmond, May 2, 1862.

If I have more than once of late referred to the alarming mortality which prevails in the military hospitals in this city, it was with a full knowledge that the subject was a most painful one, and only because I conceived that some radical change ought to be made in the system of treating the sick soldiers, whose claims upon our notice are of the highest and most sacred kind. It does seem so distressing that now, as the earth is bursting forth into beauty beneath the soft influences of spring, and not even the desolation of war itself can repress the universal smile of nature, so many of the young, the gallant, the noble sons of the South should be going down to the long winter of the grave, that the most careless and insensible must inquire if nothing can be done to diminish this fearful aggregate of death? Last summer when the first of the wounded men of our battles was brought to Richmond, and the ordinary camp diseases made their earliest appearance in the hundreds of tents around the city, private hospitals were established here, accommodating a greater or less number of patients, at which gentle ladies attended with undeviating regularity, week after week, to minister to the relief of the suffering inmates. Some of these private hospitals had beds for seventy-five sick men. In all of them, the food and nourishment provided was prepared in the houses of the lady attendants and without expense to the Confederate States. In all of them, the utmost cleanliness was maintained, and cheerful helps for the convalescent, such as books, and newspapers, and flowers, were introduced.

The number of deaths in these volunteer maisons de sante was very small in proportion to the number of patients, as compared with the mortuary statistics of the public hospitals, and the success which waited upon the efforts of the ladies to do good, and the gratifying consciousness that they were accomplishing a good work, led to the increase of the private establishments in all parts of the city. But suddenly there went forth an order from the War Department that the private hospitals must be closed—that all this irregular benevolence and unofficial, unlevitical (I protest I do not mean this last adjective as a fling at Mr. Benjamin) philanthropy was doing great mischief—that the soup of the Samaritan sisters was too rich, and the general character of their system too indulgent. All the soldiers must go into the public wards. Whereupon the States established hospitals of their own here, Texas and South Carolina and Louisiana and Georgia, institutions under liberal patronage and excellent management. I can speak of my own knowledge as to the Georgia hospital in which Vice-President Stephens manifested a warm interest, and which was attended, for a time, by ladies inspired with the truest patriotism and the tenderest humanity.

The Confederate government also enlarged its general hospitals and opened new ones, which the ladies of Richmond and of other southern cities sojourning here, visited as volunteer nurses, until the utter impossibility of keeping the houses clean, or of enforcing anything like decency upon the inmates, constrained them reluctantly to withdraw. So that the poor soldier is now left to the public hospital, dependent upon the attentions of hired nurses long since grown callous to suffering, with no one to say to him a friendly word or bestow on him a pleasant smile but his physician, or some chance committee man of a Christian society who braves the

atmosphere of the building upon an errand of mercy. God help him, poor fellow! As I think of him I read *Le Fevre* and *My Uncle Toby*, and that yet more simply pathetic narrative of one who lay by the wayside bruised and bleeding; and wish that the regulations of the Department did not render tending him comfort and sympathy so improper and so difficult. Of the condition of the general hospitals at the present time your correspondent can say nothing from personal observation, but the fact that the stench which issues from one, situated upon the finest street in Richmond, has arrested the nostrils and the notice of his honor, the Mayor, and the other sadder fact that the inmates are dying at the rate of three hundred and fifty a week, would force upon us the conviction that they must be dreadfully mismanaged, uncomfortable and unclean. I have written more than I intended on this matter, but the sight of the hearse, and the two or three attendants, every time I go into the street, compels me to think of it very much. . .

Dixie.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Free Market.—At the free market, yesterday four hundred and eighty-eight members of the families of soldiers were relieved with the following amount of provisions: 1300 lbs. flour, 36 bushels corn meal, 15 bushels peas, 500 lbs. sugar, 45 gallons molasses, 500 lbs. bacon, 3 bushels salt, 61 lbs. soap, 1 bushel onions.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

One hundred coat and pant makers wanted to go to Ripley, Mississippi. Good wages paid and transportation furnished. Call at J. J. Cowley's Jefferson street. Six cutters wanted.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

The City Hospital.—We yesterday visited the city hospital in the Navy Yard, where pauper patients are sent at the expense of the city. The building, though by no means adapted for the purpose to which it is put, has the advantage of being light, well ventilated, and having rooms with high ceilings. In the office the name, age, and place of nativity of each patient is entered, with the time of his admission and discharge. Another register gives the disease under which the patient is laboring, and has at length the various prescriptions of the resident physician in the case. By this means any physician desiring to afford help to a particular patient can know what course has been taken with him, and in case the physician is called away from his duties, another medical man can intelligently assume his place. The resident physician—we call him so although the city has failed in the desirable requisite of furnishing him a residence on the spot—is Dr. D. C. Craycraft, a gentleman who is a regular graduate in medicine, and who has become well acquainted with hospital practice by experience extending over four years in the cities of Philadelphia and Wheeling, appears well qualified to perform his duties, and is very industrious in his position. He attends the hospital, with slender intervals for meals, from six o'clock in the morning until ten at night, and remains all night when extreme cases require it. He is kind, as well as attentive, to the unfortunate persons committed to his care, and it gives us pleasure to see that they are in such good hands. He is well assisted by Mr. Gorden, a very competent gentleman, who acts as nurse. The doctor, besides attending to the hospital, also prescribes daily at the dispensary for such outdoor patients as attend from eight to eleven o'clock in the morning. The rooms of the hospital are washed thrice a week; clean linen is put on the beds at regular intervals, and is always changed for new patients; the sewers we found purified with lime. A report lately presented to the Board of Aldermen, which we published, showed that during the

four months Dr. Craycraft has had the institution in his care, the rate of mortality was much less than during the previous four months, although the number of patients was slightly greater.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 17, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Free Market.—At the free market yesterday 576 persons, members of soldiers families, were supplied with the following provisions: 1400 pounds flour, 30 bushels corn meal, 600 pounds bacon, 117 gallons molasses, 15 bushels peas, 70 pounds soap, 2 bushels salt, 550 pounds sugar.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 18, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Flying Hospital—Military Nurses!
\$50 Bounty!

This corps, now organizing, by order of Gen. Beauregard, offers the greatest inducements to those who wish to enter the Confederate States' service. A bounty of \$50 will be paid immediately to each man, and the highest monthly pay throughout the term of service. Marked preference will be shown to those having some knowledge of medicine, or who know how to cure the sick and wounded. Apply immediately, from 8 to 11 A.M. and from 2 to 5 P.M. at the Gayoso House, room No. 211.

