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Mobile Register and Advertiser, 1861-1863

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MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER
1861-1863

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 15, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Letter from the Interior.

Gainesville, June 11, 1861.

Messrs. Editors: I am deprived of the pleasure of being able to announce that a good rain has fallen in this vicinity, insuring an abundant harvest. There has evidently been rain all around this place, and there have been most promising signs here, but, as usual in dry weather, all signs have failed and planters have still to wait and hope. One good visitation would suffice to make the corn crop. The wheat here, as in parts of Mississippi I have visited, has been gathered. No finer crop has ever been made in these parts, I am informed. Here, too, as elsewhere, planters have put double the quantity of land in grain every before devoted thereto. In fact, neither man nor beast will suffer for food this year, or indeed the next. Thus far crops are not suffering for rain, but soon will.

The subscription of cotton to the Confederate loan is going on in this county most satisfactorily. The proposition is from a fourth to a half the number of bales each planter expects to make. Some subscribe grain as well as cotton. At present about 3,500 bales have been subscribed, and it is thought by those best able to make a correct estimate, that between 5,000 and 6,000 bales will be obtained in the county. The Hon. Turner Feavis has been mainly instrumental in forwarding the good work. He is untiring in his efforts, and is constantly at work visiting all parts of the county, setting forth the terms of the loan, and by his zeal, eloquence and personal influence inducing liberal action on the part of citizens.

Sumter county has done her duty in support of the government. She has sent two fine companies of troops to the field, fully prepared for action, and has at this time another company awaiting orders. This last, the North Sumter rifles, Capt. Vandergraaff, numbers about one hundred men. It has been in camp for sometime past, about half a mile from town, and has been put through a course of instruction which fits it for immediate duty in the field. Fortunately the ser[hole in paper] three Cadets from Tuscaloosa were [hole in paper]and these young soldiers have well [hole]to the corps, their State and country [hole] ring attention to the drill at the [hole] men, the county has [hole] ies that have gone [hole]with by the citizens, and the [hole] Rifles have been the recipients of [hole] amply large enough to equip them throughout and keep them provided with all they desire, but have a fund of some \$5,000, which is on deposit and will be turned over to them on their departure. Capt. G. B. Mobley has been most [fold] in this matter, and to him belongs the credit mainly of this handsome donation. This gentleman has not only subscribed his own means liberally, but has given his time and influence to the work.

The Rifles being all from the northern part of the county are, of course, objects of especial interest to citizens of this place and vicinity, all of whom have relations or friends in the ranks.

While the male population has been prompt in the discharge of duty, the fair daughters of Sumter have also given countenance and approval to the defenders of their homes, and to-day presented the corps with a beautiful silk flag, under which to win victory or die in the attempt. The flag is of silk, trimmed with gold fringe, and is similar to our national standard, except that the blue field has on it a remarkably well executed and life-like figure of a game-cock trimmed

and "heeled" for battle. Under this emblem the sons of Sumter will emulate the example of the game-cock General whose name their county bears. The flag was presented, on the part of the fair donors, by Miss Lucy Reavis, daughter of the Hon. Turner Reavis; whose appropriate and feeling remarks, together with those of Ensign Dillard, who represented the Rifles, I have been furnished with at my particular request, and which follow: [not copied]

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Flag Presentation in Baldwin.

[blotch], June 24, 1861.

Messrs. Editors: All those present (about 600 in number) said the tableaux here, by the Eleven States, and the States of Baldwin, Clarke and Washington, were very fine on the 22d, at the flag presentation to the Baldwin Rifles, by the ladies of this shore. Don't fail to be at our next scenic representation if our military are the beneficiaries.

I enclose you a copy of Miss M. F. Hawkin's address, every word of which was distinctly heard by all the audience present. I was promised a copy of Lieutenant Lyles' reply, but my promisor failed to comply; suffice it to say, he did it well. After thanking the ladies, he said to the audience, in future, and now, the clash of swords is our speech, the oath of fidelity our morning greeting, and the shout of victory our evening resolution; and pledged his, and his corps, lives to the defense of virtue, right and justice.

The flag was a good representation of Justice, with her scales in the left hand evenly balanced and a sword in her right--the reverse a full sun--both surrounded with eleven stars; Veritas et Justicias on the streamer.

Soon the ladies were called to partake of lunch, barbecue and chowder in Aunt Betty's dining room, waited on by Middleton and his dozen rosetted committee; and the soldiers marched to the lunch tables in the boat house, loaded down with meats of all kinds and in great excess.

All enjoyed themselves--not a drop of the ardent--light wines plenty at ladies lunch--and all ended well. Then the younger ladies and gents took their places in answer to a fine band, and dancing was kept up till 10 1/2 o'clock, and happier faces you never saw. The excessive heat of the day was all that was against the fullest enjoyment of all--even some of the committee caved in from excessive weariness. One Major I never say quit the dance before, had to leave about [illegible] o'clock. Age will tell, though a man is a widower, and trying to be on his [illegible.] legs, even if he is on furlough from the Fort; but all know Uncle Bob will never surrender to the enemy if he did to heat.

Yours, Simon.

[Presentation speech not copied in full--mostly illegible]

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 3, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Mobile Bath House.

Entrance on Conti, between Royal & St. Emanuel.

Entrance No. 0 South Royal Street.

The proprietor takes pleasure in announcing to the public that the above Establishment is

now in complete order having been nicely Painted and furnished with new Bathing Tubs throughout. He will always be prepared to accommodate his patrons with comfortable Warm, Cold and Shower Baths, at all hours from 5 A.M. til 10 P.M.

A Barber Shop is also added. In short, a gentleman will have here every facility to Bathe, Dress and be attended to in every respect. Young.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 3, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Our Spring Styles are Now Ready
Millinery Establishment [excellent illustration] Fashionable
142 Dauphin Street,
Between Joachim and Jackson sts.,
4th Millinery Store West of Walkington & Co.

The ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine her new and well assorted styles of Bonnets, Equestrian Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Infants' Hats and Caps, &c. All orders, in town or country, will be punctually attended to by Mrs. Burton, 142 Dauphin street, Mobile, North side.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 6, 1861, p. 1, c. 4

What the Arkansas Women are Doing.--The Little Rock Gazette hopes it will not be considered boastful when it states that the ladies of that city, since the war began, have performed an extraordinary amount of patriotic labor. They have made nearly or quite three thousand military suits, upwards of fifteen hundred haversacks, and probably five thousand shirts, and have also covered over twelve hundred canteens.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 9, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

The Virginia Ladies.--A South Carolina soldier in Virginia says:

I have seen ladies and children manifest the most surprising anxiety to have pieces of our cherished emblem. Ladies often engage in conversation with the humblest of our soldiers, and gladly receive from them pieces of palmetto as tokens of soldierly esteem.

A Mississippian at Richmond writes:

The ladies are very kind and liberal, and treat us as kindly as we could wish. The camp is full of them every evening hunting up sick, and a rat might as well try to escape a terrier as for a sick man to escape the ladies, and when they find him he is either carried to a private house or else overcrowded with nice "nick nacks" to eat.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 24, 1861, p. 1, c. 4

In the Choctaw county, Miss., a company of ladies has been organized for some time under the name of "Home Guards," numbering over one hundred. The Vicksburg Sun tells us what they have done as follows:

They have been constantly exercising on horseback and on foot with pistol, shot gun and rifle, and have attained such perfection that we doubt if there is a better drilled company in the country. Each one is almost a Boone with her rifle, and an Amazon in her equestrian skill. We have heard that one lady, (our informant, Gen. T. C. McMackin, could not give us her name,) in shooting at a cross mark, one hundred yards distant, with a rifle, struck the centre five times and

broke it three times out of eight shots fired in succession. She had a rest. If any State can beat this, we should like to see it done.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 24, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

A correspondent of the Peedee Times recommends the Boneset (*Eupatorium Perfoliatum*) as a substitute for quinine. It is a valuable suggestion; let our Lady Bountifuls see to gathering and drying it.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 24, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

To the Ladies of Alabama.

Executive Department,
Montgomery, Ala., July 20.

Knowing that the women of Alabama are anxious to do everything in their power for the comfort of the soldiers in the service of the Confederacy, I beg leave to suggest that each one of them knit one pair of substantial woolen socks, and deposit the same with the Judge of the Probate Court of the county in which she resides, who will have them forwarded to the Governor of Alabama, at Montgomery--from whence they will be forwarded free of cost to the soldiers before the cold weather commences. The Governor deems nothing more necessary, than this suggestion, to secure from the patriotic ladies of the State a sufficient number of socks to protect the feet of our brave soldiers from the frosts of winter.

Each of the newspapers in the State are respectfully requested to publish this communication free of charge.

A. B. Moore.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, August 9, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

A Lady Physician.--A father who has been to visit his wounded son, lying at Charlottesville, writes thus to the Savannah Republican of the ladies who are devoting their services to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers:

Foremost of all is Miss Dr. Orië R. Moon, a graduate of the Philadelphia College, whose services as a physician are very valuable, and who not alone devotes her time and health but money also. She has agents in the whole neighborhood to buy chickens and other nourishments, for which she pays herself.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, August 16. 1861, p. 1, c. 6 [note: header may vary, but letter the same]

Bravo for Her.

From the Petersburg Express.

Charles H. Foster--To the Public.

Murfreesboro', N. C.,
July 29, 1861.

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

All persons know, who have been acquainted with Mr. Foster, for the last six months, that he left this place in the month of February last, for his desk in the Post Office Department at Washington--a position obtained under Mr. Buchanan's administration, and remained there until the 3rd of May last, when he returned to this place. His presence to this town caused great excitement immediately upon the fact of his arrival being known, as his conduct in a great measure, I am frank to confess, reasonably justified. He was accused of being untrue to the South--a Black Republican--and some went so far as to believe him a spy, sent out directly from under the roof of the White House. *To all* of these accusations he plead *not guilty*, and went so far as to say to me that he intended to return to Washington *and prove himself a Southern man*.

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

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

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

SUE A. CARTER.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, August 20, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

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

may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, August 24, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Cotton Batting for Comforts.

All persons wishing to make COMFORTS for Winter Covering, can obtain COTTON BATTING for the same at the Rooms of the MILITARY AID SOCIETY, No. 75 North Conception, between State and Congress streets.

Those who prefer to pay the Society for the BATTING, can do so, otherwise it will be furnished free of charge.

aug11 1m

AD. Chaudron, Secretary.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 1, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

Liberal.--A patriotic lady of Savannah has sent to the editor of the News a handsome cameo set, consisting of bracelet, pin and ear-rings, and a beautiful diamond ring, which she requests him to raffle and devote the proceeds to the soldiers' fund. Not content with this liberal and patriotic gift, she also sends *one dollar* to pay for a chance in the raffle. Such acts as these show how universal is the feeling of patriotism among our people. It gives us pleasure to record so admirable and praiseworthy an example.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Extract from a Letter of a Volunteer in East
Tennessee to a Friend in Mobile.

Russellville, August 25, 1861.

You see from the date of my letter that we have moved east. We are near Cumberland Gap, and right in a nest of Unionists and abolitionists. We have had no fighting yet, but from present prospects I think we will have some work very soon. This is the poorest, meanest country I ever stopped in, and the people are poorer and meaner than the country. I have been scouting a good many miles from the camp, and find that the further I go the worse they get. The women are large, healthy, strong, ugly and stupid; they wear only one garment, and that sets as close to them as a pair of pantaloons. The men are entirely worthy of the women. How they live here is a mystery to me. I see but a few patches of corn, and that will *all* be made into whisky. An immense crowd of the nation visits our camp every day, bringing from a quart to a half gallon of buttermilk (from ten miles sometimes), and a dozen or so Irish potatoes, which they sell at famine prices or barter for bacon. We find the latter article a better circulating medium than the Tennessee bills, with which we were paid off at Union City. There is not enough silver in this country to break a ten dollar note. We get rid of our money, however, among ourselves, with the aid of "set back" and "draw poker." Card playing is almost the only amusement we have at present. There has been so much rain lately, that, except when on duty, we are obliged to stick in our tents and play, to prevent death from *ennui*. To-day is Sunday, and in the distance I hear some psalm singing, and presume from that fact that the chaplain is on duty. That gentleman up to this time has found his office a sinecure. The first two or three times he held

forth, quite a crowd went to hear him, but at present, to use the language of a *flush* messmate of mine, "the thing's played out." . . .

Item.--Two women have just passed through the camp--best I have seen yet--low neck, short sleeve, short frock, (latter too much so by twenty inches.) The weather has cleared up and the sun is coming down at the rate of 99 Fahrenheit. I stopped writing to make a chicken trade with the females I mentioned above. I got ten chickens from the biggest footed one for two dollars and "nine pence." That is the best trade that has been made since we got here. I flatter myself that exterior had a good deal to do with it. I also contracted with her for one gallon of buttermilk and five pounds of butter to be delivered to-morrow at the rate of 50 cents per gallon of milk and 20 cents per pound of butter, (a tip-top contract.) I'd like to have you dine with me to-morrow. At all the places where we have camped the ladies have come in crowds to see us. Many of them have been very kind and have tried to make themselves useful, particularly about the sick, but it's no go. I was a little sick while at Corinth and was visited by some seven or eight, armed with soup, tea, arrow root and other fixings, together with advice, consolation, &c. I can say, from experience, that they did no good *on my case*. I could not help feeling very much bothered while they were talking to me and of course was too polite to refuse taking anything they offered, and always thanked them profusely. The result is my system is still thoroughly saturated with arrowroot, &c., and I have almost lost all taste for mustard, pepper, salt, &c., from having suffered a great quantity of the former condiment to be extensively used in my case, at the earnest request of some ladies who were treating me. I would not have used any of the stuff, but they promised to call again and I was afraid they would catch me.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Hot Spice for Steaks, &c.--Three drachms each of black pepper, ginger, and cinnamon, seven cloves, mace half an ounce, one quarter of an ounce of cayenne pepper, nutmegs one ounce, white pepper one ounce and a half; mix; more cayenne may be added if desired. This is a delicious adjunct to chops, steaks, soups, etc.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 11, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Confederate Tea Ware.--We have been shown a few specimens of cups and saucers, teapots, &c., manufactured by Joel Falkner, of Bear Creek, Shelby county. This, we learn, is the first attempt in this kind of ware, and as such is certainly very promising.--Selma Reporter.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 12, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Yesterday the police arrested Ellen Bosquis, a fine, tall woman of five feet ten inches, on the charge of being in man's clothing. She had on pants that were full made and tied at the ankle, and a handsome uniform of the Confederate army. It proved that she was a vivandierie [sic] of the army, and had accompanied her regiment from New Orleans to Richmond, Va., at which place she obtained a furlough to come and see her friends in this city. Of course, she was set at liberty.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

The Burning of Dog River Factory.--We have learned from a reliable source the particulars of the loss by fire of the Dog River Cotton Factory, on Wednesday last. It appears that the fire was purely accidental, having caught in the dressing room just over the boilers, in such a place as to render its suppression difficult, under the most favorable circumstances. When

discovered, the headway was too great to be stayed, and the work of destruction proceeded with great rapidity, until the entire building, with its valuable contents of stock and machinery, was in ruins. A few sheds adjoining and a turning lathe of slight value, were all that was saved of the factory establishment. No blame or charge of negligence lies against any person for the destruction.

The establishment was valued at from \$100,000 to \$125,000, only \$42,000 of which was covered by insurance. It belonged exclusively to Col. Garland Goode and the estate of the late Wm. Jones, Jr. The loss at this time is heavy to the owners, but even more severe to the public and the operatives--some 250 to 300 in number--who are thus in an instant thrown out of employment. Their case appeals strongly to the sympathies of our citizens, and we hope will not be overlooked.

The worst of it is, that the machinery cannot now be replaced, and the work ceases at a time when the Factory was of particular service and value.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Hands Wanted
at the
Eagle Factory,
Columbus, Geo.

The Proprietors of this Factory want to hire, Forty or Fifty Hands,

Weavers, Spinners, Carders, &c.

Hands engaging with them will be guaranteed regular work and good wages. Homes furnished our hands without charge. Address,

J. Rhodes Browne, Agent,
Columbus, Geo.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Save Your Ashes.

As Soda Ashes cannot be had any more we have to make a substitute.

If you are willing to save your hard wood Ashes, we will buy it to be able to sell you good Soap at fair prices.

Look out for the Black Boy's halooing ASHES, ASHES, ASHES.

J. J. Picard & Co., Soap Manufacturers.
Corner st. Frances and Hamilton sts.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 29, 1861, p. 4, c. 4

Ice Cream Saloon and Verandah,
Cor. Dauphin and St. Emanuel Sts.
Opposite Public Square

The undersigned have the honor to announce to their friends and the public in general that they have re-opened their well known and popular Saloon, up stairs, where they are prepared to serve their customers with the choicest kind of

Ice Creams

Sherberts, [sic]

Biscuits Glaces,

Cakes and

Confections

of every description.

Parties, Weddings, Dinners, &c., will be furnished at short notice and in the best style.

We have all kinds of Cakes and Confectioneries always on hand, fresh and of the best quality, which we will sell at reasonable prices.

S. Fistorazzi & Co.

N.B.—Orders for the country will be carefully attended to.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 29, 1861, p. 4, c. 4

Home Manufacture

Messrs. J. A. DeOrnellas & Co., South-west corner of Claiborne and Stone streets, manufacturers of Jewelry, &c., are prepared to make any kind of work, such as Military Companies may require, are ready to furnish any emblem that companies may wish to have made to represent their country.

They also manufacture all kinds of CHAINS, such as Gentlemen's Vest Chains, Ladies' Chatelaines, Armlets, Guard Chains, &c. Full setts [sic] of Cameos, Ear-rings and Pins. Also, Etruscan Work, Diamonds set as solitaires or in clusters, Enameled, Engraved, chased or plain; Hair mounted in any style.

Having secured the services of the only Die Cutter in the city, they are prepared to make anything required in that line, from Patterns or Drawings. They have already made the Thistle for the Mobile Scotch Guard, and are ready to make Stars for Companies, of any material required.

Orders left at Walter Pearce & Co's, corner of Dauphin and Water streets, will be promptly attended to.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

[From the Southern Republic.]

Hay, Hay, Hay.

. . . Hay at the present time in Mobile and New Orleans, is worth from forty to fifty dollars a ton, and will be much higher, unless a large amount should be saved by planters for shipment.

Now is the best time to save hay, while the grass is tender and nutritious; and it should not be pulled up, as has been the custom here; but mowed, and fully cured before being stacked or housed. In corn fields the stalks should be cut down or pulled up and laid in heaps, or removed from the ground; by so doing one hand with a good mowing scythe could average a thousand pounds a day, which would pay better at twenty dollars a ton than picking cotton. For

one I can assure planters that they need have no fears of saving too much, or of glutting the market. During the commercial year ending September, 1860, forty one thousand one hundred and ninety-four bales (41,194) were shipped to Mobile alone, making over ten thousand tons, and amounting at the lowest price at that market to something over two hundred thousand dollars.

Again, aside from money, *patriotism* should influence our planters to save all the hay they possibly can; because it will be needed by our armies, not only for horses, but also as bedding for the soldiers during the approaching winter. For this one purpose alone a large amount will be needed. I know not how it is at all places where soldiers are stationed--at Fort Morgan each soldier is allowed fifteen pounds of hay a month for bedding, and this alone will amount to seven and a half tons per month for that post alone. The planter then by saving hay will add greatly to the comfort of soldiers, and probably be the means of saving the life of many during the approaching winter. Let us then carry out the indications of providence, and God will bless us.

W. Spillman.

Columbus, Miss., Sept. 14th, 1861.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 2, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

Fighting Population of the South.--The New York Herald of the 14th compiles from the United States census of 1860 the number of men in the seceded States between the ages of 18 and 45, which we presume is about correct:

Alabama.....	106,000
Arkansas.....	65,000
Florida.....	16,000
Georgia.....	119,000
Louisiana.....	74,000
Mississippi.....	71,000
North Carolina.....	132,000
Tennessee.....	167,000
Texas.....	84,000
Virginia.....	221,000
South Carolina.....	60,000
Total.....	1,116,000

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 2, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Noteworthy.--Mrs. Tazwell Tanner, of Charlotte, N. C., whose husband is a worthy laboring man, being called on by a committee to receive any contributions in blankets or clothing she might feel able to give for our soldiers, promptly and cheerfully placed at the disposal of the committee every blanket in her possession--six in number--and insisted that they be accepted.--When advised that she was too liberal--that she had better keep a couple for her own use, she replied that she could make comforts and get along well enough without them--that the brave soldiers would need them and she was glad she enjoyed the privilege to contribute that much to their comfort

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 9, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

An Excellent Substitute for Coffee.--For a family of seven or eight persons, take a pint of

well toasted corn meal, and add to it as much water as an ordinary sized coffee-pot will hold, and then boil it well. We have tried this toasted meal *coffee*, and prefer it to Java or Rio, inasmuch as genuine coffee does not suit our digestive organs, and we have not used it for years. Many persons cannot drink coffee with impunity, and we advise all such to try our receipt. They will find it more nutritious than coffee and quite as palatable.--[Raleigh Register.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 22, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

The willow bark, the bark of the root of the wild plum, and the piperine can be advantageously used as substitutes for quinine. A Mr. Dance, of Texas, has made quinine from a tree common to our Southern forest. The Houston (Texas) Telegraph thinks it is made from the prickly ash. In its taste it has the same long, lingering, bitter sensations that quinine leaves.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 22, 1861, p. 3, c. 4

The Style!
[great illustration]
Mrs. S. Burton

Respectfully informs the Ladies that she has on hand a good assortment of Fall and Winter Ribbons, Feathers and Flowers.

--also--

One case very fine French Straw Bonnets, all of which will be sold at very low prices. As it is the intention of Mrs. B. to retire from business as soon as she can sell out her stock, in the meantime she will pay particular attention to the Cleaning, Dyeing and Trimming of Old Bonnets.

Punctuality and economy is the established rule of

Mrs. S. Burton, 142 Dauphin st.
North side, three doors east of Jackson, Mobile.

Confederate Bonds and Treasury Notes taken in payments of accounts due.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

The Clarksville (Tenn.) Chronicle says that quite a rage for closely cropped hair has seized the young ladies of that city. It was suggested that as the war may last, and the boys be gone a long time, the girls want to be able to say when they come back and find them a little antiquated: "Why, when you went away I was a little bit of a thing with short hair!" A pretty good dodge.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 31, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Lint for the Army.

I made a short communication to one of our newspapers last spring on this subject, in which I gave my reasons for saying that good clean cotton wool would answer all the purposes

of lint for surgical dressings; and as there is much valuable time wasted by our ladies in the preparation of lint, I beg leave to allude to the matter again.

In the first place, what has been used by our Surgeons for the last ten years under the name of *patent lint*, though a Yankee imposition manufactured of *Cotton*, has been found to answer perfectly well.

I stated that many of the best Surgeons of Europe and this country use cotton in preference to lint for the dressing of wounds, burns, &c., and that I have used them indiscriminately for many years.

Dr. Chisolm, Professor of Surgery of the Charleston Medical School, has recently published a valuable work on military surgery, in which he fully sustains the ground I have taken.

Dr. Burggrave, the distinguished Professor of Surgery in the University of Ghent, Belgium, has recently published a volume on the superiority of cotton as a dressing for wounds, fractures, &c.

I see that some physician has recently recommended baling rope to be manufactured into lint, but a moment's reflection should satisfy any one, that the fine soft fibre [sic] of cotton must be greatly superior to this, and quite equal to anything that can be made from flax or hemp.

The ladies of the Confederate States are laboring with such hearty good will in our cause, and have done so much towards the relief of our brave soldiers, that I feel a strong desire to save them as much trouble as possible, and direct their efforts in more useful channels than that of picking lint.

J. C. Nott, M. D.

Medical Director.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Theatre.
The
Mobile Histrionic Association
Will Give Their
Third Performance
on
Tuesday Evening, Jan. 28, 1862,
For the Benefit of the
Children of Our Absent Volunteers.

Calcraft's Dramatization of Walter Scott's great work,

The Bride of Lammermoor!

Introducing Donizetti's beautiful Music from the Opera of Lucia of Lammermoor.

Luci Ashton.....Miss Eloise Bridges
Grand Overture by the Orchestra.

To conclude with the laughable Farce of the

Dead Shot!

Louisa.....Miss Eloise Bridges

Price of Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, 75 cents; Balcony, 50 cents; seats for Colored persons 25 cts.

Doors open at ¼ of 7 o'clock. Performance to commence at 7½.

Box Office open Tuesday from 10 A.M. till 2 P.M.

No extra charge will be made for Reserved Seats.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Creole Fair, For the Benefit of the Soldiers.

A Fair will be held at the Irving Hall, commencing on Tuesday Evening, the 28th inst., and continuing Three Nights.

A variety of Fancy and Useful Articles will be offered for sale, and the Refreshment Tables will be well supplied.

The proceeds of the Fair and Supper will be appropriated for the benefit of the Soldiers.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 28, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Disorderly Boys.—A frequenter of the Mayor's Court becomes familiar not only with the fact that there are a great many very ill-behaved children in town, but that they are agglomerated in certain nuclei. There, for instance, is the wharf gang, or rather there used to be, but it is nearly broken up at present, though a rat is occasionally dragged out from under a tarpaulin. The present want of shelter, however, on the wharves has scattered these, and we believe they have associated themselves mostly with the Royal street gang, which latter, we are sorry to say, claim to be in some manner connected with the press, though they are not all Israel who are of Israel.

These, as a general thing, belong nowhere in particular, but there are others, the numbers of which are supposed to have homes and parents. We often meet a set of them crowding the street corners, and frequently quarrelling with negroes of their own age. The police have once had occasion to notice their pranks, perhaps oftener. A house in their neighborhood being recently vacated for a few weeks, they broke some two dozen panes of glass in the upper windows with brick bats and oyster shells before the proprietor could find a new tenant.

We are glad to see that a movement has been made looking towards the establishment of a House of Refuge or of Correction. This might furnish a permanent home for the first two classes, and an occasional retreat for the last, if their parents cannot take care of them. But there is another class whom no such institution is likely to benefit. Their dress is very respectable, but we cannot say that their address is either respectable or respectful to persons who occasionally encounter them at the street corner which they chiefly frequent. A few mornings ago we observed some obscenity which they had chalked in very legible style in front of one of the principal churches of the city. If their parents do not take them in hand, we fear that their prospect of becoming either useful or ornamental members of society is quite dubious.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 28, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

The negroes of Pine Bluff, Ark., have contributed \$747 80, the proceeds of a ball, to a military company of that town.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Theatre.
Free Market Benefit!
Burton's
Moving Panorama,

Painted by himself in Memphis, Tenn, on 5000 square feet of Canvas, viz:

Part 1—Constantinople.

Part 2—Turtle Ram Fight near New Orleans.

Part 3—Panic at Manassas. Plains painted 75 feet long and 8 feet high.

Four Nights Only!
Commencing
Wednesday, April 9th, 1862.

School exhibition on Saturday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. A contract will be made for the admission of the same. Teachers Free.

Address "Theatre."

Admission, every night, 50c.; Children under ten years of age, 25c.; Gallery 25c.

Box Office open from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Also, Tickets for sale at Stores.

Off to N. Orleans next week without fail.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

A Card.

The Society for the Relief of Soldiers' Children will continue to meet at Mrs. Hale's School Room, on Hamilton, between Government and Church streets, on Tuesday and Thursday of each week, from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.

Contributions either of money or goods may be sent through any one of the Free Market Committee, or through the Secretary.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Cotton Cards,

For sale on Commission, at Nine Dollars a pair, at

R. B. Roberts'
No. 74 Dauphin street, Mobile.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 10, 1862, p. 1, c. 10

. . . Our cities are a small item of the military strength of the Confederacy—and in its military strength it alone has practical existence; but it exists as an inevitable intended fact in the hearts of the people at large. Passing through the country you find the frequent camps of rendezvous where gather the homespun clad bone and sinew of the land, the hardy, high-spirited and unconquerable yeomanry of the South who comes out from the scattered clearings of the wilderness, with strong arms and stout hearts full of confidence that has never been disturbed or tampered with by panic makers, and of inborn hostility to the foemen of the abolition North. They are eager to get hold of "them 'ere guns" that the mustering officer has told them of, and try their skill with them.—here is hardly one of them whose family cannot shift for themselves very well without him, and who does not go to the war without once enervating anxiety as to those he leaves behind.—The "old 'oman" can look after the cows and hogs and chickens, and cultivate the "patch."—Those who pass through the vast South so peopled will realize how ridiculous is an intrusive apprehension that it is possible it may be conquered and held in subjugation by an enemy whom its people have grown up detesting.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Noble Women.—We met a gentleman the other day, says the Atlanta Confederacy, who informed us that he had recently passed through several counties in Northwest Georgia, and constantly found women in the fields engaged in planting corn—some plowing open the long furrows, and others covering with the hoe the corn which the children had dropped. When asked why it was that they were so engaged, they answered in every instance, "the men folks here have all gone to the war, and we intend to make our own bread."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

A Mountain of Alum.—The Marion (N.C.) Enterprise speaks of a mountain twelve miles South of Morganton, which exudes alum from the rocks on both its sides, evincing the fact that the whole mountain is filled with the triple sulphate [sic] of alumina and potassa. The editor says he has often seen baskets full of pure alum taken from the rocks in dry seasons.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Shoes.—The army correspondent of the Charleston Courier says:

I suppose that at least forty thousand pair of shoes are required to-day to supply the wants of the army. Every battle contributes to human comfort in this respect, but it is not every man who is fortunate enough to "foot" himself upon the field. It has become a trite remark among the troops, that "all a Yankee is now worth is his shoes," and it is said, but I do not know how truly, that some of our regiments have become so expert in securing these coveted articles, that they can make a charge and strip every dead Yankee's feet they pass without coming to a halt.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 10, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Home Manufactured Writing Paper!

Writing Paper!

Writing Paper!

We are permanently engaged in the

Manufacture of Writing Paper,
And are now prepared to fill ORDERS for larger and smaller sizes.

S. H. Goetzel & Co.
Booksellers, Publishers and Stationers
83 Dauphin street, Mobile, Ala.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The warehouse of B. J. Terry & Co., in Jefferson, Texas, was burned down a few days ago, and an immense amount of cotton, sugar and molasses destroyed. Loss estimated at half a million.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 20, 1862, p. 1

Directions for the Use of Rice Flour

The following recipes for making different kinds of bread, with rice flour, were published many years ago in Charleston, and are vouched for as being valuable:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rice Flour Blanc Mange.--Boil one quart of milk, season it to your taste with sugar and rose water, take 4 tablespoonsful of the rice flour, mix it very smooth with cold milk, add this to the other milk while it is boiling, stirring it well. Let all boil together about fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally, then pour it into moulds and put it by to cool. This is a very favorite article for invalids.

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

In every case in making rice flour bread, cake, or pudding, a well boiled pap should be first made of all the milk and water and half the flour, and allowed to get perfectly cold before the other ingredients are added. It forms a support for them and prevents the flour from settling at the bottom, stir the whole a moment before it is set to cook.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 23, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Popular Drinks.—Soldiers' drink, ginger *pop*; sailors' drink, port; lovers' drink, Madeira; banders' drink, mint julep; undertakers' drink, bier; millers' drink, brand-dy; railroad conductors' drink, smashes; shoemakers' drink, cobblers; surgeons' drink, boneset; cotton planters' drink, gin; termagant's drink, she dam schnapps; fools' drink, sillybub; conscripts' drink, sham-pain.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Messrs. Editors: Will you please warn persons who might try to gather wild coffee without knowing it, not to mistake for the same the wild indigo, or Cassia Tora, which has the active properties of senna, and in large doses might prove poisonous.

The Cassia Occidentalis, or wild coffee, has a lance-shaped leaf, ending in a sharp point, its pods are wide and flat, and its seeds flat and small. This is the good kind.

The Cassia Tora, or wild indigo, has an egg-shaped leaf with a round end, its seeds peculiarly shaped, larger than the good kind and of a bronze color. Mr. Desportes, the person who first introduced its use here, could, I believe, supply some prepared coffee to the curious.

J. J. Delchamps.

As there is danger of the wild coffee plant being mistaken for the wild indigo, and we are credibly informed that such mistakes have been made with serious results, our advice is to let it alone. Better to go without coffee, or any substitute for it, than to run any risk of getting poisoned.—Eds.]

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Editor Register and Advertiser:

The specimen of coffee I send you with this is made of the Cassia Occidentalis, which is found in every vacant lot in the city, and known as the Wild or Florida coffee. Said plant is indigenous to the West Indies and South America, and flourishes wherever the sugar cane grows. In South America it is known as the coffee weed.

Properly prepared it makes a beverage identical in taste, odor, look and properties to that made from the coffee of commerce. A number of families are now using it daily in this city, and, having informed myself of its botanical history and of its qualities, and having tested it myself thoroughly, I deem it my duty to bring the facts to the notice of my fellow citizens, many of whom are suffering for the want of their favorite morning and evening beverage.

Our mode of making it is precisely as we did with Rio or Havana coffee, adding a little

burnt sugar, as is often done with other coffee.

Yours respectfully,
J. J. Delchamps.

Note.—The sample sent us with the foregoing note in appearance and smell very much resembles the genuine coffee, indeed a careless observer would not detect the difference. If, as we must suppose from the facts stated, this coffee is not hurtful, the discovery is an important one, and will prove of vast benefit to the people.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

We learn that owing to the transportation of large numbers of troops over the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, passengers will not be received for several days. But to compensate for this delay, we will inform refugees from Middle Tennessee, that Gen. Price is moving in heavy force from the southern counties of Tennessee towards Nashville, and when the troops from this place shall form a junction with him, then citizens of Nashville will have an opportunity to return to that beautiful city in safety.—[Chattanooga Rebel, 21st.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Roswell Factory.

Geo. H. Camp, Agent of the Roswell Manufacturing Company, proposes to make a donation of one thousand bunches of factory yarn to the needy families of ten counties, mentioned in his letter, which we publish to-day. As a citizen of one of the fortunate counties, we feel thankful of course. But this is not what we want. Reduce your prices greatly, Mr. Camp! otherwise it will be truly said of your donation—

"With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out."

--Rome (Ga.) Southerner.

Yes, let prices be reduced. When a mill uses four thousand or more pounds of cotton per day, on which a profit of eighty cents per pound is made—with yarn at one dollar per pound—and the public thus extorted upon, there is precious little merit in donating five thousand pounds to ten counties. The cost of the yarn is not one third of one day's profit.

We are the friend of the manufacturing interest. On that subject we come nearer being of one idea than in any other. We have desired that the introduction of manufactories should be encouraged, and if they had been, the competition now would have kept prices down; but we confess to some misgivings when we see persons asking exorbitant prices for their goods because they know the people are compelled to have them, and are obliged, therefore, to give what is asked.

We hear of one manufacturer who is now positively refusing to sell at all, because he expects that yarn will be even higher than it is. May the Lord have mercy on his soul.—[Atlanta Commonwealth.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Gentlemen: The Cassia Occidentalis, alluded in your edition of this evening, as a substitute for coffee, grows always in this neighborhood, as far as I have observed, in company

with another species, *Cassia Obtusifolia*, so much like it in general appearance as to be easily mistaken for it. Both may or may not have similar properties to notice the difference.

The most obvious differences are found in the shape of the leaf and pod. The *Occidentalis*, or "coffee weed," has pointed leaves or leaflets, and flat pods; the other rounded leaves and nearly round pods. The odor of the *Occidentalis* is strong and very disagreeable. The *Obtusifolia* has scarcely any odor, and closes its leaves like the sensitive plant at night.

Very respectfully,
Mobile, Sept. 26th, 1862.

Reuel Keith.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Aid to Hospitals.

Greene Springs, Ala., Sept. 25, 1862.

W. G. Clark, Esq.—Dear sir—Enclosed please find \$155, \$125 of which are the proceeds of a quilt made by the ladies of Greene Springs and neighborhood, and the remainder, \$30, a contribution from the Hermathenian Society of this school. The money was intended for the Hospital at Gainesville, and was sent for that purpose; but about the time of its receipt, the Hospital was closed and the money was returned to me. May I ask of you the favor to give it such a direction as will meet the wishes of the donors—that is, to some Alabama Hospital either in Mobile or Richmond, as you may judge most expedient.

Please acknowledge the receipt in your paper, so that the contributors may know that the fund has been properly applied.

Yours truly,

H. Tutwiler.

P.S.—One of the clergymen in this neighborhood took up a collection on Thanksgiving day of \$105. I wish the movement had been a general one. A large fund would have been raised.

[We acknowledge the receipt of the sum above named (\$155) which we shall take an early opportunity to appropriate as requested.—Eds.]

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

A Womanish Man.—We often see men who have none of the strong qualities of their sex, and we call them weak and womanish, but a man was found here several days ago who bore every outward semblance of a woman, insomuch that it was difficult to determine whether to grant him a passport as a woman or man. Every feature of his face resembles that of a woman, and his skin is soft and downy to the touch that we find upon the "fair sex." His shape, form and hair all bear such striking resemblance to that of a woman that he is often thought to be a woman in disguise. In our neighboring city of Augusta, we are informed, he was arrested while in female apparel; and he even states that he has often, for motives of his own, passed himself off in various towns for a woman.

He is quite a curiosity in appearance, and would prove quite a fortune to any such a genius as Barnum—[Atlanta (Ga.) Commonwealth.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

A Prayer for Our Armies.
By Bishop Green, of Mississippi.

Almighty God, Whose Providence watcheth over all things, and in Whose hands is the disposal of all events, we look up to Thee for Thy protection and blessing amidst the apparent and great dangers, with which we are encompassed. Thou hast, in Thy wisdom, permitted the many evils of an unnatural and destructive war to come upon us. Save us, we beseech Thee, from the hands of our enemies. Watch over our fathers, and husbands, and brothers, and sons, who, trusting in Thy defence [sic] and in the righteousness of our cause, have gone forth to the service of their country. May their lives be precious in Thy sight. Preserve them from all the dangers to which they may be exposed. Enable them successfully to perform their duty to Thee and to their country, and do Thou, in Thine infinite wisdom and power, so over rule events, and so dispose the hearts of all engaged in this painful struggle, that it may soon end in peace and brotherly love, and lead not only to the safety, honor and welfare of our Confederate States, but to the good of Thy people, and the glory of Thy great name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 11, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

[For the Evening News]
Tallow Candles Equal to Star.

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

To two pounds of tallow add one teacupful of good strong ley from wood ashes, and simmer over a slow fire—when a greasy scum will float on top; skim this off for making soap, (it is very near soap already) as long as it continues to rise. Then mould your candles as usual, making the wicks a little smaller—and you have a pure, hard tallow candle, worth knowing how to make—and one that burns as long and gives a light equal to sperm. The chemistry demonstrates itself. An ounce or two of beeswax will make the candle some harder, and steeping the wicks in spirits turpentine will make it burn some brighter. I write with one before me.

Yours, W.

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

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 16, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

A substitute for wool is made into a cloth by a great many persons in Georgia, with the design of using their wool for our soldiers in the field. This substitute is cowhair. The cloth made of it is perhaps not quite so smooth as that made of wool, but it is heavier, and no doubt will be nearly, if not equally, as warm, and will last fully as well. The hair is washed perfectly clean, and pulled or beat so as to have no bunches. After it is well dried, it is ready for use—Like wool for ordinary cloth, it is used only for "filling," and mixed with about one third cotton. The common and easier way of mixing is by ginning it with the cotton, although it could be, we suppose, mixed fully as well by "carding." If the same quantity in weight of seed cotton and hair are thoroughly mixed and placed in the gin after the seed are separated, the cotton lint will be about one third of the hair. The breast of the gin should be a little raised, or the hair will make

the saws to choke. Cowhair, thus mixed with cotton, may be carded, spun and made into cloth with no more trouble than is required for wool or cotton. The hair can be purchased at the tanneries.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Tooth Brushes.—A gentleman up the country sent to town the other day for a toothbrush. On inquiry nothing of the sort could be obtained for less than \$5, and not a first rate article at that. The ladies who use snuff for a dentifrice have from time immemorial employed a brush of hickory or linn bark to rub it in with.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Cure for Dysentery.—A friend writes us as follows: "I have been using persimmon syrup for ten years past for dysentery and am persuaded that it has no equal as a remedy for this troublesome disease. It is a simple, harmless and effectual astringent. It is made of persimmons before they are quite ripe. They should be mashed up, put into boiling water, and then strained through a coarse cloth. This rough juice may be preserved in sugar or syrup. If our soldiers in camp would adopt this remedy many long cases of chronic dysentery might be prevented.— [Columbus Sun.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 23, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

To the Women that Sell Whisky.—Fair dames, the "local" who with scarcely the exception of a morning sees specimens of your beauteous visages in court, has a word of affectionate warning for you all, particularly for those of you who deal with negroes, if there be any need of particularizing in that respect, for we can't believe there is one of you but traffic with slaves, receiving from them in exchange for your liquor and other commodities articles which you know must be stolen. Another class with whom you have frequent dealings are soldiers, especially discharged soldiers, as they call themselves, the greater part of whom are stragglers, deserters and New Orleans thugs. Now these are very dangerous acquaintances. You may be sure they keep their eyes about them, whenever they are about you, and either by presenting fifty dollar bills—generally counterfeit or stolen—and watching you while you go for the change, or by the countless signs familiar to professional thieves, discover where you keep your treasure. Nor is this merely speculation; we know several instances which prove that your practices and your consequent association with the very worst class of characters—of whom, by the bye, there is an extraordinary number at present in the city—are constantly exposing you to imminent danger of robbery or something worse. A few weeks ago one of your establishments as we remember, was robbed at night, and we think there have been some other cases which we cannot now recall. A few days ago a woman who has been repeatedly fined for selling liquor was robbed of nearly \$200 by some of the lawless characters whom she admitted into her house, though she was too drunk to know who did it. Last year the woman Goodrich, notorious for selling whisky and trading with negroes, was found strangled in her house. And to add another horror, yesterday morning the body of a woman of your class was found half burned up, with evident signs of robbery on her premises. These hints ought to be enough to remind you of the perilous condition in which you are placing yourselves by your infractions of the law. You may consider yourselves "honest women" in the vulgar acceptance of the term, but there is not an inmate of a den of infamy in the city who is exercising a worse influence than you are. Take

warning then before you meet with a more terrible punishment than the violated law would inflict upon you.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 28, 1862, p. 2

Grand Ball!
The Young Men's Association
Will Give a Grand Ball at
Odd Fellows' Hall
on
Tuesday Evening, October 28,
for the Benefit of
The Free Market!

Tickets can be procured at the following places, viz: Rioch's Music Store; Snow's Music Store; S. T. O'Grady's Cigar Store; or from the

Committee of Arrangements:

S. T. O'Grady,
J. P. Kenny,
C. W. Murrill,
P. McNulty,

A. Hamilton,
Wm. Murphy,
W. O'Brien,
E. Gleeson,

John Bywater.

Professor Gass.....Musical Director.

Price of Tickets \$2

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 30, 1862, p.2, c. 1

A Substitute for Shoes.

An old and experienced citizen has called our attention to the subject of the use of cowhide moccasins as a substitute for shoes. He states that when he moved to the Mississippi, fifty-two years ago, no shoes were to be had for the negroes, and they made their own cut of this material, which answered the purpose as well as the more elaborately made article, and in some respects better. The process is simple: take a green cowhide, or one well soaked, with the hair on—which is to go next to the foot—"put the foot down firmly" upon it, and cut out the pattern desired; make the necessary holes along the edges, and lace it with a thong of the same material at the heel and up the instep. Let it dry upon the foot, and it accommodates itself perfectly to the shape of the latter, while it is sufficiently substantial for all kinds of traveling, and its elasticity is preserved by use. Socks should be put on when it is made, though it can be worn without, and such allowance made for shrinking as to avoid too tight a fit. The moccasin, it is scarcely necessary to observe, adapts itself to the shape of the foot, and the fit is perfect. It outwears leather, and is not hard, as some might suppose, but quite the reverse. If desired, it can be half

soled with the same material. The hair lining gives the advantage of warmth, so that socks, when not to be had, can be better dispensed with when moccasins are used than if shoes were worn.

The gentleman to whom we are indebted for this suggestion says that he has mentioned the subject to soldiers, who are very much pleased with it, and say there is no reason why soldiers should go barefoot while so many hides are thrown away in camps.

We think the idea a valuable one, and would be glad that every newspaper in the Confederacy would lend its aid in giving it circulation.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

How to Corn Beef.—Add two pounds brown sugar to eight gallons of water, also one quart of molasses, four ounces of nitre [sic], and fine salt till it will float an egg. This is enough for two quarters of beef.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Messrs. Editors: It is a beautiful September night. The moon rises majestically above the tree tops, and one by one her myriads of attendant stars appear. The sentimental of both sexes gaze with delight through the open car windows out upon the ever-shifting scene, ever-shifting all but that resplendent sky. A soldier whom four days subsequent travel has wearied to slumber reclines upon one of those comfortable seats for which the Georgia Railroad is so famed. The whistle for brakes is heard, the cars stop, a man puts his head in at the door and calls "Union Point." The head is withdrawn, and there succeeds the beautiful profile of a Georgia fair one, followed by another and another. The profile approaches the sleeping soldier, a charming form bends over him, a small white hand gives his shoulder a gentle shake. The sleepy eyes unclose, look up, and Mars springs to his feet with a "Yes, Miss, take my seat." "Will you walk out and take some supper?" says sweet sixteen, smiling. "With pleasure," and La Belle leads forth her willing captive. A few steps and they enter the supper room, where Mars merges into Epicurus, as he seats him at a table groaning under its weight of chicken, ham, eggs, butter, rolls, biscuit, muffin, sweet and butter milk, coffee, &c. A knife and fork are seized and add their clatter to that of those wielded by a score of other soldiers. The fair forms of Mrs. Dr. B. Carlton, Mrs. Dr. Moore, Mrs. J. B. Hart, Mrs. John Carlton, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Deal, Mrs. F. Carlton, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Dilworth, Mrs. Printup, Mrs. Bynum, Mrs. Crosby, Miss Julia Grayson, Miss Jennie Bowls, Miss Lizzie O'Neil, Miss Fanny Deal, Miss Jennie Hart and Miss Mattie Haughton flit around the board, ministering angels that they were. With a "God bless you, ladies!" the young soldier left them, and never once will he forget the "Wayside Hospital" at Union Point, Green county, Georgia. And he takes this method of informing the traveling community of soldiers that here, upon the arrival of every train, are the choicest viands, prepared by the patriotic fair of the Empire State.

North Carolina.

Messrs. Editors: I was requested by the ladies having charge of the above enterprise to call the attention of traveling soldiers to their Hospital in the Mobile papers. I select yours as having the widest circulation. The kindness shown your correspondent, as narrated above, was inexpressibly gratifying to one who was for the first time south of the Palmetto State, and he sincerely trusts you will publish the only return he can make them.

Very respectfully, your ob't ser'vt,

Lt. Corps of Artillery, C.S.A.

Oven Bluff, Oct. 27th, 1862.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Military Shirts.

Mrs. Byrnes.

No. 97 Dauphin st., Up-stairs, Opposite the Public Square.

Has on hand 2[?] doz. Military Shirts, French and English Merinoes, Woolen Poplins, Woolen Damask, which she offers at the lowest prices, by the dozen.

The attention of officers and soldiers is respectfully called to this Stock of Shirts.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

A Cheap Mode of Curing Bacon.

Enon, Ala., Oct. 23d, 1862.

Editors Sun: I saw to-day, at the house of Mr. Wm. Morton, a well known and respectable citizen of this place, good bacon, from a hog weighing 250 pounds, killed last week, made by dipping in boiling brine, hung and smoked immediately. The plan is simple and commendable for its economy of salt. Take a kettle or large pot nearly full of water, put in a little more salt than the water will dissolve, bring to a boil, cut up the meat, and while the animal heat is in it put in the kettle and boil from two to four minutes, according as the meat is thick or thin; rub on meal to keep off the flies, then hang and smoke it. The brine must be kept up to its full strength by occasionally adding salt. When the work is done, the remaining brine may be boiled down and the salt saved for other uses, or for the next killing.

Mr. Morton tells me he learned this plan from an old man forty years ago, who had used it for years previous. He has frequently tried it in the month of August with invariable success.—Every one who knows him will vouch for the truth of his assertion. He has never weighed the salt to ascertain its exact amount saved in this way, having heretofore found the chief advantage in being able to save meat at any time, but is satisfied it saves at least three fourths, one peck being equal to a bushel in the old way. The only difference between this meat and the best winter cured bacon is that it loses slightly its flavor, and tastes a little old. That which I saw was dry and salt enough, with no appearance of having been cooked. He saves beef in the same manner.

When this plan was published last spring, I was a skeptic, believing that the meat being partially cooked, would sour and become worthless. I knew nothing of Mr. Stubbs, and was not prepared to take for granted what he said. I know Mr. Morton, and am satisfied. Others may know nothing of him or I, and may still doubt. Let every one who has tried it publish the fact and benefit the public. Some of our blood-thirsty speculators may be hurt yet, and those planters who give the high price of salt as the reason for raising the price of their corn to unreasonable rates, may learn that honesty is the best policy.

N. D. Guerry.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Leather and its Substitutes—A very intelligent writer in the Savannah Republican is furnishing some interesting articles entitled "Practical Hints for the Times." We extract the following from his conclusion of his essay, touching leather and its substitute.

There are two modes of preparing the skins for use—one is by tanning, and the other by tawing. The first of these requires months or years; the last only a few weeks; the first produces thick leather, the last thin. In tawing the skin is soaked and scraped to get rid of the hair and putrescible parts, then treated with alum and salt; then stretched and scraped to make it flexible, and in some cases saturated with animal fat or grease.

It is only by custom and convenience that we are confined to leather in the making of our shoes. Any substance which will exclude the water, and will endure the rubs and thumps given by the foot will do for shoes. A hatter can make an excellent shoe out of felt, and by the same process which he uses in making hats; using one other mold, and a waterproof mixture in the sole to keep out the wet.

A farmer may make very pleasant shoes out of an old wool hat by providing a suitable sole; and he may provide a suitable sole by combining several thicknesses of felt with a little wax and rosin, or wax or India rubber or tallow, inserted between the leaves to keep out moisture. Osnaburgs boiled in linseed oil and wax, and then blackened, will do very well for the uppers, only it will require a lining of osnaburgs again to make it sufficiently strong, and to keep the blackened side from defiling the foot.

The skins of a pair of squirrels tanned, would make a pleasant and pretty pair of shoes for a lady. Soles of shoes for men (besides the time already mentioned) may be made of old saddle-skirts, leather gin bands, and tough cloth of any sort saturated with water proof; or they may be compounded of several things—the outer of leather or hardened felt, the inner of cloths or doubled osnaburgs, or duck, and between the two a flexible split of white oak, hickory, palmetto stalk, or birch bark.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Aid for the Soldiers.

Messrs. Editors—Thousands of hearts have been stirred by the appeal in behalf of the naked and destitute soldiers in the army of Gen. Price. And though calls for aid for the soldiers have been frequent, and very much has been done by this community to promote their comfort, yet as these brave men are looked to especially to aid in the defence [sic] of Mobile, the ladies of the city have determined to make an effort to send them relief. A number of ladies representing the different churches, have secured the use of the Temperance Hall, which will be opened on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 11th and 12th instant, from 9 to 3 o'clock for donations, where a Committee will be present to receive whatever may be sent in. And they earnestly invite all in the community to contribute whatever they may be able to spare for this object, that will promote the destitute soldiers' comfort during the winter, such as blankets, comforts, pieces of carpet, and drugget, clothes, new and old, flannels of every description, socks, &c.

Whatever may be contributed will be sent them by special agency, free of charge. Our soldiers from this and neighboring States have associations and friends at home, who care and provide for them; but those from Missouri are cut off from all such aid. They depend upon us, in whose midst they are fighting and suffering. Let them not be disappointed. We trust our friends

everywhere in the interior will take this matter up and cooperate with us.
Mobile, November 6, 1862.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

To Dye Wool Yarn a Durable Black Without Copperas.—Place in your kettle a layer of walnut leaves, then a layer of yarn, then a layer of leaves and another of yarn, and so on till the kettle is full; pour on water, till all is covered, and boil all day. The next morning pour off the liquor into another vessel, and put fresh leaves with the yarn in layers as before, and pour the same liquor over it and boil again all day. Then hang the yarn in the air a few days; after which wash it, and it will be a fine black.

The walnut leaves should be gathered in the autumn, just as they begin to fall from the trees.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 12, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Confederate Dye.—To make a Beautiful Blue.—Take alder berries, mash them and press out the juice; to two gallons of juice add about one ounce of copperas and two ounces of alum. Dip the thread in this thoroughly, and air it, and the dye is set.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 13, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Shoe Thread.—To make shoe thread out of cotton: Spin the thread very fine, well twisted in spinning—put eight strands together and twist on the wheel. Let the broach roll in starch as the thread is wound in balls. It is best to use a needle in sewing. The gentleman furnishing this receipt says that it will wear longer than flax shoe thread, having made and used it himself.—The thread can be colored by dyeing.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Milton, N.C., Chronicle says: "A very estimable lady—one of the smartest and prettiest in the country—wishes to know of us what she ought to charge per yard for a piece of cloth now in the loom, the cotton in which cost \$4 50 per bunch, and the wool rolls \$2 per pound. To this must be added the cost of weaving, &c. We are rather puzzled for a reply, but she ought to exact of shoemakers, tanners, flour and corn speculators, about \$15 a yard; and if she can, possibly find a cotton factory "lord" obliged to buy it, charge the rascal \$25 a yard—and then she can't "get even" with him. To people of conscience, we do not think she could sell her cloth for less than \$4 a yard, and make anything."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

To the Women of the South.

The following communication comes to us from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and we cheerfully comply with the pious and patriotic wishes of the lady who sends it to us. This appeal to the women of the South comes evidently from a warm heart, and the touching and eloquent language in which it is expressed, indicates cultivation and polished strength in the mind from which it emanated. We heartily endorse the proposition of the fair writer:

To the Editor of the Mobile Register:

Sir—I wish to make public through your columns, and those of various other influential

journals, a suggestion to the women of the South.

It is, that a day be appointed, on which, at a certain hour, they, with one consent, shall unitedly beg for PEACE from Him in Whose hands are the hearts of men and the destinies of nations. Prayer is being made continually for the success of our arms in battle, and these prayers have been answered—in many instances beyond our hopes. Every prayer doubtless breathes an earnest petition for Peace, but it is suggested now that our faithful women shall unite to pray in *an especial manner* for it. That God would forgive our enemies and turn their hearts, and that He would forgive us *our debts*, and would *deliver us from the evil hands of bloody men*.

Let Monday, the first day of December, be appointed, and on that day at 12 M., let the heart of every wife, mother, sister and daughter in every State of our Confederacy, go out in solemn, fervent prayer to God for PEACE.

In places and churches where female prayer-meetings are usual, let the women themselves order the matter. Where such meetings are not usual, or are considered inadvisable, or are impracticable, let every woman in her own house stop all work at the hour named—suspend the carding, and spinning, and knitting, and weaving, and sewing, and teaching, if for only one half hour, and let every woman's heart be lifted then in prayer for her country. Let the sick woman on her bed remember the day and hour—let the busy forego her business—and, I was going to say, let the gay suspend her gaiety, but I trust there are not many gay women in the South now. But let the young, and beautiful, and hopeful, equally with those who can lay no claim to such titles, think of the dead, and the dying, and the mangled—think of the broken hearted, the homeless and the destitute—think of the widows, and fatherless, and childless, of this awful war—and let every woman's heart be stirred to pray as with one voice on that day to God for help, and for PEACE—an honorable PEACE.

Chapel Hill, N. C., November 1862.

All papers friendly to this suggestion are requested to copy, that it may be as widely diffused as possible by the day above named.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

A writer at Harper's Ferry for an Abolition paper, after stating that the Lincoln troops there have plenty of clothing and food, encourages them to deeds of valor by contrasting their condition with that of the Confederate troops. "Every one," he says, "will agree with me that our troops have no cause to murmur when they see what I have seen, Rebel soldiers captured with spurs made fast to shoeless heels, and all in rags and tatters."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

How to Knit a Worsted Cap for the Soldiers.—Put on 150 stitches, and knit, ribbed, one finger and a quarter's length. Take off, for the head-piece, eighty-one stitches, and knit a finger's length, as you would the heel of a stocking; then take off thirty three stitches, and knit nearly a finger's length, narrowing each side until all the stitches are taken off. Then take up the stitches as you would the foot of a sock, and knit as on a sock until you have one hundred and twenty-six stitches left on the needles. After narrowing, knit a few rows round, and bind off.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Cider Jelly—Too Good Not to be Known.—Boil new cider to the consistency of syrup, and let it cool, and you have a nice jelly. No sugar or anything added to it. We have tasted some of it, and

it will be excellent for the sick. Try it—it is most too good these times for well people.—Sumner Watchman.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Recipe for Molasses Custard.—One cup of syrup or molasses, one cup of brown sugar, four eggs, one tablespoonful of butter; heat all together. As soon as the custard is removed from the oven, moisten a little sugar with water, and spread evenly over the top of the custard. Bake it in one crust. Try it, and you will be very apt to try it again, whenever molasses gets down to a reasonable price.—[Columbus Sun.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Direct Importation via Florida.

100 Doz. Cotton Cards

8 bags Coffee

-also-

200 sacks Corn

200 do Cow Peas

800 lbs. Sal Soda, for sale by

J. J. Lazo & Co.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Confederate Rio
Coffee,
Manufactured and Sold
At Wholesale and Retail
by
Frank West,
Corner Dauphin and Jackson Streets,
Mobile.
Flowery Land
and
Red Eagle
Snuff.
Country Merchants
Supplied at
Reasonable Terms

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The ladies of Cartersville, Ga., know how to deal with the extortioners. A mass meeting of the dear creatures went into a store in that place the other day and *seized* such goods as they wanted.

Holly Springs, Friday, Oct. 31.

The noble women of Mississippi have again elated the hearts of our brave and suffering troops by a timely and welcome contribution of 1,400 pairs of socks, which are now being distributed to poor fellows nearly—some entirely—bare-footed.

Could the generous ladies of Natchez and of Columbus but witness the distribution of their donations and know how they are ameliorating the sufferings of the soldiers; could they see the joy that lights up, like a soft sunbeam, the countenances of the brave fellows at the receipt of such welcome testimonials of remembrance from fair and gentle hands; could they but hear their grateful thanks and praises, how fully would they feel repaid for the noble work they have so generously undertaken. Could they see, as they might frequently, stalwart, noble specimens of manly nature melted almost to tears by the receipt of such presents, sometimes by chance accompanied by names dearly cherished of old, and now recalled by a like name inscribed in neat chirography, recalling scenes of home and its loved ones; could they know and feel all this, these fair ladies would feel thankful indeed that they were able to impart such happiness to their patriotic and suffering defenders.

A little note accompanying such tokens of careful remembrance, having written in it, in neat characters, "Mary," "Nannie," "Hattie," or whatever the name of the generous donor may be, together with a cheering word, often softens a heart and melts a nature hardened and apparently implacable, awakening feelings of tenderness which long have slumbered and almost become forgotten. More especially does this apply to Kentuckians, Tennesseans, and Missourians, brave and noble men, who, when their own homes were wrested from them by the tyrant's mandate, have locked arms with their brothers who are in like danger, forsaking their homes, their joys, everything but liberty, spilling out their hearts blood, a consecrated communion, as free as water, upon fields rendered immortal by their valor and prowess. To these men of dauntless daring, who are far away from their homes and their loved ones, and the hands of whose fair women, tied and trammelled by the despot's chains, are unable to contribute to their comfort, how pleasant is the thought that we are a national and sympathetic brotherhood and sisterhood, as evinced in the kind care of the ladies of the South, noble, self-sacrificing women, whose shibboleth is universal goodness.

I have before me a little note which accompanied a pair of socks from Natchez, which fortunately fell into the possession of Captain MacLean, of Gen. Price's staff. In the neatest imaginable chirography is inscribed: "For the Giant of the West, from Sallie—kill a Yankee for me!" Whoever patriotic Sallie intended the present for, it certainly fell into the hands of one of the "giants of the West," in the person of dauntless "Mac." Indeed, they could scarcely have failed to have done so had they been allotted to either Gen. Price or his staff, who have won the title of "giants in person and giants in fight." The old "Tycoon" himself is over six feet two inches in height, and his weight does not fall much below 200, and in both of these respects, he is equaled by Col. Taylor, and Capts. Loughborough, Maclean and Gains, of his staff.

Though the socks donated by the ladies of Natchez and Columbus have gone far towards making comfortable a portion of the Missourians, Arkansians, Texans, Mississippians, and Alabamians of Gen. Price's command, they are but as a drop in the bucket. Let the ladies of the latter States continue to exert themselves still further for the comfort of the brave and gallant defenders of their homes and honor—each one at least contributing a pair of socks and forming together a working and contribution society, whose every member will be thanked and blessed by those brave men around whose troubles and trials you will be throwing a softening guise and

holy influence, worthy of as great consideration as their personal comfort. Many generous women find themselves thanked by letter from those soldiers who they have aided; and no doubt could all our soldiers learn the names of their considerate benefactors, as many as could find the writing materials would do likewise. In the name, then, of those of our troops who are unable so to do, and in the name of the gallant and beloved General who leads them forth to battle, to whose Sterling patriotism they bow, and under whom they go forth to battle regardless of the Price of victory in bloodshed and suffering, thanks are hereby returned collectively to the generous ladies of Mississippi. . . .