Maj. Frank. F. Barclay.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 18, 1862, p. 2, c 8

Wanted.

200 Women or Girls to go along with J. W. Smith, to Jackson, Mississippi, to make Tents. They must be ready to leave this city on Wednesday, 21st inst., at 2 o'clock P.M. Persons desiring to go will call at Smith's shop, corner Second and Union streets.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Free Market.—We learn by the report of H. B. Chiles, Esq., that yesterday no less than eight hundred and eighty persons, members of soldiers' families, were furnished with the following named articles: 2200 pounds flour, 52 bushels corn meal, 24 bushel peas, 911 pounds bacon, 18 pounds soap, 2 bushels salt, 700 pounds sugar, 60 gallons molasses.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Insulting Ladies.—Three boys—John Buros, Geo. Saxton, and S. Cravan—were fined six dollars each, in the Recorder's court yesterday, for insulting ladies.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Wool Carding!

The undersigned is prepared to card wool rolls at his mill, twelve miles southeast of Panola, on the road leading from Coffeerville to Belmonte, and fifteen miles west of Water Valley, and twelve miles north of Belmonte.

Persons sending wool to the factory are required to have it washed and dried.

All burs and hard substances must be carefully picked out.

Wool should not be greased at home, as it makes it gum and hard to card and [illegible] it.

One pound of lard or oil is necessary for every ten pounds of wool to be carded.

Terms for carding—One fourth of the wool.

Persons shipping their wool to Panola station on the Mississippi and Tennessee railroad, can get it carried to the factory from once to twice a month by my wagon, if directed to me with the owners names plainly marked on it, and returned again to the railroad.

My machine is clothed entirely with new cards.

W. W. Elliott.

Eureka P. O. Panola county, Miss.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 23, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Houses of Ill Fame.—For violating the Provost Marshal's orders with respect to these houses, Madam Piquet was yesterday fined ten dollars, French Lou twenty-five dollars and two or three other women smaller sums.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Free Market.—At the Free Market, No. 10 Shelby street, the distributor, H. B. Chiles, yesterday furnished 560 members of soldiers' families with the following articles: 1400 lbs. flour; 36 bushels corn meal; 550 lbs. sugar; 635 lbs. bacon; 16 bushels peas; 1 ½ bushels salt; 50 gallons molasses.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Ladies' Assistance Wanted.—Mrs. W. S. Pickett, vice president of the Society of Southern Mothers, and Mrs. M. E. Pope, secretary, desires us to state that the Society of Southern Mothers have a large quantity of clothing, sheets, pillow cases, shirts and drawers for the hospitals, to be made up in preparation for the wounded of the impending battle. All members of the Society, and others interested in the cause, are earnestly requested to call at the Overton hospital at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning, and take it home with them to make up as speedily as possible.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Relief Wanted.—We learn from the agent of the hospital at Oxford, Mississippi, that the afflicted soldiers at that point are greatly in need of assistance, and desire the consideration of their friends at home. The number under treatment is about fourteen hundred, to which four hundred are to be added immediately. The citizens of Oxford are doing all they can to relieve the suffering; but feeling conscious of their inability to accomplish all that is necessary, they crave the help of those who are not so severely taxed. The agent, Rev. John P. Campbell, will remain at the Gayoso a day or two longer, and receive and forward all donations promptly.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

French Ambulance.—Winn & Co. have made a specimen of the French ambulance or Carocolethe for conveying the wounded from the field; it appears to be all that could be desired for the purpose. A large pack saddle is placed over the back of a mule, furnished with sacks for necessities, instruments, food, etc., and having a vessel of water. Pendant from the sides are two light frames, over which canvas is stretched; on each of these a wounded man can be laid, with the head properly raised, and conveyed away. When not in use the ambulance folds into a small space and is suspended from the pack saddle. In passing over rough ground, crossing creeks, etc., the motion of a mule would be found much more bearable than that of a wagon. The same house have also made a specimen of another French ambulance, by which two persons can readily carry off a wounded or sick man. It is convenient, comfortable, and occupies little space when not used. Specimens have been sent for Corinth for approval.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Odd-Fellows' Hall.—Tannehill's Southern Vaudeville company opens this place of amusement for the summer season to-morrow evening. The hall has been put in good condition during the recess, and many improvements made, and the company will present a series of attractive amusements, calculated for relaxation and enjoyment. To-morrow night the pieces are "Simpson & Co." and "The Married Rake."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Free Market.—At this philanthropic institution, yesterday, nine hundred and twenty-five persons, members of soldiers' families, were furnished with the following provisions, as reported by H. B. Chiles, Esq., the distributor: 2200 pounds flour, 56 bushels corn meal, 800 pounds sugar, 575 pounds green beef, 921 pounds bacon, 1½ bushels salt, 25 bushels peas, 70 gallons molasses, 97 pounds soap. This is a noble institution and is doing much good. Country friends having vegetables or produce to donate for soldiers' families will assist the objects of the institution by leaving it at their depot, No. 10 Shelby street.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Substitute for Coffee.—We are informed that corn and rice mixed in equal parts, ground and boiled, make an excellent substitute for coffee. As the grain of corn is harder than that of rice, it needs more browning, and should be exposed to the heat a few moments before the rice is put in, then the two can be mixed and the browning completed.

Our friend who gives us the information has tried it thoroughly, and claims that the beverage is equal to the best coffee he ever drank. The experiment is worth trying when coffee is held at upwards of a dollar a pound.—Mobile News.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Lint.—Mrs. Geo. M. Banner furnished the purveyor of the medical department of East Tennessee, with the recipe for preparing lint as furnished by her. It is as follows:

Iron the linen smooth. Put it in folds five or six inches wide, then place enough together to make a roll large enough to grasp well; roll all very tightly together, and wrap a cord very tight around the roll from one end to the other, and tie. Then take a coarse corn or potato grater, and fleecing the end of the roll next the grater, proceed to grate, as you would a potato. After grating take the lint and card it in cotton cards, as you would cotton, taking all the little bits of cloth out not grated fine; fill the cards full and bat it. In this way a very large quantity can be procured in

a very short time, and it is surprising how much lint will thus be obtained from a small portion of cloth.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Dear Enjoyment. "Ye Local's" "better half," (a great deal better) yesterday attempted the feat of buying a little tea. The modest price asked was ten dollars a pound. Tea drinking has become a dear enjoyment, too dear for "Ye Local."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 28, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