N'Importe.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Copperas in North Carolina is made in Cleveland and Johnson counties, and alum is found in McDowell county and elsewhere.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 21, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

A lady living five miles north of Ozark, Arkansas, with an axe, a saw, a chisel and an auger made herself a loom out of oak rails, upon which she now weaves eight yards of coarse cotton cloth a day. The thread is furnished by Maj. N. B. Pearce, and woven into cloth for army purposes.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 21, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Primitive Currency.—The Swedish Iron Manufacturing Company, of South Carolina, announce that they will exchange iron and nails at their works for bacon, leather, flour and corn, as follows:

2 pounds Nails	for	1 pound Bacon.
6	"	1 pound Leather.
1	"	2 pounds Flour.
5	"	1 bushel Corn.
3 pounds Iron	for	1 pound Bacon.
10	"	1 pound Leather.
1	"	1 pound Flour.
10	"	1 bushel Corn.

Nails and iron will also be exchanged for wheat, cotton and woollen [sic] cloths.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

We are informed that Laurence Wilson, who has a tannery and shoe shop within a few miles of Valden, Mississippi, charges the same price for shoes that he did before the war; and in addition to this, proposes to give every poor soldier's wife a pair of shoes, many poor wives of soldiers having already been made the recipients of his liberality. Such evidences of patriotism will be remembered after the war closes.—Jackson Mississippian.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Brutal Murder by Yankee Soldiers.—We are pained to learn that Mr. Solomon Shaw, proprietor of the Quincy mills, Gibson county, Tenn., was inhumanly murdered in his own house on the 22d of last September, by two Federal soldiers in disguise. His son Solomon was at the same time severely wounded by blows inflicted on the head with a pistol in the hands of one of

the ruffians, after the cap had failed to explode, when presented with a muzzle within a few inches of young Mr. Shaw's head. Miss Asenath Shaw, being the only one armed about the house, shot both the assassins with her revolver in time to save the life of her brother, and the report is that both have since died. Mr. Shaw was a prominent citizen, and unfaltering in his devotion to the South, and hence his brutal murder, at the hands of a marauding soldiery. All of Mr. Shaw's negroes except five left the same night for Trenton.—Grenada Appeal.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Montgomery Mail states that Miss A. Dunham, of Butler county, finding that she could not buy shoes, with her own hands tanned skins, and made shoes for her mother, three brothers, decrepit father and herself; and Miss E. Fickling, a girl of nine years of age, spun a most beautiful article of fine cotton sewing thread upon a common spinning wheel.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 27, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Nashville.

One of the editors of the Chattanooga Rebel has received a letter from a young lady of Nashville, from which the following paragraphs are extracted:

"Nashville is not what it was, believe me. You may walk a whole morning and never meet a familiar face. The ladies never go in the streets except accompanied by some escort or in carriages. How many of them are in black! How many houses are in mourning! You do not know, you cannot know the mental suffering we experience every day. The old haunts, which used to be so lively, are now deserted and dark; no lights at night, nor music, nor notes of laughter! Why, I haven't smiled in a month. Whenever the strings of my heart vibrate, the face is not wreathed with dimples—the eyes are full of tears."

"Many of our young ladies have gone, like the last roses of summer. But still many yet are here. They, without an exception, detest everything that ever looked like a Yankee. Some reports got out, I hear, about one or two having received the Federal officers. It is positively not so, except those of Union families, who are now few and far between. These latter we systematically cut. One of them was lately married to a Tennessee Federal officeholder, which greatly shocked her friends to 'Lang Syne.'" But we consider her dead; have buried her, mourned over her, and are fast forgetting her. The Yankee officers have at last discovered that there's no use 'knocking at the door,' and have collapsed into a magnificent indifference, which is as amusing as acceptable. * * * * *

"Oh, the bewildering Yankees! Behold them, my friend, behold them in their dirty blue coats and filthy whiskers. They walk as if they thought the sky was made in honor of the color of their cloth; they [illegible] by as though the streets, the houses, 'the earth and air, and all that in them is,' belonged to them. In every corner, up and down every avenue and alley, from 'morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,' it is nothing but tramp! tramp! and Yank! Yank! Yank!"

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 27, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

A Suspicious Flag.—It was rumored recently that a gentleman of secession proclivities in Troy, N. Y., had raised the Confederate flag. An excited party started for the premises. The flag was found hanging from a back window, but it was a lady's balmoral that had been washed and

hung out to dry! The husband resolved to stand by that flag, and the crowd gave three cheers for the bunting and departed.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

How to Color Thread.—Prepare a lump of beeswax by mixing into it while in a melted state enough of soot to make it perfectly black. When cold it is ready for use. By drawing a white thread of cotton or silk over this twice, you will have gray thread, and by repeating it you will have it black and good enough for nearly every purpose.

With the above we were furnished a sample of thread colored as described, and find it all claimed for it. The method has been tested by a well known citizen, and there is no question of its value.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Paulding, Miss., Sunday, Nov. 30, 1862.

. . . . P.S.—Allow me to suggest to those who are calling on the country women for socks, clothing, &c., for the army, to *at least furnish* them with cards. We know several ladies who would gladly furnish the material, board themselves, and work for nothing, if they could get the cards for a reasonable price. We think that the Government could do it if it wants us to clothe the soldiers. What has become of our Selma Card Manufacturer?

Susan,

And many other Ladies in East Mississippi.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 3, 1862., p. 2, c. 3

The Eagle Mills, Columbus, Ga.—Are now manufacturing, for the Government, daily, two thousand yards of heavy grey tweeds, besides large quantities of cotton duck and oil cloth.—The tweeds is sold at \$2 00 a yard, and furnishes two regiments a week with warm clothing. The duck goes to the tent maker, and the oil cloth is used for knapsacks, &c.

In addition to the above, a quantity of stripes, osnaburgs, sheeting and knitting yarn, worth over \$1,500 per day is manufactured, and *retailed* from the office on the morning after the production, at about one half the price which elsewhere such goods bring. The stripes is selling at 50 cents, the osnaburgs at 40, and the sheeting at 35 cents. Before the war this Company steadily refused to retail from its office, but has recently adopted this plan, so that its goods, now so indispensable to the country, may pass at fir prices directly to the consumer. The Government, it will be observed, gets about three-fourths the entire production of the mills, and at about one-half the price which similar goods bring elsewhere at auction.—[Atlanta Intelligencer.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 4, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Third Annual Report
of the Church Female Employment Society.

Last year we reported with regret the heavy liabilities of our Society; now we state with great pleasure that we are entirely free from debt, and have on hand the handsome surplus of over two thousand dollars. Owing to heavy orders received from Government, during the months of November and December, and the many liberal donations of cotton made us by

numerous gentlemen for the benefit of the Society, we were able the first week in January to pay all outstanding bills, and began the new year free from debt. Our stock of ready made clothing, the greater part of which has been in store for two years, has been all sold, and early in the season we purchased a large supply of hickory and other material for shirts and drawers, which found ready purchasers. We have had also numerous contracts from Government, and have been able to keep our women, over five hundred in number, almost constantly supplied with sewing. At the beginning of the past year we established a regular per centage on all sales and orders, and in every instance this has been rigidly adhered to. On the first of May our Superintendent, Miss Casey, resigned; just at that time it was almost impossible to fill her place, no one being willing to make any permanent arrangement, and our managers were, with two or three exceptions either gone or going from the city for an indefinite time. It was therefore deemed expedient to close the establishment for a few months, and three of the managers were appointed to settle the business of the Society and to place the funds to the best of their ability.

A called meeting was held on the 8th October to determine if we would retain the store on Conception street another year. After earnest consultation it was resolved that as in the present state of affairs it would be out of our power to purchase goods with which to replenish our stock and supply our women with sewing, and we would be wholly dependent upon Government orders for our support, which may cease at any moment, leaving us with heavy expenses and no revenue, it is judged best not to reopen the Society for the present, and the store was given up. This resolution was taken with great regret; but still we feel that so long as there is Government work to be done our women will be employed. We have taught them how to sew, and they are at this time a very necessary part of the community. Hundreds of women to-day would be unable to minister to the support of their families had the Employment Society never been established, and we feel justly proud of the work it has accomplished in the past three years.

We return our sincere thanks to the gentlemen for the donations of cotton, which were a great assistance in a needy hour; also for several donations in money, and one of carpenter's tools.

Six hundred dollars of the funds on hand have been given to the Rectors of the three Episcopal Churches in the city, to be used for the benefit of the poor, the balance being retained to purchase stock when the Society reopens.

We return our thanks to the patrons of the Institution for past favors, and we assure them that the Society is not dissolved, but only temporarily suspended.

C. A. Barnewall, Secretary.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Orders for Christmas.

Orders for Plum, Fruit, Plain and Fancy Pound Cakes (iced and not iced) are now being taken for the Holidays.

Also—a lot of the Best Christmas Mince Pies will be made if ordered. Owing to the high prices of the material, it will be necessary for persons to leave their orders early to secure a Cake or Mince Pie. Orders solicited by

Thomas Be[?]

Royal st. Baker.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

We have before us a sample of cloth, manufactured by Mr. John Cox, of this county, the filling of which is spun without the use of cards. The cloth, though not as smooth as could be desired, is very strong and will answer every purpose until we can gain our independence.— Arrange your cotton simply with the hand into a convenient size, and draw the thread slowly and you can make a very good filling for negro clothing. Fresh ginned cotton is the best.— [Sandersville Georgian.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Wooden Shoes—A New Article.

We were shown yesterday, and have now in our office, a pair of genuine wooden shoes, which seem better adapted for comfortable use than anything of the sort we have before examined. They are made of the Tupelo wood, are very light, and as they have neither joint nor seam they are of course impervious to water. They are made to fit the foot, are very simple, and an expert hand can make six to eight pairs a day.

The specimen under notice was made by a negro man belonging to our friend, Dr. W. ?. Price, near Enterprise, Miss., and we are told that his plantation hands are all furnished with them, and that they are found to answer an excellent purpose. As this wood is abundant on most plantations, many of our planters may find it expedient and profitable to follow the example of Dr. Price. The negroes say they like these shoes better for every day wear than the old style brogans.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Women the Cause of the Resistance to the Draft in Wisconsin.—The opposition which the Draft Commissioner of Ozaukee County, Wis., had to encounter was the women, not the men. The men looked on complacently. To all appearances they were willing to go; but the women had no notion of letting them, and, to prevent the possibility of such a disaster, they made a dead-set on the official with clubs, bludgeons, sticks, stones, &c., broke his head, smashed the draft-box, and in divers other ways put the Commissioner *hors du combat*. The victim telegraphed to Milwaukie [sic] for protection against the Amazons.—[Cincinnati Enq.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

"Butternuts."—Says the Cincinnati Enquirer, "Butternut bonnets," we see it stated, are "all the rage" among the ladies of Indiana. The Logan (O.) Gazette gets off the following. In a late number is a cut of a pole with a copperhead snake wound round it, and underneath is the following:

Question.

Copperhead! Copperhead! where are you going?

Answer.

I'm climbing this pole to hear the cocks crowing.

Question.

Copperhead! Copperhead! what do you see?

Answer.

Butternuts! Butternuts! thick as can be!

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 13, 1862, p. 2, c.

Murder Most Foul.—Fannie Jones and Jennie Taylor, two females, from Memphis, lately pitched a tent just across Pearl river, in Rankin county, and have been living there for some days. On Saturday night their tent was fired into with double-barreled shot guns loaded with buck shot, which resulted in the instant death of Fannie Jones and the badly wounding of the other woman in the head—but she will probably recover. Three persons are strongly suspected of this most foul murder, and the officers of justice are on their track, and they will undoubtedly be caught, and will have to answer for this awful deed of blood.—[Mississippian.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Southern Song Books.

Just published, the 2d Edition of
The Bonnie Blue Flag Song Book.
-and-

The Dixie Land Songster.

Price \$2 per hundred or \$10 per thousand.

Blackmar & Bro.
Augusta, Ga.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

A few evenings since, in our "private club," there was a learned dissertation—Subject, "Bed Bugs, and their remarkable tenacity of life." One asserted, of his own knowledge, that they could be boiled and then come to life. Some had soaked them for hours in turpentine without any fatal consequences. Old Hanks, who had been listening as an outsider, here gave in his experience in corroboration of the facts. Says he: "Some years ago I took a bed bug to an iron foundry, and dropping it into a ladle where the melted iron was, had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet pretty consistent for the last six years, and here the other day it broke all to smash, and what do you think, gentlemen? That 'ere inseck just walked out of his hole, where he'd been layin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost, up stairs.—But," added he, by way of parenthesis, "he looked mighty pale."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Fault of Both Sides.—Man and wife are like a pair of scissors, so long as they are together, but they become daggers so soon as they are disunited.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

. . . We heartily wish our friends, readers and patrons a merry Christmas. In its public aspects it is certainly a brighter one than the last. The Almighty seems to smile upon and bless the great cause in which our people have suffered so severely and fought so heroically. There is every reason to believe that before another Christmas anniversary rolls around, recognition, peace and independence will have fully dawned upon our Confederate States.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 28, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Cotton Cards are now being made at the Georgia Penitentiary, at the rate of thirty pairs per day.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Murfreesboro', Christmas night, 1862.

The day has been observed here with more than anticipated festivity, considering the situation of our country and the surrounding circumstances. On Christmas day, wherever we may be, all our thoughts fly homewards and to distant friends. I cannot help thinking what a sad picture New Orleans presented to-day, under the iron rule of the Cyclops Beast Butler, to the happy family scenes of security and protection of Christmas a year ago! But the change is too sad and sorrowful to dwell upon, and but give place to thoughts and feelings of a stinging vengeance yet to be reeked upon the foe. Had Bouligny, the Creole duelist, have fallen in destroying the life of Butler the Beast, he would have left a name covered with glory—instead of which his defeat but doubly damns his infamy. But let us turn from such miserable contemplations to pleasanter reflections.

Last night was one of joyous revelry. Besides the private entertainments on the occasion of Christmas eve, a grand ball came off at the Courthouse, given by the officers of the 2d Kentucky and 1st Louisiana Regiments. It was gotten up in splendid style, and with that exquisite taste which Louisianans and Kentuckians have ever excelled in. The following is a copy of the card of

INVITATION

Murfreesboro', Dec. 24, 1862.

Mr. _____: The pleasure of your company is requested to a party to be given by the officers of the 2d Kentucky and 1st Louisiana Regiments, at the Courthouse, Christmas Eve, Dec. 24, 1862.

Committee of Invitation:

Mrs. Lewis Maney.

" Dr. Valentine.

" Leiper.

Col. Jno. A. Jaques, 1st La.

Maj. Jas. W. Hewitt, Com-
manding 2d Ky.

Gentlemen not accompanied with ladies will be required to present this at the door.

The grand ball room was magnificently decorated, the walls being festooned with evergreens and banners, while on the corners were stacks of arms with glistening bayonets. At the head of the hall was a beautiful wreath, with the letters "Ky. and La.", beneath which was the music stand, beautifully decorated with the colors of both regiments and Gen. Polk's battle flag. At the foot was written the word "Shiloh," and the letter B, in a circle of evergreens, to represent

Beauregard, in which battle the 1st Louisiana distinguished itself. On the right was "Hartsville," with the letter B over it, encircled with evergreens, to represent Breckinridge, beneath which was a splendid silken flag of the old Union, drooping in disorder and disgrace, captured from the Abolitionists at Hartsville. Following on the same side, was "Donelson," with another B over it, for Buckner, in which the gallant 2d Kentucky fought with such heroism, and underneath was draped their battle flag. On the left were the words "Pensacola—Santa Rosa," with a B over both to represent Bragg, the Commanding General. Beneath were captured flags of the enemy. In the corners of the room were large branches of cedar trees, representing a grove, to which were attached different colored lanterns, giving to the hall a most rural and romantic appearance of illuminated garden bowers.

It was the most elegant and select ball of the season, and drew together the most accomplished, beautiful and lovely women of Rutherford county which is so deservedly famed for its beauty and intelligence.

"He who hath loved not here would learn that love,
 And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
 That tender mystery, will love the more,
 For this is love's recess, where vain men's woes
 And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,
 For 'tis his nature to advance or die;
 * * but * * * grows
 Into a boundless blessing! * * *

The *coup d'oeuil* was bewildering and dazzling as "the lamps o'er fair women and brave men," for beauty and chivalry were grouped together, forming exquisite tableaux in various parts of the hall—Generals Bragg, Polk, Cheatam, Breckenridge, Wheeler, all being surrounded by batteries of bright eyes, which were found far more dangerous and irresistible than the enemy's artillery. Deep emotions rose and fell with the swelling airs of voluptuous music, as fairy forms glided through the mazes of the dance, or bended gracefully to catch the broken whisper of the tale of love. The Marys and Medoras, Elizas and Ellens, Bettys and Kates, Alices and Annas, were all most exquisitely dressed, developing exquisite charms and irresistible fascinations.

At 12, midnight, the band struck up a grand march, and the company repaired to the supper room, where a magnificent "spread" awaited them. There was no sparkling champagne, but the delicious egg nogg [sic] made up for it, and wit and sentiment flowed freely. It was one of the few assemblages in life's dreary voyage that I shall never forget. Kentucky and Louisiana were inseparably connected, and their destinies forever linked together.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 2-3

The following description of Fredericksburg, after the battle, is by the correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune:

"To-day the fine mansions are not standing. A heap of smoldering embers is all that remains of them. Others, less ostentatious in their style of architecture, are riddled and torn with shot and shell; the furniture broken and defaced; the bedding ripped and stripped, taken into the streets, and trodden under foot; elegant china ware and cutlery, choice libraries of books, rare works of art, are all heaped together in the streets, and are scrambled for as trophies. The old mansion of Douglas Gordon, perhaps the wealthiest citizen in the valley—is now used as the headquarters of Gen. Howard. But before he occupied it, every room had been torn with shot,

and then all the elegant furniture and works of art broken and smashed by the soldiers, who burst into the house after having driven the rebel sharpshooters from behind it. When I entered it, early this morning, before its occupation by Gen. Howard, I found the soldiers of his fine division diverting themselves with the rich dresses found in the wardrobes; some had on bonnets of the fashion of last year, and were surveying themselves before the mirrors which an hour or two afterwards were pitched out of the windows and smashed to pieces upon the pavement; others had elegant scarfs [sic] bound around their heads in the form of turbans, and shawls around their waists, after the fashion of the Turks. What I saw in this mansion was repeated in nearly every one which the flames had not destroyed.

"It is but the truth to say that the wealthy citizens of Fredericksburg possessed something more than wealth, and of much greater value—culture. I doubt if there is a village in New England that possesses more choice private libraries than did Fredericksburg the day before the bombardment. You can see that the old orthodox religious element enters into nearly every one of them. Said a soldier to me to-day, raking among a magnificent private library, half covered with mud in the streets, "How intensely religious these d----d rebels are!" Not only solid words on religion and philosophy are found among the libraries, but books in nearly all the foreign languages, which looked as if they had been well read and appreciated.

"We destroyed by fire yesterday nearly two whole squares of buildings, chiefly used for business purposes, together with the fine residences of O. McDowell, Dr. Smith, J. H. Kelly, A. S. Coit, Wm. Slaughter, and many other smaller dwellings. Every store, I think, without an exception, was pillaged of every valuable article. A fine drug store, which would not have looked badly on Broadway, was literally one mass of broken glass and jars.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Notice!

Mrs. Woodall, from the General Hospital of Pemberton's Army, is now in the city, and the Military Aid Society is anxious to make a collection of all things needed in hospitals and which cannot be purchased, that she may take charge of them and take them on to Meridian for the use of the wounded in the impending battles along the Mississippi lines.

Contributions are solicited of old rags, spices and liquors of all kinds; old stockings, net shirts; old stockings and socks are especially solicited, they make the best covering for wounds, from the fact of their retaining moisture longer than other rags. All things sent to the Society rooms on Jackson street, between Dauphin and St. Francis, will be packed for Mrs. Woodall. Contributions are requested to be sent at the earliest possible time.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Dog Skins.—The agricultural papers of Georgia have been complaining for years of the immense number of dogs in that State, and a heavy dog tax has been advocated as a means of reducing their number, but in vain. The plague seems now in a fair way to be removed, as dog skins are in great demand for the manufacture of cotton cards.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

The Texans in Tennessee.

The Chattanooga Rebel relates the following:

When the 9th Texas (commanded by Col. Wm. H. Young, a gallant officer and excellent gentleman) was encamped near McMinnville, some of the members went out on a foraging expedition, and came to the house of an old lady whose husband and son had gone away with the Federals. They asked for milk, butter, &c. There was nothing of the sort to be had. The old lady added in excuse, that her husband and son were gone, that the corn in her fields was ungathered, that she had no one to work for her, that even her wood-pile was giving out without a hope of being re-stocked, &c. This was perfectly satisfactory, and the soldiers took their departure.—When they got back to camp they told the story, and a whoop was raised. In a few minutes a large party started, retraced the steps of the first, reached the house in question and then set to work, like negro hands. They pulled the old lady's corn and barned it; they hauled her wood enough for the winter and chopped it; they repaired all her fences, and, in a word, set her place in complete order.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Camp Amusements.—"Personne," of the Charleston Courier, describes the amusements of the soldiers in the army at Fredericksburg:

Emulating the predilections of the French soldiers in the Crimean war, some of the boys in the brigades have established theatres, where, for fifty cents, men can hear as good singing, see as well acted burlesques, balled girls in breeches, and other Terpsichorean feats, as ever graced the city boards. Hood's old brigade has one of these, and Jenkins' brigade is nearly prepared for the "opening night" in another. I paid a visit to the latter, and found, located on a hill-side, a spacious building—if a structure of cloth can be so called—capable of holding say one hundred and fifty persons. The seats were pine logs, flattened on one side to prevent their rolling, and, being on a declivity, will of course afford every spectator as fair a sight of the performance as his neighbor. The stage was of boards, two or three feet above the ground, with a fireplace at each end; the "foot lights" a dozen candles; and the curtain a tent cloth, which is to be pulled aside when the "call-boy" announces the witching moment for the commencement of the performance. At a rehearsal which I happened to attend, I had an opportunity of observing the various grades of merit, and without particularizing, must say that I was most agreeably disappointed in the excellence of the various performances—including music, songs, dances and dialogue.—The gentlemen actors are among the most intelligent gentlemen in the command, officers as well as privates; the lady performers were not present on the occasion, but I am assured that there will be a display of crinoline at the proper time, requisite for all the purposes of the stage. I take it for granted that there will be no real angels, for specimens of the sex in the army are scarce as hen's teeth. A good looking washerwoman has only to pass within a hundred yards of an encampment to call out the whole brigade, who gaze in unmitigated wonder as long as the apparition remains in sight.

Snow five inches deep and coming.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Hot Coffee.—The price of a cup of genuine Rio coffee, at the fashionable restaurants, in this city, is only *one dollar*. A pound of coffee costs four dollars, and will yield about thirty cups full. Allow ten cents worth of sugar and milk for each cup, and the aggregate cost is about 25 cents.—Profit: 75 cents!—[Rich. Whig.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Snuff} Frank Ploger, {Snuff
Manufacturer of all kinds of
Snuff,

In the City of Mobile—Warranted to be as good, if not better than any Northern made.
Depot, at 41 Royal Street, next to Van Eppe's Stable.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

The Boston Journal is now printed on paper made of wood. The high price of rags compelled it "to take to the timber," literally, and it is well pleased with the result. The paper is soft and firm, with a smooth and clean surface, and admirably fitted for newspaper work.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

More Buttons.—A factory has been established at Macon, Ga., for making buttons of bone and horn.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Manufacture of Medicines.

We were equally gratified and surprised on a recent visit to Montgomery by an inspection of the chemical laboratory attached to the Confederate States Medical Purveyor's office in that city. Our esteemed townsman, Dr. W. H. Anderson, is the head of that establishment. Besides attending to the extensive business of this office as Medical Purveyor, and purchasing and distributing immense stocks of medicines and supplies of all sorts for the military hospitals, he has improvised at small expense a chemical laboratory, where he is making medicines which either cannot be bought at all, or which are very scarce and high-priced. During the last summer and fall he advertised for medicinal barks and plants, the growth of our Southern forests, and these were brought in to him in large quantities, from far and near, thus giving profitable employment to many men, women and children in the country.

These are now being manufactured into extracts, tinctures and other articles indispensable for hospital use. Many other medicines are being manufactured besides those made from domestic plants, and all with a very great saving to the Government. *Tannin*, a very scarce article and worth in the market \$5 per *ounce*, is produced at this depot at the cost of \$12 per *pound*. Chloroform, an article of prime necessity in surgery, is made for \$4 per pound, the market price being \$20. Sweet spirits of nitre [sic], an article much used in the army, and exceedingly scarce, and bringing in the market \$4 per pound, is made here at less than *ninety cents* per pound.

The laboratory, as we have remarked, has been "improvised" and got up with simple apparatus and great economy. The whole has not cost the Government more than one thousand dollars, and the supplies it turns out afford a saving to the Government of not less than three hundred dollars a day.

Such examples of official industry and fact [?] are worthy of public mention and high praise. If every administrative army officer had labored as faithfully to save the Government

money, it would make a difference of millions upon millions in the footing up of the Confederate National debt.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 1, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Furniture Paste.—Scrape two ounces of bees wax into a pot or basin; then add as much turpentine as will moisten it through; at the same time, powder an eighth part of an ounce of rosin, and add to it, when dissolved to a consistency of paste, as much Indian red as will bring it to deep mahogany color; stir it up, and it will be fit for use.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Substitute for Tea.—An old friend from Mississippi whom we met recently, informed us of a new style of Confederate tea which is very much approved by those who have used it. It is made by mixing half a teaspoonful of tea with a table spoonful and a half of blackberry leaves, which have been cured by drying them on a *cooking* stove. The blackberry leaf can be found at all seasons in sheltered places, and will soon be abundant.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Theatre.

Lessee and Manager
Stage Manager

W. H. Crisp.
Mr. John Davis

Friday Evening, March 6th.
Notice.

The Manager had intended withdrawing

Camille

To introduce other novelties, but the audiences nightly increasing, the intensive interest manifested, the [illegible] and enthusiasm of the elegant assemblages, attesting their admiration and approval by nightly

"Calling Mrs. W. H. Crisp before the Curtain"
to receive their [illegible], induce the [illegible] of

Camille
or, The
Fate of a Coquette.

Camille the greatest success of the season!

Camille nightly crowding the spacious Theatre!

Camille and the general audience [illegible]

Camille! Camille!! Camille!!!
During the Play, the Orchestra will perform selections from the Grand Opera
La Traviate (Camille)

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Columbia, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1863,

. . . A concert was given last night at the Atheneum for the benefit of sick soldiers, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Smith, principal of the Young Ladies' Seminary of this place, and was attended by such distinguished guests as Generals Van Dorn, Forrest, W. H. Jackson and Frank C. Armstrong. Notwithstanding a heavy shower prevailing, the attendance was large and the Atheneum crowded. The programme was a selection of some of the finest instrumental and local music from the Italian and English. The "Bonnie White Flag"—a beautiful piece and *piece of* beautiful composition was freely sung and loudly applauded. *Casta Diva*, sung by Mrs. Leigh, from whose pretty lips the musical words flowed in perennial and entrancing strains, was one of the finest pieces it has ever been our lot to listen to. And *Vivra*, as sung by Mrs. Leigh and Miss Smith, (daughter of the professor) thrilled every bosom with quick and joyous pulsations, leaving [?] a harmonious chorus, drawing each bosom in consonance with the other by the "concord of sweet sounds," which enraptured every one present. The grand final chorus of "Hallelujah," by Handel, as performed by Miss Thomas on the organ, accompanied by their pianos, their harps, and several string instruments and cymbals, and sung by the whole *coterie*, was magnificently grand, and produced a fine effect.

The "Chevalier" and a Tribute to Gen. Sydney Johnston, original compositions by Lieut. Col. Hawkins, were admirably read by that gentleman and greeted with much applause.

The ladies who participated in the concert role were all dressed in most admirable taste and indeed with no little extravagance, and made the finest display of feminine apparel and attire we have seen in the South since the commencement of hostilities. Perhaps it is due to ladies further South to say that these fair belles of Columbus, have been enabled to dress better and more tastily than their Confederate sisters further southward, from the fact that they have been able during the Yankee occupation of their country, to select such articles of dress and *virtu*, as others were unable to procure on account of the blockade.

Most of the ladies who took part in the ceremonies were from the Ladies' Seminary of this place, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Smith, one of the most accomplished and agreeable of gentlemen, and whose suavity of manner and perfect politeness we have never seen equaled. The Seminary is one of the first in the South, and is perhaps better filled up, more plentifully supplied with musical instruments, and more thoroughly adapted for the accomplished education of young ladies, than any now open in the country. It is a matter of great pleasure to us that the young ladies of this establishment pay much attention to that sweetest of instruments, the harp, which is rapidly taking the place in our households once occupied by the pianoforte. Miss F. F. Smith, one of the graduates of the establishment, and the daughter of the Professor, handles the sweet-toned instrument to perfection itself, and elicits from it such sweet and perfect harmony, as to draw the whole soul forth, and hold it entranced.

While speaking of Southern institutions and Southern ladies, I must claim pardon for the grossest oversight, in having failed ere this to chronicle the actions of one of our most patriotic, self-sacrificing Southern daughters. This is Miss Harriet Foster, of Florence, Ala. When it was learned that a bloody struggle, resulting disastrously to Southern arms, had taken place at Corinth, and that the Confederate army had been compelled to retire, leaving bleeding and

lacerated thousands to the nursing and care of the enemy, a pall was thrown over the country, and thousands were paralyzed with pale-faced fear. Not one of these was Miss Hattie, then safely ensconced in her comfortable home at Florence, and [illegible] from all danger. Gathering together in a few hours' time bandages, lint and a few medical supplies and articles of comfort for the suffering, [illegible] caring for her own wearing apparel, she resolutely set out for the scene of cloudy war and excruciating suffering. Reaching Iuka, and found that a hospital for the wounded Southrons had been established there, and procuring hastily a boarding house, she at once made her appearance at the hospital, tendered her services as nurse, and spent the long, weary hours of the summer days among the maimed and wounded soldiers far away from the care of friends and home, tending to their every want and wish, and alleviating the sufferings and trials of the many. There were those present who *mechanically* attended and waited upon the unfortunates, as a part of their *duty*, but Miss Hattie was not one of these. She proved herself a ministering angel through those long, trying days and tiresome night watches, and brought home to the soldiers the conviction that they had [illegible] amongst them a Florence Nightingale. By her constant presence, always breathing hope and comfort, many a poor fellow had recollections of the loved ones at home brought to his mind, and formed a resolve that he *would* live for them; and, buoyed up through her gentle influence, he had gained hope and strength, [illegible] health. For three long months, its ministering angel absented herself from her home of comfort and luxuriant ease, and dwelt among strangers, to afford her aid to those poor fellows, [mostly illegible from there on, signed by N'Importe.]

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Richmond, February 28, 1863

. . . Ballard, of the hotel, has raised the price of board to \$7 per diem. To use a North Carolina expression, that is "a huckle-berry above anybody's persimmon." The other hotels will never submit to be outdone in the little matter of charges, and they will soon follow suit. Richmond market men and landlords vie with each other in extortion; the most sorry place a man can put his head on costs one hundred dollars per month.

The wines of ex-President Tyler were sold at auction a few days ago, bringing prodigious prices. Rhenish wines sold for \$10 per bottle; Old Sauterne, Van Duquesne, \$11; Regalia Madeira, \$12; Ceylon Madeira, \$15 50; Madeira, Exploring Expedition \$16 75; Sherry \$15; Old Port \$18 75; French Brandy, (very old) \$35 and \$100 per gallon. Cleopatra's little feast of drinking pearls in wine to enhance its value was not such an expensive luxury after all; the man who drinks one hundred dollar brandy ought to have a line or two of history beside him.

Evelyn.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 7

Practical Hints for the Times.
Robes of Skins.

The costly robes of ermine, worn formerly by the high dignitaries of the English bench, were not more comfortable than would be a similar robe made from the skins of the American hare or of other furred animals. Indeed, we occasionally meet even now with a person wearing a most enviable vest of otter skin with its rich coating of fur.

What more tasteful tippet for the shoulders of either matron or maiden can be devised

than one made from the skin of the small striped squirrel, unless it may be one made from the skins of some of our wild fowl, with the glossy feathers attached, sewed firmly to a base of strengthening cloth?

It is within the memory of many that garments or prepared deer skin were not at all uncommon, and it is also recollected that of all suits these were the most enduring.

Robes of sheep skin are yet to be seen as the ordinary clothing in the East. Why should garments of like character be disdained by our suffering poor, in these times when necessity should override fashion?

Knitted Garments.

The crochet—or hooked—needle gives such rapid results that it is surprising we do not see more of its products in common use. For coarse work, its advantage over the common knitting needle is as ten to one. In the articles of male attire—the ladies will pardon my non intrusion into the secret domain of the toilet and bureau—the crochet needle would be found superlatively useful in furnishing the country with gloves, socks and stockings—with the heel and toe knitted in the ordinary way, to avoid the rough knots—cravats, scarfs for the ears and neck, undershirts, drawers, and what would be as exceedingly great comfort to our soldiers on night duty a helmet of woollen yarn, made to protect the head, ears, chin and neck, and worn under the military cap.

Winter Yarns.

The scarcity of wool compels us to look around for substitutes. The warmest pair of gloves ever worn by the writer was made of rabbit fur, carded and spun with cotton. The negro clothes manufactured by our Yankee friends, in former years, were more or less intermixed with cow hair. The idea may be useful.

If all the scraps of tattered blankets and worn out carpets that are now left to decay, on every square mile of these Confederate States—to say nothing of the wool locked up in mattresses—were picked to pieces, and carded with cotton, they would probably suffice to furnish more than half the socks now needed by our soldiers. True, the staple will be found short and crisp, and probably the barbs of the wool would be worn smooth, but these defects will be met and remedied, in part, by mixing the wool with cotton.

Spinning Thread or Yarn.

When factories fail to supply the demand, and spinning wheels cannot be had, and even when cards are beyond reach, there is yet a resource to be had in the instrument used before either factories or spinning wheels were known, and mentioned by Solomon in his last chapter of the book of Proverbs, where in his graphic picture of the virtuous woman, he says: "She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff." The simple process to which he alludes, and which was then the only mode of spinning, was this: The wool, flax, or cotton was loosely distributed over a small branching [illegible] or leafless bush from which it was fed to the spindle and the last of steel, like the spindles of our ordinary spinning wheels, or of tough hard wood, was loaded near the blunt end with a disk of metal or a ball of hardened clay, and was twirled by the fingers like a child's [illegible] or button with a straw stuck through it. The revolutions of

this spindle accomplishes the twisting of the thread, as we do now by the more rapid and [illegible] instrumentality of the wheel or the [illegible] as the process may be, it can be made to give excellent thread and yarn, which may be more economical than the now costly hanks of the factory. Many years since there was a poor person in the neighborhood of Savannah who plied one of the instruments just described, with surprising dexterity and success. It can be done again.

Weaving.

It has been conjectured by some of the learned that the art of weaving preceded that of spinning, "the first cloth being what we now call matting, that is, made by weaving together the shreds of bark, or fibrous parts of plants," also hair, rushes, &c. Many a negro's bed has been made more comfortable in winter, by the [illegible] of a coverlet of woven bark such as is seen in certain imported shoes. No tree of India or China affords shreds better suited for such weaving than the Wahoo abounding in our swamps. Were the idea once started among our negroes, no doubt their ready ingenuity would produce many a useful result.

Quilted Garments.

Any thick stuff may be made suitable for winter use by doubling and enclosing between the two [illegible] a spongy stratum of cotton batting, wool, or down. This last may be obtained in quantity by stripping from the part of the feather next to the [illegible] of all of our large birds, such as turkeys, geese, barn door fowls, &c. This down should be inserted in each quilted square as soon as three sides have been produced by the needle. The warmth of such a garment can be known only by experience. It is exceedingly light as well as warm. Would that each of our boys who shiver in the bleak valleys of Virginia had the trial of one.

Substitute for Socks.

In Galton's "Art of Travel" an English work containing many useful hints, it is [illegible] that in some respects a [most of this section illegible.]

Bedclothes.

[nearly all of this section illegible.]

Cowhair Blankets

[nearly all of this section illegible]

Buttons

[nearly all of this section illegible.]

[apparently from Savannah Reput.]

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 8, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

The Lawyer's Valentine
by John G. Saxe.

I'm notified—fair neighbor mine—
By one of our Profession,
That this—the Term of Valentine—
Is Cupid's special session.

Permit me, therefore, to report
Myself on this occasion,
Quite ready to propose to Court,
And File my Declaration.

I've an attachment for you, too—
A legal and a strong one;
Oh! yield unto the Process, do,
Nor let it be a long one.

No scowling bailiff lurks behind;
He'd be a precious noddy,
Who, failing to Arrest the mind,
Should go and take the Body.

For though a form like yours might throw
A sculptor in distraction;
I couldn't serve a Capas—no—
I'd scorn so base an action!

Oh! do not tell me of your youth,
And turn away demurely,
For, though you're very young, in truth,
You're not an infant, surely!

The Case is everything to me;
My heart is love's own tissue!
Don't plead a Dilatory Plea;
Let's have the General issue!

Or, since you've really no Defense,
Why not, this present station,
Omitting all absurd pretense,
Give Judgment by Confession?

So shall you be my lawful wife;
And I—your faithful lover—
Be Tenant of your heart for Life,
With no remainder over!

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 8, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

To Preserve Fish.—1. With oil: Put the fish in jars and pour upon them salad oil until they are covered, then tie them up air tight. This is rather an expensive method in this country, but for fish that is to be afterwards fried it is very excellent. 2. With acid: Dip them into or brush them over with pyroligneous acid, and then dry them by exposure to the air. This gives a smoky flavor, but if stronger vinegar or pure acetic acid be used, no taste will be imparted. It may be applied by means of a painter's clean brush, or even a stiff feather. A tablespoonful is enough to brush over a large surface. Fish and flesh so prepared will bear a voyage to the East Indies and back. 3. With creosote: Clean the fish and soak them for a few minutes in water containing creosote to this amount: of two or three drops to one pint of water. This gives the flavor of smoke to the fish. 4. With sugar: Fish may be preserved in a dry state, and quite fresh, by means of sugar alone; fish may be kept in that state for some days, so as to be as good when boiled as if just caught. If dried, and kept from mouldiness [sic], there seems no limit to their preservation, and they are much better in this way than when salted. The sugar has no disagreeable taste. The process is particularly valuable in making what is called kippered salmon; and the fish preserved in this manner are far superior in quality and flavor to those which are salted or smoked. As much salt may be used as to give the taste that may be required.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

[For the Evening News.]
"Camille"

Manager Crisp, in order to smother public opinion and forbid it from exercising its legitimate influence through a proper test, has adopted a novel method of over-riding the prerogative. In reply to a just rebuke (in which every virtuous man and woman must coincide), he arrogantly flaunts a histrionic deformity in the face of a community, at whose hands he has received unwonted patronage, when we consider the pressure and grief of the times. He flaunts it not only by a defiant repetition of the objectionable representation, but amid the jeering paraphernalia of an empirical advertisement.

This to say the least, in bad taste, and little calculated to place him on vantage ground. He is too intelligent a man to ignore the fact, that they who have important responsibilities are entitled to stand sentinel at their own thresholds, as well as to aid in diffusing a healthy tone to the social circles in which they move. The community that allows an immoral element to become incorporated with its intercourse, sanctions the introduction of a corruption, which will insinuate itself the more dangerously in proportion to the blandishment it derives from talents and a facetious envelope. To say that we must consort with prostitution because we thereby learn its fruits—to say that we must murder and steal because the penalty of death presents a lesson of its consequences, or any other such flimsy sophistry, is adding insult to injury.

The *Fathers* of Mobile, therefore, HAVE THE RIGHT TO DEMAND, nay TO INSIST that Mr. Crisp will, for the future, either forbear to bring such offensive representations before them, or close his doors, *else tolerance may cease to be a virtue*.

The moral machinery of society is already sufficiently out of joint, without adding the last feather to the Camel's back. "*Castigat ridendo mores*" is a well approved motto for a Proscenium, but we cannot recognize the propriety of establishing a school for morals in the saloons of infamy.

I will conclude by asking the favor of the editor to republish the piece which accompanies this communication. I had found it among my collection, and it will add [illegible] to the force of what I now write.

X.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

It is proposed in Massachusetts to pass a statute of limitation against the early marriages of army widows. Several who have gone off in new bonds of wedlock are perplexed by hearing that their patriot husbands "still live."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Richmond, March 4, 1864

. . . People will gossip, and it is the hardest thing in the world to prevent one's most cherished secrets becoming public talk. A flame of scandal once kindled and it runs like fire in prairie grass. A good instance of this is the favorite topic of to-day, especially among the female portion of the community and nice young men. A paragraph in a morning paper revived afresh an almost forgotten incident, and the scandal birds took it under their wings and flew from house to house. Miss Arabella Melinda was astonished, and with virtuous indignation ran to her friend Sophronisba Jane, who "knew it," and "said so" time again. When a story about a woman is once float, it is not hard to conjecture what is passing from the rosy mouth you see embowered in another's bonnet ribbons and laces at the street corner, or what instigates the busy whispers of two beauties on the pavement. But the gossip. It will be remembered that some months ago a well known authoress and poet was arrested by the Yankees and taken North. The stories of her capture were somewhat confused. Her own statement showed she was confined in the Old Capitol as a Southern spy; others said she was in high favor with the Yankees and was carrying on extensive flirtations with certain Don Juans in gold lace and gilt buttons. One day she was returned to her home, where she remained three or four months, using her pen and going into society as usual. At the expiration of that time she became very exclusive, and her visits in society were fewer. At length she disappeared altogether, no one being able to tell whether she had returned to the Yankees or had been carried away by the spirits of the dead men, who lie around the Chickahominy. Her absence was a day's topic, and then the circumstance was consigned to oblivion, where it would probably have remained but for the inopportune item I have referred to. It read as follows:

"Married—On the 13th of May, 1863, Miss _____, of Richmond, to Lieut. Von Weiss, of Gr. Britain, Europe, resigned from the Federal Army."

The lady has been on a rural visit for a few months, for the benefit of her health.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 11, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Camille.

If the object of our correspondent in his caustic criticism on *Camille* is to drive the play from the stage, we think he has greatly mistaken the means. Looking at it, therefore, in the pure light of morality, we question the propriety of publishing it; for, as it stands, it is nothing more nor less than a first-rate theatrical puff—one of those puffs which rejoice the hearts of managers, for the reason that they fill their houses. But our correspondent thinks differently, and we allow

him to have his way. Certainly this play is open to the fiercest assaults of the champions of the purity of the stage, and is a terrible weapon in the hands of the straight-jacket opponents of all dramatic representations. It introduces the hearer boldly into the inner life of scenes which cannot even be mentioned in polite society without bringing a blush to the cheek of modesty. But, after all, it is the subject more than the manner of its illustration that is under the ban of decency. We can see nothing in the history of this frail beauty—even in the hey-day of her triumphs—to recommend it to the imitation of any human being, not already corrupted. It may be shocking to the sensibilities of a certain class of moralists to find a prostitute endowed with any virtue; and they may regard it as an impudent imposture and an open violence to nature to figure a woman, abandoned to pleasure, as the possessor of a principle of truth and fidelity which she adhered to at the cost, not only of her happiness, bound up in a master passion, but of her life. This may be unnatural; yet the human heart is a bundle of contradictions, and even in the most depraved natures we find some gleams of the divinity of virtue. Men and women, too, will differ about the morality of the representation. At the worst, it is but a horrid picture of human debauchery. Shall all pictures, true to life, be tabooed? How "hold the mirror up to Nature," if your colorings are all light and no shade? How is vice to be marked, condemned, and punished by the dramatic pen, if it is not allowed to touch it? What ingenuous youth would become enamored of usurpation and murder by the example of Richard the Third, or of casting off the heads of his wives from that of Henry the Eighth? Is there not, besides, just a little of the straining of the gnat and the swallowing of a camel, in the truculent enemies of Camille? Is there a word or a scene in Camille more meretricious than the scene in the School for Scandal, where Lady Teazle, or "the little French Milliner," is discovered behind the screen? We think not. Beauceant in the Lady of Lyons, and Sir Harcourt Courtley in London Assurance, are bald specimens of just such depravity in the male sex as that of Camille in the other—nay worse, because these men both sought to violate one article of the decalogue by which Camille was not bound. They figure before admiring auditorias as masculine seducers and adulterers in good society, and morality is complacent and dumb; but when an abandoned woman lives her hour on the stage in the sphere and circle to which she belongs, the hair of virtue stands on end, and the voice of morality sticks in its throat with horror. For our part, we think that the Camilles of the brothel are far less dangerous members of society than the Lady Camilles who, moving in a purer and higher atmosphere, imitate their paint and their plurality. But banish Camille from the stage if you will, and the way to do it is to keep away from the theatre when it is played. But we are loth to give up Verdi's luscious opera of Traviata, which is founded on the same story, and which has been played in every city of Europe.

Our correspondent holds Manager Crisp to an account rather too stern. Mr. Crisp neither wrote nor first produced Camille. He finds it in the *repertoire* of the drama, played and accepted in every city that possesses a theatre. Everybody goes to see it—even our correspondent has tasted of the forbidden fruit. Besides, Mr. Crisp may differ in opinion with our correspondent, and believe that the influences of the play are good and not evil. *Chacun a son gout.*

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 11, 1863, p. 2. c. 3

Fun in Camp.—We have seen some half dozen accounts of as many different actions fought with snowballs by the different brigades on the Rappahannock during the heavy snow of last month. One of them is by a Georgian, who confesses that his brigade was whipped by the North Carolinians. He himself was captured, but released on his parole not to attempt to burn

Tar river, nor be guilty of any set of incendiarism towards "The Old North State" until duly exchanged.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

An Illustrated Paper in Louisiana.—We have received a number of the Pelican, a paper published in English and French at Marksville, La., by A. La Fargue. The inside is occupied by an admirable view of an edifice of some kind or other, situated inside a high wall—it may be a jail—in front of which is an open carriage, containing a party of officers and a lady, and attended by two cavaliers. In the foreground is a ship at anchor. The picture is evidently by one of the masters---of the school of paperhangers. The pattern is quite an improvement on the calico designs of the Franklin papers. Avoyelles is decidedly ahead of Attakapas.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 14, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

The following is a recipe which answers every purpose in dyeing copperas colors: Half pint vinegar, half pint syrup or molasses, three gallons of water. Put the above into an iron pot with nails or other rusty iron, and let it stand twenty days. It is of no use to buy copperas for dyeing, at a dollar per pound, while this will answer every purpose.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Camp of Washington Artillery,
Near Fredericksburg, Va., Feb. 23, 1863

. . . You have heard, I presume, of the second performance of the "Washington Artillery Varieties" Company—it was a complete success, even better than the performance before the battle of Fredericksburg—in fact, the army thinks the Varieties an "institution." It was attended by scores of ladies from the surrounding country and different points on their railroad (a special train having been run for the accommodation.) Gen. Longstreet and staff were present. Gen. Lee was prevented by business from being present, but sent his regrets in an autograph note thanking the managers for their kind invitation, and wishing them success in their efforts to introduce these entertainments into the army. Representatives from all the divisions of the army were present; one of the men of Jackson's corps walking twenty miles, so great was their desire to be present. Our theatre being "out of doors" we could of course accommodate the largest kind of audience. There could be no danger of *crowding* the house.

The stage was tastefully decorated with the Battalion colors and the guidons of the four batteries; the battle flag presented to us by Gen. Beauregard was conspicuously displayed; the side scenes were blankets and a tent fly served for a drop curtain, on which was handsomely sketched a representation of our badge, the Cross Cannon and motto, "Try Us!" The whole scene was illuminated, not with "soft light from alabaster lamps," but with tallow "dips," hung in Chinese lanterns of fantastio shape, (brought from Maryland last summer.) The United bands of the 12th and 16th Mississippi regiments, under the leadership of Prof. Hartwell, furnished us with music. The programmes were handsomely printed in Richmond and distributed throughout the army. The performance opened with "Pocahontas; or, Ye Gentle Savage,"—a "demi-savage, semi-civilized extravaganza"—with music dislocated and re-set through the instrumentality of Sig. Knight.

Private W. P. N., of 3d Co., sustained the part of Powhattan 1st, King of the Tuscaroras, and one of the original F. F. V's. Private Bob M. of 3d Co., was capital as Pocahontas, and Corpl. W., of 1st Co., as John Smith, was excellent.—The rest of the characters were well

sustained by different members of the Battalion.

"Toodles" was the afterpiece—Corpl. H., of 2d Co., as Toodles, and Sergt. B., of same company, as Mrs. T. Of course throughout the plays the house *came down* an unknown number of times, and everybody was delighted. The band, played the "Bonnie Blue Flag" as our audience scattered for their respective camps in the jolliest mood imaginable.

The bills announce that the "Lady of Lyons" will shortly be repeated, and that the "Serious Family" and "Box and Cox" are in rehearsal. Everything is now ready for another performance, except the weather. Who is to play the part of Pauline is now the question. The knowing ones will not tell. You remember, on our "opening night," before the battle of Fredericksburg, Sergeant John C. W. took the part, and the next day was put *hors du combat* by a shell from the Yankees. He is still absent at the Charlottesville hospital. John didn't "go in" in his crinoline, however, as the Zouave actors did at Inkermann, as it was *borrowed*. . .

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 15, 1863, p. 3, c. 7

Coffee at \$3.25. 20 sacks choice Rio Coffee. For sale at \$3.25 per lb. by the sack.—Campbell & Sykes.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Extortioners in the Country.—The sin of extortion is by no means confined to Mobile. A lady in an interior town, writing to her husband in this city, says:

"I am getting to be afraid the mean, soulless extortioners left at home will ship us yet. The last time I got a bushel of meal I paid \$1.50 for it; but when the water was so high that the steam-mill could not run, _____ made the people pay \$3 for meal, and would not grind their corn. He runs his gin, and I suppose his mill, by steam. Parson _____, I am told, sells bacon for \$1.25 a pound. I saw them going to church on Sunday, and wondered if the Devil had deluded them into the belief that they were Christians. The steam-mill is now grinding and selling meal for \$1.75."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Spotswood Hotel.—Not long since a paragraph in this column alluded to a rumor that the *table d'hote* at the Spotswood was to be dispensed with. Mr. Betts, the book-keeper of the establishment, authorizes us to say that no such arrangement is contemplated.—[Rich. Whig.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 18, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Chattanooga, March 13, 1863

. . . A grand military ball, in honor of General Joseph E. Johnston, came off here on Tuesday evening last, and notwithstanding it was a most inclement, rainy night, it was most brilliantly attended by resident ladies of Chattanooga, and many refugees from Tennessee and Louisiana.

The following is the "Card," with which we were honored:

Soiree Dansant,
Complimentary

To General Joseph E. Johnston.

You are invited to be present at *soiree dansante*
to be given on Tuesday evening, March 10th
inst., in honor of the Commander-in-Chief of

the Department of the Southwest.
Committee of Invitation.

Brig. Gen'l J. K. Jackson
Captain R. D. Gribble,

Col. D. F. Cocke,
J. B. Johnson, Esq.,

Henry Waterson.
Managers.

Colonel D. F. Cocke, Major A. J. Smith, D. B. Ragsdale, E. W. Marsh, J. B. Divine, Dr. J. H. Stout, Dr. F. Thornton, Dr. C. E. Michel, W. M. Michel, Albert Roberts, Risdin D. Gribble, J. C. Warner.

The ball was given in the large hall of the new hospital, just finished here, which was admirably adapted for the occasion. The three rows of pillars running the extent of the hall, some 300 feet, were beautifully ornamented with winding evergreens, while the arches between the columns were festooned with vines of cedar and flowers. In front of the hall, over the music stand, in letters of evergreen, was "Johnston," and on the left side, beneath, "Manassas," and on the right, "Seven Pines," adorned with flags of the Confederacy beneath, and stacks of arms on each side of the stand. The room was lighted by two locomotive reflectors in the two first corners of the room, and one in the centre at the head of the hall, which produced a soft scenic light, the stage effect of which was, as the beautiful ladies, elegantly dressed, crossed the rays of these lights, perfectly enchanting.

Among the most beautiful, *distingue*, and elegant ladies present, were Hon. Mrs. Bruce, of Kentucky; Mrs. Major Higgins, of Mobile; Mrs. H. L. Whiteside; Mrs. A. N. Johnson; Mrs. Dr. Thornton; Mrs. Dr. Lytle; Mrs. Dr. Sanders; Mrs. Dr. Otey; Mrs. Col. Brabson; Mrs. Bowlin, of Nashville; Miss Ada L., of New Orleans; the bewitching, gazelle-eyed Florence W.; the captivating sisters Misses Pauline and Sallie C.; the charming Miss Blanche C., Miss Sigourney P., Miss _____n, Miss L----e, Miss S____d, Miss H____e, and other most fascinating and accomplished ladies, whose names we failed to ascertain. A splendid band discoursed most voluptuous music, and the dance was continued until the small hours of the morning.

A superb supper was partaken at midnight, which would have done honor to the most talented *cuisinier* in times of peace, let alone in war. In a word, it was a grand affair, and went off with the greatest *elat*.

Ora.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

No people were ever such desperate imitators of foreign customs as the Yankees, though their imitations generally remind one of what a wooden copy of the Venus de Medici might be supposed to be. Some years since they picked up from Frederika Bremer the idea of golden weddings, but too impatient to wait for the fiftieth anniversary, they improved upon the original by instituting silver weddings on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding day. Now they have got down to tin weddings on the fifth, and we suppose the next thing will be the green-back weddings, celebrated annually.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

A Stringent Order.

The following, recently issued by the Federal commander at Fayetteville, Arkansas, has found its way to Little Rock, and appears in the Democrat:

Headquarters, Post Fayetteville, Ark.,
January 22, 1863.

General Orders, No. 5

1. No person or persons will be permitted to sell at this post, goods, wares or merchandize of any description, except upon the written permission of the provost marshal thereof, and upon such terms and conditions as he may think proper to impose.
2. The unauthorized sale of articles, contraband of war, especially salt, quinine and munitions of war, will be followed by the confiscation of the entire stock in trade of the offender or offenders.
3. The sale to women of articles appropriate for men only, is absolutely forbidden, and any connivance at the evasion of military law or regulations will be severely punished.
4. On and after Tuesday, the 27th day of January, 1863, no citizen, male or female, over the age of ten years, and living or sojourning within the corporate limits of the city of Fayetteville, will be permitted to move about the city without first having taken the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States, and bearing upon his or her person a copy of the oath so taken, or a certificate of the taking thereof, regularly signed and executed.
5. Shall any person for the purpose of evading this order remain at their homes and still attempt to keep up communication with and convey intelligence to, the enemies of the Federal government, they will be sent summarily beyond the lines of this post.
6. Certain rebel ladies are especially cautioned against the indiscreet use of their tongues.—Such conduct is neither lady-like nor proper, and if they have any regard for the amenities of life or their own quiet, they will conduct themselves differently from what they do now.
7. Citizens of Washington and other counties in the State of Arkansas, or elsewhere, whose business calls them to this post, are warned of the necessity of proving their loyalty before attempting to move about town, and the same rule will govern their case that is herein directed for observance by the inhabitants of Fayetteville.

M. Larue Harrison,
Colonel Commanding Post.

A. W. Bishop, Lt. Col. and Provost Marshal.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Richmond, March 22, 1863.

. . . I have just been shown an ingenious little contrivance imported through the blockade from Baltimore. It is a watchguard charm, made like a miniature lorgnette. Upon looking through it [with?] a magnifying lous, brings out photographs of the Confederate Generals Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, Jackson, Stuart, Longstreet and Price. They are worn extensively in Maryland by the friends of the South, who are forbidden to have the portraits in their photographic albums. It is probably the invention of some cute Yankee, and *I guess* he made a good thing of it in a pecuniary way.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 29, 1863, p. 2. c. 1

[From the Rebel.]

A Confederate Alphabet

A is for Anderson, foremost and least,
B is for Bethel, or Butler the Beast;
C is for Chase, and also for Cheat;
D is for Darkies, Disaster, Defeat;
E is for Eagle, transformed to a crow;
F is the Flag spreading ruin and woe;
G is for Gibbet on which we will hang;
H, Hunter the Hound and all of his gang;
I is the Infamy of which they are proud;
J Johnson the Jackall, the worst of the crowd;
K is their Kalendar of accident's dire,
L is for Lincoln, the Long-Legged Liar;
M's for McClellan, who Richmond would see,
N is for Never, when is it shall be;
O shows what Yankees will make by the war,
Q is for Query, "What is it all for?"
P which was passed, stands for Puppy and Pope,
R is for Rosecrans, Rascal and Rope;
S stands for Seward, well surnamed the Snake,
T, the Three months the Rebellion will take;
U's for the Union of all that is base,
V for the Victories that never took place;
W for Winfield, whose victories great,
Xerxes-like ended in shameful defeat;
Y stands for Yankees, that self-esteem'd nation,
Z is for Zero, their true valuation.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Manufactures in Arkansas.—A correspondent of the Petersburg Express, writing from Camden, Ark., says—

Domestic manufactures continue to thrive under the pressure of the war. We have here an extensive manufactory of cotton and wool cards, another of spinning jennies and power looms; buckets, &c., are made in abundance, and of excellent quality, from the cypress, and we only lack the iron trade to put every branch of industry in an active condition.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

How to Make Lard Candles.—To every eight pounds of lard add one ounce of nitric acid; and the way of making is as follows: Having carefully weighed your lard, place it over a slow fire, or at least merely melt it; then add the acid, and mould the same as tallow, and you have a clear, beautiful candle. In order to make them resemble sperm candles, you have only to add a small portion of white bees wax.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Opium of Home Manufacture.—Ladies throughout the South are requested to interest themselves in the culture of the Garden Poppy, and thus render the Confederacy essential service. The juice extracted from the punctured capsule, when sufficiently hardened, should be carefully put up and forwarded to the nearest Medical Purveyor's Department.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Richmond, April 1, 1863

. . . Mrs. Henningsen has been presented with an elegant watch, gold inlaid with gems, by some members of the Washington Artillery, who have recently been in her hospital. Many officers and soldiers have, since the war began, experienced her motherly care and attention when sick in the Henningsen hospital, to which she has devoted her whole time. Perhaps there is no one woman—with the exception of Mrs. Hopkins of Mobile, whose labors have been unceasing—who has done more for the sick and wounded than Mrs. Henningsen.

. . . To write about the fashions and about the opening day of the season may be an aggravation to my fair readers, since the blockade has cut them off from the ordinary fabrics. Perhaps, however, a few items may recall the days that are past, and the opening days that have gone; and I can fancy some blue or black-eyed fair glancing over my letter very much as a wife would look upon the orange wreath she wore upon her bridal day, after it had lain long months in her drawer. The Herald lies before me with its two columns upon "opening day"—it was a grand affair—no signs of war—no signs of national trouble—economy was obsolete, and, by the eagerness evinced to possess the most costly and extravagant articles, one would suppose that no provision was made—no opportunity offered, for the exercise of that old-fashioned virtue. The most expensive fabrics were the most popular, and the richest material the most eagerly sought for. Upon the subject of "Bonnetts," I glean from the Herald that the Spring and Summer bonnetts do not differ materially from those worn through the Winter. They are somewhat smaller, swell over the sides, and less elevated in front; the cape more pointed, the trimmings more diffused, but on the whole less like a new fashion than the modification of an old one. The outside trimming has receded from the front to the crown—this, I may surmise *en passant*, is an advantageous change, as it leaves the front to sink a little nearer the forehead. I never could bear those tremendous flaring bonnetts which I have seen the fashion from time to time. No one color predominates, though white is the favorite in the body, blended with other more positive colors. Of material, shirred silk, of all colors, green, blue, gray and violet, trimmed with lace and flowers—not profusely, however, (this too is a good improvement, for excessive trimming can vulgarize the most graceful shapes, and the commonest hat can be rendered lady-like by proper trimming,) but on the contrary quite modestly. The ruche is again in favor. Good again, it forms such a pure frame for the face, and as a lady friend suggested, is such an admirable basis for trimming. The crown is stiff and round, and rather oval—the soft crown is *passee*. The summer hat is to have two pair of strings, the principal one of silk, the other of crape or tulle. A heron's plume forms an ordinary trimming. Here are some "loves," from which descriptions can be gleaned by those accustomed, and I need not trouble myself further:

A white chip hat, trimmed with tulle, was here exhibited and very generally admired for its delicate loveliness. The front was transparent, formed of puffs of white tulle, and the over-cape was made of the same material and trimmed with bands of chip. An exquisite fall of lace swept round the hat, and to the brim was attached a white marabout feather, tipped with violet, which was flung back on the hat, forming a beautiful willowy fringe. Inside were "a host of

golden daffodils," exquisite enough in shape and color to reconcile Narcissus to his transformation, and shaded down into yet more delicate loveliness by a mist of lace, or rather a fichu of point d'altiere, which fell over them pointed *a la Marie Stuart*. Another hat, made of black lace, laid upon white foundation, and trimmed round the brim and cape with twisted Leghorn cord, looked very elegant and stylish, and received its full mead of praise. Puffings of gold colored silk were disposed at intervals round the front of the hat, which gleamed through the rich Chantilly lace that overshadowed them like the sun through a cloud. The lace cap was ornamented with black violets and scarlet moss rose buds, half hidden in a bed of tulle, and the effect was charming. In the same establishment was an opera hat of white tulle; a white marabout feather, tipped with green, swept round the brim, and white roses, lost in tulle, formed the inside trimming. A few crimson buds, clustered [?] amid the white roses, added, like a blush upon a fair face, to the beauty on the whole, without distracting from its delicacy in the slightest degree. We would willingly linger a little upon this hat, and describe it more fully, but it is one of those artistic creations which enter the eye and haunt the memory, and yet, from its quiet elegance, leaves little scope for description. In striking contrast with this was a brown chip bonnet, trimmed with buff and brown intermingled. On the crown was a fanchon of black lace dispersed with pretty quaintness in shape, that fancy might call a leaf, a long jet clasp holding it together and forming the central vein. Around the edge of the hat and cape ran a plaited Leghorn cord; strings of buff and brown were carried up high on the outside of the hat and fastened with clasps of jet. The inside was lined with buff silk, against which the leaves and long grass surrounding a bouquet of *coquelicat* flowers, which formed the face trimming, were thrown out in a bold relief. We saw also some pretty specimens of straw bonnets—fine English split—trimmed with ruches of alternate buff and purple. This trimming ran round the edge of the hat, and was inserted between the front and side crown, the bonnet being opened to admit of the extra enam[?]ation.—Very pretty walking bonnets were on exhibition at Stewart's—some formed of white silk and trimmed with barbes of black lace and puffings of white tulle; others of white English straw, bound with black velvet, shaded with Chantilly lace and trimmed with bouquets of black and purple violets.