Summary: Theater—Odd-Fellows' Hall, Tannehill's Southern Vaudeville Company—"Delicate Ground"; song; "Little Toddlekins"

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Fined for Carriage Riding.—M. Whitby and Mary Wilson were fined by the Recorder yesterday for riding in a carriage in the streets under circumstances that made the act an infringement on the orders of the Provost Marshal, with respect to houses of ill-fame.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Free Market.—Four hundred members of soldiers' families were yesterday supplied, "without money and without price," with the following articles at the free market: 1200 lbs. flour, 30 bushels corn meal, 317 lbs. bacon, 450 lbs. sugar, 40 bbls. molasses, 15 bushels peas, 50 lbs. soap, 1 bushel salt.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 6-7

The Telegraph.—The telegraph has since its invention, proved one of the most important and useful means of communication that man has ever made available. The politician, the man of business, and of science, and the public generally, have found it invaluable in the various departments of government, commerce, learning, and ordinary life. Since the breaking out of the war, its utility has become more apparent than ever before, and thinking some account of its practical working would be of interest, at this time, to the public, we availed ourselves of the kindness of Mr. Coleman, Dr. Green, and Mr. Montgomery the other day, to look over the telegraph office in this city. The following details are the result of our investigation:

In the working room of the office an assistant is seen pushing down, at intervals of various length, a round knob attached to a lever, which is connected with a little instrument standing on a table; when the knob, or key as it is called, is pushed down, it permits the galvanic current to flow on the wires which we see suspended along the streets and railroads. This current is obtained from a large number of bottles standing in a closet in the rear of the operating room. Each bottle is partially filled with sulphuric [sic] acid diluted with water, in which is immersed a piece of platinum and a piece of copper. The acid gradually eats away the metal by chemical action, and in doing so originates the galvanic current by means of which telegraphic communication is carried on. The reader will be able to form some idea of this galvanic power by placing on his tongue a silver half dollar, and beneath it a piece of zinc. On drawing the two pieces of metal forward, so that they shall touch at the tip of the tongue, an acrid taste will be perceived at the moment the metals come in contact. The moisture of the mouth performs the office of the diluted sulphuric [sic] acid, and the acrid taste is the consequence of galvanic action. Pressing down the key of the above mentioned instrument, connects the wires on the poles with

the battery, as the arrangement of bottles and metals is called—in the closet; and the current engendered in the battery runs on the wire, in a larger or smaller proportion, as the key is kept down a longer or shorter time. These jets of the galvanic fluid pass along the wire to the end of it, unless, at any place between the spot where the instrument is placed and the termination of the wire, a connection is made from the wire to the ground. If that is done the current passes into the earth, and the message proceeds no further.

When the current reaches the point for which it is destined, as Corinth, Vicksburg, or New Orleans, it moves an instrument there with motions corresponding with those impressed upon the key by the operator in Memphis. The instrument can be so arranged as to impress upon a long ribbon of paper, kept moving forward by a sort of clockwork, a number of dots or dashes, corresponding in number or length with the impressions made on the key by the operator, and between the dots and dashes will be spaces, caused by the interruption of the current when the finger of the operator ceases to press upon the key. By arranging these dots, dashes and spaces in various ways, they can be made to represent the letters of the alphabet, just as placing the fingers of the hand in particular positions represents letters in talking to a dumb person. As an example, the letter A is represented by a dot and a dash, thus, . -- ; D by a dash and two dots, thus, -- . . ; T is a short dash, --; L is a long dash, ----; and so on. The following is a specimen of the sort of writing done by the telegraph, in doing which it will be remembered that the writer, or operator, is sometimes five hundred miles from the spot where the marks he produces are made and read:

.....--

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.. ..

.. ..

This is made up of the following letters: S . . . p e . c . . I . . a . - l ---- d --. i . . s . . . p a .
- t - c . . h T - o . . t - h E . A . - p p e . a . - l ---- Special dispatch to the
Appeal. It will be observed that two dots represent O as well as I, but the space between them is
larger; the space between words is much larger than that between letters. It is not a little
remarkable that the simple characters of the dot, the dash, (which is only a prolonged dot), and
the spaces between are capable of so many combinations as to form all the letters, all the figures
and the punctuation marks, without the employment of more than five characters for any one
letter, or more than six for any one numeral. This way of representing letters and numerals will
appear complex to the reader, but it is really so simple that a good operator can write—as it is
termed—a message more rapidly than the most expert penman at the other end of the line can
copy it off.

While the instrument at the other end, where a dispatch is received, is making such marks as the above upon paper, it makes a clicking noise. The sound, of course, comes at longer and shorter intervals, as the dot, the dash, or the space succeed each other. In other words, there is an exact co-incidence between the length of a mark and the time of the sound. A singular and unexpected consequence flowed from this fact. The operators became so accustomed to the sound made by the instruments, that they could distinguish readily one letter from another; tic, tic, closely following one the other, was as clearly the letter I, as two dots on paper were the same letter. Operators, therefore, at the present time, entirely dispense with the paper and the marks. A second instrument, called a sounder, is added to the first; this has the effect of

increasing the volume of sound, and making the tic-tics louder. The operator merely listens to the sounds given by the instrument, and he takes them down as he hears them. In fact, the instrument talks, and he reports its words as a reporter does the words of a speech in Congress. There is nothing in all the range of art that goes beyond this.

The reader is now in possession of the principle facts respecting the practical working of the telegraph, but there are one or two other matters which he will feel interested in knowing. The telegraph, as we have explained, is a talking instrument, and unluckily, like some other talking instruments, it talks too much. Suppose we wish to send a message to Canton, Mississippi, not only will the instrument at Canton repeat what the operator at Memphis signals, but the one at Grenada, and all other instruments between Memphis and Canton will do the same. This is telling too much, but no means are known by which the signals can be confined to a particular instrument. Like old ladies at a tea drinking, when one tongue runs, all run. The message would keep going to stations beyond Canton, but at that place or any other, it can be stopped by placing the instrument in connection with a wire that communicates with the ground, the galvanic fluid passes into the earth, and the instruments at stations beyond that point do not get the particular message thus stopped. The reader will understand from this how the vulgar saying originated of "running the thing into the ground." It follows from what we have just explained that telegraph operators, like doctors, lawyers, and clergymen, come to the knowledge of many private matters. All operators, therefore, are taught that messages passing over the line are sacredly private, and every one of them would be covered with shame if detected in betraying the confidence reposed in his honor, by violating a solemn duty of his profession.

It is very rarely that the telegraph lines or any telegraphers connected with the lines, are ever responsible for the truth or falsity of any information transmitted by them. They receive and transmit messages signed by their respective authors and deliver them to the persons or parties to whom they are addressed; like the postmasters as to mailing and delivering letters, they do not and cannot stop to enquire into the truth of their contents or the responsibility of their authors. In times like these, however, the authorities are exercising a partial restriction upon the telegraph, and having military possession of the lines, messages giving improper information are not allowed to be sent.

The business of telegraphing has rapidly grown into general use during the last five years, especially for commercial purposes. This latter great class of business, however, constituting the main reliance for support and profit, has now been almost entirely supplanted by military business, the commerce of the country being prostrate and the whole country absorbed in the war. The telegraph interests of the country—employing in the North American States an aggregate capital of from eight to ten millions of dollars—has chiefly fallen into the hands of six large corporations.

The corporations owning and operating all the lines in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, and North Alabama, is known as the South Western Telegraph Company. Their executive office has hitherto been in Louisville but was removed to Nashville at the beginning of the present troubles, thence to this place, and more recently to Jackson, Miss. Dr. N. Green is president, Geo. L. Douglass treasurer, and T. L. Carter secretary; the three constitute an executive board.

The practical management of the line is under our worthy fellow-citizen J. Vanhorn, Esq., as general superintendent, and to his and the efficiency of his competent assistant superintendent, are we indebted for what is universally conceded the best working line on the continent.

The lines across the river and throughout Arkansas, have been chiefly constructed and are managed by our enterprising friend H. M. Montgomery, Esq., as the head of a corporation known as the Arkansas State Telegraph Company, and to his persevering energy we are indebted for maintaining telegraphic communication with Little Rock and Fort Smith, under all the difficulties caused by swamps, forests and floods. To the ever ready kindness of J. Coleman, Esq., the Memphis office has for years owed its high degree of popularity.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Letter From Corinth.

Occasional Correspondence of the Memphis Appeal.]

Corinth, Miss., May 27, 1862.

Your special correspondent having been caused in the polite language of the western newspapers to "skedaddle," and as there is no general order which prevents a lazy private in the ranks from giving you an impress of his thoughts, provided it embraces no information relating to army movements or organization, I seat myself with back against a tree and drum between my knees, to note a few passing facts.

First, all is quiet. Nothing has occurred to stir the blood for the last four days, and yet, any hour may usher in a drama of blood, the like of which has not been known in the memory of man. Were it not for the wholesome respect which the Federals have for our prowess and position, they would have been upon us long ago; but thanks to our leaders and to our men, they have been taught a lesson of caution which they are not likely to forget. Halleck is advancing but with a snail-like pace, and while we are safely esconced [sic] behind our Sebastopol, he too is building a stronghold of which he hopes to avail himself in case of his discomfiture. Wily and wary as he is, I believe he honestly feels himself no match for Beauregard and Bragg. He knows that the steel was taken from a goodly portion of his army in the battle of Shiloh, and that whipped Yankees will never fight as well again. Hence his doubtful faith in mere force of arms. The spirit of our own army is on the contrary at fever heat. We are as ready to fight behind our intrenchments [sic] as to advance against those of the enemy.

Second. The health of the army is manifestly improving. The arrival and distribution of vegetables is having a wonderfully recuperative effect, and if your open-handed citizens could see faces light up, and the ratified comments of the recipients of their bounty, they would not rest an hour without lending every aid to increase the daily stock of supplies. Our sick require vegetables as much as they do medicine. We also want diarrhea cordials—such well known remedies as can be distributed by the officers and physicians in the beginning of an attack. Our water, too, is improving. Wells are now furnishing a better supply than we have had for a long time. Altogether we are rapidly getting into prime condition, and eager to do something that shall relieve us from the monotony of quiet which now reigns supreme.

Speaking of sick men reminds me of the efforts of the large-hearted, thoughtful, loving ladies of the Confederacy, who are so generously giving their all to the poor soldiers. What would the country do without them?

If there is any one feature of the present war which stands aloof and distinct from all others, with God's own sacred impress upon it, it is the display of the whole-souled patriotism, generous sacrifices, and tender mercies, which from the beginning of the struggle has characterized the noble women of the south. Whether by the bedside of the sick, performing the

gentle offices of nurse, or by their looms and work tables, they have developed a strength and hardihood of nature, which places them foremost among the moral elements that have given shape and consistency to our cause. During the Crimean war the English papers teemed with accounts of Florence Nightingale, and the thirty or forty Sisters of charity who accompanied her to the hospitals of the East. But what a different spectacle is presented in our country. We have a nation of Florence Nightingales, hardly a home or a house can be found within a radius of fifty miles of the localities of our armies in which there are not American women attending upon the sick and wounded, from whose hearts "mercy distilleth as the gentle dew from heaven."

It would be invidious to mention names, and I do not intend to do so; yet a tribute is due to one whose life for the last year has been buried in the army hospitals of the Confederacy—I refer to a lady, the allusion to whom will touch a chord of gratitude and veneration in the bosoms of the thousands who have been comforted by her ministrations. Now at Columbus, anon at Bowling Green, again at Atlanta—everywhere she has been an active "daughter of mercy," evolving order from chaos, supervising the labors of others, frequently doing the drudgery of the sick room, and making herself preeminently and par excellence a ministering angel to the disabled soldier. At present she is the matron of one of the principal hospitals at Corinth, presided over by Dr. Bond, of Savannah, and if ever the work of piety has been done on earth, it has been done there. One who, from his official position, has been enabled to observe this lady, describes the effect of her presence upon the camp-worn and broken-down soldiers as being "better than all the doctors and drugs in the army dispensary." He has seen tears run down sun-browned cheeks at the touch of one of those soft hands upon the feverish forehead, while the eyes of the invalids follow the lithe round form from couch to couch during the loving labors of relieving the wants of the poor fellows whose only reminder of home is in the presence of her who is at once a mother, sister, and friend. Probably no lady in the South has done more practical good to our suffering soldiers than the subject of this brief notice. Her time, services and fortune have been placed at their disposal. Night and day have found her at their bedsides, and the benefit she has conferred, whether in assuaging physical pain, or affording that consolation to the spirit which is to be found only in pious communion, will be cherished in the remembrance of those she has comforted as long as memory holds her seat.