On the subject of dresses, the Herald is not so explicit. From the description, I should say that the leading feature of the dress is still the same: the skirt long, full and the corsage high in the throat. Good taste requires the last, hoop-skirts necessitate the first. The material for the season will be silks of all kinds, alpacas, poplins; and for warm summer days, foulards, organdies, grenadines, pine-apples, muslins, etc. For travelling dresses, "Aberdeen linsey," a material very like linsey-woolsey, is in favor. Of the technical manufacture, the Herald says: Trimming is very profusely used, the principal being braid laid on in elaborate patterns, some straight round the skirts, sometimes plied up pyramidally, and sometimes in isolated designs. It has superseded for the time all other kinds of trimming, but must go out with the advent of the summer tissues.

The Corsages.

The corsage, generally speaking, is made high up to the throat, and frequently points at the waist, sometimes with a double point in front, and made like a jacket in the back, and sometimes turned back *en revers*. Trimming is sometimes so arranged on the waist as to give the appearance of a jacket, and on some forms the effect of this style is very pretty.

The Sleeves.

The sleeve is made in every variety of form, from the loose-flowing sleeve to the tight-fitting jacket sleeve. In Madame Demorest's, we have seen variety enough to bewilder the best-balanced minds. One closed at the wrist, but open from the hand to the elbow, to give a view of the undersleeve; another half-flowing, trimmed with a cuff cut in points; some with caps and some with turned up cuffs; some tight to the elbow and some loose from the top. A sleeve, with a lozenge-shaped opening, through which the undersleeve appears, is a pretty novelty; and when the design is carried out in the waist, and an opening of the same shape on each side of the gored front gives to view the muslin or lace insertion arranged underneath, the effect is very elegant and stylish.

The Skirt.

The skirt is still made very full and very long, and trimmed in every variety of style. Sometimes the trimming is arranged to represent a double skirt, and sometimes it is laid on in horizontal lines; but in general it keeps close to the edge of the skirt—that is, if the trimming is formed of heavy goods, of velvet or the same material as the dress, laid on in plaits or ruches; but if of braid, it scorns all rules, and is as [illegible] and meandering as the most eccentric fancy could desire. The amount of labor expended on the skirt of a fashionable dress now-a-days is almost appalling; indeed, the rage for ornamentation has reached the height, and must, as a natural consequence, subside. Extremes meet; and we should not be surprised to see this era of exuberance [illegible] succeeded by one of Quaker-like simplicity.

So much for the fashions of the season. Perhaps some one of my readers may be pleased that I have spoken of them even if they cannot be followed. I must confess that I was much interested in the account, and as a young friend (who sniffed over the altar scene in the Princess Alexandra's wedding) says it is splendid, I give in. No matter how much we hate the Yankees, we like to know what they are doing. I remember a story of Garrick. One day he was advertised in Hamlet, and passing along the streets he detected a celebrated divine—who had given him many hard knocks from the pulpit—reading the placard. "What," said Garrick, "do you read this?" "Yes," was the reply, "I want to know what the devil is doing." . . . Evelyn.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Just Published.

The Southern Flag Song Book No. 3, Containing all the Gems of Southern Songs and Ballads, Comic and Patriotic. Large 23 mo., 50 pages. Price \$20 per 100 copies; single copies: 50 cents.

In Press.

The Southern Model Letter-Writer—Giving the Philosophy of Epistolary Correspondence, with practical directions in Letter Writing on all subjects. Price \$25 per 1000 copies; single copies 50 cents.

The Southern Flag Song Book No. 4—Containing all the new and popular Songs and

Ballads of the day. Price \$20 per 100 copies.

H. C. Clarke, Publishers,
Vicksburg, Miss., and Augusta, Ga.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Sassafras Blossoms a Substitute for Tea.—If the blossoms of the sassafras (which will now soon be in full bloom) gathered and dried in the shade, be used in making tea, instead of the root, it will be found an excellent substitute for tea, which now sells at from twelve to fifteen dollars a pound. By many who have tried it, it is pronounced to be a most delicious and palatable beverage.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Letter from a Missouri Soldier.

Grand Gulf, Miss., March 17th, 1863.

Editors Register and Advertiser:

In a late number of your paper I find, in a communication from your correspondent "N'Importe," an article in which special mention is made of the meritorious and self-sacrificing labors of the "Florence Nightingale of the South," Miss Hattie Foster, of Alabama, in behalf of those of our gallant soldiers who were so unfortunate as to be left—torn and mangled, at the mercy of the foe—upon the bloody and disastrous field of Corinth.

Having been a recipient of many favors at the hand of this ministering angel, a witness of her zealous labors in the holy cause of humanity, and fully endorsing all that your correspondent says concerning her conduct, it cannot be inferred from this that I desire to distract, in the least, from Miss Hattie's justly merited good name. On the contrary, if it were possible, I would be delighted to be instrumental in adding more to the celebrity of one whose exalted virtues entitle her to the respect, gratitude and admiration of every defender of Southern independence; and for whose welfare and prosperity prayers should ascend to Heaven daily from every soldier's mother, sister, wife and daughter throughout the land. But, "let honor be awarded to *all* to whom honor is due." The language of your correspondent seems to convey the idea that none save Miss Hattie were engaged in this laudable, though laborious enterprise. But there were many others, who did *not* (as your correspondent says) *mechanically* attend and wait upon the wounded as a part of their *duty*," but were fully as zealous, as devoted to the cause of suffering humanity as she. Others who, leaving behind them the comforts and luxuries of home, came to Iuka—the scene of the revolting realities of a disastrous battlefield—and remained for days, weeks, and even months, among strangers, devoting their entire attention to the patriotic work in which they were so earnestly engaged; spending the long and tedious days of autumn from early dawn until late at night among the sufferers; striving by every means in their power to render their condition more comfortable; and by their aid many a gallant soldier, who yet lives to testify of their kindness, and to assist in beating back our merciless invader, was restored to health and vigor; who, had this attention been withheld, would now doubtless be slumbering in an untimely grave. Oft have I seen the eye bedimmed with the tear of sympathy, and heard the voice falter while they were standing around the rude cot of the dying soldiers; ministering to his last earthly want, and striving to fasten his mind, in his last moments, upon "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." And when the last struggle was o'er, with gentle touch they would

close his sightless eyes, and when arrangements were made for his interment, they would provide garments white and clean in which to enshrine his mangled and lifeless body; and then would follow him in his rude coffin to his final resting place, and would with sisterly affection insist that this last solemn rite be performed with care.

That Miss Hattie was always among the foremost of them, I most freely admit; but I feel assured that her utter lack of vanity forever excludes from her mind all desire to deprive others of their due share of public esteem; and *I* feel that she would be delighted to see the names of her colaborers brought before the public, that *they, too*, may receive the just tribute of respect from a grateful people. Among the many who deserve public mention, unfortunately, I can give the names of comparatively few—only of those who were attendants in the ward in which I was confined. But the names of such ladies as Mrs. Cassidy, Mrs. Inman, Mrs. Pettus, Mrs. Maguire, the Misses Dias, the Misses Vaughan, Miss ??empson, Miss Nugem, Miss McKnight, Miss Reynolds, and a number with whom I am not familiar, deserve not only a place in the memory of those who were actually benefited by kindness, but the gratitude of an entire nation is due them; and their names deserve a place in the history of this struggle—as example to the be admired and emulated by the daughters of our Confederacy in coming generations.

One of the Wounded.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

The Shreveport News quotes [illegible] paper at that place is selling at five dollars per quire. The Winchester Bulletin advises the people in that region to write letters on the backs of one dollar bills, for the sake of economy.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Cotton Factories.—The Milton (N.C.) Chronicle says: "We have a rod in pickle for a cotton factory in our mind's eye, the owner of which had his son detailed out of the army as an operative, and which factory evades the 75 per cent. law by bartering yarns for sugar, bacon, corn, wheat, flour, spirits of turpentine and cotton, while his 'operative' son buys yarns of his father and sells them at the tallest prices possible. Uncle Jesse Holmes has been peeping into things over there in Alamance, and as soon as he can put his hands on a copy of the conscript oath prescribed for cotton factory 'exempts,' a small earthquake will probably jar the factory of some one in Alamance county.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Calico or Burst.—Some women in our city and from Girard, Ala., concluded they could no longer wear homespun frocks, and devised a movement to obtain the pretty colored fabrics free of cost. So at an early hour yesterday morning, they assembled at the west end of the upper bridge, and after choosing a Captain and Lieutenants filed over the bridge to Broad street, down Broad street until they arrived at the store of Mr. George A. Norris into which they marched, and upon being asked what they wished, they cried cloth, *caliker* or bust—by hokey. After a parley of a few moments, in which Mayor Wilkins had something to say to these seizers, they departed from the store and dispersed to their homes quicker than they left them, especially after hearing the order of the Mayor to the police, to arrest every woman of them who did not behave herself properly, and put them in jail.

We wish it distinctly understood that this was no bread demonstration, but a concocted plan on the part of a few women to get a new frock without buying it.

The whole affair did not occupy the public mind an hour, as the parties soon left the streets satisfied that they had attempted a job larger than they bargained for.—[Columbus Sun, 11th.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 18, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Blackening from China Berries.—The Columbus Sun recommends its readers to preserve the following receipt:

If you want good blackening, take a half bushel of China berries, and, having them well picked from the stems, put into a kettle, and add three gallons of water; boil down to one gallon, then strain the liquor, through a sieve, from the seed and skins, and add as much pine wood (the richer the better) soot as will make a good black; and it is ready for use; a pint of good or a quart of weak vinegar (or stale small beer) first mixed with the soot will make it better, and if you add the white of one egg to half a gallon of the liquor it will be best, and equal to any Yankee blackening.

This blackening costs little besides trouble; and we have seen boots cleaned with it inferior to none in gloss, and it will not soil a white handkerchief.

Let it stand several days before you bottle it off.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Southern Women.

[For the Advertiser and Register.]

The surpassing patriotism, and unfaltering faith in right, of the women of America during the revolution of 1776, has given some of their purest and noblest themes to song and story for the last three quarters of a century. Romancers and troubadours, poets and historians, have alike found there their truth and their inspiration; song has had an added strain of sweetness and sorrow because of the last loved one of Pulaski, and history has had a brighter page since the flowers blossomed on the grave of Martha Washington. And it is well that we have kept green the memory of our grandmothers—that memory has bloomed and borne its precious fruit in our own day, and is the stronger and the better for its resurrection. The wives and maidens of 1776 were but the prototypes of those of 1861; the same spirit animated both; the same sublime faith prepared both for deeds of patience and fortitude.

The history of the influence of the women of the South during this struggle will never be adequately presented to after times. An individual fact here and there may be gathered and bound like golden lilies in the wreath of history, but the brightest and best will hide themselves in meek abasement, and go down to dust with no story to tell the wondrous beauty of their lives. The facts—historical facts—are of that kind which are likely never to come to the knowledge of the chronicler; known only to a brother, a father, or a husband, they are not likely to be repeated—the actors themselves shunning, as far as possible, anything like public notice. The most careful and industrious writer would therefore be able to catch but a fleeting few, and would be further embarrassed by his delicacy in making them known to the world while the actors were still living. The modesty of our women is only equaled by their spirit and patriotism, so that it is likely that succeeding generations will be able only to guess at what they have done for us, guided by the few personal reminiscences which will go down to them by "legend and tradition."

There are, however, two general characteristics of which it is not improper to speak—their patriotism, and their lofty faith in the justice and final victory of the cause. That patriotism has never faltered. Whatever she *could* do, woman *has* done. She has labored and toiled to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, and above all, to care for the sick and wounded, giving her angelic presence to the bedside of the dying soldier of her country, day after day, and night after night, cheering him with words of hope and faith—sending her prayers for him up to the heaven which seemed as close to her pure spirit—and sometimes bearing away from that contagious bedside, her own eternal leave of absence. And not only has she thus given time, labor, and even life to her country, but she has given that which to her was dearer than life itself. Go to any church in the land on next Sabbath, and count the black dresses there—the mourning banners that quiver in agony before the altar of Heaven. Ask, how come they there? And Sharpsburg and Shiloh, Fredericksburg and Seven Pines answer. *There* went down to his soldier's grave the dear loved one woman had sent forth in his glorious manly beauty, and paid to the last farthing his debt to his country, and the funeral banner sweeps forever over the heart left desolate. She has given him—her all—dearer to her than life, to her country, freely and willingly; and the sorrow in her face grows bright with the light of heaven, as she tells you: "He fell with his face to the foe, in doing his duty to his country and his God." Yes, freely and willingly given; and she would tell you, though her frame bowed to the storm of her sorrow, between each sob of her breaking heart, that the altar and the god were worthy of the sacrifice, even as the God of Abraham was worthy of the blood of his beloved Isaac.

Yet, through all, woman's faith has been true and steadfast. When man, weary and worn by fatigue and battle, has laid him down by the wayside and forgotten to hope, she has cheered him, and taught him to see, with her, through darkness to the light beyond. Sorrow has been her portion; but, whether wife mourning for the mouldering [sic] arm that should never clasp her more—whether mother weeping because of the unknown grave of her noble boy—

"Or maiden waiting for her warrior-love"—

still, Faith has shone through her grief like the flash of early sunlight through the clouds, and from her lips have come the sweet and steadfast message of prophecy—messages of joy and peace to others, though her own sad spirit may spread its wings in search for the beloved who have gone before, and passed through bloody baptisms up to Heaven.

D.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

English Calicoes!

Neat and Beautiful Patterns,

India Long Cloth

English Shirting

French Gingham

Regatta Stripes, for Summer suits

Cottonades, Denims

Dress Shirts, Neck Ties,

--And—

A lot of small GILT BUTTONS, for trimming Dresses and Bonnets, at

Averell, Rice & Co's,

Texas Land for Sale.

A fine tract of land, well timbered, containing 1000 acres, located on the St. Barnard River, Brazoria county, Texas, ten miles from the Colorado and Houston Railroad, five miles from the Courthouse.

Titles warranted. For terms apply to

J. P. Richardson, 34 North Water st.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 19, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Shelbyville, Tenn., April 11, 1863.

. . . I started out by saying that all is quiet here as yet. I should have stated quiet, according to the meaning of the word in this region. That is to say, that whilst our infantry camps continue to be scenes of peace and good humor—the men becoming fat with their long rest, and models of perfection in drill—and whilst the farmers around are hard at work for heavy crops this summer, and tranquility and gaiety prevail on all sides, all is *not* quiet along the immediate front. There our gallant cavalry are hard at work *all* the time, night and day, sweeping back those little waves of invasion, which if not checked, might open heavy sluices and soon precipitate the whole Northern flood upon us. I am of opinion that our cavalry do not receive a fraction of the praise they are entitled to, because they are not sufficiently heard from. No rest for them. No fattening up in camp and daily exercise in drill, for months, for them. No grand reviews with brass bands playing and flags flying, big Generals present, and ladies around, for them. No—nothing of the sort.

They are chiefly heard of as playing a secondary part around the edges of big battles, and making raids into the enemy's country; for all which I admit they receive full credit. But those seem to be the cavalryman's only hope of renown. He gets no praise for being *constantly* in the saddle, or for *constantly* riding and exposing his life just as much as he ever did in a big battle or in a raid. Every day the distant rumble of cannon is heard from some part or another of our sixty mile front. The sound is tranquilly heard, maybe in an infantry camp, or among the plowmen in the field; it elicits only the remark—"Skirmishing up at the front," and all goes on as usual. It is forgotten that the few men engaged in these skirmishes are fighting about as hard, individually, as ever any equal number of individuals fought in the solid phalanx of battle. Perhaps only two light batteries, and not more than two light batteries, and not more than two hundred mounted men are engaged in the exchange of cannon ball, shell and minnie ball; most of these miss, as in greater engagements, but once in a while something hits.—A horse goes down under his rider—a piece of shell broke somebody's arm, or tears away his leg—the shrill whiz of a minnie ball is heard to cease with a little "thud," and a large bearded man is seen to drop his gun and fall from his horse limberly, without exclamation.—The wounded are supported away on horseback; so is the limber man, whose placid face proves that he died very suddenly. After a while a widow weeps somewhere, but the world never hears anything about it—it was only "a skirmish up at the front." And so of lesser skirmishes, where small scouting parties meet. Many of the noblest and bravest spirits of this war have thus fallen; but no halo of battle glory brightens their names—they fell "skirmishing up at the front."

Between outpost, picket and mount duty, precious little rest does the cavalryman see. If no skirmish requires his aid, there is the tiresome and stealthy ride through the thickets, over the hills and down the valleys, or the weary, silent waiting at the deserted cross road or lonesome hill top; through sunshine and darkness, through all weathers; no tent to shelter them from the drenching rain, no fire to thaw their numbed fingers or warm their scarce, scanty rations. Cavalry men, this last winter have been frozen to death in their saddles, and numbers have received frost bites that they will carry to their graves. Once in a while, the cavalry man is sent to the reserve camp for a few days' rest, not for himself but for his horse. His greatest and most constant care is to keep his horse shod and otherwise in order; for he well knows that if once he loses his horse his glory is gone. Many, in spite of their best care, are wearing out their horses, and being dismounted and sent to the infantry; a stern necessity of war, anything but agreeable to those who have learned how to fight on horseback. But of cavalry men and their hardships, and the unappreciativeness of the people for whom they are fighting, enough for the present.

My neighbor, old Brown, told me this morning there was a "wedding" at his house the night before. There have lately been many "weddings" of the kind referred to by Brown, in this part of the country. Let me describe one of them.

A brave soldier, after a year or a year and a half's marching and hard fighting, hears that his wife is very sick or in some other trouble, at his home "away down South." He applies for a short furlough. It is bluntly refused. He becomes down-hearted, and more than ever prays for a speedy ending of the war. At last he is wounded in battle, or stricken down by disease. Again he asks for a furlough; he is very sure of getting well faster at home than in a hospital; and again the boon is cruelly denied. He is sent off, half dead and despairing, to a hospital at Chattanooga or Atlanta, where he is well cared for. But for all this he pines for weeks; and perhaps his worst pining is that of the heart for "home, sweet home":

"Though doctor and nurse are here
Within this drear confine,
There are never the faces to cheer
A weary soul like mine.
It's oh, for a *mother's* care,
A *sister's* affectionate zeal,
A *wife's* deep love and devotion rare,
To banish the pain I feel!"

Finally he gets well and is sent back to duty. His home now seems to him as some far off dream of happiness, which perhaps he may never realize. The end of the war looks farther off than ever—so does his home. But he goes on bravely with his duties, little dreaming of the surprise that is preparing for him. A lady, pale and fatigued after some days and nights of the crowded and horrible travel of our Southern railroad reaches Tullahoma—reaches Shelbyville. Some kind soldier, a fellow traveler, carries her carpet bag and basket, and inquires about town until some citizen directs where the lady can get accommodations for a week or so. The kind volunteer assists her to Smith's, or Brown's, or some other good country place between town and camp. She pens a note, and after some trouble manages to have it sent out to camp. The note gets mislaid; but our soldier receives word that a lady at Smith's or Brown's wishes to see him. He obtains a short leave, and comes flying in, his horse and heart in an equal gallop. "Can it be *she*?" he asks himself—"she never wrote she was coming!" He dismounts at the gate, hastily flings the rein over a post, double quicks it up the yard, and greets the door with a nervous "rat-tat tat." The door opens—the servant asks him into the parlor—he enters—a lady rises (she is

not pale *now*)—and the next moment, with only the exclamations, "John!" "Mary!" her face is buried in the bosom of his woolen shirt, whilst his manly arms, that so oft in his dreams had clasped the empty atmosphere, are now at last firmly locked round the *real thing* itself! Such meetings as these are what the people around here have got into the habit of calling "weddings." The name isn't such a bad one, is it? Wouldn't mind having one or two such weddings myself!

A peculiar institution of our army here is the "colored wing"—the military niggers—I mean the officers' servants. They dress well, ride thousand dollar horses, smoke two-bit cigars, live on the fat of the land, get up five dollar dancing parties, put on airs over the country niggers, break the wenches' hearts, and lay over the army and mankind in general. So far as ease, comfort and pleasure go, they seem to be the finest gentlemen in the army. They observe keenly the distinctions of rank; a General's nigger won't associate with the Colonel's or Captain's nigger if he can help it; and they look upon the white foot soldiers as the wretchedest of mankind. Very often a tired and dusty volunteer, trudging along the road with his gun and knapsack, hears a clatter behind him, steps aside, and a dandy nigger gallops by without turning his head, stiff and dignified as a Major General. The soldier looks as if he would rather make a target of the saucy black rascal; but as he happens to be quite as rich a man as the nigger's master, and has pet niggers of his own at home, he doesn't do it. Here's a specimen of the *stunning* process adopted by some of the officers' niggers. Old country nigger with his jaw hanging over a fence, stupidly staring at the crowds passing up and down the road. Young dandy nigger in gold lace comes clattering along on a spanking stallion. Sees the old one and reins in suddenly, with this question: "Nigga, has you seen Gen'l Bragg pas dis way?" Old one grants a surly "no," and dandy travel on as though he were going to a council of war. He doesn't know Bragg from Adam, and has no business with him. The old one stares after him in evident disgust, tintured, however, with a wonder whether that whipper-snapper is Bragg's Adjutant General, or only some Brig.-General or Colonel. A week or two since the niggers had a grand shindy at McMinnville; admittance five dollars, to keep common niggers out. Two splendid military niggers, strangers to each other, got in each other's way whilst bucking up to the bell-wench of the ball; they put on tall airs and tried to look each other down; but they were of equal grit and neither backed down. At last, in a manner intended to crush, one asks, "Who is *you*?" "I'se boss barba' on Gen. Morgan's staff!" was the spunky reply; "who is *you*?" Drawing himself up to the utmost stretch, the other answered, "I'se boss barba' on Gen. *Wheeler's* staff; I ranks you, *I does*; you commands a *division*, but *I* commands a *corps*!" The Morgan nigger "went under," and his superior officer sailed off with the wench. Of a verity, these army niggers are a gay set of birds.

I notice that my friend "Ora," in speaking of the victory of the 18th-20th Louisiana regiment, in the challenge drill at Tullahoma, dubs it the "Irish Creole" regiment. You should know the regiment better, Ora; should know enough not to call Creoles Irish, or Irish Creoles, and not leave out the Americans, Germans, Dutch, Prussians and others, that assist in the composition of this cosmopolitan and truly model regiment. Are Col. Richard and Lieut. Von Zanken "Irish Creole" names? The epithet seems to infer a little disparagement because being a Louisiana regiment it is not composed exclusively of Creoles; this is unjust. The regiment should rather be the more admired in that it so truly represents the mixed character of the population of New Orleans, whilst typifying its loyalty; showing how completely men of different nationalities can become welded together as one man in the one great cause. Call it "Irish Creole" or whatever else you choose, this is a true Louisiana regiment, reflecting honor

upon the noble old State that sent it forth, and upon the army to which it is attached.

I. G.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 19, 1863, p. 3, c. 6

A Garland of Honor.—We learn that a magnificent laurel wreath, bound with palmetto, and having an inscription fastened by ribbons of Confederate colors, was sent last week anonymously to the garrison of Fort Sumter. The writing was as follows: "For Colonel Alfred Rhett and his gallant command, Fort Sumter, April 17, 1863. From daughters of South Carolina."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Rose leaves—The Medical Purveyor at Columbia, S. C. calls on the ladies to save rose leaves. They are in great demand for manufacturing blue mass.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Tullahoma, Tenn., April 22, 1865.

We arrived here, as I predicted, on Sunday night. We came through with a whiz—resting not night or day, excepting a few hours to cook. Those who travel now-a-days should bring their own victuals cooked. There is nothing to eat in the wayside hotels or taverns. I was swindled twice into [in two?] hotels on the way and got nothing to eat. The best way is to go into the eating-room, look at the victuals on the table, if you like the spread sit down, if otherwise, leave.

All along the road were be vies of females, young and old. I saw three pretty ones, in about five thousand. Those in Alabama had bouquets to throw at us—those in Georgia and Tennessee didn't cultivate flowers. The ladies in Opelika, Ala., deserve our eternal gratitude. I saw a group of them near the cars, and as I understand women, I knew they were intent on hospitable purposes. I was right. They had bread, boiled hams, chickens, pies and buttermilk for the soldiers—a gratuitous offering. They were cultivated, refined women, and gracefully did they perform their kind mission. Should this letter fall under their eye, let them be assured that "Bayonet" never forgets a kindness, or a pretty woman. The young lady in the pretty mourning dress, has ennobled [enameled?] her image upon his heart.

But let me now tell how vain hospitable hopes were quickly blighted by a Tennessee matron. We had bivouacked to cook and rest for a night, when I went to a comfortable looking house, where there was a well, and sent in my Ethiope to beg the loan of a tub to wash my feet in. The tub came, with a message from madam that she wished to see me as soon as convenient. What could she want? Of course, thought I, she means to invite me to tea, if not to a bed, and my fancy began to revel in the anticipated comfort. I came, I saw—but didn't conquer; for all that she wanted was to request me to put a guard over her premises, to protect them from the soldiers! Such is life! But I comfort myself with the thought that she did not see me, for it was dark, and no candle lighted.

But enough of women for the present. The greater part of the way from Chattanooga to Tullahoma is through the Alleghany mountains. It abounds in the wildest and most irregular and chaotic aspects of nature. High overhanging cliffs of granite, narrow and tortuous cuts along the bases of the eternal and adamantine hills, bridged chasms and abysses, deep valleys and high, bald mountain peaks, make up the chequered [sic] scene. . . .

We thought in leaving Mobile we would leave famine prices behind us, but not so. Along the way in Georgia and Tennessee the little hucksters sold boiled eggs at a bit each by the

dozen, baked chickens at \$5 to \$5, ample slap-jacks and little ginger cakes at \$1 each. Fortunately, the soldiers had no money, else "fool and money" would have "soon parted."

Tullahoma is in the level plain between the Allegheny and Cumberland Mountains. The surface of this wide plain is very level, and but for the dense woods covering it, would be a fine field for cavalry exploits. As it is, cavalry and artillery are almost useless. *Quere*—has at here ever been a cavalry charge in any of our great or considerable battles? I have never heard of one. The fact is, that we have always had too much of "the cavalry." One infantry soldier is worth five cavalry men, and costs only one third the money.

I do not mean to deny or disparage the achievements of Wheeler, Forrest, Stuart, Van Dorn, and others. They are brilliant, great and important. But the truth is, that their commands are not really cavalry—they are mounted infantry, who ride for celerity, but actually fight on foot. What downright nonsense to speak of cavalry attacking gunboats, forts and towns! And yet the telegrams are full of such flap doodle. The only use of cavalry horses in battle is to charge in heavy masses on the enemy, in which the horse is *the means of offence* more than the sabre [sic] or pistol. For no other use is it excusable to expose horses to the perils of battle. If cavalry fight infantry or artillery, except by charging them, the cavalry are inevitably whipped. Let not my gallant cavalry friends take offense. I admit their gallantry, but I deny their usefulness, and I am uttering military truths for the good of the country. I am not willing to see the forage of the country consumed by cavalry horses, which render no adequate service. I would advise the *voltgeur* plan, which might be made very effective. Of course, I do not mean to say that we should have no cavalry, but that we should have much less of it. The properties it bears to the other arms is much too large, considering the aspects of our country and its supplies of grain. We have here large numbers of cavalry men who have outlived their horses, and are afoot. They grumble furiously of being put into infantry service. Let them be added to the *horse-cavalry* as *voltgeurs*.

Tullahoma is about an average specimen of the "ram-shackling" villages that dot the railroads. The citizens are all gone, and the houses are occupied by the Generals and their staffs. There is not market, and nothing to eat, except army rations. Those seem to be abundant, especially bacon and meal. We get no more beef—bully for that. The good luck of the 38th is yet unchanged. Just at the desirable moment, when Mobile is getting hot and dull, we are transferred to this elevated, healthful, pleasant region. The air is cool, sweet and bracing, the water unsurpassed, the feed plentiful and substantial, though lacking variety, and the prospect ahead very exhilarating. Altogether, we are lucky to get away from Mobile. A city is so demoralizing, so fatal to discipline. Though we sigh for "the girl we left behind us," yet the parting is for our own and our country's good. . .

The amusements here are running rabbits and sham battles. A general whoop announces the discovery of a rabbit, when he is surrounded, and rarely escapes. The first rabbit jumped yesterday ran near me, and with a rock I brought him down the first try [? or fire]. He made a good stew. Rabbits sell for \$12 a dozen. The sham battles are fought by opposing brigades or divisions, with blank cartridges. A good battle is to come off on Friday, of which there was a rehearsal yesterday. I am not a participant, but hope to "be there to see." It is said that fine ladies come from Huntsville, Columbia, McMinnville and Shelbyville to see these battles, and a gay time is had. There is, in consequence, a good deal of "courting down in Tennessee." A dashing, young, bachelor General is said to be the marked-out victim of the aspiring ladies who have "button on the brain," and that they are sending him the tenderest missives. Two of "the staff" have given \$1000 for a fine carriage to ride the ladies in. There is a girl in the

neighborhood reputed to be worth half a million of Confederate dollars. If any of the staff get her, the stock in the carriage will be a good investment. There is a high cascade in a mile and a half of the place, which is said to be a "romantic" and favorite resort for "lovers." We are so closely confined to camp that there is no opportunity to see much. No officer or soldier can be absent but two hours at a time, and then only by permission by his General. I have to sleep in my clothes, minus shoes and cap only, to be ready to jump up harnessed in a moment, in answer to the long-roll.