Such examples of personal sacrifice and unostentatious piety are like bright and shining lights, and deserve to be recorded with a diamond point upon tablets of crystal. Of all the noble women of the land I say "God bless 'em," and when our independence is accomplished, and our existence secured, I would have them typified upon the national seal with one hand throwing to the breeze the proud folds of our country's banner, and the other resting upon the brow of the dying soldier.

"One More Unfortunate."

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

To Manufacture Saltpeter.

Editors Appeal: All earths which have been kept perfectly dry, in our climate, as in caves, under gin-houses, stables and floors of negro houses, etc., for fifteen or twenty years, contain more or less nitrous salts, when combined with potash make the nitrate of potash, or saltpeter.

To make saltpeter on a small scale, arrange barrels or hoppers, (as used in making lye) place straw and sticks in the bottom of hoppers, or barrels, put in the earth (being well pulverised

[sic] first,) leaving the middle of the earth low in the center, fill the hopper with water, let it stand twelve hours, then drain it off, as in making lye. The "beer" or drippings of the nitrous earth can then be put in a kettle, and add strong lye to the "beer" (stirring it well) as long as it will curdle, let it settle, then add more lye slowly, if it does not curdle, until enough lye has been added, let this compound liquor, settle perfectly, it may take several hours. Pour off the clear liquor into the boiling kettle, boil it down to the consistence of thin molasses, drop a few drops on a plate, if it is "done" it will harden immediately and slip off like tallow by the least pressure, when in this state pour off the liquor carefully, (leaving the sediment or dirt to be returned to the hoppers) into tubs to cool. If there is nitre [sic] in the earth it will shoot off into needles or crystals, like icicles, this it will do in from twelve to fifteen hours; this is called "grough" of crude saltpeter. Scrape out the saltpeter and dry it thoroughly on smooth plank or table cloth. The beer or liquors, and lye will require less boiling, if passed through the hoppers several times or through a series of hoppers, say four or six. This crude saltpeter should be boxed and shipped to the nitre [sic] agents, in the States in which it is made, or to the ordnance officer, Dr. D. R. Lemman, Jackson, Mississippi, who is the government agent for Mississippi. The government pays, at present, seventy-five cents per pound, deducting for all impurities over ten per cent. Will the patriotic planters of the Confederacy make nitre [sic] for the government in this our hour of necessity?

L.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], May 30, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Gen. Sterling Price and the Missouri Army.

From the Correspondence of the Charleston Courier.]

Corinth, May 7.—I have lately seen and conversed with that "noblest roman of them all," Gen. Sterling Price, and in absence of other subjects more interesting, a portion of my letter today is devoted to facts connected with this battle-tried hero and his army.

There are some men who seem to have been born with the laurel upon their brows. Greatness is thrust upon them. A career uninterrupted by aught save glory and success, is their birthright, and the tribute which is their due, flows spontaneously from the hearts of their fellow men. Of such a type, Sterling Price is a fitting representative. Leaving his civil pursuits in Missouri at the commencement of our troubles, after having been the recipient of the highest honors in the gift of the State, he entered the service of his country as a general of the Missouri State Guard. Of troops he had comparatively none. Of arms there was a scantiness both in number and quality, yet, such was the magic of his name, that notwithstanding these disadvantages, a few weeks found gathered around his standard an array of brave men whose fame and prowess have become as "household words." The result of that small but glorious beginning is upon the records of the country. The handful of choice spirits has swelled to the dimensions of a cloud, and the partisan chief has become a major general in the Confederate army—the deserving peer of that noble cluster, Beauregard, Bragg, Hardee, Polk, Breckinridge and Johnston. He has been engaged in more battles, conquered more difficulties, turned aside more obstacles, and done more hard fighting and effective service than all the other generals since the war began, and to-day occupies a place in the affections of the people, from which envy, malice or detraction have not yet sought to dislodge him. The star of destiny that lighted up his perilous pathway at the beginning has followed his footsteps, and now rests smilingly in its zenith. Great

achievements are yet in store for Sterling Price, and when the proper time comes, as I believe it will, a grateful nation will not forget the bestowal of that reward which is his due.

Some of your readers may think this admiration excessively warm, but the sentiments uttered above are the echo of every heart that has pulsated in the presence of the Missouri general. As few people have an idea of the character of the man, I will give you a hasty pen and ink sketch as he appeared to me during a brief interview. He is over six feet in high [sic], with a frame to match, full, but not portly, and straight as an Indian. His carriage is marked with dignity, grace and gentleness, and every motion bespeaks the attitude and presence of the well-bred gentleman. He has a large Websterian head, covered with a growth of thick white hair, a high, broad, intellectual forehead, florid face, no beard, and a mouth among whose latent smiles you never fail to discover the iron will that surmounts all obstacles. His laugh, and it is not unfrequent, reveals a set of teeth, which, like Ethan Allen's, would serve to draw nails. The striking feature, however, is his eye—a calm, beautifully blue, soul's revealing orb which is at once a key to every emotion of the man. It is an eye which never blanched at danger, and it is the boast of his soldiers that he never looked unpityingly upon the sufferings of his followers.

A passionate lover of music, the same tender heart that broods over sweet sounds gives flow to the sympathy that is ever warm in his nature for suffering humanity. This was manifest during the masterly retreat from Elkhorn. Time and again did he dismount from his horse to give place to some sick or wounded soldier, and when it was suggested that it would be better to leave these invalids behind, his reply, as he threw a furious look at the individual, was—"No, sir, I'll sacrifice my whole army, before I desert my faithful wounded."

In conclusion, Price is a marked specimen of the "fine old English gentleman"—gentle, suavitous, well informed, and an admirable listener. He speaks quickly but with caution and his words are as laconic and decisive as his acts. He reads human nature intuitively, and possesses the rare faculty of readily adapting himself to every person with whom he is brought in contact. Accessible to all, he is as kindly democratic with his soldiers [as] he is courtly with his equals. No one can lay an affront at the door of Sterling Price. It is this careful consideration which has given him so firm a hold upon the hearts of his men.

Some idea of the attachment existing between the general and his army, may be had from the fact that he is everywhere known by the affectionate soubriquet of "Old Dad."

"Who do you belong to?" asked an officer of one of the passing soldiers in a regiment during its transit through Memphis.

"To the old man."

"Who's the old man?"

"Why, old Dad Price. Haint you heard of him yit?"

"Yes, I have, but where is he now?" continued the questioner.