What a chaos, a hurly burly, is a great camp! Everybody is asking, but nobody answering questions. It is nearly impossible to find anybody or any place or thing. I was a couple of hours hunting up the Inspector General. I asked a fellow at the Inspector's house where he was, and he didn't know, had just arrived himself, and asked me if I were not Governor of the town, whom he wished to see. Everybody is a wag, or a malicious snarler, and won't tell you anything. "Whose regiment is that," some one asks.—"Our'n" is the proving answer. All about the village are such inhospitable notices as this—"Animals hitched here will be cut loose." Sardines are held at \$24 a (full) box, and inferior *funked* tobacco at \$5 a pound. . . . Bayonet.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 2, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

A paragraph has been going the rounds, of an old lady who has a moustache on her lip.—It is not uncommon for young ladies in this vicinity to have moustaches on their lips, but rare that they grow them.—[Chat. Rebel.

A Yankee has taken out a patent for leather tanned with the bark of a dog. If the dog was mad with the hydrophobia, the leather is all the better for water-proof boots.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

At Brownsville, Texas, molasses is selling at fifty cents per gallon. Shoes, of good make, eighteen dollars per dozen. Hats, at the same prices. Domestic, twenty cents per yard. Two hundred barrels of flour sold at auction at ten dollars and fifty cents per barrel.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The factory at Bankston has suspended operations, and the place is being fortified. Col. Wesson has despatched [sic] a messenger asking for troops to defend and protect the factory.—[Greensboro (Miss.) Motive, 25th.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

The Shreveport Gazette recently published a card signed by about a hundred foreigners, who, fearing they might be drafted in the militia, adopted that course to notify the people that they were French subjects, and owned no allegiance to Louisiana. The News says that Mr. B. Courtade, one of the signers of the card, was taken out of his bed and "tarred and cottoned" the same night, and the rogue's march was played before the business houses of the balance.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Strong hoarhound [sic] tea, well boiled and drunk freely, will cure the most obstinate case of chills on record. It is easily obtained, and the remedy should be known.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Tullahoma, Tenn., May 3, 1863.

Since my last letter, I have had opportunities to explore and understand the topography and history of this point, and the country around it. Tullahoma is about the line of Coffee and Franklin counties. It is a wretchedly poor and "God forsaken" region, and is called "the barrens" of Middle Tennessee. Poor and sterile area in the palmy days of peace, the desolations of alternate armies that have swept over it have left it a desert. The Yankees swept off all the male and nearly all the female slave populations. The men have enlisted in the Yankee or Confederate Army, according to their preference, or been caught by the conscript-man, or run into the mountains for refuge; and there is nobody left but women, children, old men, and a few plough-boys. There is nobody else left to cultivate a crop, and almost nothing in the way of a crop, is being made. Horses and mules have been swept off, cattle killed, and the only thing between these poor people and starvation is the product of a few cows. They sell, or barter off, milk and butter to the army, at enormous prices. And they are such poor creatures, and their condition is so appealing, that a generous heart cannot feel like jewing them in their prices. Money is almost useless here; it will buy almost nothing at all. The country women come in with butter and eggs, but generally they will not sell them for money. They want to barter them off for salt, rice, or molasses. I encountered an old woman, the other day, who had several dozen eggs. I tried to buy them, but it was no go. I offered a high price, but she replied that she did not want money; she could not eat money, nor buy anything to eat with money. She wanted rice, and would barter the eggs for the rice—one dozen eggs for three pounds of rice. As nothing else would do, I made the swap, and she went on her way rejoicing. I tried another woman, for butter, but she would not snap her finger for money. But she was "honing" for molasses, and would barter butter for molasses. We traded, and as the molasses was being measured, her delighted urchins gathered round and stuck their fingers in the molasses for a taste. Such are pictures of the life around us.

But such is the desolation wherever vast armies have quarters, and especially upon the disputed territory which is alternately occupied by both armies.

I am sorry to say that Lincolnite traitors abound in this region. Numbers of them are now in the Yankee army. I can detect them by their sneaking look, and by the "cold shoulder" which they poke at a Confederate soldier.

Let me tell you of a Tennessee hag—a Lincoln she-devil, whom I encountered a few days ago. Her house being convenient, I went in, with a few others, and took a drink of water. The hag came out, looking furious, and TOTED off the water. I had hitched my horse in the yard—a very common yard—and she rudely ordered me to take my horse out of her yard. While I went to obey her behest, she whisked by and TOTED off the chair I had been sitting in, and slammed the door as she closed herself in her house. Not a word was said in reply by the polite and forbearing gentlemen in "stars and bars," who were sitting in the piazza. This is a specimen of the hospitality we get from the Lincoln hags.—The 'secesh' women are much more polite. . . Bayonet.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Some of our contemporaries are making inquiries as to whether hats can be made of pine straw? We have seen several specimens of hats made of that material, and can pronounce them a very good article. The straw should be gathered while green, boiled in water for some time, and dried in the shade, before it is fit for use.

It is said that bear grass makes a very durable hat.—[Claiborne Southerner.]

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 16, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Jackson, May 6, 1863.

People are leaving Jackson in numbers. The trains for the interior are crowded with non-combatants, and the sidewalks blocked up with cases, barrels, old fashioned trunks and chests, which look antiquated enough to have come out of Noah's ark. One doesn't see the rosy, laughing faces of young girls upon the streets now.—Only here and there is a crinoline to be met with. Sunday before last the churches were radiant with an array of beauty which the world could not surpass; but now, alas, the encroaching outposts of the enemy are within our county, and our women are wisely fleeing before their polluting approach.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 16, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Substitute for Copperas.—Prof. E. N. Elliott publishes the following in the Natchez Courier:

Copperas is composed of sulphuric [sic] acid, or oil of vitriol and iron, and is called by chemists Sulphate [sic] of Iron. A better material for dyeing, and the one invariably used by dyers, is called Acetate of Iron, and is thus prepared:

Take common vinegar, the stronger the better, put into it rusty nails, or any pieces of rusty iron, and let it stand several days; the vinegar will eat off or dissolve the rust, and when it ceases to act on the iron, pour off the clear liquor and use it as you would copperas, and you will find it a much better article.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 24, 1863, p. 1. c. 6

Camp Near Shelbyville,
May 17th, 1863.

It is well that war cannot divest life of all its merry charms. At the same time, we cannot advocate a reckless disregard for the animosities incidental to this trying hour in our national [illegible] Little fear do we entertain, however, that the Southern heart, whose purity and patriotism predominate, shall fall into the error of either extreme. Our association for several months with the people of Tennessee has materially changed the sentiments of many of the latter, not only in regard to our earnestness of purpose, but also in regard to our manner of warfare, which has been represented as most savage and diabolical by Brownlow, Johnson, and other traitors. As proof of this social affiliation, we point to the parties, pic-nics and gatherings which occur frequently in the vicinity of camps. These entertainments are characterized not alone by the delicacy of the viands and sweetmeats, but, if the judgment of some of my (perhaps) infatuated friends is to be relied on, a rarer feast is spread where gazelle eyes and ruby lips and cherry cheeks disport in glorious profusion. A certain degree of license is due their tastes, I must acknowledge in view of their feeling proximity to those batteries of winsome smiles, bewitching glances, and winning graces, but as observer can testify how charmingly Tennessee ladies entertain their gallants. In speaking of pic-nics, May parties, held under the grand oaks, on the moss-covered rocks, these gorgeous halls of Nature, one is naturally led to admire the beauty and the magnificence of the scenery offered at every turn from the river's banks to the picturesque slopes overlooking the sunlit vales. The artist, *Summer*, had painted for us a rich panorama. From a congregation of time-honored oaks crowning an eminence in front of our regiment where lazy sentinels bask in the sunbeams, a sweeping view commands the outstretched landscape, and holds the Fish Creek, now losing itself in a bed of green, soon to emerge on a reedy path towards the placid current of the river. Beyond this stream, which is a gem-set pencilling in [illegible]

pasture, fields and orchards arise in graceful bounty, then gently sloping to the river's brink the scene is lost in a swelling mass of "banks and brass," and mountain verdure. To the left and front the eye can wander and linger long, delightfully, amid fields and forests, houses and meadows. I feel that I cannot do justice to this lovely scene, and when, adding unto its magnificence, a gorgeous sunset heightens and intensifies the glory of the view, I would fain retreat for description behind an expressive shrug of the shoulders and a muttered, "*ver plaisant*," as that Frenchman did who could only explode a fraction of his pentup admiration in such superlatives a "*grand! superb! magnifique!*"

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

A Sad Violation of Military Regulations.—Our exchanges frequently record romantic incidents connected with the war, but we have seen none better than the following, which we clip from the Nashville Dispatch:

Headquarters Dep't of Cumberland,
May 17, 1863.

General: The general commanding directs me to call your attention to a flagrant outrage committed in your command, a person having been admitted inside of your lines without a pass and in violation of orders. The case is one which calls for your personal attention, and the general commanding directs that you deal with the offending party, or parties, according to law.

The medical directory reports that an orderly sergeant in Brigadier General _____'s division *was to-day delivered of a baby*, which is in violation of all military law, and of the army regulations. No such case has been known since the days of Jupiter.

You will apply the proper punishment in this case, and a remedy to prevent a repetition of the act.

The above, says the Dispatch, is a copy of a genuine letter, emanating from the headquarters of that rigid disciplinarian, General Rosecrans.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 30, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Tullahoma, Tenn., May 23d, 1863.

. . . A Lieutenant in our brigade is in arrest, and will be tried by court martial, for hugging and kissing a woman on the cars in the presence of other folks—of both sexes.

Bayonet.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

We are glad to learn that the paper mill of Messrs. J. W. Grady & Co., that was partially destroyed by fire on the night of May 25, was their writing and not their newspaper mills. It is bad enough to have a paper mill of any kind either damaged or destroyed—but the burning of a newspaper mill in these times is a loss that cannot be made good to the public by money. We trust that the machinery of the mills spoken of can be repaired, and put in operation again.—
[Chronicle and Sentinel.]

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 9, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Tullahoma, June 2, 1863,

. . . [Florence, AL] while the vandals much to their delight entered the place, commenced their work of destruction, and fully accomplished the object of their expedition, burning two large and very valuable cotton factories upon which the people of the Tennessee valley were dependent for

their supplies, and from which large quantities of cloth were procured by the army. These factories were the property of Martin, Weakley & Co., and in their loss the Confederacy suffers severely. The vandals then proceeded to burn the Masonic Hall, hotel, livery stable, blacksmith shop, and such other buildings as might have proved useful to the Confederates, and having been in the town for two or three hours, accomplished their mission, got drunk, abused the inhabitants, and finally, were driven out by Hannon in a brisk little fight, in which the latter suffered the loss of Capt. Locke and Major Jenks captured, and but few were killed, wounded, or captured on either side. . . .

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 13, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Career of a Female Volunteer.

Among the registered enemies of the United States government who have been recently sent across the lines from New Orleans, there is now in Jackson, Mississippi, a lady whose adventures place her in the ranks of the Mollie Pitchers of the present revolution. At the breaking out of the war Mrs. Laura J. Williams was a resident of Arkansas. Like most of the women of the South, her whole soul was enlisted in the struggle for independence. Her husband was a Northern man by birth and education, and a strong Union man. After Arkansas seceded from the Union he went to Connecticut, he said, to see his relations and settle up some business. Mrs. Williams suspected his purpose and finally she received information that he had joined the Yankee army. The Jackson Mississippian gives the rest of her history:

She disguised herself in a Confederate uniform, and adopting the name of "Henry Benford," she proceeded to Texas, where she raised and equipped an independent company and went to Virginia with it as 1st Lieutenant. She was in the battle of Leesburg and several skirmishes, but finally, her sex having been discovered by the surgeon of the regiment—the 5th Texas Volunteers, to which the company had been attached—she returned to her home in Arkansas. After remaining there a short time she proceeded to Corinth, and was in the battle of Shiloh, where she displayed great coolness and courage. She saw her father on the field, but, of course, he did not recognize her and she did not make herself known to him. In the second day's fighting she was wounded in the head, and was ordered to the rear. She wrote to her father, and then came on down to Grenada, where she waited for some time, but never saw or heard from him.

She then visited New Orleans, was taken sick, and while sick the city was captured. On recovery she retired to the coast, where she employed herself in carrying communications and assisting parties to run the blockade with drugs and cloths for uniforms. She was informed on by a negro and arrested and brought before Gen. Butler. She made her appearance before Gen. B. in a Southern homespun dress. She refused to take the oath—told him she gloried in being a rebel—had fought side by side with Southern *men* for Southern rights, and if she ever lived to see "Dixie" she would do it again. Butler denounced her as the most incorrigible she rebel he had ever met with. By order of the Beast she was placed in confinement, where she remained three months. Some time after her release she was arrested for carrying on "contraband correspondence," and kept in a dungeon fourteen days on bread and water, at the expiration of which time she was placed in the State Prison as a dangerous enemy. Her husband, it so happened, was a Lieutenant in the 13th Conn. regiment, and on duty as provost guard in the city. He accidentally found her out and asked if she wanted to see him. She sent him word she never

wanted to see him so long as he wore the Yankee uniform. But he forced himself upon her, tried to persuade her to take the oath, and get a release, when he said he would resign and take her to his relations in Connecticut. She indignantly spurned his proposition, and he left her to her fate. When Gen. Banks assumed command he released a great many prisoners, but kept her in confinement until the 17th of May last, when she was sent across the lines to Meadesville with the registered enemies.

An article was recently published in the New York World in relation to the part Mrs. Williams has played in the war, but the above is, we are assured, a true account of her remarkable career. We understand she has attached herself to the medical staff of a brigade now in this city, and will render all the assistance in her power to the wounded in the approaching struggle for possession of the great Valley of the Mississippi.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 16, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Chattanooga, June 11, 1863

. . . [Florence] The Yankees only remained in town three hours, and then took their departure in the direction of Waterloo, recrossing the river at Hamburg. In the country around Florence, they also committed sundry serious depredations. They burned the wool factory of Darby, Benhem & Co., and of Martin & Sons, and the three large cotton factories of Martin, Weakley & Co., making not only a private and individual loss, but a national loss of many thousands of dollars. Since last fall these factories had turned out over one million yards of jeans and osnaburgs.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Example.

As polished steel receives a stain
From drops at random flung,
So does the child, when words profane
Drop from a parent's tongue.
The rust eats in, and oft we find
That nought [sic] which we can do,
To cleanse the metal or the mind
The brightness will renew.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 25, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Huntsville, Ala., June 19, 1863.

. . . Large numbers of ladies continue to travel to and from the army at the present time. I doubt not that a larger number are in its vicinity visiting relations than ever before. It is a source of extreme disgust to persons of good sense and taste to observe the abominably public use made of snuff in dipping. At last art has been called into requisition, producing ornamental sticks with which the delicious substance is dipped and rubbed against the gums for the gratification of the lady-like dippers with handles in their mouths. The ornamentations of the stick usually consists of a curl at the end like the narrative of a young porker, and various figures cut on the wood. As it is saucily held in the mouth, assuming now a horizontal and then a perpendicular position, it

forcibly reminds one of a stick run through the noses of certain quadrupeds to keep them from rooting. . . . N'Importe.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 25, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

The Recent Panic in Augusta.—The citizens of Augusta were all brought up standing with arms in their hands last week in consequence of a report reaching there to the effect that a Yankee raid had penetrated the State and were in Lincoln county making their way to Augusta. The source or cause of the panic is thus explained by a correspondent of the Chronicle and Sentinel:

"It appears that some ten or twelve ladies—all white women are ladies—in Hart or Madison counties, for the sake of a frolic, or perhaps for a more serious cause, undertook to play soldiers, or "Nancy Harts," and so had put on men's clothes—" mounted the imminent deadly *breeches*." As Shakespeare says—and with shouldered corn-stalks had invaded an old gentlemen's plantation. The old fellow, who was no doubt a bachelor, or he would have had more discrimination at sight of the Amazonian cohort stampeded with his negroes and spread the alarm that ten thousand Yankees were coming."

The panic had one good effect, and that was to test who would or would not be ready to defend their homes and firesides. *

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 25, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Miss Emma Sansom—This, we learn from the Jacksonville (Ala.) Republican, is the real name of the young heroine who mounted the horse behind Gen. Forrest and conducted him to the ford on Black Creek, in his pursuit of the Yankee marauders. At a meeting of Capt. Fouche's company, held in Rome, Ga., on Saturday last, the company was, by a unanimous vote, called the "Sansom Rangers," in honor of this young lady. Not only so, but it was decided that in the event she changed her name—a thing contemplated by every young lady we know, or of which history gives us any account—then the name of the company should be changed to correspond.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 25, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

For Blacksmiths.—A good substitute for borax in welding, now scarce and very high, is said to be a mixture of 5 [or 8?] pounds of salt, 1 pound of copperas, and 15 pounds of sharp sand thoroughly mixed, and used in the same manner as borax.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 3, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

A Flag for the Ram Huntsville.—There has just been completed in this city a mammoth flag of the new design, the gift of the ladies of Huntsville, Alabama, to the officers and crew of the steam ram "Huntsville," at Mobile. The flag is in dimensions eighteen feet by twelve feet; the material is extra strong bunting, trimmed with silk. The lettering, which is needle worked in silver, is as follows: "In God we have put our trust." "Presented by the ladies of Huntsville, Alabama, June, 1863."

The flag was manufactured by Miss Rachael C. Semon, of Richmond, under the supervision of Misses Watkins and Mastin, a committee appointed by the ladies of Huntsville. The cost of the flag was fourteen hundred dollars. It was yesterday forwarded to its destination. The flag is the most elaborate and costly of the new design of the National Standard yet turned out, and is creditable to the skill of the lady artisan.—[Richmond Examiner.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 3, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

A gentleman writing from Madison, Florida, says: "If no disaster befalls the crop of corn and hogs, I don't know but Florida itself could feed one half of the Confederate troops for months.—You would be astonished to see the aptness exhibited by our people for making cloth. The sound of the spinning wheel may be heard now almost everywhere. Jeff. Davis' speech at Jackson, Mississippi, has had much to do in exciting the admiration of the ladies for homespun dresses."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 12, 1863, p. 3, c. 3

[Communicated.]

To the Women of the Confederate States.

Often are heard from members of our sisterhood, expressions of regret, ay, even of impatience, that woman's sex imposes restraint upon the sphere of her usefulness. Particularly is this the case at the present time, when she is denied the privilege of giving aid on the battleground in the cause of her country's freedom. These expressions no doubt are prompted by a sincere and high order of patriotism, for surely if an incentive was ever wanting to raise true heroism in woman's breast, that incentive exists now, when she looks around her and sees her children's beggared, her home a smouldering [sic] mass, and even the holy temple, where in childhood she first knelt and learned to lisp "our Father," not too sacred for the vandal torch. If then in her fervor and zeal for the cause of Liberty, she too would wish to make real some of the noble ideas which fill her soul, to say the least she is excusable. Since the commencement of this war, nobly has woman discharged many of her duties—the couch of the dying and wounded, the poor and needy of the land, all attest the bright record of her energy and benevolence. But apart from this, there is another avenue open to woman, wherein she may exert great influence towards reform, and it is to this I would ask your attention. Let her absent herself from all public places of amusement, and discountenance gayety in every form during this period of her country's peril, when every blast borne to us comes heavy laden with sorrow, when there is one general pulsation of woe throughout the land.—Since the laws of nature, by her physical organization, unfit woman for the stern duties of the field, let her give a moral aid in repelling the foe. It has been said, and is even now echoed from the "old Dominion," that our soldiers—no, not our brave soldiers—but some of those responsible for the soldier's life and blood, have been surprised by the enemy, and instead of being at their post of duty, directing the cannon's flash, have been found mingling in the midnight revel and dance, or attracted to a concert by the dulcet tones of some way-side prima donna. Let us remember the fate of Waterloo—here also "a sound of revelry by night" may entrap us in the foils of the wily foe.

Should reverses and misfortune overtake our arms; aye, should bitter slavery be our portion, let it not be said of woman, "she beguiled me, and I did eat." Let not down-trodden Liberty, draped in sables, point to her and say, "in part this is your work"—let not the demon of Tyranny hiss the same taunt as she passes. To you who are in the immediate vicinity of our concentrated forces, where battle is hourly impending do I particularly appeal—pause and reflect what is the stake—remember the sacrament of blood already offered, the thousands of valuable lives now imperiled, the widow's wail and the orphan's cry. I beseech and implore you to desist, in the sacred name of woman as she was when found "last at the cross and earliest at the tomb." In justice to the fame of our noble officers, let not woman's influence and example tarnish one of

their laurels. Be here the nobler part to encourage them by saying—
"Pass on through the fire, by your trials made strong;
Leave not on your border one foot-print of wrong;
Be as one, and cling close, like the drops in the wave,
Strike firm and fear not—a free home or the grave."

Alabama

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, August 1, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Tuscaloosa, July 24th, 1863

. . . There are black spots in the State where Confederate money will not purchase the necessaries of life--_____ county is one point. This county has chosen to establish a currency heretofore unknown—the *thread* currency. I will attempt to describe its operation. The cotton factory at Tuscaloosa is the treasury and issuer of these thread notes. About 50 bundles of cotton thread are here manufactured daily, and every other day a sale and distribution takes place, when 50 bundles or so are sold out to the greedy customers. The distribution is now going on at that brick building where the Yankee prisoners were confined, and where you now view such a *melange* of carriages, horsemen and pedestrians. Let us step into the crowd which bests the window. The rich and poor are commingled. The sewing woman is elbowing her way with the rich lady and the wife of the member of Congress. The latter patiently exclaims, "I have waited here during three distributions and have been refused the poor pittance of a bundle."

The wealthy lady stoops from her carriage and directs her escort to tell Mr. Kirkman that Mrs. Richenoughtobuyyou desires a bundle as she returns at once to the country. But the distribution is made by honest citizens, and if partiality is displayed it is not observable. During much wrangling and dispute the fifty bundles are sold, the country people having the preference, at ten dollars the large or five dollars the small bundle, and the crowd of a hundred or so of unsuccessful persons disperse to try for better success upon the ensuing distribution day. And why so eager for thread? It is the currency of the country, and that thread seller is *de facto* the banker.

You will now see the sequel. Here is a country wagon laden with vegetables and chickens calling at every house. The huckster and the lady of the house converse together and thread is the only currency that will be taken. A dollar per pound is asked for butter, half as much again is offered in Confederate money and refused. The next housekeeper is more successful. "How do you sell butter?" Dollar a pound for thread. "I'll give you six hanks of it for as many pounds of butter." The offer is eagerly accepted, and the lady is content with her bargain, for a \$10 bundle of thread contains 24 hanks which is good for as many pounds of butter, placing the latter at 40 cents per pound. Such is the origin and operation of our thread currency. To keep your table supplied you must present yourself at the thread distribution and continue to do so until successful, and then you have the panacea for all wants. N'Importe.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, August 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

The ensign which we noticed some time since as being intended by the ladies of Huntsville for the steamer bearing the name of their beautiful but afflicted city, was yesterday, at meridian, hoisted on board of her, circumstances having thus far delayed the presentation. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present at the agreeable ceremony, which was attended with little parade, consisting chiefly of reading the correspondence which we subjoin. The ensign made by Miss Seaman, of Richmond, is an elegant naval flag, twelve feet by

eighteen, bordered with silver fringe, the stars upon the cross worked in silver, and embroidered in yellow and orange silk with the inscription:

IN GOD
WE HAVE PUT OUR TRUST.
Presented by the Ladies of Huntsville,
Ala., June, 1863.

At the same time an elegant Confederate jack was hoisted on the Huntsville, the gift of Miss Todd, of Selma, to Capt. Myers. This is of crimson silk, bearing the azure saltire and silver stars of the Confederacy, and only differing from the battle flag of the land service in the arms of the cross being, in the language of heraldry, *rebated*, or not extending to the margin.

Correspondence.

Mobile, (Ala.) Aug. 20, 1863.

Captain Julian Myers, C. S. Navy, commanding C. S. Steamer Huntsville, Mobile, Ala.:

Captain: The Ladies of Huntsville, North Alabama, have honored me with the pleasing duty of presenting to you, as the commander of the gallant vessel which bears the name of their beautiful little city, a chaste and handsome Ensign of our country.

In performing this duty, there is no little pride and gratification excited in my breast, and I am sure that the emotion finds a ready echo in your own heart.

On all occasions, the reception of the banner of our country from the hands of fair woman, excited sensations of pride and pleasure—kindles anew the patriotic fires of our bosoms, and nerves the arm to strike another blow for the defense of that country, and the protection of her daughters.

I crave no greater honor than that thus conferred upon me.

This Flag, Sir, is tendered you by a band of brave, noble and self-sacrificing women—by those who have long since sent their loved ones to the field to do battle for their country, and to meet and drive back from our soil the ruffian hordes that have been so mercilessly hurled upon us by our cruel foes of the North. It comes from the daring and determined spirits of whom the cowardly tyrant Mitchell spoke, when he said: "I may conquer the *men*, I have almost succeeded in bringing *them* back to their original loyalty; but I have not been able to subdue the rebel spirit of the *women* of Huntsville." This Flag, Sir, is presented to you by patriotic and christian women, as the motto upon its folds indicates: "We have put our trust in God;" and although they now mourn the loss of many dear ones who have fallen at the hands of the ruthless invader, they falter not, but send forth others to be offered as sacrifices, if need be, upon their country's altar.

They offer it to you, Captain, with a confidence and a full belief that in your hands, and in your keeping, no dishonor or disgrace will ever mar or pollute a single star of its bright folds. And now, Sir, in saying to you that *I* also share and join in this confidence and believe, I intrust [sic] the Flag to your care and protection.

I have the honor, Sir, to be,

Very respectfully, your obt. servt.,
Jno. Jas. Ward,

Captain Light Artillery, Alabama Volunteers.

C. S. Steamer Huntsville,
Mobile River, Aug. 23, 1863.

John Jas. Ward, Captain Light Artillery, Ala. Vols.:

Capt. Ward—The manner in which you have so appropriately conveyed the wishes of the ladies of Huntsville, justifies the selection, in appointing you their representative on that interesting occasion. Assure yourself, sir, that you do me no more than justice when you believe that my heart echoes the pride and gratification which inspires your own breast, officiating as the exponent of their wishes. There are occasions when language, however copious and versatile, fails to give utterance to emotions. This, sir, is eminently one of those occasions, and I unexpectedly feel the oppression under which this beautiful manifestation of the fair daughters of our Confederacy has placed me, but I also feel that my poverty in words to do justice to my feelings is immeasurably out-weighed by the sensations of a proud and grateful heart—a heart which would be dead to every manly attribute, did it not fail to respond in pulsations as exalted as the pure and ennobling sentiment which animated the donors of this beautiful Ensign. Such presentations, sir, are not unusual in ordinary times—they are even then, in the absence of extraordinary events, received and valued as testimonials worthy of acceptance; but, Sir, this Banner, consecrated by the hands and the hearts of our beautiful and virtuous women, comes accompanied by high claims to recognition, it comes sanctified by the glorious cause of a people battling for freedom and their rights. It comes glowing with the record of deeds of heroic daring, unequalled in the annals of the world. It comes redolent with the memory of noble martyrs who have breathed their last breath upon the battlefield, in prayer for the triumph of law, order, and morality, at the hands of a God-loving and God-fearing people, over the misrule and wickedness of a race whose enormities and brutalities stand without parallel. It comes moistened by the tears, and echoing the woes of bereaved hearts, for the untimely end of the loved ones "whose place shall know them no more" when the great and glorious object for which we now struggle shall, through God's blessing be brought to a successful issue. It comes sir, and I receive it, as a stimulus to prosecute that object to its consummation, by all the energies of body and mind and soul, of which I am possessed, and if ever it be my proud fortune and privilege to strike in the name of the Confederacy beneath its folds, I can do no more than promise that the blow shall be nerved by the recollection of this moment. When I give this flag to the breeze I give it, sir, with the benediction of a true Southron, who asks no brighter mead in victory than the approving smiles of those who have thus honored me, nor a more glorious shroud, should I fall in its defence [sic]. I say this sir, in no vain-glorious spirit, but I say it in accordance with the solemnity of the motives which prompted its presentation, and as a grateful acknowledgment for the confidence they have expressed that it would not be dishonored in my keeping, which sentiment you have so kindly and felicitously repeated. I bow, sir, in deference to the eminent piety of my fair countrywomen, whose reverential motto hallows this precious gift—"We have put our trust in God." It is that trust which has carried us thus signally through the dark and trying times of this revolution—a trust which like a halo illumined the battle path of Lee and Jackson—a trust which has mercifully sustained our mothers and our wives, our daughters and our sisters, under the heavy affliction of death, and through their angelic ministry at the couch of the wounded and the dying—a trust which has fortified them to brave without a murmur suffering and privation, poverty and outrage, rather than re-unite their destiny with the heartless savages from whom we have separated. I trust in God forever—finally, sir, that trust which, like

the bow of promise, speaks of auspicious blessing from the Throne of Grace, a reward for the illustrious services they have rendered. For the officers who embarked with me in the common cause, and the crew, upon whose strong arms and stout hearts we rely, I feel that I can promise a faithful and zealous co-operation.

In their name and my own, sir, we offer our heartfelt thanks to the ladies of Huntsville for their inestimable guidon, and to yourself for the courtesy of your mission.

Julian Myers, Capt. C.S.N.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Sale of Camels.—On Saturday a novel feature in the stock market presented itself. Three camels, which were captured by Gen. Curtis' army in Arkansas, nearly a year since, and which have been out to grass on a farm in Iowa for some time recruiting their physical condition, were exposed for sale by the Government auctioneer. They were bid off by some gentlemen of this city at the following prices: \$115, \$150 and \$170. The poor animals never had suffered such indignity before of being sold under the hammer like a lot of condemned mules, and on the words "going-gone" were spoken for the last time, each camel got his back up to a fearful extent, and walked away in that condition.—[St. Louis Union.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 5, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Suggestions by a Soldier's Wife.