"I don't know where in h-ll he is now," was the veteran's answer, "but wait until we git into a scrimmage, and I'll show you 'Old Dad' right in the midst of the fire, where the lamp posts and small balls are flying the thickest. Look to the front and you kin always find him thar."

[Lamp posts, I should observe, is the name the boys of the West give to the long conical shells of the enemy.]

The army of Gen. Price is made up of extremes. It is a heterogenous [sic] mixture of all human compounds, and represents in its various elements every condition of western life. There are the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the grave and the gay, the planter and the laborer, farmer and clerk, hunter and boatman, merchant and woodsman—men, too, who have come from every State, and been bronzed in every latitude from the mountains of

the Northwest to the pampas of Mexico. Americans, Indians, half-breeds, Mexicans, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, Spaniards, Poles, and for ought I know, Hottentots,--all are mixed in the motley mass, who have rallied around the flag of their noble leader. It is a "gathering of the clans," as if they had heard and responded to the stirring battle call of my poetical friend Harry Timrod:

"Ho! Woodsmen by the mountain side,
Ho! Dwellers in the vales,
Ho! Ye who by the roaring tide,
Have roughened in the gales.
Leave barn and byre, leave kin and cot,
Lay by the bloodless spade,
Let desk and case and counter rot,
And burn your books of trade.

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

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

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

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

Aside from the dress, I have been forcibly struck by the remarkable personnel of a majority of the men. They are heavy, large headed, rough, brown faced fellows, who look as if in a fight they might weigh a ton apiece, or "whip their weight in wild cats." Fully over three-fifths of them are over six feet in height [sic], and a very considerable portion of them are mere striplings, ranging in age from fourteen to eighteen. The health of the army is generally good, perhaps better than that of any other body of men in the field. Yet none have suffered more hardships, encountered more perils, or been more deprived of the necessities of life.

Their weapons are not less miscellaneous than their personal appearance. At first few were armed with anything but ordinary shot guns and rifles, and to a considerable extent, such is the case at present, but it is a proud boast among them that 'Dad Price's men are the only ones who have yet been able to equip themselves generally from the spoils of the enemy.' Missourians and Texans wont [sic] walk where they can ride. Consequently an unusual proportion of the army is cavalry, but these I learn are to be dismounted and turned to active account as infantry. A good move. Nearly every man in the division is a splendid shot. While at Memphis I heard a bet made that a certain boy, fifteen years old, in one of the regiments, could not at the distance of eight hundred yards hit the crown of a hat four times out of five with a Minnie musket. The bet was taken by an officer, the hat put up, and the lad, who was quietly standing by leaning on his gun, directed to fire. Ten times in succession he pierced the hat

within two inches of the center. The wager was willingly paid, and considerately handed to the sharpshooter as a tribute to his skills. As the loser remarked, "it don't pay very well to bet on stock you know nothing about." The young man afterwards remarked to a bystander that he never missed anything he could see.

Such is a brief sketch of Price and his noble little army—the only organized body of men in the Confederacy who have thus far lived up to the inspired "droppings," a part of which I have already quoted:

"Come with the weapons at your call,
With musket, pike and knife;
He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightly holds his life!"

In conclusion I may add that "Dad Price and his boys" are now here, and in a position where the "hand writing upon the wall" of their future fame will go down to posterity inscribed with the crimson tide they will draw from the hearts of the enemy.

Personne.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], June 1, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Spirit of the Southern Women.

Below we make some extracts from a private letter from a young lady in New Orleans to her brother in the army. The letter breathes the true fire of the flint, and goes far to show that if the men of the South are imbued with the same spirit as our women, we are invincible. The letter is dated May 15, 1862:

Dearest Brother: With trembling hand and a heavy heart I sit down to write, I hope for the last time, from this degraded city, I shall not attempt to give you any detailed account of the state of affairs here, but cannot refrain from giving you some feint [sic] outlines. The Yankees are in full sway, and with a high hand they carry it, too. Outrages of all descriptions are put in daily—nay, hourly—practice upon the community at large. Private citizens are abused and imposed upon with impunity, and ladies, promenading the streets, are subjected to the insults of loathsome, drunken soldiers of the Yankee horde.

Even the graves of our dead are not respected, it having been circulated that some of our wealthy citizens had concealed their treasures in the vaults, Gen. Butler has placed a guard surrounding the graveyards, and at this moment, while I am penning this page to you, the tombs of the southern dead are being desecrated, broken open, and searched by the spoilers of our land. Fred, brother of my soul, would to God that I were a man, one with the intellect of a Webster—the eloquence of a Patrick Henry, and the ardor of a Beauregard, then I would go forth and kindle such fires of patriotism in southern hearts that men who listened would cast from their minds all attainments save the one great and glorious goal! Yes, the only watchword should be "God and the South!" Alas, I am but a feeble woman, and can do nothing for the cause in which I would so gladly die to insure its success. My only treasures I have given—my husband, my brother, and God give you both stout hearts and strong arms to battle with. We conquer or you die. My wish is not that you shun danger, but that you brave all and every danger. When you have the shadow of a chance to benefit the desperate fortunes of this sunny land, never despair until southern blood is extinct. We have hope—aye! More than hope—we have certainty of eventual success. Where the will is, there lies a way. Remember the revolution. Think how infinitely more

desperate was the position of the then United States than is that of the present South. Think, too, of the gallant Marion and his hardy men, lying in swamps without sufficient clothing—no food but sweet potatoes, and scanty fare of them. We have not yet arrived at that point, dear brother.