Mobile, Sept. 2d, 1863

. . . We would make it convenient to close the doors of these extortioners in goods as well as everything else; the blockade goods do a poor man's family no good whatever. They have not enough money to buy a yard, to say nothing of a bolt of calico, domestic, or any other kind of goods. Our *good christian* dealer in cloth cannot take the trouble to *cut* a bolt, he is losing too much money and time. I will be glad, Mr. Editor, for you to tell me who can wear these men's goods, save the families of their brother speculators. This thing has to stop. . . . Soldier's Wife.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Smoking.—This habit has become a part of the Confederacy. All our pleasant recollections of this war will be in some way connected with pipes and tobacco. Our soldiers, from the General commanding down to the humblest sentinel, are armed against "dull care" and indifferent food by puffs. The pipe is the companion of the camp, the counselor in the Cabinet, the solace for the weary, the panacea for loneliness—a sort of fixture in every household. Nor is this marvelous. The delicately perfumed "Havana" has disappeared. Killickinick and pipes must take its place. Hence the meershaum [sic] and the *mere sham* are to be seen on the streets, in the shop, in the office, in the private chamber—everywhere perhaps except in Church. We emphasize the preposition *in*, because we have seen pipes on their way both *to* and *from* the house of God. Nor do we object to pipes. An old philosopher once asked, "Who ever heard of fat men banding together in turbulent mobs, or breaking the King's peace by incendiary plots?"—With as much precedent and reason may we ask, Who ever heard of a man committing robbery or murder, exciting insurrection, or performing other "dark diabolical deeds" with a pipe in his mouth?—Columbus Sun.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Novel and Ingenious.—We noticed a breastpin worn by a lady refugee who was on her way to rejoin her husband a day or two ago, that we could not but admire. It was about an inch and a half square, made of fine gold, and its full face represented in colored enamel—except the thirteen stars, which were minute diamonds,—the battle flag of the Confederate States. The pin had been manufactured in Paris and sent by private conveyance to the fair owner as a birth-day present. It was certainly one of the prettiest articles of jewelry that we have seen for some time.—[Selma Reporter.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 11, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Communicated.
How to Dye Wool Gray.

In the course of some experiments by my wife last year, in regard to dyeing wool and cotton, it was ascertained that if wool be immersed in a decoction of the sliced fruit of the pomegranate, prepared in an iron vessel, a permanent and beautiful and beautiful gray color will be the result, which may be varied from the lightest drab to a deep black. The lighter shades require no mordant, the black should be set with copperas. The shade, of course, will vary with the changing proportion of fruit and water. By this simple process the tedious labor of hand-mixing is saved, while perfect uniformity and regularity of color is obtained.

Cotton thread may also be dyed blue by soaking well in the juice of elderberries, washing in warm suds, and setting with copperas. Previously to immersion in the warm suds, it is a royal purple. Though not a fast color, it is as permanent as any of our indigenous dyes.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

To the Citizens of Mobile!

Mayor's Office City of Mobile
September 4th, 1863

In order to relieve the distress which is known to exist in Mobile, the undersigned would again make an appeal to the citizens. Much has been accomplished by means of the Free Market, but much remains to be done, and I think I may with confidence expect that the charitable and christian spirit of our people will be untiring in its efforts to furnish relief where it may be needed among the worthy and industrious.

It is not necessary to give instances. They are known to the actively benevolent of the public. All that I can do is to point the way by which the end may be attained. I would suggest, therefore, that subscriptions be taken up, and that the work be prosecuted with vigor until such time as at least enough shall be done to supply the wants of those who have claims on the community and worth on the public. There are many indigent women especially who need succor. Their own wants and those of their children are calculated to touch the hardest and least sympathetic heart. Let us then, my fellow citizens, see that these worthy objects of charity are placed above the reach of absolute destitution. Money for the purpose left at my office, or at that of Capt. D. Wheeler, will be devoted to the purpose with care, so that it may reach the necessities of the most deserving. I have appointed the following Committee, the members of which will

call upon the citizens for contributions.

R. H. Slough, Mayor.

[list of committee members]

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Queer fashion.—The Empress Eugenie has introduced the fashion of appearing with a long walking stick, and the Paris shopkeepers are displaying a varied assortment of canes for ladies' use. After attempting in vain, with the use of hoops, to keep the men at a respectable distance, the French ladies will now employ sticks for that purpose.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 12, 1863, p. 3, c. 5

Charley Green.—Miss Irvine, or "Charley Green," the young girl who has been fighting in nearly all of the big battles of the war, has at length, through the benevolence of a lady, resumed the dress of her sex, and hereafter will, if she is allowed, spend her time in the hospitals, nursing the soldiers. Whatever may have been this girl's life previous to her enlistment and during her service as a soldier, she does not seem to have lost the finer points of her sex—and we are glad to be able to announce her redemption from a position that sooner or later would have demoralized her beyond all reach. Although she was in thirteen battles she was wounded but once. She was also a prisoner at Alton, where her sex was never discovered.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 13, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

A Scene Among the Tennessee Yankees.

The following sketch is communicated to the Texas Telegraph by one of Wharton's Rangers, in Tennessee:

Reaching camp at a late hour, and finding no forage, after most of the horses had already gone sixty hours on ten ears, it was no small matter for each company to send out half its number to hunt up and bring in forage on horseback. At best it was very scarce. The people, as they say, "had been eaten plum out." Two Union men in the neighborhood had been referred to, and we were ordered by Gen. Wharton to forage on them. As a specimen of the way this work goes, I will narrate a circumstance that came under my own observation.

Several of us mounted our jaded horses and proceeded to one of the houses indicated. Adj't John M. Claiborne was detailed to go up to the house and inquire if a certain man lived there.—Alighting, he walks to the door of the log cabin. Meeting a sad looking young lady, the Adjutant says, "good evening, Miss."

Young Lady—Good day, stranger.

Adj't.—Does Mr. Elisha Griffin live here?

Y.L.—No, stranger, Ain't no such man in these parts.

Adj't.—(Looking at paper with name on it—young lady at Papa, on bed, breathing hard)—Well, Elias Griffin, then.

Y.L.—Yes; he lives here.

Adj't.—Where is he at?

Y.L.—In bed; may be on his death-bed.

Ah! very sorry. Has he got anything to feed horses on?

Y.L.—(Coming towards Adjutant with hands up, saying)—Stranger he is got a little pile

of corn, a mighty little pile. Please let us keep that. Sixteen gals in family, and no more as ten barls of corn. Stranger, if you take that we will starve.

Adj't.—Well, Madam, I can't rob a woman, if her brothers are fighting to rob my family. Is that all you have got?

Y.L.—That's so, shure and sartain.

Exit Adjutant to report his proceedings to the others, awaiting with hungry and jaded steeds. In the mean time the old gentleman in bed looked the picture of death, gasping and groaning as if despairing any longer of the pleasures of earthly bliss, but seems rather tenacious of having the silver cord rent in twain.

The Parson, displeased a little at our ill success, hears a noise of talking at the barn, and, coming closer, discovers Confederate soldier, and hears the voice of the old woman. He makes a proposition to examine further into the matter, expressing a doubt as to the truthfulness of the statement made by Unionists. Adjutant agreeing, got down and went into the barn. Loud talking by the old woman, and simpering of young ones, of whom four were present. Confederate soldier, deaf to all entreaty from young ladies and threats from old woman, with big stick, was about to come a Yankee trick by opening the lock of the door by main force.

Adj't.—Gents, hold on, and let us all reason together.

Conf. Soldier—The old gal reasons with a stick. See there. (Eyeing a huge hickory, the old lady standing with back to the door and facing the foe.)

Adj't.—Good evening, madam. (Old gal made no reply. Young ladies crowd around, discover brass buttons and cap, ask if he is an officer.) How much corn have you?

The gals get away and old lady crowds towards me. Confederate soldiers make a move for the door, and old lady, with action not suited to her years, resumes her original position on the defensive.

Old Lady—As God is my judge, we ain't got truck enough to keep soul and body together.

Adj't.—Well, madam, if I am permitted to see, I can assure you that not a man here shall touch your corn, and I will give you a safeguard until a letter can be gotten from Gen. Wharton.

Hesitating, he started close up to her stick, which seemed in awkward position for the simple purpose of supporting the infirmities of age.—Retreating and executing a flank movement, he could see nothing, and so told the old lady, unless he had a light.

Old Lady.—You can have a candle, and look through the crack.

Exit gal after the light. Taking the candle, he looks through a small crack, and sees a small amount of corn. Madam, is this all?

O.L.—That's all, stranger; and now it's near on to forty years me and the old man's been one, and I helped to make it all, until the gals got big enough to help.

Adj't.—Madam, I am better posted in affairs than that. Where are Jim and Pete?

O.L.—(Hesitating).—They are in *our* army.

Adj't.—Ah! Which do you call *our* army? (No reply). Madam, your boys are in Bill Stockes' Tennessee Federal Cavalry. (No reply). And they are daily robbing women and children. They steal niggers, horses, bacon; burn, pillage and destroy, and take ladies' wardrobes. Madam, I feel it my bounden duty to reciprocate their favors as far as possible. I must have some corn.

Old lady with hickory at 45 degrees. Her face assumes the face of an enraged panther, saying "You must walk over my dead body."

Young Ladies, all together.—Stranger, stranger, if you take that corn, then we beg you to

kill us.

Tears streaming down their cheeks. Hardest of hearts melt. Boldest of plans defeated by such mature strategy. Exit Adjutant, with Confederate soldiers close at hand, and old lady calling for safeguard.

Horses were unfed that night. Whilst the old lady with her big stick, dying old man and crying gals haunt our dreams through the night.

Sequel. Upon inquiry, we find the old man was driving a wagon all that day, hauling away the corn. Gals were borrowed from neighbors for the purpose. The old man had only five in family, viz: himself, old woman, hickory stick, and the aforesaid boys in the Yankee army.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

We have just heard that the Yankee vandals have burnt the Trion Cotton Factory, five miles above Summerville, owned by Marsh & Algood, together with 2,700 bales of cotton. This was done by Yankee cavalry, supposed to be 3,000 strong.—[Atlanta Intelligencer.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 18, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Duel Between Ladies.

We find the following paragraph in the Philadelphia Inquirer, on the 2d:

On Monday forenoon several ladies, while on a visit to a friend's house, a short distance from Gray's Ferry, were amusing themselves by singing and dancing, when one of them, a resident of Baltimore, sung a verse of the Bonnie Blue Flag; one of the other ladies jestingly said, "You are a rebel," at which another commenced the Southern Marsellaise; when it was finished, the lady who had been called a rebel, said, "I wish we had pistols. I'd fight a duel with you for calling me a rebel." At this, a daughter of the gentleman at whose house they were, said: "We have pistols in the house, but they are not loaded." They were brought; and, in order to give it the form of a duel, distances were measured in the room, the ladies took their places, word was given—one, two, three—when the lady who had called the other rebel, said: "I will sit in this chair, as I wish to die easy." Word was again given, and the Baltimore lady who had a self-cocking pistol, pulled the trigger, and bang went the pistol; a piercing scream was heard, and in an instant the room was filled with the members of the family, when it was discovered that two of the ladies had swooned; the Baltimore lady was standing motionless, and the one who wished to "die easy" sitting pale with terror in her chair; one ball had passed through her dress on the left side, grazing the skin, while in the leaf of a table on which she had rested her arm were eight distinct shot holes, and one bullet embedded in the wood. The pistol had been loaded by a boy on the Fourth of July, but the charge had not been fired. The ladies were soon restored to consciousness, and commenced to realize the danger of meddling with fire arms, a warning, it is needless to say, they will not disregard for the future.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 23, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Hardee Thrown in the Shade.—There is a story in circulation in the army of Northern Virginia which runs as follows: A well-known Confederate Major-General was stopping for a while in a Georgia village, some time since; which fact coming to the knowledge of the Captain of the "Home Guard"—a portion of that arm of service, as I heard a friend remark the other day, generally formed with the understanding that they are not to leave home *unless their home is*

invaded"—said Captain resolved to give the General an opportunity of witnessing the "revolutions" of his superb corps. In due time Captain _____'s company having "fell in," were discovered by the General in front of his quarters, in the execution of the command, "In two ranks, git," &c. During the exhibition, by some dexterous double-quick movement, only known among militia officers, the Captain, much to his surprise and chagrin, found the company in a "fix," best described, I reckon, as a "solid circle." In stentorophonic tones he called them to "halt!" The General became interested, and drew near, in order to see in what way things would be righted. The Captain, in his confusion, turned his head to one side, like a duck when she sees the shadow of a hawk flit past, and seemed to be, in the deepest thought. At last an idea seemed to strike him; a ray of intelligence mantled his face, and straightening up, he turned to the company and cried out, "*Company, disentangle to the front,*" MARCH!"

The company was "straightened," and the General gave it as his opinion that it was the best command he had ever heard given.—[Rich. Sentinel.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Big Shanty, Ga., Sept. 17, 1863

. . . Atlanta! ha! That's the place to get your money back! That is, if you wish to invest in dust, heat, and noise, and get so cuffed about and beplucked as to wonder if you ain't some other man.

It is a great railroad whirlpool and auction mart, in which something less than a million people plunge and splash about daily; where the locomotives are eternally shrieking, and the auctioneers incessantly shouting; where big niggers with hotel brands on them, are ceaselessly scrambling around piles of trunks, and little niggers scamper through the streets with red flags and auction bells, as though the devil himself had turned auctioneer, and let his imps loose. It is a place where many of the residents keep in doors for fear of being carried out of town by the crowd; where many stores do a smashing business, yet never have the particular thing you wish to buy, and when they sell out, stick up big signs of "no retail sales here;" where the sidewalks are paved with goober shells and apple peelings and the plays at the theater nightly joined in by the audiences; where the all-pervading spirit of the people is trade, trade, trade, and where the only natural thing is the news boys, who merely run as fast as they can, scream as loud as they can, and sell their papers in the usual way. In fact, so demoniac is the spirit of trade, that Cayce, the quiet old auctioneer of Memphis, has gone made, and now tears wildly about the town in a Japanese hat, ringing a bell, and shouting at the crowds wherever met, "Go to the Arcade—*quick!* —OR YOU'LL LOSE A BARGAIN!!!"

Atlanta is also a favorite stopping place with the traveling newspapers. The Memphis Appeal is now stopping there, on a rest from its Southwestern tour; and the Knoxville Register has just arrived, on its trip in the opposite direction and is smilingly taking a resting-spell. The Chattanooga Rebel and Huntsville Confederate, also on their way South, will probably soon be there, as they are now resting at Marietta, only twenty miles this side. Couldn't you come up and join the party, Mr. Advertiser and Register? I'm sure it would be a pleasant one. And if there shouldn't be room in Atlanta, I would invite you up here to Big Shantie, which is one of the pleasantest places in all Georgia; a high, airy country, where the cool breezes blow and the crystal springs bubble—where the potatoes and the babies are the biggest, and the girls and peaches the sweetest in all this Confederacy—and where the chestnuts and chinquepins are just now getting ripe. If Mobile should become too hot for comfort, Mr. Advertiser, come up to Atlanta, and let your next jump be up to Big Shantie. I invite cordially.

While I was in Atlanta yesterday, the ordinary crowd was rendered a jam by the influx of

convalescent troops, *en route* from their homes and hospitals to Bragg's army. It is evident that the boys haven't lost any faith in "Capt. Bragg" yet. They come up on the cars whooping, and are uproarious in their responses to the ladies, who never tire of coming to the railroads to see them when they are once more well, and "go a-gilpin" in the right direction.

It may be new to some of your readers, who don't live on the railroads, so I'll mention something that is not new among our soldiers, when the ladies come out to cheer them as the cars carry them whizzing by. This consists in the soldiers preparing little love letters, ordinarily in bad pencil on ragged pieces on newspaper-edge, or leaves out old pocket-books, folding them up in split sticks, and darting them lance-like at the ladies as they pass. It pleases the boys to see the girls scramble for these missives, and it pleases the girls to read the mingled gallantry and foolishness they contain. In nearly all cases, the name, rank, company, regiment, brigade and division of the writer is distinctly appended, so that, should the fair recipient happens to have admired his Apollo-like proportions as he flew by on wings of steam to take his seat with the god Mars, on the red cloud of war, she may have the opportunity of venting that admiration through the postoffice. It may interest you to read a few samples of this decidedly fast style of love making—I copying faithfully from the originals, now in the possession of young ladies of this neighborhood:

GEORGIA

Dear miss, I hope you will not be offended at me for dropping these few lines. The stranger's heart, oh wound it not; for you cannot imagine [sic] how I feel when I think of my home in the far West, and not a sigh can I here [sic] from their [sic]. Oh! will you sympathize for a soldier and give me your name and post office, as I now stand amazed in admiration to know Why! you were blest with so many charmes [sic]. You have robbed [sic] me of my heart in a minn [sic] is time.

Now will you permit me by
And not give me a sigh!
Know I don't think you can for
Love is too pure to be defied
Too true to be disdained
On the brave lavishes all its smiles
For nought but grief and pain.

(Signed, etc.)

A Texan's wish—a soldier's prayer—
One who loves the young and fair—
Is that your life for e'er shall be
A scene of joy from pain e'er free—
Your path be strewn with flowers bright,
Resplendent as the morning's light—
Angels fair your steps attend,
Religion you its comforts lend;
And when at last you come to die,
May seraphs waft your soul on high,

This, lady, is the Texan's prayer.
(Signed, etc.)

William L---- L----- is my name and to mary [sic] hwo [sic] ever gits [sic] this is my aim
direct your letter to--
(Signed, etc.)

I love to look upon thy face,
It tells of every modest grace
That should adorn the female mind,
Thus in one find all combined
Tell me lady will you share
Part of my lot, help me to bear
The toils and trials of this life
Say lady wilt thou be my wife.
(Signed, etc.)

God bless the fair maids of Georgia. I am not astonished at Joseph Jones for courting and marrying Miss Mary Stallins. If she was as amiable as many of the young ladies I see by the wayside from _____ to this place, I can but say, O may I be as fortunate as Major Joseph Jones.
(Signed, etc.)

The sons of Alabama to the fair daughters of Georgia. Whereas one Roasincranz [sic] is now threatening to drive you from your homes, we the sons of Alabama propose to enter into an agreement with you to drive back the said Roasincranz [sic], provided you will pay to the said sons of Alabama the some [sic] of _____ your hearts.
(Signed, etc.)

We are some of _____'s boys,
We are not afraid of a little noise;
We've never yet turned our back,
So Mr. Bragg's boys clear the track.
Lady we've travelled many a mile
To win from you a cheering smile;
When the battle's fought and victory won
May I call thee my dearest one?
(Signed, etc.)

Rude as may be the above compliments to "the fair daughters of Georgia," I vouch for their justice. As our curly-headed wagonmaster used to say: "To lavish love upon such women, is no waste of the raw material!"

But, as usual, I am making my scrawl too long. I ought to give you a little war news; but cannot just now. Something is preparing, though, for a big "crap" of startling intelligence; and if you'uns down thar don't feel like waiting to know what sort of crap is gwine to be, we'uns up h'yur don't k'yur, that's all. Here's your mule.

I.G.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 25, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Richmond, Sept. 18, 1863

. . . The flag of truce which arrived at City Point Tuesday evening did not bring the number of paroled prisoners expected. Five ladies, for several years at school in the North, came home by it, and were brought up to the city by the "Schultz." It was quite refreshing to see the enthusiasm of these young ladies, their excitement and apparent pleasure to be once more upon Southern ground and beneath a Southern sky. Whenever a dirty ragged soldier came near, with his dilapidated suit of grey, they seemed wild at the sight of him, and waved their handkerchiefs, as our young ladies were accustomed at the beginning of the war. New York, they say, is more gay than ever before, and there is one eternal round of balls and receptions. Ladies dress better than ever, spend more money, and indulge in the most extravagant habits of dress and of life. As a general thing, the people are rather aided than injured by the war, for nearly every man is an artisan or shop-keeper—all are engaged in the pursuit of wealth—and the Government contracts have proven good property to them. Occasionally a family is seen which has lost a member, but they are scarce, and no one cares for the poor, unfortunate devils of Germans and Irish who are fighting the battles. So the war goes on, the people every day gaining in wealth, but losing in honor and principle.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 25, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Readers of newspapers will be pleased to hear that the Marietta Paper Mills have resumed operations, a portion of their operatives having been detailed from the service.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Tub Cheese.—I send you the following receipt for making what is called tub cheese. We have made it in our family the past season—like the cheese better and it is much less labor than the usual mode:

Drain the curd dry, then add twice the quantity of salt you would for pressing; work it in as for butter; pack in tubs; put a cloth over to absorb the whey; change it as often as it becomes wet; put a cover fitted to the inside of the tub and a small weight over the cloth. Keep close from flies. May be put into the same tub at different times.

Waterproof Leather.—Mix together in a pipkin on the fire, two parts of tallow to one of rosin, and having warmed the boots or shoes, apply it, melted, with a painter's brush, till they will not suck in any more. If well polished before applying the above mixture, they will polish afterwards.

Waterproofing cloth.—Imbue the cloth on the wrong side with a solution of isinglass, alum and soap, by means of a brush. When dry, brush on the wrong side against the grain, and then go over with a brush dipped in water. This makes the cloth impervious (for a long time) to water, but not to air.

Blue Dye for Cotton and Linen.—Cotton and linen articles are dyed blue by a solution of one part indigo, one part green sulphate [sic] of iron and two parts of quick lime.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 27, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Richmond, Sept. 21, 1863

. . . Juvenile offenders here become very common, and it is difficult to decide what to do with them. Saturday a party were arrested for creating a disturbance at the Jewish Synagogue.

An Appeal to the People of Mobile in
Favor of the Confederate Society.
[Continued.]

In my last article upon this subject I quoted that trite but true saying: "He that conquers self is a greater hero than he that conquers a nation."—When we look at that portion of the people of this Confederacy whose duties are at home, what do we behold; do we see them co-operating with our armies in the field? Do we see them forgetful (for the time being) of self-interest, and patriotically devoting their time, their energies, and the use of all their means to sustain the army and the Government while the very life of the nation and all that we hold dear upon earth is in peril? No, we do not see that (says here and there a few honorable exceptions) but we do see a nation wholly absorbed in money-making—a nation, so to speak, of idolators—a nation of extortioners. For example, the merchant receives a small lot of flour, which costs him now about twenty dollars per sack, all expenses added. Does he offer it at twenty-two dollars as he should do? Oh no, the article is scarce, and he can get whatever he chooses to ask, and straightway he charges fifty dollars per sack, and the same principle is applied to all other articles. The farmers have caught this mania (which by the way is very contagious) and are as eager to get the last cent that can be extorted as the merchant; so also of the eating houses and hotels. If from necessity or other cause you visit a town or village on horseback, and you put up at a hotel for twenty four hours, you get three plain meals to eat and a mattress to sleep upon at night. Your horse eats one peck of corn and six bundles of fodder and your bill will be \$13, just about four times too much. Then comes the leather dealer and the shoemaker. They, too, are perfectly rabid; they regulate their prices not by any rules known to the laws of trade, but by the necessities of their victims, rising higher and higher every month—first two dollars, then three, then five, then ten, then twenty, and now thirty, forty or fifty dollars for a pair of shoes; and so of boots, until the price has reached as high as one hundred dollars for a pair of good boots. Next come the cotton manufacturers who, like the leather dealers, are governed by no rule except the "*iron rule*." For example, in 1861 their charge for spinning yarn over and above the cost of the raw cotton, was ten cents per pound, they next rose to twenty cents for the same work, then to forty, then eighty, then one fifty, and now two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents for doing the same work which they did for ten cents in 1861. They now realise [sic] twenty-five times as much money for spinning one pound of raw cotton as they did two years ago. Then come the railroad companies; they are not quite so bad as the cotton factories; they have adopted what is called the silver rule, which, (being interpreted by a steamboat-man,) means to take care of yourself and make all the money you can while you have the opportunity. They have only doubled, and in some instances, trebled, their rates of two years ago.

The consequences of this state of things is, that large fortunes have been made since the war began, and made too by men out of harm's way; protected too by our noble citizen soldiery, whose families they do not scruple thus to rob as above stated. Can we contemplate such a state of things and think of their continuance, and not shudder for the consequences. The men who have made all the sacrifices to secure the blessings of liberty, are thus to be made poor, while the men who have staid [sic] at home and taken advantage of the distressed condition of their country, are to be the nabobs, their families are to enjoy the fat of the land. Beware! beware!—God is too just to permit such a state of things long to exist. There can be no friendship between

our victorious armies on their return home and this horde of money-makers and extortioners. Then I say to all who love justice and value a good conscience, enroll your names in the Confederate Society. Peace is not yet made, and we know not how long a just God may chastise us with this terrible war. If the words of Holy Writ be true, he will not bless us with peace until we are purged from the sin of extortion. Then let all who would secure what they have, and obtain a speedy peace, join this patriotic association, and co-operate heartily in the effort to equalise [sic] the burthens [sic] of the war.

A True Confederate.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 27, 1863, p. 3, c. 8

[From the Chattanooga Rebel.]
Official Report of the Battle of Main-street.

To James Seddon, Esq., Secretary of War:

My Dear James: The battle of Main-street, fire-ping [sic], occurred between the undersigned and the proprietor of the "Magnolia Bar-room," and about the settlement of a small "julep" bill. The proprietor aforesaid rejoiceth in the appellation of "Suggs." I came to the premises of Suggs to make (in military parlance) a requisition of a short horn of "Peach"—then I come to words—then I come to blows—then both the enemy and myself "clenched" and we came out in the street. Crowds of spectators soon collected, and made a circle so that the Provost Guard was unable to get sight, or prevent the manoeuvre [sic]. Observing that the enemy (Suggs) barely outnumbered me in the force of his muscles, I fell back in a sort of rapid hogwallow to the curb-stone, where I fortified with a resolute determination to die in the last ditch. Enemy advanced in a serpentine crawl and took firm hold of my hair. I immediately advanced a thumb and took possession of my adversary's left eye. He skirmished vigorously with his right fist, and made a desperate charge on the back of my neck with his teeth. He held his position until I drove his nose back in utter confusion with my left manler [sic?]. I then ordered my right arm to advance and take possession of the base of his neck; below his ears, with instructions to garote.—This order was promptly obeyed. The enemy then brought up his heels (until that time held in reserve) and proceeded to kick a hole in my bread basket in order to cut off my supplies of wind. With the same design I advanced my left hand into his mouth—but in this the enemy anticipated my by taking five of my fingers prisoners in his teeth, evincing a determination emphatically to make war to the teeth. My mouth then went forward at a double-quick and captured his nose. He then kicked me in both flanks with his toes, with a total disregard of the rules of civilized warfare. Discovering myself flanked in this manner, I bit him severely in the rear and raised the black flag, when he drew off his forces and left the field. I then deemed it prudent to fall back, which I did as soon as an opening in the crowd could be affected, and thereby saved myself an unnecessary effusion of blood. It was one of the most skillful retreats on record. One of the best evidences of military genius is to retreat well. It is a matter of no consequence to know how to fight. Anybody can fight, and fighting is common. But to know how to retreat when you are whipped is the highest perfection in the school of high tactics.

By the blessings of the Gods of war I have achieved a complete and decisive defeat over the left.

J. Happy,

Kwort Keg, A. A. G.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Two Young Ladies Cowhide a Young
Man, and Then Pitch into Each Other.

Tuesday morning the denizens of Fourth street, near Leigh, were blessed with an excitement, the first they have enjoyed since the last Yankee raid. The excitement was a cowhiding affair, in which two hitherto respectable ladies figured as principals "on the one side," and a young gentleman, also of hitherto respectable connections, "on the other side." Open flew doors and bang went shutters, and in a minute an admiring audience was viewing the first scene in the life drama.

It appears a gay youth having made some damaging allusions concerning a young and pretty lass, she determined to punish him at the first opportunity—that is, on sight. In order the better to accomplish this, the insulted lass called to her aid, as a reinforcement, a dashing young widow, about whom the young man had also been lavish of his tongue. The widow was just out of her weeds, and both determined to be revenged together, though not on the best of terms themselves. A truce was struck and a cowhide obtained—who would believe it?—from a conservator of the peace—one of the Mayor's policemen.

Tuesday morning the object of woman's resentment came strutting by the gate leading to the residence of female number one, when forth she sallied, and seizing the astonished youth by the lappel [sic], exclaimed, "Here sir!" and commenced to let fall the rawhide most vigorously across his back. Female number two, who was hard by, seeing the assault inaugurated, came up to see the lashes "well laid on," as the law directs. Endeavoring to put in a word and lick sideways between those of female number one, her intention was mistaken, and, abandoning the assault upon the now suppliant youth, she turned her heaviest licks upon number two, giving her particular fits and placing her *hors de combat* by way of settling up for old scores. The object of all this ebullition of female wrath escaped through the diversion created in his favor, and the two remaining champions drew off, content to regard it as a drawn battle, with about equal loss in dress and reputation on all sides.—[Rich. Ex.]

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 4, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

[For the Advertiser and Register]
Husband's Departure.
By Capt. J. Clay Horne, 3d Ky. Reg't.

This country's in danger, I'll tell you, dear wife,
And I'm bound to go, at the risk of my life;
Though I'd have your consent that a soldier I'd be,
To fight the hard battles my country to free;
For this is a duty my country I owe,
And if I am slaughtered, down South I must go.

Dear husband, you're hasty—don't talk to me so;
There's plenty of young men to the army can go.
Were you in the army, each cannon I'd hear
Would echo the death of my husband so dear.
I ask you, stay with me—you love me I know,
Yet I think strange when you talk to me so.

Dear wife, I must fight for my own liberty;
Don't call upon others your country to free.
Don't accuse me of being a husband untrue,
Because I am going my duty to do;
For this is a duty my country I owe,
And if I am slaughtered, down South I must go.

Dear husband, believe me, my heart it will break
If you join the army, your wife to forsake;
Don't go, I beseech you, and leave me to pine—
There's plenty without you to fill up the line.
I ask you, stay with me—you love me I know,
Yet I think strange when you talk to me so.

Dear Wife, I must go, as I told you before.
If I were a coward, you'd love me no more;
A man who would shrink from his own country's call,
Deserves not to have a companion at all:
For this is a duty my country I owe,
And if I am slaughter'd, down South I must go.

Oh, yes, my dear husband, disgrace it may be,
Were you not to aid your own country to free;
But what would be worse, my dear husband, I fear,
Orphans t'would make of our children so dear.
I ask you stay with me, you love me I know,
Yet I think strange, when you talk to me so.

Oh, yes, of my children, if orphans 'twould make,
My wife, and my country, my all is at stake;
To slight my own country, is slighting of you.
A disgrace to my children, which never would do:
For this is a duty, my country I owe,
And if I am slaughtered, down South I must go.

Dear Husband, your logic is not without weight,
So join in the army tho' death be your fate:
And whil'st you are fighting the battles, you know
I'll pray for my husband to conquer the foe:

When the battles are over, the country is free,
With pride I will welcome my husband to me.

At last I must leave you, adieu, my dear wife.
Come kiss me, dear children, the pride of my life:
Be kind to your mother, to God you must pray,
And think of your father, who is far, far away,
Performing a duty, my country I owe,
For if I am slaughter'd, down South I must go.

Officers' Hospital,
Lauderdale Springs, Miss., Aug. 2d, 1863.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Claiborne Southerner is informed that some farmers are refusing to sell their surplus jeans at less than \$12 a yard.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Ringgold, Ga., Oct. 2, 1863

. . . The dust over all that [Chattanooga] and this part of the country exceeded anything I ever saw previously. It seemed as if the face of nature were about to be totally engulfed in dust. In the battle our soldiers suffered much from the dust, as well as from the heat and consequent thirst. But night before last the long expected rain set in, and continued without intermission until last night. Of course, the mud was now almost as intolerable as the dust had been before; but to-day we have had clear and bracing weather, and the mud stiffens rapidly.