My affection for you has at least proved itself equal to the general degree of that commodity bestowed upon such relations, and I can say with truth, that you have far exceeded in tenderness for me the usual claims of kindred. It has been a source of proud gratification to me that my brother never slighted me. Few sisters can say so much, for there are but few brothers who do not consider every other female superior to their own blood—and thus almost unconsciously render an homage to them, which in comparison to the slight deference [sic] paid their sisters, appears like neglect or lack of affection, and most sisters care but but [sic] little for brotherly acts of attention. I, you know, am different; it would have crushed my heart, and withered my life had you not loved me as you did, and do yet. Dearest Fred, my only and well-beloved brother, I can lay my hand upon my heart and quell the emotions which struggle to overpower me, and bid you go on, never falter, place your trust in God, and fight, Fred., fight on, for the South and southern rights, until the land is free, or your soul frees itself from its earthly tenement in the cause. A stranger to read those lines would call me an unfeeling monster, without one spark of natural affinity in my composition; but you, ah! You will understand me—you who are stamped with so much of your sister's spirit. Oh, Fred., how grateful I felt a day or two since—I had occasion to go into the presence of one of the loyal aristocrats of New Orleans, and when I chanced to speak of you, and mentioned some of your doings, this old and polished gentleman exclaimed that he belonged to a rave family. He has the flower of his sons fighting for the Southern Confederacy, and, (although I refrain from writing his name through prudential reasons,) he is also assisting the cause with all his strength, and aiding the families of those who are absent, as your devoted sister has had cause to know, within the past few days. And now, dear brother, if we should never meet again on earth, and this reaches your hand, you will feel that my heart goes with you, through all the changes and chances of your varied career, and, if you fall, I shall feel that a gentle spirit is hovering near, to guard me while I live, and when death comes, your strong soul will bear up my feeble one, to the throne of that dwelling where there will be no more parting or death. Are you not wearied with my long and tedious epistles. I fear you are; but I love you, oh, so dearly, and you are so terribly separated from me that I must pour out my feelings on this senseless sheet—perhaps never to meet your loving glance, but I must not repine. I do not know what I can do as yet, but I shall make gigantic efforts to leave this same Crescent City. I see that the Sumter is still at Gibraltar, with no prospect of getting out from that place, therefore, my chance of hearing from or seeing Mr. B----- is very small, and as I have no support here, I may as well try and get to some place where I can make myself useful. I shall endeavor to go to the army as a nurse, or in any other capacity wherein I may be of use. You see, brother, I cannot starve, and if I must expose myself to a public notoriety, will it not be better to do so as a nurse to our sick and wounded soldiers than as a beggar at rich men's doors in New Orleans? You are penniless and could do nothing for me at present. Were I with you it would serve but to fetter your mind with anxiety—foreign to the cause in which you are engaged—and with such a charge you might forget your country in your love for your sister. When you will hear, or where you will hear from me is uncertain, as I have no plan completed up to this date; but that I shall write to you so soon as I am on Confederate soil is a determined fact, when, if you are still living, I shall expect to gain a thorough detail of all that has transpired since we have parted. Keep up good heart, and never fail be your guide to the end. Please give my

best wishes to Wm. D_____, and with tender affection, enduring forever, I am, as I have ever been, your sister,

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], June 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Fire at Roswell.

We have been permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter received in this city, in regard to the fire at Roswell factory:

Like all other fires, in the present feverish state of the country, the origin of the calamity here on the 14th was attributed to a Yankee sympathizer. Suspicion, however, rested strongly upon a Mr. Hineman, not long since from South Carolina, and his arrest led to his committal for future trial. He confessed this much. On the night of the fire he encountered two strangers, who told him they were Tennesseans, and offered him \$500 to aid in burning the factory.

He accompanied them to the mill, under threats of death if he betrayed them, and when there the men threw a box of ignited matches into the window of a cotton room, quite elevated from the ground. This window has a shutter, but that night it was open. The man whose duty it was to close the shutters swears he closed it. We believe the man Hineman, who worked in the mill, opened the shutter from the inside after it was closed, and fired the building at night.

The close proximity of the burned building—not exceeding twenty feet—to the main factory building, gave but little hope the factory would be saved, but the heroic and noble efforts of the women and girls, and energy of the men, spared our county, under Providence, a serious calamity, and we are able now, partially, to resume operations—involving, however, very great inconvenience and expense, as the whole cotton has to be prepared at one mill to supply the cards for both.—Rome Courier.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], June 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 1-2

Memphis—Her Position, Sacrifices and Duty.

The course of the war has probably brought us to a crisis in our fate, so far as the present is concerned; but can the sad events apprehended by us be laid at our own doors, through selfishness or imbecility? Have we not discharged our whole duty to the cause to which we pledged our faith? In response to those self-questionings of every patriotic man, let us review our course, and determine our duty for the present and the future.

Located midway on the great highway of the Central Valley, whose trade met by consent of all regions upon her Levee for mutual exchange and benefit, Memphis knew no North and no South; she was allied by interest and commercial and social relations equally with both sections; she was national, in all her interests and impulses. No community felt a deeper pride in the common legacy of the historical glories of the old Union, or rejoiced so sincerely in the wonderful material prosperity of all sections of the country, of whose prosperous commerce she was a favored and happy foster child. Therefore, when the first threatening mutterings of this terrible political tempest were heard, and she saw portentous and lurid clouds of war gathering, she attempted to allay the fury of the elements. She counsel [sic] ed peace and lifted her voice in February, 1861, loudly and distinctly for the Union. She had faith in the conservatism and

loyalty to the Constitution, of the Democratic masses of the North, through whose aid, it was hoped, the mad fanatics in the ascendant for the hour might be arrested and controlled in their career. In this belief she trusted, till the usurper and his reckless counsellors [sic], casting aside all restraints of the Constitution and laws, summoned by an imperial roscript [?] all the masses of his Northern partisans, to rally for the conquest and subjugation of the sovereign States of the South. When she saw the Northern Democracy cower before the Republican clamors, and the chief leaders yield to the embraces of the tyrant; perceiving she had been deluded and deceived by her own hopes, our city, rending every tie of interest, and of social and commercial alliances, with one loud, unanimous acclaim, pledged herself to resist to the last the power of the oppressor.

Has she redeemed her pledges?

Making no vainglorious boasts of loyalty and patriotism, she has listened in silence to the upbraidings of enemies and the reproofs of enemies and the reproofs of friends for her apparent indifference and apathy, satisfied that when the records of the sacrifices and labors in the struggle were fully made up, her page in its history will contain not a line to cause her to blush, and not one which her children would, by the clear light of the future, read without exultation and pride.

Notwithstanding the villainous slanders that have been propagated in every form through the Northern press, with apparent special malignity against this city, every resident can testify that no man has suffered here in person or property for his opinions; no mob violence, even for a moment, has disturbed our streets; in all the exciting and exasperating events through which we have passed, the disloyal have been permitted with their effects to remain undisturbed. Happily there is not one act, in all the ebullition of popular feeling, of illegal personal oppression, for us, in calmer moments, to regret, or to excite vengeance in our enemies.