. . . You may read of a great battle and form some idea of it, but no man can form anything like a real or impressive idea of the horrors of war until he sees the field after the smoke and din of contending hosts have passed away—the abundance and cheapness of dead men, lying for weeks unburied—the untold agonies of the wounded on the field, in the hospital, and in transit by wagon and railroad. It all seems to cheapen human life sadly; and I have had so many friends killed, and seen so many dead men since this war began, that I am almost tempted to question my right to be still alive.

On the other hand, here at Ringgold, there have been some pleasant things to see. Nothing that personal exertion or money could do, has been left undone for the benefit and comfort of the wounded. The activity of the surgeons and medical purveyors, with such means as they had at hand, has been beyond all praise. I would say a good word, too, for the quartermasters, did I not know the prevalent prejudice against that class, and fear that in praising them I might, in the opinion of many good but simple-minded people, write myself down an ass.

But best and noblest of all, has been the arrival of the relief committees, with the substantial outpourings of the Southern people's gratitude and solicitude. Boxes, barrels, hampers, and other packages, filled with every imaginable species of cooked and uncooked food, delicacies, wines, cordials, etc., have been coming up in one constant stream. Twenty-five wagon loads have gone out to the field hospitals within the last three days, and still the supply accumulates. And all this in addition to the extraordinary attentions bestowed on the wounded upon their arrival at the cities below, and the perfect ovation they receive all along the line of the Georgia Railroad. Persons just up the road tell me that it fairly looked as if all Georgia had

turned into an Alladin's [sic] feast, with all Fairyland let loose to serve as the waiters. At Cartersville and other places the treat to the wounded was so sumptuous that, from sheer surfeit, they had to decline the similar offers at succeeding stations. Well, this is all as it should be. Wounded soldiers certainly deserve well of their country; and no honors too great, or attentions too warm, can be bestowed upon them.

When the Yankees invaded this place, some ten days before the battle, they pillaged it most mercilessly. All the stores were broken open and plundered; what was not taken away was left in wreck and confusion. All the private residences were ransacked, and families robbed of their provisions and household goods. Some families were deprived of their bedding, cooking utensils, crockery, glassware, and table furniture to the last knife and fork; chickens and pigs were gobbled up, potato-patches robbed. For two days the hell hounds ran riot in the town. Before me as I write is an old ledger, on the first blank leaf of which is written:

"Ringgold, Ga., Sept. 10, 1863.

"The United States forces took possession of this place, under the command of Gen. Palmer, commanding, Second Division, 21st Army Corps.

P.S. Rebels, look at this and weep."

Under which some subsequent visitor has penciled the following:

"And the U.S. forces got away a d____d sight faster than they came. Some of you villains will never look at it again."

A good many of them however, have since seen it, as prisoners. Another little squad of 164 got in this evening; and having fed on their comfortable rations of biscuit and fried bacon, they are as merry and musical in their guard-house, over the way, as if they were merely on a Southern pleasure trip.

It may be a rough way of thinking, but I am one of those who think quite decidedly that Yankee prisoners are too kindly treated among us. Especially did it nettle me yesterday, to see them turn out in the rain, well clad and well shod, with their nice haversacks and comfortable oilcloths on, under guard of some of our brave Southern lads, who were ragged, wet to the skin, shivering looking, and *bare-footed*—for our bare-footed soldiers are kept for guard duty and depot work in the towns. I noticed several of the poor fellows, on guard duty, standing on one foot, duck-fashion, to give the other foot a rest from its soreness. I think the Yankee scoundrels ought to be stripped, at least till their custodians are as comfortably clad as themselves. Why, even our Provost Marshal's toes are out of his boots, and—horrible to relate—there is a hole in one of mine, that let in half a pound of mud yesterday!

It is said that plenty of shoes and other clothing will soon be on hand. I hope so, for we have had several frosts, and the nights now are anything but warm. I fear our brave defenders will suffer much this winter for want of blankets and overcoats. Good people of the South! now is the time to be getting such things together and sending them on.

I.G.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 14, 1863, p. 1, c. 5 [note: parts of this, particularly numbers, was difficult to read and should be checked]

Our Army Correspondence.
Letter from Tennessee.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

Lookout Mountain,
Before Chattanooga, Oct. 7, 1863.

Your Charleston correspondent having temporarily shifted his quarters to the Army of Chattanooga—this now being the central point of observation and interest—you may expect a series of letters describing a new field of operations, new scenes, and, I trust, new results.

I devoted a portion of these pages to a recital of the achievements of the troops of General Gregg's Brigade, which though composed of Tennesseans and Texans, have, by reason of their separation from home, as strong a claim upon the sympathy of the popular heart of Alabama as the soldiers of your own or any other neighboring State. Give them therefore a piece of your public picture gallery.

A brief history of the movements of the brigade prior to the battle of Chickamauga will not be without its interest as illustrating the nomadic life of the soldier. The command was organized as it now stands, after the exchange of the Fort Donelson prisoners, in October, 1862, and consists of the 7th Texas, 10th, 30th, 41st and 50th Tennessee Regiments. The 7th Texas, Col. H. B. Granbury, was one of the five Texan Regiments which originally enlisted for the war, the others being the 1st, 4th, and 5th now belonging to Hood's division, and Terry's Rangers.

Moving to Mississippi, the brigade was engaged in the skirmish at Abbeville and the battle of Chickasaw Bayou. At this time the Texas regiment was one of the garrison at Port Hudson, and there remained until the 20th of April, when, with Bledsoe's Missouri Battery, it left under orders from Gen. Gardner, to intercept Grierson, who was then making a triumphant tour through the State. The Texans were not mounted, although every man of them may be said to have been "born on a horse," and after traveling one hundred miles in four days, the pursuit was abandoned. Meeting the remainder of the brigade at Osyka, the command was now moved to Jackson, Miss, which was reached on the 9th of May. On the 11th, it marched to Raymond, and on the 12th, gave battle to McPherson's corps of Grant's army. Now ensued one of the most brilliant episodes of that entire campaign. Our little force numbered only twenty-two hundred men, while that of the enemy was fully twenty thousand. The 3d Tennessee and the 7th Texas were put in the front and ordered to initiate the attack. Charging promptly at a double quick—for it was no time to stand and be torn to pieces by showers of bullets—these two gallant regiments broke their front line and took position behind the bluff of a creek, within fifty yards of the Federal reserves. The nature of the ground was such that the [illegible] had to show themselves at that distance in order to get at us. It was expected at this time that the 10th, 30th, and 50th Tennessee would attack the enemy on their right flank, but the Federals had deployed such masses of troops on their flanks, that our whole command was compelled to maintain a purely defensive attitude, which left the two regiments in the front unsupported. The 3d Tennessee being outflanked, fell back; but the 7th Texas for thirty minutes longer still boldly maintained their ground, held the enemy in check, and then, with a discipline unsurpassed by any body of men during the war, fell back to the main body. At this time not a round of cartridges remained in the whole regiment, and the Federals were two hundred yards in our rear. The loss in the 3d Tennessee in this engagement was 197 men out of 533; that of the 7th Texas 158 men out of 306. The losses in the other regiments were comparatively slight.

The brigade then fell back to Jackson and took part in the skirmish preceding the evacuation of that place, on the 14th of May, Gen. Gregg being commander of the field. Gen. Johnston arrived the night before. We evacuated Jackson with six thousand men. During the second investment of the city—occupying about eight days—the brigade lost eight men in killed

and wounded. Among the severely wounded was Lieut. Col. Moody, of the 7th Texas—a Virginian, and one of the best officers in the service.

About the 7th of September the brigade left Enterprise, Miss., for the scene of operations on the Chickamauga; commenced skirmishing on Friday, the 13th, three miles from Ringgold, and moved forward in line of battle ten miles, driving the enemy's mounted infantry. At last they made a stand, when we charged at a double-quick, roused them and slept on the field. Four other brigades were engaged in this affair, comprising the division of Gen. Bushrod Johnson.

On Saturday, the 19th, the main battle was joined on the right. Our line corresponding to that of the enemy, was in the form of a crescent, with the convexity towards the Federals, Polk commanding the right wing and Longstreet the left. About two o'clock, the fire extended down to that portion of the line occupied by this brigade, which was near the centre—thence swept on in steady volleys [sic] to the left. The enemy was at this moment the assailant, probably with a view to divert our attention from the extreme left, which was being closely pressed by Cheatham and other commanders on that wing. For an hour this attack was fierce, but as stubbornly resisted, it being a fair stand-up fight with musketry, and with no shelter save that afforded by the scattered trees. The uneven, rugged nature of the ground has already been described, and both parties possessed like advantages. During this heavy fusillade, when, to use the language of my narrator, "the bullets flew so thickly that their wind fanned the hair of the men," Lieut. Col. Turner, commanding the 30th Tennessee, fell severely wounded; Lieut. Colonel Beaumont, of the 50th, was killed; Lieut. Colonel Thomson, of the 10th, lost a leg, and nearly half of the officers of the line were either killed or wounded.

After about an hour of unequal combat, the 20th North Carolina and the 25th Arkansas, from McNair's Brigade, were ordered to the support of General Gregg, and the manner in which they "supported" their unflinching comrades in front is worthy of mention. Advancing at a quick step until they reached the line, the order was then given to "charge," when, with a true Southern yell—which a Yankee writer calls "infernal"—they broke into a run, and dashed forward. The ranks of the Texans and the 3d Tennessee were already decimated, but determined not to be outdone, Col. Granbury shouted his order to advance, and joining their yells with those of the Arkansians on the left, the regiments started in a wild race to win the field. Down the slope, across the fields, through bushes went the now excited men, and regardless of the rain of death that was poured into them from left, right and front, rolled against the Federal line like an avalanche. The enemy not waiting to receive the shock, staggered before the gleam of the glistening bayonets, which in another moment would have been sheathed in their bodies, then turned and fled in confusion, followed for five hundred yards or more by our victorious troops. The little command had penetrated an entire Yankee division like a wedge. The enemy were before them and on either side, discharging their vials of wrath with a vehemence which in a few moments threatened utter annihilation. Under these circumstances Gregg was compelled to withdraw, which he did to a distance about half way from the original position. Here the command rallied, and made a second charge, again breaking the enemy's line. In this charge Col. Granbury, of the 7th Texas, fell wounded by a shell in the groin, but the three regiments now held the position until the remainder of Gregg's and McNair's brigades came up. In a few minutes more we had a Federal battery.

After obtaining possession of the strong position occupied by the enemy, our line was halted and reformed. While this was being done, Gen. Gregg rode forward to ascertain if possible whether the enemy were rallying, and what was their condition, when suddenly he came upon a Yankee brigade, only fifty or sixty yards distant, who were concealed in the bushes.

Wheeling his horse quickly, he drew the fire of the whole force, but fortunately only a single ball took effect, lodging in the back of the neck. The General clung to the animal for a distance of fifty paces or thereabouts, when he fell. Some of the enemy advanced towards him, but with wonderful presence of mind Gregg feigned death while they removed his sword and spurs, and returned to their ranks. As soon as the Federals were out of sight, however, he rolled over and over until he reached a place of comparative safety in the bushes, where he was consequently found.

On Sunday, the 30th Tennessee under Major Robinson, and the 9th [??] Texas were ordered to Benning's Georgia Brigade, the remainder of Gregg's Brigade under command of Col. Sugg of the 50th Tennessee remaining in reserve. During this day's fight Major Robinson received a death wound while making a desperate charge on the enemy's breastworks—s noble and gifted a martyr as has fallen on the bloody altar of this war. The Brigade to which he was temporarily assigned however, performed heroic deeds throughout the battle, and twelve pieces of captured artillery rewarded them for their gallantry.

It is a significant fact that throughout the two days of fighting, whenever the troops from Virginia and those from the Southwest, fought in proximity, they were animated by a generous spirit of rivalry, which told of brave intrepid blood circling through the veins of both. Each went into the fight swearing they would keep head of the other. The result was that they both kept together.

The main feature of Sunday's battle consisted in driving the enemy from their breastworks, which were thrown up on every part of their lines. These consisted of logs, earth, rocks, rails, and debris, which once carried left few obstacles in our front. The capture of these strong points would seem to have held a demoralizing influence on the Federals, for at no time after the morning, did they fight as well as before.

Another fact not generally noticed is, that at no time during the battle did we permanently lose an inch of grounds. We were continually pressing on, and if forced back for the moment generally rested in advance of the original position, and moved forward to fresh achievements from the last base.

Our attack on Sunday in front of the [illegible], was from a half to a mile in advance of the position occupied by our line during the attack of Saturday.

Much credit is due to Captain Bledsoe, of the battery attached to Gregg's Brigade. When the war first broke out in the spring of 1861, he raised an artillery company in Mississippi. Having no ordnance or the means to obtain one, except an old Fourth of July salutation piece, which was annually used at his county town, he mounted this on an ox-cart, and proceeding to the blacksmith's shop, personally superintended the manufacture of three others by hand from wrought iron. He also made his own projectiles, using horse shoes cut up into fragments, and tin cans for canister and grape. Such was the rude equipment with which he fought the battles of Carthage and Oak Hill, where he not only made murderous havoc in the ranks of the enemy, but obtained a federal battery in fine order, worthy of his energy and patriotism.

The loss in the Texas regiment was very great. It went into the fight with 226 men and came out with only 76. The 50th Tennessee went in with 150 men and came out with only 30. The other regiments lost about one-third of the number engaged.

Affairs in the vicinity of the army remain quiet. Occasionally a shot or shell is heard whistling along our line of battle, but with this exception there is nothing to record. The report through camp is that Wheeler, with his cavalry, has attacked one of the enemy's wagon trains and destroyed five hundred teams. The rumor lacks confirmation, but there are various indications

denoting that the Federals are not on full rations, and are gastronomically in a precarious condition. We do not look for a retreat by Rosecrans, and shall be surprised if such an event takes place; but one thing is certain, he makes nothing by remaining where he is beyond the moral advantage of holding Chattanooga. The simple occupation of the town would be as valueless to us as it is to the Federal General, unless we command the approaches to it; yet none of us believe that the time is far distant when the vis inertia of the army will be resumed, and a turn will be given to affairs which will produce a result desired by the whole country. A General who with fifty or sixty miles of communication threatened hourly by an enemy who is virtually anchored by an immense force in his front, and who relies upon his internal strength to retain victory to his standard, is not to be despised, and his very confidence, as manifested by the maintenance of such a position, as I have described, forebodes intentions on his part which indicate an active campaign not far distant.

But we are growing stronger every day, our plans are maturing slowly, our resources increasing continually, and the morale of the army was never better. When we are ready, Rosecrans will not be long permitted to remain where he is, undisturbed, yet our people must be patient to wait, to watch and pray, and at the same time rest satisfied that Chattanooga will in time be ours. How or when, it is not for me to say.

The enemy occasionally drop shell in our lines, but without result. The bombardment, reported in your papers continued only one day.

Personne.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Southern Match Depot.—By reference to an advertisement, it will be seen that Cherry has added another very useful article to his stock for sale; we mean "Hale's Southern Yeast Powders." This article finds a very ready sale among those who have tried it—It needs but to be known to be generally used. He has also some "Shaker Bonnets," made of the common crabgrass, which are really neat; that they are appreciated we need merely mention that the manufacture cannot keep up with the demand. He has also Matches, Blacking, &c. Call and see him, No. 33 Dauphin street.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 18, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Confederate Pepper.—We copy the following receipt from the Rockingham Register, for making a condiment equal to the best black pepper:

Take eight or ten pods of red pepper, boil as strong as you can make it; then add one pint of wheat and boil until it gets strong; then dry and parch it brown very slowly. Then grind and it is fit for use.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

The "fashion" writer of the New York Express, announces the fact that no lady of ton will dare to appear now on Fifth Avenue or Broadway with trailing dress or long petticoat. Short dresses are now the "style." They are scolloped [sic] around the edge, and are worn over balmoral jupons, of sufficient brevity to display the kid boot, or else the skirt is looped up at every seam, nearly to the knee, showing the colored petticoat of mohair, cashmere, or silk, trimmed either to match the dress, or in graceful contrast to it, and in consequence with the shade of the hat, or mantle worn. The leather boots have very high heels, colored, perhaps, and strings and tassels of leather also. The petticoat is short enough to disclose the instep, at least. To every

dress suitable for walking, modistes now attach little rings, through which pass cords, running through to the waist, to join another cord, which is drawn at will around the waist when a lady prepares to promenade, and loosened within doors, thus allowing the dress to resume its original length in the saloon. Hoops and skirts are quite exploded in Paris; flounced mohair skirts being used instead, to enable the dress to fall gracefully.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 23, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

In Front of Chattanooga, Oct. 16, 1863

The heavy rain adverted to in my last letter, continued to pour down in torrents until last night—Chattanooga Valley, lying between Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, is flooded with water.—Our lines extend across this valley, which is drained by Chattanooga creek, now very much swollen; and as you may imagine, the condition of the men, especially those in the trenches and on picket, is exceedingly uncomfortable. None of them have more than one blanket, and nearly all belonging to Gen. Bragg's original army are without shelter of any kind. Longstreet's corps is somewhat better off, his men having provided themselves with Yankee flies, India rubbers, &c., at Chancellorsville and other battlefields. . . .

As in the past, so at this time, I would address my appeal chiefly to the women of the Confederacy. The men have always done their duty in this respect, but the women have done more than their duty—they have helped their husbands, fathers and brothers to do theirs. True, they do not enter the field, nor brave the blast of battle, nor use cannon, Minnie rifles and swords; and yet the vast army of heroic women who have given their hands and hearts to the cause, have done their parts as well as their brave brothers in the field. The weapons they employ are the Needle, the Spinning Wheel and the Loom, Words of encouragement to the weary and faint-hearted, and kind and generous Deeds in the hospital and by the wayside. With these arms they have done as much to defeat our wicked enemies as an army of resolute men. If they have not met these enemies in battle, they have met them at the Loom and around the couch of the wounded and sick. If they have not gone to the field in person, they, however, have been there in spirit. In every blanket they have given to the soldier, in every pair of socks they have put upon his bleeding feet, in every garment they have woven for his manly limbs, they have been present in the hour of battle and have given blows for the freedom of their race. It is to these heroines of the needle, the loom and the spinning wheel that brave veterans who have for three years stood between them and danger, now turn for relief. Shall their appeal be made in vain? Not as long as there is a blanket, a yard of carpeting or of cloth, or a sheep-skin that can be spared. . . . A.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 23, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

In the trenches before Chattanooga,
October 16th, 1863.

. . . When the President reviewed the troops a few days since, he halted before the 2d Alabama Battalion, took the tattered flag in his hands, and requested that it might be presented to him by the Battalion, to be preserved among the treasures and trophies of the State. Day before yesterday Maj. Owen, formerly Adjutant of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, now Chief of Artillery of Preston's Division, presented the flag in the name of the Battalion to his Excellency the President, and introduced to him its gallant bearer, Hiatt, who was quickly rewarded for his heroism . . .

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Army of Chattanooga, Oct. 16.

. . . For four days our army has been the most miserable body of men on the continent. Without shelter, save "night's dark tent," and the dripping trees, with only a thin blanket for covering, camps almost submerged by streams coursing down the hill sides, the rain pouring incessantly, feet wet, wind piercing the most bilious part of one's system, teeth chattering, agues threatening, stomachs *in vacuo*, and rations interrupted by the rise of creeks and destruction of bridges, the ground slippery as glass, locomotion a constant struggle to maintain a respectable perpendicular, an occasional dump in the rich oleaginous clay, which in exchange for a measure of your personal corporosity, gives one a map behind—copyright dirt cheap—of Tennessee done in red—if a man under these circumstances has not a right to indulge in a little mud-puddle infirmity and grumble to his heart's content—well, it would be a deprivation of one of the inestimable privileges not laid down in the Army Regulations. . . .

Yours, shiveringly,

Personne.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 30, 1863, p. 1, c. 8

Bandages for the Wounded.

A "Field Surgeon" communicates the following important suggestions in the Appeal—
There being many persons who are [illegible] to contribute bandages, etc., etc., to the hospitals and field surgeons, and not knowing how they should be prepared so as to meet all the indications of such dressings, I, therefore, propose to give them a few hints as to the material to be used, the manner of preparing bandages, etc. I think some of our purveyors would also do well to take the hint, as most of the bandages sent to us are *abominable*. The material used should be old linen or cotton sheeting, etc., because it is soft, and, in some degree, elastic; it also absorbs water readily, which is very important. Should new material be used, it should be *quite thin*, and, when practicable, *well washed*, before made into bandages. The object of washing is to remove the sizing, which makes it almost impossible to get such a bandage wet after its application; and, if it is not kept wet, the whole object of the dressing is defeated, and the patient suffers from a much higher grade of inflammation. *Be sure to remove the selvage*, as a bandage with the selvage is utterly worthless, and it is unpardonable in a surgeon to apply such a one. In this, too, our purveyors are derelict. All bandages should be rolled as tight as possible, for no surgeon can apply a slack bandage with any degree of comfort to the patient or credit to himself, and here, again, I must touch upon our purveyors. After rolling the bandage, carefully remove all ravelings, as they detract from the neatness of its application, or may catch on a toe or finger and give unnecessary pain to the patient. I will now give the length and width of all bandages required. Each bandage should have its length and width marked upon it:

Spiral of the chest, 12 yards long & inches wide.

Spiral of the finger, 1 yard long 1 inch wide.

Spiral of all the fingers, 8 yards long 1 inch wide.

Spiral of the leg, 8 yards long 2 ½ to 3 inches wide.

Cross of the eye, 5 yards long [illegible] inches wide.

Spiral [illegible] yards long 3 inches wide.

Spiral of the thumb, 3 yards long [illegible] wide.

All pieces of old cotton or linen not larger than the hand even are most acceptable. Bandages made of heavy towels are *utterly* useless.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Tielfe [?] Station, Miss., Oct. 14, 1863.

Messrs. Editors: Allow me to trouble you a brief space for the sake of justice—that right and just merit may at last be awarded to the deserving, who have heretofore received only wrong. Among the many victims of popular slander, none perhaps have suffered to a greater degree than the 35th Mississippi regiment. It has been basely maligned from the long and painful retreat from Iuka and the battle at Corinth to the present day. It toiled and suffered through all the fatiguing marches and hazardous retreats of Gen. Van Dorn's Mississippi campaigns, always bearing itself with that cheerful determination and heroism which ever marks the patriot soldier. It is hard for soldiers to receive abuse and derision when they know they have merited praise. The patriot does not fight for the meagre [sic] pittance [sic] of eleven dollars a month. No, nobler and higher aspirations thrill the mastercords of his being—love of home and the dear ones there, of country, of that Peace alone, who ever veils her meek eyes beneath the widespread wing of Liberty, and the desire of merited applause from those for whom he fights. How cruel, how despicable the hand which draws the blade of slander—more hideous than the assassin's steel—to strike hard-earned laurels from the war-worn veteran's brow!

In the suburbs of Columbus, on the evening of the 13th [18th?] of October, Col. Barry presented to the 35th regiment a beautiful flag in the name of Gen. Maury, their former commander. The adjutant read the following letter from Gen. Maury:

Mobile, Sept. 5, 1863.

Dear Colonel: I sent a flag by Gen. Moore to be presented to the 35th regiment of Mississippi infantry.

On it are the words, Corinth, Hatchie and Vicksburg. Please present the flag to the regiment yourself, and beg my old comrades of the 35th to accept it as an evidence of the warm remembrance in which I hold them, and as a just tribute from me to them, on account of their courage and devotion on the memorable battle fields recorded on their colors.

With sincere regard,

Yours,

Dabney H. Maury,
Major-General.

Col. W. S. Barry, 35th Miss.

Col. Barry made a few appropriate remarks. Not the high-flown bombast which calls up the enthusiasm of the uninitiated soldier; nor the burning eloquence which his auditors are wont to hear fall from his lips; but confining himself to the simple relation of facts in the history of his regiment he sought to lift the dark clouds of scandal [illegible] some marches when foot sore and weary they required no urging to do their duty. He had been with them on the battle-field, and knowing the mettle of which they were made he did not hesitate to risk his military renown in the hands of his battle tried soldiers. Sergeant Cannon received the flag amidst a deep silence—far more expressive in those tried soldiers than would have been the wildest hurrah and most enthusiastic cheering. It showed they knew from experience what was meant when a soldier had resolved to honor his flag and guard it with his life.

General Maury, in presenting the regiment with the first flag it had ever owned, proves the esteem he has for his former comrades and the respect he has for their courage. Surely a commander knows his troops when he has tried them, and is the fitter one—than the voice of

slander—to assign them praise or blame.

The regiment numbered at first more than twelve hundred and is now a large command—more than nine hundred men. Awaiting orders at Columbus, they prove by correct deportment their titles to being gentlemen. And when called away to active service in the field, their Colonel is not afraid that they will not add new laurels to the wreath their gallantry has already won. They have now the respect of their commanders, and had the people at home—the *generals* and *heroes chained by inevitable circumstances to their firesides* performed their duties as faithfully the bright eyes of blushing Peace would now be seen in the east. Submission and Reconstruction have their abiding place in the heart of the craven at home and not in the breast of the patriot-soldier. The lot of the soldier is hard and full of viscissitudes [sic], let him cull at will the few flowers which spring in his pathway!

The extortioner has pleasure in the comforts and luxuries procured from the heart's blood of the dying soldier, the tears of the needy widow and the dry crust that would hush the wail of the starving orphan. He is gratified in his growing riches, which he makes from the necessities of the poor and the agonies of his suffering country. The Shylock demanding the forfeiture of the bond, "the pound of flesh nearest the heart," and the extortioner, are alike contemptible, for they are one. They gather the flowers they wish—golden flowers—unmindful of the soil from which they are plucked and the dews by which they are watered—even through the soil is the mother's heart and the dews her tears of agony. None of these pleasures—sins and wickedness a fitter name—are known to the heart of the son of Mars. He is not sheltered from the storms of heaven nor the storms of war. Every trial known to the human heart is his. Let no one, then, detract from his pleasure by refusing justice. If Shylock—the curse of our lovely land—is respected for his gains, and permitted to hold habitation among us, we should at least spare the soldier's good name.

Silvia.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 31, 1863, p. 2, c. 3 [header may vary, article the same]

Death of a Young Woman on the Battlefield of Chickamauga

We have just been put in possession of the facts of a sad case of monomania, which had a terrible termination. A young lady residing in Brooklyn, N. Y. about 19 years of age, about a year since became inspired with the idea that she was a second and modern Joan of Arc, called by Providence to lead our armies to certain victory in this contest. The hallucination was a strong one and a change of scene being suggested by her physician, she was brought to Ann Arbor, in this State. Her mania, however, increased until it was found necessary to confine her to her apartment. She, however, succeeded in making her escape, came to this city and joined the drum corps of a Michigan regiment, her sex known only to herself, and succeeded in getting with her regiment to the Army of the Cumberland. How the poor girl survived the hardships of the Kentucky campaign, where strong men fell in numbers, must forever remain a mystery. The regiment to which she was attached had a place in the division of the gallant Van Cleve, and during the bloody battle of Lookout Mountain, the fair girl fell, pierced in the left side by a Minie ball, and when borne to the surgeon's tent her sex was discovered. She was told by the surgeon that her wound was mortal, and he advised her to give her name that her family might be informed of her fate. This she finally, though reluctantly, consented to do, and the colonel of the

regiment, although suffering himself from a painful wound, became interested in her behalf, and prevailed upon her to let him send a dispatch to her father. This she dictated in the following manner:

Mr. -----, No. --, Willoughby st. Brooklyn:

Forgive your dying daughter. I have but a few moments to live. My native soil drinks my blood. I expected to deliver my country, but the fates would not have it so. I am content to die. Pray, Pa, forgive me. Tell ma to kiss my daguerreotype. EMILY.

P. S.--Give my gold watch to little Eph. (The youngest brother of the dying girl)

The poor girl was buried on the field on which she fell in the service of her country, which she fondly hoped to save. Detroit Tribune.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 21, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Houston, Texas, November 12

P.S. Large importations of cotton cards have found their way into Texas, and are now sold at a price which places them within reach of all.

The loom and spinning wheel are now found in almost every house, and the busy hum may be heard continually throughout the length and breadth of the State. An abundance of material for soldiers' clothing is now manufactured "at home," and even if the coming winter be severe, but few if any, will suffer for the want of comfortable apparel. With plenty to eat and plenty to wear, we are in fine spirits and eagerly watch for the threatening foe. When he comes, he will not find us unprepared for him. . . H. P.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 6, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

[From the Atlanta Register.]
Seeing the Elephant.

[The writer of the foregoing, a private in an Arkansas regiment, encloses the following, in which he imagines *himself a Yankee*. This fact is conclusive as to the powers of his fancy.]

Our Uncle Samuel keeps a show, most wondrous and most rare,
That's filled with every sort of beast to please a man or scare;
And to find this famous show of his, the people came from far,
And marched down South to see, the menagerie of the war.
A lot of us raw Hoosiers, from "The Pocket," thought we'd go,
And have a three years' sight at this strangely wondrous show;
So we shouldered up our muskets, and with knapsacks on our backs,
We traveled in Kentucky, but saw neither beast nor tracks.

At last we heard the show had moved away to Tennessee,
So off we started on some boats, to see what we could see;
And down to Wartrace, in the brush, where Southern sun-rays glance,
A few who started in our crowd, beheld "the Monkey dance."
But then the Beast we wished to see, somehow we couldn't find,
For 'twas the "Elephant" we searched, with over-curious mind;

So off to Alabama's soil, we traveled for a while,
And trudged, and tramped, and picketed o'er many a Southern mile.

Now Bragg and Buell owned the Beast, a partnership concern,
And as we could not find him South, we thought we would return.
So Northward we began to march, at last we sat us down,
To rest a bit, and eat a bite, in Louisville's great town.
Then General Buell fixed the show, and bade us march awhile,
And said we'd see "the Elephant" short of a hundred mile.
So off we tramped toward Perryville, and when we got down there,
We saw the "Baby Elephant" cut capers fit to scare.
Although a Baby Elephant, he was a vicious Beast,
And never could be tamed by man, the Rebels thought at least.

But General Buell soon sold out, and General Rosecrans bought,
And then the Beast was bound to thrive, at least the soldiers thought;
For Bragg and "Rosy," well we knew, would make the Baby grow,
And Bragg at last picked out the place to have another show.
The place was on Stone's river, near Murfreesboro' town,
And to see the show the people came from all the country round;
Some forty thousand Federals came, with steady step and slow,
And twenty thousand Rebels stayed to see the famous show.

And there they saw "the Elephant;" my gracious! how he'd grown!
Since first we saw him roaming, in Kentucky all alone.
We saw him in the cedar grove, we saw him on the plain,
And some who saw him on that day, will see him ne'er again.
And now whene'er we hear a man talk loud about his fight,
[one line left out?]
And tell how many foes he's whip, and make them run and pant,
We simply say, you ne'er have see the famous "Elephant."