By the census of 1860, Memphis and suburbs had a population of less than 35,000—at the beginning of hostilities her loyal population remaining, was not more than 30,000. She has sent into the field, beside her home legion, seventy-two companies—about 7000 men—comprising the spirit of her youth, the flower of her manhood, the sterling worth of her professional, commercial and industrial character, and embracing [sic] nearly one fourth of her entire population. She has not only given physical strength, her best blood, and her intellectual power and riches to the cause, but she has poured out her financial means without stint. These seven thousand citizens have been abundantly and liberally fitted for the campaign at their own cost, or by the aid of their fellow-citizens, with little expense to the government. Among them are several corps of cavalry, mounted and equipped at great expense. After equipping the husbands and sons for the field, our citizens have provided abundantly a comfortable support for the family of every soldier in the field. They have had access to a free market, where all their wants have been generously supplied without price. Not only have their past and present wants been supplied, but in prospect of coming events, their necessities for the four approaching months have been provided for.

Beside what Memphis has done for her own soldiers, she has been the rendezvous for the forces from the States west and south of us. In their passage they have been fed, clothed, entertained and nursed here. Our city has been the principal hospital depot of all the Confederate armies operating west of the Alleghanies [sic]. We have had our ardent sympathies kept upon the stretch by daily and hourly witnessing the heroic sufferings and deaths of the martyrs in our cause. The most selfish and heartless people could not withstand such eloquent and heart moving appeals to their generosity and aid. To these hospitals, the most spacious structures in

the city have been devoted, almost rent free. They have been sustained in a good degree by the free will contributions of our citizens; and what has been a greater and holier sacrifice than money giving, and what has been far more precious and acceptable to the suffering recipients than all the luxuries money can procure, was the angelic ministering of our noble women to the wounded and sick. They have stood by the couch of the helpless soldiers, by day and night, doing all that mothers and sisters could have done to soothe the spirits and allay the pains of the sick and dying strangers. A character for active benevolence that a few years ago awakened the admiration and plaudits of the world, have been illustrated in hundreds of fair forms moving unpretendingly through our streets to the military abodes of suffering and death. Florence Nightingales have for months past shed the gentle and animating influences of their presence through every ward of our hospitals, imparting blessings as holy and sweet as the whisperings of approving angels to the dying.

We have not only given to the cause the spirit of our youth, the strength of our manhood, and clothed and fitted them for the war, and supported and nursed the sick and dying of a large portion of the army, but we have at last opened our stores, warehouses and workshops, and given up to the government, almost without price or pay, all that it demanded. Without a murmur we have yielded for its use all that we had, not only to supply its present need, but also the future, in food, clothing, medicines, machinery and munitions. It has stripped us of all we possessed that it needed. All has been resigned without complaint.

But now comes the most painful sacrifice of all. Having parted with our last gun, cartridge and shot, without a single weapon of defense, we are in all probability about to be yielded defenseless to the tender dealings of an invading foe. The exigencies of the common cause demand that we be given up for the good of the whole. Bitter and humiliating as the fate may be, let us remember it is still a sacrifice for the common weal—that what we yield here will be reconquered at other points, perhaps ten fold.

If any think Memphis is not patriotic, let them point to the communities, in proportion to number and wealth, that have done more, or borne their sacrifices more cheerfully and uncomplainingly. If all the people of our infant Republic have done as well, the history of this struggle, when written, will present proof of as lofty patriotism and moral heroism as were ever displayed by any people who have drawn the sword for the acquisition or defense of civil and political liberty.

Having done our whole duty and made the last sacrifice in our power to offer, let us await coming events with composure and dignity. We are completely defenseless. We have not a piece of ordnance. We are without small arms, and destitute of ammunition. Any futile attempt to oppose or annoy the invader will but display our utter helplessness, and only incite aggression and insult. Equally unwise will be any popular manifestations of impotent hatred and malice—it will only incite retaliation, and bring down vengeance and abuse, from an unbridled soldiery, upon women and children. If it be our inexorable fate to submit to the desecration of our streets by the foot-prints of the invader, let us bear it as a gallant people who have done all in their power to avert the calamity, endure it as patiently as possible, looking hopefully for a speedy deliverance in the final triumph of our cause. Let such of us as are obliged to remain to witness the fall of our city, and yield to the rule of the invader, keep aloof from him—quietly pursuing such affairs as we may have to attend to—giving him no countenance, and fearlessly maintaining our loyalty to our own government and State. To his offers to renew commercial relations no response should be made, beyond the intercourse that may be necessary to accomplish our own purposes in the procurement of supplies now beyond our reach. They are our enemies, and

would profit from what they suppose to be our necessities. But we can be almost entirely independent—we can keep aloof, and by doing so, without giving just cause of complaint to our enemies, we will not be misunderstood. Our brothers, fathers, husbands, sons and friends are still of the Confederate armies, and our friends, although cut off from us, will know as well as our enemies where our hearts are in every battle and struggle that may occur. Though in the power of the enemy we may contrive the means of essential help. We need make no sacrifice of principle, and can remain hopeful for the future. Disappointed but not subdued, let none despair. The right, which is with us, must assuredly triumph in the end!

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL, [MEMPHIS, TN], June 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

The Peace of the City.—At a time like the present it is necessary that our citizens hold themselves prepared to preserve the public peace, and to protect life and property, during a period in which we shall be under no other protection than that of our city government. We have no fears of the occurrence of those lawless scenes that were witnessed in New Orleans and elsewhere, in circumstances similar to those in which we are now placed; but disorders that have happened the last day or two show that, though there is no reason to dread wholesale violence, it will be necessary to be on our guard against stray deserters and other unknown intruders who are ready to seize opportunity to pillage and do mischief. We have the example of other cities to guide us, and we know that the disorders that have broken out there have been the doings of a few wild-minded persons. When at such a time as this a man talks of burning property, and of committing outrages upon individuals he may choose to consider on the wrong side in politics, that man requires watching. He will be found to be some worthless individual who has nothing to lose himself, and who would like to make something by a dishonest investment in the property of others. We are glad to learn from the Mayor that he has ample arrangements made for the crisis, and that he can quickly put down any tendency to disorder. The Home Guards are now patrolling the streets night and day, and will continue to do so until other authority introduces the regular operation of the laws. The police will continue zealously to perform their functions. It will be the duty of the good, order-loving citizen to hold himself in readiness to promptly give his aid and his countenance to those who are watching over the safety of the city, on any occasion in which any attempt at disorder may prevail. It is the law in some places, during times of public difficulty, to prevent the collection of crowds in the streets, by requiring any little knot of persons who congregate for conversation, to "move on," and arrest them if they refuse. This explanation of the preparations made, and the watchfulness exercised, will convince the helpless and the timid that their safety is cared for, and that they will be unremittingly and amply protected.